

# ***STRIP CLUB RETIREMENT PLAN***

By Chrono Eclipse

*Characters, plot and some passages by Nomdreserv*

That night at Sizzler the aging had progressed just as far with Cameron's co-workers as it had with the aging blonde surfer girl. But thanks to an aspect of the magic that was affecting them they continued to chalk it up to lack of sleep and mild weight gain, even as all of the strippers began to approach late middle-age.

Missy was groaning and she pulled her school girl skirt up her veiny legs, looking more like a long-tenured school principal that decided to dress up like one of her slutty students as a lark.

"I have to tell you about the guy I hooked up with last night! He was so weird... He kept calling me 'momma' and 'hot mommy' and 'MILF' even though he was like in his 30s! I was like dude, you're practically twice my age..." Missy recalled in a husky voice, looking and sounding like she could easily have a son in his 30s.

Tiffany waddled in with labored breath looking like a frumpy librarian. Her long hair clumped in a bun behind her head because she had found a few grays in it this morning and a pair of 'readers' were on her increasingly lined face - purely temporary, she insisted, because her eyesight seemed to be a bit blurry all of a sudden. The other girls couldn't fault her - many of them had glasses and bifocals in their bags ready to crack out during their waitressing shifts.

Cameron sat on the changing bend and slipped her feet out of her sandals again, lifting her leg up in the air (which was much harder than it normally was, having lost quite a bit of flexibility) she scrunched her toes and grimaced at the sight of obvious arthritic swelling causing them to look bent and a bit gnarly. She opted to put on socks and a pair of orthopedic trainers that she had picked up after class to hide how old and ugly her feet were looking - at least until she got up on stage, of course.

The clunky support sneakers looked ridiculous juxtaposed to her youthful miniskirt and skimpy top which were no longer flattering on her increasingly over-the-hill body. But none of her friends faulted her for her sensible choice in footwear, in fact most of the women seemed to be avoiding heels tonight in favor of flats and many of the gals even complimented Cameron on her smart thinking in picking up some comfy tennis shoes since they had to spend all night on their feet.

“This job really takes a toll...” Angela grunted as she sat at the mirror caking layers of make-up onto her jowly cheeks to try and hide all of her new lines and wrinkles.

Several women moaned in agreement with her statement. The girls continues to complain about sore knees and backaches. None of them commented on how their voices had dropped in register and were raspier, making them sound more like a retiree bridge club getting ready for yoga than a group of sexy young strippers.

Cameron worked her first round of tables. She recognized some of their regulars including the young man she had seen the night before in here with his girlfriend. But tonight it looked like Logan had brought in a new date - or at least the woman with him looked much older than the girl from yesterday. The odd thing was that, other than being older she strongly resembled Logan’s girlfriend. It was as if he had traded Bailey out for her older sister... or even mother as Cameron assessed upon closer look when she came over to take their orders. Logan’s new date looked well over 40, with noticeable laugh lines and the saggy breasts of middle-age flopping loose in her rainbow-colored flimsy top that looked much more appropriate on a high school girl.

“We came back for the wings special!” Logan announced to Cameron with a thrilled grin, reaching to put his arm around the leathery exposed pooching mid-riff of his date.

Cameron smiled warmly at the May/December couple causing her crows feet to bunch up around her eyes.

“Awww that’s adorable! We’re always happy for new regulars!” Cameron replied cheerfully, ignoring the nagging ache in her back.

“He’d come here everyday if he could! He’s so incorrigible!” Logan’s date mused in a mature sultry voice, rubbing her veiny hand along the college boy’s thigh.

“C’mon babe, admit that you had fun here last night!... Bailey got tipsy and was talking all night about wanting to ask one of you strippers to come back to my dorm and have a threesome!” The young man blurted out with a grin.

His older date scoffed and her gaunt cheeks blushed at having her dirty laundry divulged.

“Well, I hope you’re not planning to take me here after my senior prom next weekend!” Bailey said haughtily with a raised eyebrow.

Cameron’s lined forehead furrowed. Senior prom? The only business this woman would have at a senior prom is if she was going there as a chaperone... and wasn’t Logan’s date from last night named Bailey? Weird coincidence...

“Well how about I go grab you love birds some drinks and a plate of wings... how do you like them?” Cameron asked getting her tablet ready to take the order.

She squinted at the screen and realized that all of the letters on the tablet were blurry. Why did they even need to use these darn things? What was so wrong with taking an order with a good ol’ fashioned pencil and notepad like they used to!

Cameron blinked and shook the crabby thought out of her head, she and the rest of the staff had been so thrilled when the management upgraded to the tablets. It made everything super quick and convenient - why would she suddenly feel so cranky about them? She looked back to Logan to hear his order.

“I like my wings like I like my breasts... sloppy and sagging off the bone!” He guffawed as he playfully honked his girlfriend’s own floppy breast over her ill-fitting top.

“Logan! You’re so fresh!” Bailey squealed sounding surprised but also amused by her young boyfriend’s antics. She squeezed her cheeks with her mature hand looking like a mom settling down her unruly son.

“...Um coming right up!” Cameron said with a forced, awkward laugh as she noticed Logan’s eyes turn to her own chest and suddenly felt self-conscious at how much lower down they appeared to be hanging.

She turned to go put in her order and then track down a pair of reading glasses that she could borrow.

And speaking of sagging breasts, Angela had taken the stage. She waddled out before the crowd in her bursting-at-the-seams leather corset and matching leather panties with garters, black sheer stockings and spikey heels looking like an S&M Mrs. Claus.

As Cameron slipped on a pair of bifocals she found backstage she blinked at how much older Angela looked under the bright harsh light of the stage lights. Her soft pillowy tits overflowed her bustier and when she loosened the string to free them they flopped down dramatically onto her wrinkling gut sagging low and heavy nearly to her pooching belly button.

“Ahhh that’s much better... now where was I? Oh that’s right - you’ve all been such naughty boys...” She rasped with an audible sigh of relief from removing her constraining top.

The aging dominatrix cracked her whip with her veiny hand and wobbled a bit in the center of the stage causing the exposed rolls of her body to jiggle. Several men up front tossed cash onto the stage and Angela plodded forward to retrieve it, her breasts swaying from side to side as she moved. Her tits seemed to have lost all of their youthful support and no longer defied gravity the way they used to. Now they hung sadly down toward the stage and were beginning to lose their rounded shape and flatten against her chest.

Cameron squinted at how odd Angela's boobs seemed tonight. She was usually so jealous of her friend's magnificent pert melons. But as she looked at them now they appeared... deflated, and beyond that her nipples looked larger and the areolas around them seemed darker while Angela's skin seemed looser and freckled with notable blue veins visible across the tops of the hanging udders.

"Thank you sweetie... Ugh, my aching back..." Angela mumbled as she strained to bend over and pick up her tits from the stage and stand back upright again. Cameron thought that she seemed to dance a bit hunched over, maybe her large tits were pulling her down.

The statuesque dominatrix normally had perfect posture but now seemed to slump a bit as she stumbled around in a circle, barely in time to the rhythm of the music, rubbing the center of her lower back the whole time.

Her stomach, thighs and ass cheeks jiggled as she shimmied and waddled around the stage in a slower, creakier version of her routine. Occasionally she would stop and catch her breath and dab at the sweat pouring down her careworn face. That's when Cameron noticed her brown hair seemed much lighter... did Angela bleach it backstage? Under these lights it almost looked gray...

"None of you are man enough to fuck me, so you'll have to lick my boots..." Angela cackled in a husky voice and then realized that she had forgone wearing her leather thigh-high boots backstage because she couldn't get them past her cankles... "Er... my heels... and maybe a nice massage..." She mumbled, becoming a bit distracted by the heat of the lights and exhaustion.

Those lights seemed to be draining Angela as she danced. The lines on her face deepened and her cheeks drooped. Her hair seemed more lifeless and her general posture seemed ready for a nap. She sat down gracelessly with a loud groan into a chair on stage and took several moments to catch her breath before lowly and methodically undoing her garter belt and removing her heels and stockings.

“Mmmm you like that? Mistress thinks you boys deserve a nice treat...” Angela cooed with a wrinkly smile sounding more like a grandmother promising fresh-baked cookies than a dominatrix promising something sexual.

She stood back up slowly and stiffly. The other women back stage hardly recognized the former 26-year-old beauty. She looked like a plump retiree trying to spice up her 40-year marriage by climbing up onto the dance platform. Her puffy lined face was jowly and her hair was gray and wispy in her bun. Her tits were deflated and sagging leaving her large soft tummy as the dominant feature of her profile. Her pale legs were flabby and her cellulite-riddled thighs were plump and dimpled, though the calves looked spindly in comparison, both were marred by a network of purple varicose veins.

As she stumbled and shuffled around trying to keep her remaining energy up to finish her set the guys in the crowd were going wild.

“Awesome!” “Go Granny!” “Flop those saggy titties! Oh yeah, that’s it!” They cheered her on.

Angela smiled, slightly reenergized by their enthusiasm. She playfully licked her arthritic finger and reach around stiffly pressing her fingertip into her saggy ass cheek.

“Sssss...” She purred with a cackle, implying that her ass was so hot that it was sizzling the spittle on her fingertip.

With that she shuffled her way backstage making a b-line to the most comfortable chair that she could find.

“Awww... it’s really a shame how hard dancing takes a toll.” Missy whispered to Cameron in a husky voice backstage as they watched their friend waddle off from her set.

“Yeah it’s depressing really... promise me that we’ll hang up our thongs waaaay before we get old like that.” Cameron vowed to her friend, oblivious to

the fact that they weren't that far behind the pudgy granny now nodding off in the green room.

In Cameron's mind she had decades before she had to worry about looking old and washed up like that. For now it was time to get on stage and flaunt her youth and vitality as a beautiful quintessential California golden girl. Though, as she quick-changed out of her waitress outfit into her performance attire she was resembling more of a Florida Golden Girl than a California one...

As usual, she wore a simple ultra short, ultra-tight shirt and colorful mini-skirt to start her routine. Her chief assets were her pretty face, her supple tanned skin and her incredibly perky perfect breasts.

Except tonight they didn't seem perfect or particularly perky...

She had noticed before that the slight increase in size the last couple of days had served to make them hang differently, and the problem seemed to accelerate as she started dancing on stage. The skin-tight skimpy tee was being stretched out and didn't look especially flattering on her aging torso anymore.

Cameron managed to wrestle her ill-fitting top off and began shaking her breasts seductively as she swayed and twirled in time to the music playing. But each shimmy and shake seemed to make her boobs sag and swing a little more. They became heavier and softer at the same time, moving from a pleasing roundness to teardrop shaped and then continued to sag and deflate becoming flatter at the top as the bottoms of her breasts embraced gravity. They would definitely NOT pass the pencil test...

As she wrapped her cellulite-dimpled legs around the pole in the center of the stage she attempted to heft up the droopy cantaloupes to make them ride high and proud again but they only sagged further when she let them go.

But by the way the men in the crowd were hooting at her and tossing cash on the stage - she still seemed to be putting on an enticing show... She decided to stop worrying about the way her breasts were drooping and concentrate instead on her dancing. But her body was feeling very stiff - not as limber and

bendy as it usually felt when she twirled and wrapped herself around the stripper pole.

Cameron felt a strange weariness as she moved through her routine. It felt like she was wilting under the stage lights and her energy was being sapped from her body. Her legs felt heavier with every sauntry step, her knees ached and made loud popping sounds whenever she bent her legs. Her heels that she had reluctantly put back on before coming onstage began to really pinch her feet as her toes bunched and curled with arthritis - the cumulative wear of years of dancing in high heels affecting them in mere minutes.

She began to feel winded and stopped for a moment to catch her breath, leaning over and gripping her swollen knees as sweat dripped down her lined face. Cameron's 'golden girl' looks were fading. Her skin was beginning to resemble tanned leather - the effects of decades of regretful sun worship that would have occurred over the course of the stripper's long life. Deep creases were forming and multiplying across her face giving her mature countenance a craggy look, even though her body still in late middle-age.

Her dirty blonde hair was becoming dull and listless and the sides began to streak with gray as she stood squinting with her veiny hand pressed against her graying eyebrows in an attempt to peer out into the audience. Her eyesight was very fuzzy so the crowd seemed like a mottled blur from her vantage point. She had taken off her bifocals to dance but now decided to put them back on, aging her appearance further as she peered with tired eyes through the granny-glasses at the whooping and hollering men.

The fat balding divorcees that frequented the club and typically creeped Cameron out now appeared to be her contemporaries age-wise and the horny frat boys all looked so young... young enough to be her kids!

She spotted one geeky socially awkward young man sitting toward the stage, dutifully tossing dollar bills in her direction. He was the kind of nervous dorky guy Cameron would typically spend the night flirting with to get as many tips out of him as he could afford.

‘What a sweet kid’ She now thought, looking at him gawking at her matronly half-naked body gyrating on stage. ‘I should set my daughter up with a nice boy like that...’ She suddenly thought and then hesitated... She didn’t have any kids... she certainly didn’t have a daughter old enough to date the 20-something man she was looking at... Cameron was the same age as this boy... wasn’t she?

She shook it off and pursed her lips, blowing a kiss to the awkward young man, setting off an explosions of mouth wrinkles around her thinning lips.

There was a crashing sound back stage and Cameron turned her head to see what was going on.

“I’m fine – I’m fine! Just need a little help getting back up!” The husky voice of a matronly woman called from the wings.

Cameron hoped someone would help that poor older woman who apparently had a nasty fall backstage – whoever she was. But that wasn’t her problem – so she went back to dancing for the crowd.

However, as she finished up her routine she felt more tired and sluggish. She attempted to hop onto the pole again and twirl around it but her legs felt like lead.

Cameron lifted her leg slowly, wrapping it around the pole as best as she could and rubbed her upper thigh feeling the drier skin and ripples of cellulite that now marred her formerly gorgeous legs.

Cameron began to pass from the late stages of middle-age and enter her senior years as she turned and shuffled off stage at the end of her set. Her hair was a mix of bleached blond and gray streaks now, lightening to white. Her skin on her arms and legs was wrinkled leathery and thin marred by an increasing number of age-spots. Her breasts were losing size but regained none of their perkiness, instead sagged sad and empty against her chest like half deflated balloons. The last glimmers of youth and the California girl’s once amazingly vibrant glow faded into the dull lethargy of a woman gearing up for a day of

shuffle board on a retirement cruise. Except she wasn't headed to retirement, she was headed to her second round of working the tables at the club.

As she shuffled her way back stage she did a double-take at the sight of the matronly woman dressed in a catholic school girl outfit ready to head out and do the next set.

"Missy?" Cameron gasped and then let out a hoarse cough.

The formerly sexy school girl waived a veiny hand dismissively as she leaned on a wooden cane with a rubber grip.

"Oh don't fuss dear! I'm fine... I just took a little tumble coming out of the green room is all. It was stupid really... I'm fine. My hip gave out for some reason but I'm fine... I do gymnastics remember?" The salt and pepper-haired school girl insisted with a prideful look on her lined face.

Cameron realized that the old woman she had heard fall backstage was none-other than her teenage coworker who now looked more like an elder Gen-Xer than a young Gen-Zer.

"Your hip gave out?" Cameron asked, thinking that dancing could really take its toll if even 18-year-olds could end up with bad hips...

"Seriously don't worry about me. I'm good to do my set. One of those nice boys behind the bar found me this sick cane... I'm going to work it into my act! Maybe some pervs in the crowd will pay me to pleasure myself with it!" Missy cackled lecherously and winked her crinkled eye.

"Okay well... break a leg I guess... or, you know, don't break a hip!" Cameron said, cringing.

Missy flashed a tired smile and brushed some of her long graying brunette hair out of her aged face and hobbled her way out onto the stage. Cameron shook her head and slowly changed back into her waitress outfit and headed back out onto the main floor.

She was moving slower as she hobbled around trying to fulfill the horny guys drinks orders but no one seemed to mind. In fact many of the men in the club offered to let her sit on their lap and catch her breath. She would just flash them a wrinkled smirk and say:

“Nice try but that’s extra, handsome!”

She was feeling envious of Missy’s cane though as a sudden fear of falling washed over her. Cameron normally had perfect balance but tonight she was feeling pretty wobbly.

Speaking of Missy, she was well into late middle-age by now and looking like the mother of one of the strippers who hoped that dancing onstage could help her reclaim her youth. She leaned on her cane looking worn out as her arthritic fingers fumbled with the buttons of her blouse causing the men in the audience to go wild with anticipation.

Finally she opened her shirt to flash her normally round perky boobs. But now her breasts hung low and swung from side to side with every movement. Her flat abs had long since atrophied, losing its youthful firmness and morphing into a pooching gut that sagged over the waistband of her skirt and sagged like her breasts. Her glittering belly button piercing shimmered between wrinkling folds. Puckered skin and wrinkles formed along her once pristine toned body especially along her thighs that dimpled with cellulite and veins snaked up her calves like growing ivy.

Missy giggled huskily, still trying to play up her school girl routine despite looking like a school principal nearing retirement. Her cheeks hollowed and began to sag into jowls giving her face the appearance of melting wax. It was as though the spotlight on the stage was wilting the stripper before everyone’s very eyes.

Soon her steps were slower and more careful as she ambled around the stage shaking her increasingly loose skin. She was barely lifting her feet at all, more shuffling across the stage. Her formerly perky boobs seemed to sag lower and lower on her chest like deflating water balloons as though losing whatever residual support that she had. When she attempted to shimmy out of her

panties Missy stumbled back a few steps looking dizzy as she wiped some sweat from her lined forehead.

“Oh well... thank you all for coming to my show... that’s very nice of you... you’re all such sweet boys...” She mumbled in a shriller, rattling voice as she eased herself down into a chair on the stage and began to slowly roll her panties down her veiny wrinkled legs.

The formerly sexy school girl stood back up with the aid of her cane, completely naked and looking quite grandmotherly as she finished her set. The crowd of young men cheered as she hobbled off the stage, her pancaking ass flapping behind her.

Cameron looked up from taking another drink order and did a double-take at the wrinkly, white-haired woman shuffling back stage with the aid of a cane.

“Whose grandma snuck on stage and got naked?” She mumbled to no one in particular, not realizing that the grandma in question was her friend who had been and still was the youngest girl on staff at the club.

The confusion and disorientation continued to closing time. Cameron collected her remaining tips, looking forward to getting home to bed. She noticed Logan, the college kid she had served the past couple nights helping a frail old woman in a short skirt and rainbow top hobble out the door.

“Easy now ma’am. Just let your grandson help you out.” The bouncer said with a patronizing smile as he gave the brittle old gal a once-over, clearly checking out her wrinkly stick-thin legs and shriveled ass in her tight skirt.

“Oh... this isn’t my grandson... this is my boyfriend... He’s a sweet young man though... he’s going to take me to prom next weekend...” Bailey rattled sounding a bit senile.

Back in the dressing room the strippers struggled to get changed back into their regular clothes. Many girls found that their youthful outfits hung looser on their spindly frames while others struggled to get the skin tight clothes around their saggy plump assets.

Cameron managed to get her panties and cut-off jean shorts back up her veiny legs and pulled a tank top down over her saggy chest and then slipped a pair of bifocals onto her face and looked around at the group of slow-moving senior women around her. She noticed Tiffany getting up to leave wearing nothing but a t-shirt, leather jacket and an adult diaper strapped around her saggy bottom.

“Tiff! You forgot your pants. You’re still in costume...” Cameron called to her helpfully.

Tiffany’s wrinkled cheeks blushed, not wanting to admit that she was wearing the Depends not for the kink anymore but because she needed to.

“Oh well... I’m in a hurry... I have another hot date waiting for me!” The saggy platinum blonde (who was definitely more platinum than blonde now) called back.

As Tiffany waddled out of the room as fast as her aging legs could take her wondering if her date would be down to help her change when they got back to his place.

The last few staff members made their way out the back entrance and onto the street. Another young male patron was helping Missy and she was leaning on him and flirting up a storm.

“Hurry up and take me home dearie... I, mean ‘daddy’. Promise you’ll give me a nice foot rub. Granny’s feet are aching from dancing all night.” She pouted her wrinkled face at the much younger man who seemed eager to take her home and massage her liver-spotted feet.

None of them seemed to notice that the sign above the door no longer said ‘Sizzler’s’ but rather ‘Sagger’s’ with two cartoony drooping wrinkly boobs for G’s.

**To Be Concluded (For real this time)...**