

# *Cam Girls Club*

By ChronoEclipse

## **CHAPTER 4: On Purpose and An Accident**

Lauren quickly sent out a group message on her phone as she led Professor Lancaster upstairs to her bedroom. Once they were in the room she gently sat the professor on her bed, kicked off her flats and began to put on some music to do a strip tease to.

“Was Britney Spears popular when you were my age?” Lauren asked him, playing dumb.

The professor laughed. “No, all that kind of stuff came out about a decade after I was done with college, when I got my first professorship. I remember all of the girls running around campus in pigtails, midriff-baring tops and plaid mini-skirts!”

Lauren tied her sandy blonde hair into two quick braids with bright pink ribbon.

“Like this?” She asked with a giggle, showing off her pigtails.

The professor's pants were pitching a pretty massive tent at the sight of one of the hottest students he had ever had the pleasure of teaching, currently making herself up into a schoolgirl fantasy.

“Woops sorry, I get so mixed up about all of the music that came out before I was born...” She said with a ditsy giggle, that Kaitlyn had helped her perfect.

She bit her lip looking as nervous and innocent as possible as she unbuttoned her top and revealed the lacy bra underneath.

“Oh I know what a good song would be...” She said excitedly as she tossed her shirt onto the floor and ran barefoot over to her phone.

'Don't Stand So Close to Me' by the Police began to play out of the speakers. Lauren swished her hips from side to side tossing her skirt about as she sang along to the song.

"Young teacher/the subject... of schoolgirl fantasy..." She sang in a breathy voice.

She edged closer to the bed where the Professor was eagerly undoing his own shirt and tie, having already tossed his tweed jacket on the bedpost.

"She wants him... so badly/knows what she wants to be..." She continued to sing as she reached around her back and unclasped her bra.

Lauren let the bra slide down her body and she covered her C-cup breasts with her slender arm. Professor Lancaster quickly took off his shoes and socks and then wrestled with his pants buckle. Standing above him, Lauren got a good view of his thinning hair combed over his bald spot.

The middle-aged man laid back in the bed. Lauren climbed up in between his legs and knelt submissively in front of him, still covering her bare breasts and rubbing her free hand over the professor's hairy gut and man-boobs.

"Be gentle... it's my first time..." She said in a small, innocent voice while blushing at the older man.

She let down her hand and revealed her gorgeous gravity-defying orbs with their big rosy nipples. Professor Lancaster reached up to fondle them greedily.

"Don't worry honey, Daddy is going to take very good care of you..." He growled excitedly.

He stroked her cheek and played with her pigtails while groping her smooth young body with the other hand working his way down to her skirt and then moving under it.

“Good girl, I'll walk you through this... You'll need to get me warmed up first, so why don't you be a sweetie and kneel down for daddy and put those pretty lips around his dick...” The Professor said, panting in arousal.

Lauren's face twitched as she tried to maintain a dutiful smile.

“When I get down on the ground and put your massively huge cock in my mouth, daddy, should I go like this?” She asked, miming like she was holding his penis and giving it a thousand kisses.

“Or like this...” She said as she mimed deep throating his dick.

The professor went wide-eyed in anticipation. “Oh definitely the second one.” He said seriously, not realizing that she was mocking him.

Lauren couldn't take it anymore, she burst out laughing in the older man's face.

“What's so funny? I seem to have missed the joke...” He said, confused.

“You did you really just start man-splaining to me how to have sex with you!?” Lauren said, no longer speaking in a high-pitched, breathy voice but rather her own natural confident yet sultry tone.

“Well I- you said it was your first time-” He began to sputter in defense, suddenly flustered by the half naked girls shift in tone.

“Really dude? You don't watch my cam, do you? I've *fucked* twice already today!... Anyone with half a brain would know that i'm not some 'sweet little virginal doll, ready and willing to do whatever the big strong man tells me to...'” She explained, saying the last part in the breathy submissive voice again.

The professor grabbed his pants and his jacket and stood up abruptly.

“I think I should go-” He said quickly.

Lauren hopped off the bed and stopped him from leaving her room. She pressed her bare breasts into the man's hairy chest, grinning wickedly before holding her hand up and shoving him hard back onto her bed.

“No need to run. Those little blue pills you have to take last what? 5 hours I hear... So we have plenty of time.” Lauren purred with a savage laugh.

The older man fell back onto her mattress and stared up at the tall blonde standing above him. She had seemed like such an innocent young girl before but now she felt very powerful and intimidating.

“You want to have, um, sexual intercourse?” He asked, sweaty running down his lined forehead.

Lauren nodded.

“Uh huh... but I don't think we'll be doing any 'daddy' stuff tonight. I'm not your little Lolita, am I?” She asked, putting her hands on her slim waist.

Professor Lancaster shook his head vigorously.

“N-no. No you're not.” He agreed.

“I'm going to go ahead and psycho-analyze you professor. What I think you really need is a strong female influence to break you of your naughty, filthy ways... You need a mommy!” She declared with a glint in her eye.

“I- You're going to be my mommy?” He gulped.

“If you can be 'daddy', why shouldn't I be your mommy?” She asked, raising an eyebrow.

“You're a little young for starters...” The professor responded, managing to build up enough confidence to say something so flippant to the intimidating girl.

She pursed her lips again and narrowed her eyes scrutinizing the older man.

“That’s right. I’m not old enough to be your mother, am I? Not in the way you’re old enough to be ‘daddy’. I’m only a college girl and your mommy must be VERY, VERY, OLD.” She said as she knelt on the bed in front of him and put a finger against his chest leaning her half-naked body over his and getting up in his face.

Upstairs Andrew clapped feeling like this was his cue! He had struggled as he watched the scene play out as to how to use his device in the most entertaining way. He could have used it to regress her down to the school girl she was playing at - but then that probably would have made a real mess of things, especially since it seemed that Professor Lancaster was into that sort of thing; He considered aging her into a granny because he thought it would be funny for her to play up that ‘virginal girl’ schtick while rocking gray pigtailed and shriveled saggy tits.

But now that she had turned the tides on the creepy professor it almost begged for Andrews intervention here. He flipped the ‘Awareness off’ and punched a few buttons, bringing Lauren’s profile back up on screen.

Lauren Sterling  
D.O.B.: 4/29/2000  
Physical Age: 21  
Mental Age: 21  
Hair: Blonde  
Eyes: Blue  
Height: 5’11”  
Weight: 138lbs  
Bra size: 32C

And with a couple clicks he changed her to:

Lauren Sterling  
D.O.B.: 4/29/2000  
Physical Age: 50  
Mental Age: 21  
Hair: Blonde  
Eyes: Blue

Height: 5'11"

Weight: 178lbs

Bra size: 34D

Professor Lancaster's jaw dropped as he watched the gorgeous coed standing topless in front of him suddenly morph into a cougar around his own age.

Her hair seemed to lighten as grayish white strands weaved in through her blonde pigtailed. Creases appeared across her forehead and in the corner of her big beautiful eyes. A pair of lines formed down the sides of her nose, framing the corners of her thinner lips. Her jaw line slackened a bit as well.

A slight double chin gathered above a creased looser neck and her skin lost its smooth dewy perfection, crinkling up into the rougher, arid complexion of a woman in the middle of her life.

Dark sunspots began dotting her exposed chest as her impressive breasts began to lose their round shape and their ability to defy gravity as they sloped a few inches down her chest. Her hourglass waist softened and spread into the pooching belly of a matronly woman.

Under her short skirt her ass expanded and dimpled from cellulite as her legs thickened as they gained cottage cheese thighs and varicose veins. Her delicate hands and the tops of her pedicured feet also thinned and became veiny looking a tad leathery as well.

She was a beautiful woman, for her age - which was now that of a matronly woman who had graduated college before Bill Clinton entered office. Her graying blonde hair pulled in pony tails and her flirty young mini-skirt looked a bit absurd on a woman of 50 years of age.

"Lauren?" The psychology professor asked with a gulp, not comprehending how a girl could age 30 years in a matter of seconds.

"I'm able to be your mommy because you're just a little baby!" Lauren replied in a huskier voice, not missing a beat.

Professor Lancaster yelped, fearful that whatever magic that had made Lauren the same age as him would now shrink him down to an infant. Upstairs Andrew really wished that he had the professor's DNA so that he could *really* turn the tables here.

The middle-aged Lauren ignored the professor's wimpers and seemed oblivious to her own aging body. She put her veined hands on the man's hairy chest and pushed him down onto his back on the bed.

“Deep down under your receding hairline; your beer gut; your leathery face and all that arrogance is just a naughty, pathetic, little boy...” She growled as she knelt over him on the bed.

Her saggy breasts jiggled in his face as she hovered above him. She lifted her skirt and eased herself down onto his erect cock, squeezing her vaginal muscles around it. Her pussy was slacker and looser than it would have been at 21 but it still accomplished the desired effect on making the professor feel like his dick was in a vice.

“You’ve been taking advantage of young girls haven’t you?” She asked pointedly, pinning his shoulders down with her aged hands.

“Well um, see-” He began to explain.

She shifted her hip so that his dick bent in an uncomfortable way as she pushed down on his hairy shoulders.

“The answer is ‘yes mommy!’” She hissed firmly at him.

“Y-yes mommy.” The man whimpered.

“You should really be dating women your own age.” She said pointedly.

He nodded. “Yes mommy!”

“You’re going to stop using your position to take advantage of women...” She commanded.

“Yes mommy!” He answered quickly.

“Now say ‘Mommy, i’ve been a naughty boy and I deserve a spanking!’” She prompted him with a devious smile across her lined face.

“I-” He began to say looking up at the authoritative woman.

He thought to himself that by the time Lauren would naturally be the age she looked now he’d be an old man in a home somewhere. He wondered why the hell he had acted like they were contemporaries. He then thought about how if she was really this age then they could have met in college, maybe his adulthood would have been happier and not wasted trading in for younger and younger women that never fully satisfied him. Professor Lancaster didn’t know what was going on or how Lauren had aged like this but he knew that it was almost a poetic metaphor for how he was stealing the youth from these young women by seducing them this way. He began to sob remorsefully.

“I’m a very naughty boy, mommy! I deserve a spanking!” He wailed with tears streaming down his face.

Lauren gave him a wrinkled smirk and then pulled off of him and stood by the bed rubbing the small of her back wondering why it suddenly ached so much. Professor Lancaster sat naked on the edge of the bed, bent forward sobbing into his hands.

“How’s this for a spanking, Professor?” Lauren asked as she slipped her silky robe over her matronly body.

In the attic Andrew hit the ‘revert’ button and in her bedroom Lauren youthened back down to the stunning 21-year-old she had been a few moments before. The blonde bombshell grabbed the cord to her curtains and opened them up to reveal a gaggle of students standing on the terrace outside.

Professor Lancaster sniffled and turned around, going pale as a ghost at the sight of his Psychology students all gathered together judging him from the doorway. Lauren had texted them where to go but not what they would

discover and many of them were shocked at the pathetic confessions of the esteemed faculty member.

“I guess you’ll be giving a lot of A’s out on that midterm exam this semester...” Lauren giggled with a satisfied smile.

One college girl pushed through the group to get a better look at the middle-aged man crying naked in the bed.

“Dad!?” The brunette teen exclaimed.

Professor Lancaster quickly pulled Lauren’s pink comforter over his body and hid his face with his hand.

“Don’t tell your mother!” He blurted out to the raucous laughter of the other students.

A few minutes later, once Lauren’s classmates had gone to rejoin the party and Professor Lancaster had convinced his daughter to drive him home, Lauren sauntered over to her computer and sat down quite pleased with herself. She confirmed that there was a new video file on her desktop, since she had cameras all around her room and never failed to catch her own antics on tape.

The beautiful mastermind uploaded the video onto her cam site behind a paywall and labeled it ‘BONUS CONTENT: Psych Prof EPIC TAKEDOWN!’ not realizing that anyone who watched the video would think that a quarter of the way into it would think that the college girl swapped places with her own mother.

In the attic Andrew moved on to a different bedroom in the house, one door down from Lauren’s where Courtney had managed to convince another guy to come upstairs with her after David chickened out from seeing her temporarily shriveled elderly vajayjay.

Now her pussy was young and tight once more and had the added benefit of a college senior by the name of Angel’s face currently in it.

Courtney was leaning back naked on her bed with her rosy cheek flush and her long legs curled around the tanned muscular young man as he ate her out. Her moans of pleasure echoed through the room as she ran her long delicate fingers through his curly hair.

“This is so- FUCKING- GOOD!” She cried with her eyes shut and her breasts bouncing as she shuddered with delight.

Andrew watched on the screen pondering what to do now. He didn't want to just do the same things over and over but was annoyed that he hadn't waited to age her vagina until now. It would have been quite funny to watch the bro she was hooking up with to get a mouth full of wrinkly granny labia.

He brought up her stats on the screen:

Courtney McGlinn  
D.O.B.: 11/12/2000  
Physical Age: 20  
Mental Age: 20  
Hair: Blonde  
Eyes: Green  
Height: 5'5"  
Weight: 120lbs  
Bra size: 36B

Andrew snapped his fingers as a lightbulb went off in his head. Courtney was such a brilliant young woman... he wondered what would happen if a 20-year-old went senile...

A few taps of the controls and he would get to see first-hand:

Courtney McGlinn  
D.O.B.: 11/12/1926  
Physical Age: 20  
Mental Age: 94  
Hair: Blonde  
Eyes: Green

Height: 5'5"  
Weight: 120lbs  
Bra size: 36B

Changing her birth year back to the 1920s meant that her mind would be flooded with new memories of a life during the 20th century. He was curious to test what would happen if he adjusted a girl's mental age but kept her DOB the same - effectively making her believe she was her elderly self from the far future - but that was for another time.

The mental changes and 'AWARENESS' feature set in the OFF mode meant that Courtney would see herself physically as a 94-year-old woman despite still being a beautiful, sexy young woman. Beyond that, the psychosomatic suggestion of her being elderly would cause her to struggle to see and hear things - even though her eyes and ears were still young and hadn't degenerated via old age - her brain would BELIEVE herself to be going blind and deaf and therefore she would experience that as well!

He hit 'enter' and watched the scene play out. In the bedroom Courtney's youthful moans of ecstasy shifted to the rattling horse moans of old age. Again because of her mental perception she altered her own voice to match her perceived age - sounding a bit like how a young woman sounds when she does an impression of a 'little old lady voice'.

The young woman's mind flooded with memories of graduating high school at the end of World War II and raising a family through the 1950s while working as a primary school teacher until she eventually retired back in the early 90s and enjoyed time with her grandchildren and then great-grandchildren until her family eventually stuck her in a nursing home when she turned 90 and her mind started to go.

Now here she was laying naked in what she believed to be her nursing home room being cared for by one of the orderlies who was in the middle of-

She looked down to see him lapping at her slit and felt the tingles throughout her body to confirm it. Her lips curled around her teeth which she believed had all fallen out a few years ago and moaned softly again.

“What are you doing down there sonny?” She finally asked, tapping him on the head.

Angel lifted his head to look at the pretty coed who was making the weirdest face right now with her lips tucked inward and her eyes squinting at him.

“Uh - eating you out... I thought that’s what you wanted...” He said, confused.

Courtney cackled and pressed her hands against her smooth cheeks in surprise.

“Heh heh! I haven’t had a boy do that to me since the big one!” She rattled.

He scratched his head.

“Oh like the big party at the beginning of the year?” He asked.

“Party? What party? I’m too old to be going to parties! I mean WWII!” She clarified.

Angel looked at her impressed.

“Damn girl! You got a dude to eat you out in the middle of history class!?” He exclaimed.

“Eh? What’s that now... oh never mind all that. Are you supposed to be getting a new diaper on me!” She asked as she attempted to sit up, finding it surprisingly much easier than she thought it would be.

“A diaper? Wow you’re into some kinky shit, huh girl?” Angel asked her.

She weakly slapped him in the face.

“Hey watch yer mouth sonny! It’s not polite to curse with ladies present.” She quavered.

Angel rubbed his cheek, more surprised than hurt and gave the girl a dirty look.

“Damn, all right!” He said, wondering what Courtney’s deal was all of the sudden.

“You’re lucky young man – you were playing with fire down there... I don’t have much control over my faculties anymore at my age. I’m liable to have an accident any moment without my Depends...” She mumbled looking around, slightly confused about why her room looked like a young woman’s dorm.

“Your age? Aren’t you like 19 or 20?” Angel asked her.

She blushed.

“Heh – flattery will get you everywhere young man... i’m, oh how old am I? Hang on... it’ll come to me...” She babbled as she tapped her chin with a trembling finger.

Angel sighed and sat on the bed, completely lost as to what was going on – he thought he’d be getting a reciprocal blow job by now.

“93... no... 94...” She rattled.

He looked at her annoyed and puzzled.

“94? You counting your age in months or some sh- something?” He asked.

She turned, wetting her pouty lips and squinted at him again.

“Who are you?” She asked as if she had never met the boy before in her life.

“Angel!” He said, offended that she had forgotten his name.

“Angel? That’s a girl’s name! I tell ya, the names they give kids these days... In my day boys were named things like ‘Dick, Bob and Harold’ you could always tell the boys from the girls....” She ranted.

“Heh Dick...” Angel said, chuckling to himself.

“Eh, what did you say your name was again?” Courtney asked, cupping her ear.

“Angel!” He replied in increasing frustration.

“Angel... you ever watch the show Touched By an Angel? That was a good one. Wholesome, something I could watch with the grandkids-” She babbled in reminiscents.

“Grandkids?” He asked, jumping up from the bed.

“Eh what’s that? Oh yes grandkids... I have 7 of them and 4 great-grands... Help me up and i’ll see if I can pull out some photos to show ya!” She said, holding out a shaking hand to him for assistance.

Angel held up his hands defensively.

“Listen, I don’t know what kind of weird role-playing shit you’re into but I'm not down for it. Can you just act like a normal college girl again and we can get back to business?” Angel explained.

Courtney looked at him in confusion, her young hand still trembling in the air from perceived frailty and her eyes squinted.

“College? I never went to college deary... got married right out of high school... things were different back in those days. Now if you’re in a rush to finish your shift that’s fine. We can get back to the business of giving me a sponge bath and getting me into a fresh diaper... But there’s no need to be rude young man! I’m old enough to be your great-grandmother!” She rattled.

Angel shook his head and pulled up his pants.

“Fuck it. You’re being too weird. I’m out.” He said and abruptly walked out of the room.

Courtney slowly stood up from the bed and waived a fist after him.

“I’m going to have a word with your supervisor!” She called after him.

Upstairs in the attic Andrew was clapping and shaking his head.

“You blew your chance to hook up with a much younger man Granny Courtney!” He chuckled to himself.

He glanced over at the awareness switch and then back at the young woman with the mind of a senior citizen on the screen.

“Hmmm I wonder what would happen...” He mumbled to himself as he reached over and switched the AWARENESS to ON.

In her bedroom Courtney straightened her back and untucked her lips from around her teeth, feeling her perky breasts and flat stomach.

“I-I’m young again!... Young man! Come back! It’s a miracle! I’m young like you! We can... do that thing you were doing before...” She called back in her normal youthful voice, excited at the perceived rejuvenation.

Andrew flicked the AWARENESS switch back off and Courtney slumped back down into her elderly posture and looked sadly down at her young, unchanged body as if witnessing it age back up 70 years.

“Wait, nope... I'm old again. That’s a shame...” She mumbled, shaking her head as she shuffled her young body around to find a nurse to help her.

Downstairs the party was winding down. The remaining guests were gathered in the lounge drinking the rest of the booze and smoking pot. There were couples making out and a few high or drunk people laying on top of one another in various states of undress.

One of the girls from Lauren’s psych class was sharing a spliff with her.

“That was so awesome what you did earlier.” The girl said in admiration of Lauren.

“Thanks... just trying to make the world a better place...” Lauren said with a smirk, playing things cool.

“So like, how do you find these guys... the guys you humiliate on your cam?” Another girl asked.

Lauren shrugged.

“Mostly they find *me*. They’ll, like, hit on me at a bar or, like, follow me down the street or you know, be my creepy professor in one of my classes.” Lauren explained with a shrug.

“How do you like, keep them from trying to get revenge on you?” The first girl wondered.

Lauren grinned. “Trade secret.”

A guy nearby taking a hit from a bong looked over at her.

“But uh, like, you wouldn’t do that to like one of us... right?” He asked nervously.

Lauren took a deep drag from the joint and stared at the young man intensely.

“Not unless you’re a creepy, perverted, asshole... Are you a creepy perverted asshole?” She asked without breaking eye contact.

The boy shook his head fearfully.

“N-no, no.” He replied quickly.

Lauren shrugged.

“Cool, then you’re good.” She said matter-of-factly.

“Hey, has anyone seen Courtney?” Hannah asked while sitting across a guys lap, clearly having just been fingered.

Amber shook her head. “Nah last I saw she was bringing that dude Angel up to her room.” She explained while getting a massage as she sat between the legs of another punk girl who had the words ‘FREE’ and ‘LIFE’ tattooed across her fingers.

“Yeah she’s probably just getting railed for like the 15th time... The girl wanted to get laid tonight ruhl bad... Like RUUUUHHLLLLL bad.” Becca said with a giggle, clearly very drunk.

“I saw Angel leave like a while ago all in a fucking TIZZY.” Hannah pointed out.

Lauren shrugged. “Who knows. Maybe they got into a fight about 17th century poets or some shit and he stormed off and she stayed upstairs for some one-player action...”

The college girls all nodded thinking that was a reasonable assumption - after all Cody and Kaitlyn were almost certainly gone for the night, fucking like bunnies up in Kaitlyn’s room. They went back to laughing and partying for a few more minutes until there was a sudden loud noise scuffling down the hall.

‘CLUMP... shuffle shuffle shuffle. CLUMP... shuffle shuffle shuffle. CLUMP... shuffle shuffle shuffle...’ The noise sounded as it grew closer.

“Wait - everyone shut up. Do you guys hear that? What is that?” Lauren asked as everyone fell silent.

‘CLUMP... shuffle, shuffle, shuffle.’

Becca hugged a nearby student in fear.

“OH GOD! Does this house have ghosts!?” She screamed.

“It’s not ghosts!” Lauren snapped at the freshman, giving her a judgemental look.

‘CLUMP... shuffle, shuffle, shuffle.’

“But seriously, what is that? Because it’s freaking me out too.” Hannah said.

All of the kids looked to the doorway to see Courtney hobble into view. She stood there with an annoyed look on her face wearing an open robe that revealed full frontal nudity and a pair of fuzzy slippers on her dainty feet. She was gripping a walker in her young hands which made the CLUMP noise every time she lifted and set it down on the wood floor.

“Will you kids keep it down! Us old people are trying to get some sleep around here!” She hollered at them in a faux ‘cranky old lady’ voice.

There was a silent pause as everyone processed what they were witnessing and then the whole room burst out in laughter.

Hannah clapped. “Courtney that’s fucking hilarious!” She commended.

“Yeah I didn’t know you were so funny!” Becca added having a giggle-fit.

Lauren hopped up and walked over to Courtney.

“Yeah Court, solid bit – and good use of our random props and uh... the free advertisement for your cam...” Lauren said motioning to the face that Courtney was standing naked in an open robe.

Courtney squinted at her friend.

“What? Can show? Like the can-can?” Courtney asked, confused.

Lauren smirked.

“Yeah like the show where you shake your can-cans...” She said, folding her arms across her chest.

Courtney shook her head.

“I don’t know anything about that... are you the nurse on duty? I’ve been trying to find someone to help me... I need a fresh pair of Depends... I’ve gone a while without an accident tonight but... well, I don’t want to tempt fate, at my age... you know...” Courtney whispered meekly.

Lauren took a deep breath, uncomfortable with this joke. Old people weren’t her thing so she found all this to be a little gross.

“Uh... high marks for staying in character... maybe you should minor in theater, but I think it’s time to drop the bit and come hang out with us...” Lauren insisted, grabbing the walker and pulling it away from the 20-year-old.

Courtney saw Lauren taking away her walker and instinctively reached for it.

“What are you doing!?! I need that! At my age I can hardly walk... I could fall and break a hip!” Courtney shouted, gripping the walker.

“Yeah says the girl with over a decade of gymnastics training who loves doing handstands as a flirtation strategy...” Lauren said, rolling her eyes.

“I haven’t done a handstand since 1948!” Courtney yelled back.

The two college girls played tug of war for a few moments over the walker grunting in frustration at one another.

“A little help here, anyone?” Lauren asked.

“Oh let her have her fun! So she wants to dress up and act like an old lady? BFD! I dated a chick freshman year who legit wore a cat onesie and said ‘meow meow’ before every fucking sentence!...” Amber said, waiving Lauren off.

“You DATED a girl who pretended to be a cat all the time?” Becca asked.

“Yeah, she was a real tiger in bed, reow!” Amber said laughing and making cat claws with her hands.

Courtney squinted over at Amber.

“Are you my granddaughter? You know I don’t approve of all that... stuff you have on your arms young lady!” Courtney rattled.

“The joke’s not funny anymore Courtney. You’re just drunk!” Lauren insisted, managing to finally tug the walker away from her friend.

Courtney stood there for a moment, shocked and unsure of what was happening. Andrew took this opportunity to make an adjustment to her physical age changing it from 20 up to match her mental age of 94. He hit enter.

Downstairs the room watched, expecting Courtney to laugh and move on from her joke now that the walker was taken away but instead witnessed the pretty girl suddenly age 70 years in the blink of an eye.

Her hair thinned and went white hanging wispily around her slumped shoulders. Her face piled on wrinkles and became sunken and wizened as her eyes fell deeper into their sockets and her teeth disappeared.

Her body shriveled as well as her muscles atrophied and the wrinkly skin hung from her body in folds. Her perky exposed breasts plopped downward onto her puffy belly like a pair of fried eggs and her neat blonde bush turned into a puff of scraggly snow white hair. Her pussy loosened and her vaginal lips dangled down between wrinkled stick-thin legs. Her bony knees knocked together and her toes curled into her feet which were now gnarled and covered in age-spots.

She stood there, frail and trembling for a moment before pissing herself in the middle of the doorway.

“Help... me...” She rasped in an ancient voice reaching a quavering withered hand out to Lauren who herself was about to piss herself with fear.

Everyone in the room screamed, jumped up and ran out of the room in various directions at the sight of the suddenly nonagenarian college girl. They all feared that they were next or they were too drunk or high to deal with what they had just witnessed.

With the party effectively broken up, Andrew hit a few buttons and reverted Courtney's physical age back down to 20 while keeping her mental age at 94.

Lauren went wide-eyed at the sight of her friend rejuvenating and toning back up. In moments a now young woman was holding out her hand to her, standing above a pool of her own urine.

"I told you I needed my Depends..." Courtney rattled, blushing.