

# LET'S HAVE A KIKI

By ChronoEclipse

## **HECTOR AND OLIVIA**

In another part of the room Hector and Olivia were hiding behind a couch trying to lay low. They would hear young people screaming as they ran by to the left and then a moment later would hear old people mumbling to themselves in disbelief as they shuffled in a daze to the right.

Olivia hugged her young sexy body against Hector's.

"I'm so scared! What's even happening!?" She sobbed into his Hans Solo vest.

Hector shook his head.

"I have no idea! They're stealing our youth? Are all of the old people in this town witches or something?" He asked rhetorically.

Olivia dried her eyes with the hem of the skirt from her red devil costume and hugged him tight.

"I'm too young to be old!" She whimpered.

He lifted her smooth chin up with his hand and leaned down to kiss her red pouty lips.

"Don't worry baby. I got you. You're not getting a single gray hair on my watch." He said firmly.

She hugged and kissed him again and then spied something on the floor nearby them.

"Hey! Look, it's my devil's prod!" She said excitedly.

“So? This isn’t the time to be worrying about accessorizing your costume!” He whispered loudly.

“No! I mean, we could use it as a weapon to fend off the old people so we can get the hell out of here!” She insisted.

Hector shook his head.

“I don’t like it. It’s too risky. Let’s just stay here, and maybe they’ll all leave and forget us!” He said firmly.

She stroked his chest affectionately and kissed him again, pouting her lips seductively.

“Baby... it’s just right over there... I can crawl over really fast and grab it and come right back before anyone would even see me! They’re grannies. They’re not that fast!” Olivia said to convince him.

Hector thought about it for a moment and sighed.

“Okay fine but hurry! This place is like a warzone!” He warned her.

Olivia got down on her hands and knees and peaked around the corner of the couch to see if the coast was clear. When she didn’t see anyone over the age of 30 in the vicinity and began to make a crawl for the cattle prod.

Hector enjoyed the sight of her heart-shaped rear filling out the back of her skirt as it wiggled while she crawled forward. Even if he was nervously sweating bullets. Olivia grabbed the trident and turned around to show him her triumph.

“Look baby! I got it!” She cried excitedly.

Hector nodded and motioned for her to get back to him quickly. She began to crawl forward when a pair of arms reached down and pulled her up from the floor and out of Hector’s line of sight.

“No! Put me down! Put me down!” Olivia screamed as she kicked and flailed.

“Ooo such a beautiful young girl... it’s such a shame what age will do to a pretty face like that...” A young woman’s voice cooed.

Hector sat tucked against the back of the couch trying not to breathe too loudly. He didn’t know what to do. After a few moments and a mild panic attack he decided to peak around the couch and see what was happening.

He looked and saw Olivia’s knee-high leather boots and the rod of the cattle prod standing a few feet away from him.

“Hectah...?” A quavering voice called out.

He took a deep breath and popped up from behind the couch to get a good look and nearly pissed himself at the sight of the shrunken great-granny hobbling around in the sexy Devil costume.

Olivia’s dark shoulder-length long hair had become thin and gray. Her face was a mass of criss-crossing wrinkles and her teeth were gone. Her thin bright red lips were tucked inward around her gums. She constantly wet them with her tongue as she peered with sunken eyes around the room.

Her frame was much smaller and frailer. She used the Devil's prod as a make-shift cane for support as her decrepit bony legs long longer filled out her fishnets or her boots. Her chest was wrinkly and sagged down her laced up top showing off far too much liver spotted skin. Her red gloves dangled from bony arms and trembling hands as she stooped over and shuffled frailly in place looking less like a confident young sexual demoness and more like elderly version of Melisandre from Game of Thrones.

Hector rushed over to her, gently putting his hand on her hunch back and one on her frail arm.

“Olivia!” He gasped.

“Hectah? Is dat you? I’m having a hard time seeing...” She quavered toothlessly as she turned her nearly blind face toward him.

He hugged the ancient woman who had been a couple years younger than him at the start of the night and was now at least a half century older than him.

“It’s okay... we’ll figure out something. I’ll get us out of here.” He assured her.

“What?” She quavered putting a trembling hand to her fuzzy ear.

“I said I’ll get us out of here!” He yelled loud enough for her to hear him.

She shook her jowly gray head.

“No babe... I’m too old, I’ll slow you down. You have to go on without me...” She insisted.

Hector hesitated but knew she had a point.

“O-Okay. You uh, sit down here and rest. I’ll be back as soon as I can figure out a way to make you young again or get us out of here!” He said, helping her down slowly onto the couch.

Olivia looked so small and pathetic sitting on the couch, her body sagging and collapsed in on itself as her gray head nodded forward and she quickly began to take a nap.

## **RACHEL**

Down one of the hallways leading to the residents' rooms Rachel pursued her ex-boyfriend’s grandmother. She ran down the hall toward the old woman but wasn’t gaining on her.

“How have I not caught up to her by now? She’s using a cane to get around and she’s like more than 4 times my age!” The pretty redheads mumbled under her breath.

She ran a few more steps and heard a crack from her shoe as the heel snapped. Rachel unstrapped the offending footwear and tossed it to the side in frustration.

“Stupid heels! I knew I should have left them back at the warehouse!” She grumbled and continued to run ahead barefoot.

She got to an intersection in the hallway and looked from right to left, the old woman was nowhere in sight. She decided to turn right, and hurried down the hall. The chaos happening in the other parts of the elder care home were distant, the only sounds echoing the hallway were the slap of Rachel’s soft soles against the cold tiled floor and some creepy humming coming from one of the rooms.

The young redheaded woman passed by the open door and stopped abruptly seeing that the old woman that she had been following was shuffling around inside, lighting candles around the room.

“Grandma Agnes?” Rachel asked cautiously as she padded into the room.

The old woman looked up and gave the girl a wrinkly smile of recognition.

“Oh yes dear. Here come in, come in... Rachel isn’t it? I’m sorry, my memory isn’t what it used to be. The unimportant details just get harder and harder to recall as you grow old. You’ll see that for yourself soon enough.” Agnes rattled with an unsettling grin.

Rachel instinctively folded her arms across her exposed cleavage and stood uncomfortably in the doorway.

“Yes, I’m Rachel. I used to go out with your grandson Jake.” Rachel reminded her hoping that that connection might elicit some modicum of kindness of warmth from the old bat.

“Ah yes... you dated my sweet Jakey... I never understood it.” She said, hobbling around the room.

Rachel clenched her jaw holding her tongue as she looked around the room. This was clearly Agnes' room but it looked more like a shrine to her grandson with all of the pictures of the boy along with cards and gifts and even awards with Jake's name on them.

“So is this like, where you live? I thought this place was shut down or something. Why would anyone host a halloween party for 20-somethings in the middle of an actual nursing home?” Rachel asked the questions that were swirling around in her brain.

The old woman didn't bother to look over at the half-naked girl in the leafy costume. She just picked up a picture of herself and her grandson in her trembling old hands and stared at it.

“You know, I barely get to see my Jakey these days. Since they moved me in here he just hasn't been able to visit his old grandma every day like he used to.” Agnes mumbled, shaking her gray head.

Rachel smirked, wanting to point out that that's probably for the best because their relationship was seriously unhealthy, bordering on weird. But she maintained her composure and instead said:

“Aw, I'm sorry to hear that. I know that Jake loves you a lot-” Rachel began to say, taking a step into the room and reaching her hand out to comfort the old woman.

“What do you know!?” The old woman turned and hissed at her.

Rachel immediately recoiled her hand. She attempted to back away but the door slammed shut behind her. The old woman hobbled menacingly closer.

“Grandma Agnes I-” Rachel began to say in an effort to calm the old woman down. The young college girl's heart was beating a mile a minute.

“Stop calling me that! You don't have the right to call me that. My name is Agnes Morehead and you will address me as such!” The frail woman bellowed.

Rachel nodded nervously, her back against the door.

“And drop the act, you’re not that sweet! You used my darling grandson for your own fun, gained his trust and affection and then you discarded him like a piece of chewed up gum!” Agnes growled edging closer.

“That’s... not entirely fair. I mean - we dated all through high school and our first year of college but we just kind of grew apart, we wanted very different things and it was really a mutual break-up...” Rachel tried to explain quickly.

“Jakey needs a girl who will be there for him no matter what. Someone who fulfills ALL of his needs and desires and who will love him unconditionally.” Agnes said with conviction.

Rachel wasn’t sure what the old woman was getting at but then watched in disbelief as Agnes took off her housecoat, letting it fall from her frail body to reveal that the 80-something year old woman was wearing a bright pink bikini underneath. It didn’t fit her at all. Her ancient empty breasts hung down without any support from the flimsy top causing a good amount of shriveled, liver-spotted breast skin to be visible. Her wrinkled sagging tummy was drooping over the band of her bikini bottoms and the back was pulled in her old puckered ass like a horrific thong. The old woman would have looked comical if not for it being so obscene.

But Rachel recognized the bikini. It was the same one that Jake had bought her the summer after high school graduation. The one she was wearing in his favorite picture of her that he had set as the background on his phone, the bikini that had gone missing from her bag one visit to Agnes’ house shortly before she and Jake broke up.

“Oh god... no...” Rachel shook her head in tears, horrified and feeling like she was going to be sick at the thought of what Agnes intended.

But she didn’t know that half of it.

“You’re a terrible girl and you were an awful girlfriend to Jakey... maybe you’ll make a better grandmother!” Agnes declared with fire in her elderly eyes and a menacing cackle.

Rachel didn’t know what that was supposed to mean but didn’t have much opportunity to consider it before her ex-boyfriend’s grandmother lunged at her, pinning her arms down against the door and shoving her wrinkled lips into Rachel’s.

The redhead squirmed and struggled but couldn’t break free. Her eyes were wide in disbelief as Agnes forcibly kissed her. She began to feel funny as if all of her youthful energy was being sucked out of her.

Rachel suddenly felt incredibly tired and brittle. Her eyes felt heavy and her skin felt like it was seeping downward trying to reach the ground. Agnes let go of her and she quickly turned to try the door handle and escape but her once toned, incredibly flexible legs now felt like wet noodles beneath her throbbing body and as she moved they gave out from under her causing the girl to slide down the door to the ground.

Her eye-sight was a bit fuzzy but as she looked down at her feet they looked - wrong. They were wrinkled and veiny and her toes were all warped and crooked. She tried to wiggle them but they were stiff and bent and ached from arthritis. Rachel shook her head, knowing that that wasn’t right, her dull eyes traveled up stick-thin wrinkled legs marred with squiggly purple veins up to dimpled thighs that looked like uncooked chicken skin.

She felt her exposed belly to find that it wasn’t flat anymore, it was puffy and soft, pooching folds of wrinkled flesh stacked together. She looked down and whimpered at the sight of her once gorgeous cleavage. Her shriveled tits now pooled pathetically in her costume top, empty and formless.

Rachel reached up to feel the turkey waddle of her neck and then grabbed a lock of her long hair to see that it had become snowy white. She reached up to her jowly cheeks, holding her wrinkled hands to her elderly face as she trembled and gasped, too horrified to even scream.



“Here you go *Grandma* Rachel. Let me help you up off that cold floor. You’re going to catch your death of pneumonia, especially dressed like that...” Agnes said in a much prettier voice.

A smooth young hand reached down to Rachel causing the old woman in the Poison Ivy costume to look up at her ex’s grandmother. She gasped.

Agnes was back to the way she looked at Rachel’s age. And looking appropriate in her pink bikini was no longer a concern. She was stunning, with a slender hourglass figure and long, wavy, copper-colored hair.

The rejuvenated woman helped the aged college girl back up onto her feet slowly and guided her over to the chair at the side of her bed, easing the now old woman gently into it. Rachel looked pathetic, with her leafy bottoms digging into her bony sagging ass and the laurel crown adorning her white-haired head.

Agnes on the other hand was beautiful and flawless. Rachel gasped again realizing what it was that had attracted Jake to Rachel so strongly. She had never realized it from the old black and white photos back at her house, but now seeing it in the flesh it was plainly obvious - Rachel held an incredible likeness to the boy’s grandmother when she was younger... or rather now, Agnes strongly resembled a much younger Rachel.

“Y-you...” Rachel quavered, holding up a shaky hand to the girl in the pink bikini.

“See? It’s harder to gather your thoughts at this age, isn’t it? That’s okay Granny Rachel. You just stay here and get your rest. Jakey and I will be by to visit you at least once a week... maybe we’ll do some heavy petting in the chair next to your bed while you lay there and watch helplessly - like you used to.” Agnes purred with a cruel grin and a wink.

The now young woman tossed some of her pictures and belongings into a purse and turned to leave.

“W-why are you doing this?” Rachel pleaded.

Agnes turned around and smirked.

“It’s Halloween dear, we’re all just getting what we deserve.” The young woman responded and then strutted out the door.

## **SAVANNAH AND CAL**

Down the hall loud moans echoed through the corridor but they weren’t the horrified moans of women who had found themselves suddenly decades older with their youth and beauty stolen from them like the moans heard around the rest of the facility.

These were the high pitched pleased moans of sexual ecstasy calling out from Savannah’s young lips as she rode Cal on top of the nursing home bed.

“Oh fuck yes! Oooo you feel so fucking good! You’re so big! OH! I LOVE IT!” She cooed in a breathy voice as she gyrated on top of him.

She had one hand rubbing Cal’s bare hairy chest and keeping her balance while her other hand rubbed from her smooth neck down her perky breasts and flat stomach where stroked her clit and grabbed his shaft to try and fit him deeper inside of her.

“God, you’re so tight!” He groaned holding the sexy naked girl by her slender toned thighs and slim hips.

Savannah’s tight pussy and petite frame had given them a little trouble at the beginning when it seemed like Cal’s massive dick wasn’t going to fit into her. But she was incredibly wet and desperate to make this work so she sucked up the initial discomfort and managed to get him inside her, now it all seemed worth the effort as the young couple rocked in sexual bliss, barreling towards mutual orgasm.

“Oh yeah! Oh YEAH! OH YEAH! OHHH YEAH!!!” Savannah squealed with her eyes clenched shut, each scream was higher pitched and sounding of arousal.

Cal's eyes were closed too as he smiled and grunted his way through the best sex of his young life. This was the kind of night they could tell their grandkids about someday

“OH GOD! I'm gonna- I'M GONNA!” Savannah cried, biting her soft pouty lip.

Both of them were so focused on their mutual pleasure that neither noticed the frail decrepit figure in the bed next to them rising up from under her sheet and removing the oxygen tube and catheter from her body.

The incredibly old woman slid her bony legs off the side of her bed and slowly, quietly rose to her feet. She shambled across the room wearing nothing but a thin blue hospital gown to where the couple was fucking. The light coming from the doorway cast a long menacing shadow across the naked couples bodies as the centenarian reached her trembling hands up behind them.

“AHHHHHH! FUCK YES OH GOD! CAL I LOVE YOU!” Savannah exclaimed as she began to shudder and shake from orgasm.

Cal opened his eyes as he himself began to cum inside of her and his eyes widened as he became frozen in terror. He watched as the oldest woman he had ever seen reached around his girlfriend and clutched her perky bouncing breasts and then leaned over and gummed Savannah's neck.

The young girl didn't have much time to react. She screamed but it was too late. Cal watched in horror at the beautiful young girl he was fucking began to rapidly age.

Her pixie-cut hair lightened to gray and then white thinning out and hanging limply from her scalp. Laugh lines and crow's feet appeared on her young pretty face and continued to deepen and multiply until a wrinkled withered face of a wizened elderly woman gazed down in confusion at her boyfriend. Her teeth fell from her mouth and bounced from Cal's abs skittering across the floor like marbles. Her formerly glossy kissable lips pruned and thinned as they tucked in around her exposed gums.

Savannah's dainty neck loosened and dangled dramatically into a turkey waddle hanging down over the young man's abdomen, her shoulders hunched forward and the tone of her arms disappeared as liver spots began to sprinkle across her leathery wrinkled skin. Her bouncy, pert breasts withered in the mysterious old woman's hands. When she released them, Savannah's tits flopped down sadly onto her bony visible rib cage, half empty and shriveled like a pair of fried eggs hanging down her chest.

Her belly grew soft, puffy and incredibly wrinkled, the girl's belly button piercing became lost in folds of aged flesh. Her ass sagged and flattened against Cal's thighs he could feel the skin flaps of her once tight round bubble butt pooling against his legs.

Her waxed pussy aged and sagged around Cal's dick as her labia lost elasticity and began to droop lower while her vag dried up and began much looser. Her ancient decrepit pussy fit his massive girth much easier now but with her post-menopausal vaginal dryness, having him inside of her was a new kind of discomfort.

Her sexy thighs lost their tone and definition as they wilted into wrinkled flesh that bunched around the lumpy cellulite and brittle bones of her legs. It was growing painful for the aged girl to maintain her current position on top of him with her swollen knobby old knees bent this way. Her soles grew wrinkled and calloused and her toes warped and punched together on either side of Cal's calves as the woman removed her mouth from Savannah's wrinkled collar bone and backed away.

The couple looked at one another - there was at least a 60 year age difference between them now and Cal had been older than Savannah by a few years only moments ago.

Now the shrunken, elderly former petite beauty trembled naked on top of him with his dick still stuffed inside her. She looked down at him with sunken old eyes, her tits swaying like pendulums above his abdomen.

"Cal... ah feel funny..." She rasped toothlessly at her now much younger boyfriend.

A figure stretched behind the frail form of his aged girlfriend. He looked over to see a ravishing young woman extending her arms triumphantly in the air and jumping up and down on toned, shapely legs. Her impressive breasts bounced noticeably under her flimsy blue hospital gown.

“Ohhh! OH THIS FEELS SO WONDERFUL! My goodness! My body can mooove! I can dance again!” The youthful woman cooed excitedly.

She demonstrated a series of basic ballet moves, spinning and leaping and then finally lifting her leg up high above her head to show off her newly regained flexibility. However she had forgotten (or perhaps not forgotten) that she didn't have any underwear on under her gown and ended up flashing Cal her now young vagina and very full brown bush causing the young man to grow erect again and make the frail old Savannah groan in discomfort on top of him.

“I really can't express how amazing this is! I must be nearly 90 years younger!” The young woman in her early 20s said laughing in amazement.

She practically bounced across the room with new found energy as Cal just stared at her in shock.

“A news crew came to me in that bed to celebrate my 110th birthday last month! I'm probably a good decade younger than that overly perky reporter woman who tried to interview me!” The rejuvenated woman laughed.

“B-but you made my girlfriend old! Look at her, she's ancient!” Cal finally worked up the nerve to shout.

“Yeah! What about me?... I just turned 21...” Savannah rattled shrilly.

The former supercentenarian gave a warm, hearty laugh.

“Oh my dear sweet woman... you're far FAR off from your 21st birthday now. I'd say, more accurately you just passed your *ninety*-first birthday...” The young woman explained, scrunching her nose as if admitting a dirty little secret.

“91? I’m 91 years old!?” Savannah wailed, trembling and slumped over Cal.

“But don’t worry ma’am – you’re pretty spry for your age. I’m sure if you take care of yourself you’ll certainly live long enough for local news crews to start showing up to each of your birthdays! Just... maybe take it easy with the wild, torrid sex from here on out...” The young woman suggested, cringing.

“You can’t just leave her like this! Look at her!” Cal yelled to the soft quavering sobs of his elderly girlfriend.

“I can and I most certainly will. I’m young and beautiful, I can do whatever I gosh darn well please! But don’t worry, handsome. Unlike many of the poor women who lived in this place until tonight she won’t have to struggle through old age lonely and alone...” The attractive young woman said as she neared the bed.

Cal tried to move his body but found himself frozen and paralyzed in the bed. His eyes watered as the slender young woman leaned over and gave him a kiss on the forehead with her pouty lips.

She then did another ballet twirl and winked at him as she pranced out of the room leaving the two love birds alone.

Cal aged rapidly under Savannah. His hair quickly began to gray and fall out into a horse-shoe formation.

“No... no... no...” Savannah rasped shaking her jowly face in dread as she watched her boyfriend morph into an old man in front of her sunken, tired eyes.

His face grew haggard and lined, his clean-shaven face grew into a scruffy chin of white stubble. His chest hair lightened to white as well as his pecs melted into man-boobs and his abs faded to the flabby distended gut of an elderly man. His arms grew frail and wrinkled, looking like skin and bone, as did his legs.

Cal's pubes turned snowy-white and his balls hung lower and lower until they drooped down onto the cold thin mattress of the nursing home bed. His dick shrunk and shriveled, growing limp from age-related impotence. His tiny old man cock sputtered and slipped out of his elderly girlfriend's loose hole giving the old woman a bit of relief.

The now frail bald old man felt a tickle in his throat and found that he could sit up once more, though the movement caused his back to ache from chronic soreness. He leaned forward and let out a wheezing cough causing all of his teeth to expel from his mouth onto the floor. He looked at the old woman on his weak wrinkled lap and she looked back at him with pity and affection.

She reached out and gently brushed his wrinkled fuzzy cheek with her veiny trembling hand.

“Oh Cal...” She whispered.

The elderly couple hugged and Cal leaned back down on the bed as his old back couldn't take sitting up like that for very long. Savannah leaned forward and rested her wrinkled cheek on the old man's sagging pec, stretching out her bony legs with a loud pop of her aching swollen knees.

“What are we going to do now babe?” She asked as she cuddled her naked wrinkled body against her 90-something-year-old lover's.

But all she heard in reply was the loud rasps of a snoring old man.

## **HECTOR**

Back in the Day Room Hector was running around, ducking and dodging old people and young people alike. He needed to find Miss Rosa and have her explain to him what the hell was going on.

He ran the lengths of the hallways looking for her and shouting her name. He found it entirely possible that she had become young again by now so he

mentally prepped himself to be on the look for a wrinkled old hispanic abuela or a sexy young latina girl.

Hector entered the cafeteria where various party guests had run to seek shelter in. Old people drained youth around him as he approached the stout old brown-skinned woman sitting at a table calmly eating a bowl of tapioca pudding.

“Miss Rosa!” He screamed in relief as he rushed over to her.

She put a finger to her wrinkled lips and shushed him sternly.

“There’s no need to yell, young man! Just because I’m old doesn’t mean that I’m deaf!” The old woman rattled.

Hector nodded respectfully and carefully sat down at the table across from her, wary not to let her grab his hands.

“Miss Rosa! You’ve got to help me! I don’t know if you’ve noticed or not since you’re just... sitting here enjoying a... pudding, but everything has gone insane! There are old people stealing the youth from young people and all of the doors are locked - and my girlfriend got turned old! She’s like a shriveled old prune and she can barely see! Well, I said ‘girlfriend’ but it’s not like we’re serious or anything, actually I just kind of met her tonight... We’ve been talking a bit online in a uh... a community built around shared interests... but she was young, like me and now she’s old - like you! And you’ve got to help me! Please! Tell me what’s going on and how I can give my friend back her youth and/or get out of here!” Hector said all in one breath.

Miss Rosa raised a tangled gray eyebrow and smirked at the young man.

“Would you like some pudding Hector?” She asked, sliding the bowl towards him.

He looked at her like she was insane and shook his head.



“No! No, of course I don’t want pudding right now... d-did you hear what I said? I mean - look around! I have to get out of her... hopefully with Olivia.” He said, mumbling the last part.

Rosa shook her head making a disapproving ‘cht’ sound with her tongue.

“You should really eat more, dear. You’re so scrawny, just like when you were a boy. I remember you back then... what a little brat you always were! Oh you gave me such headaches every day!” She groaned.

Hector folded his hands together and shook them at her.

“Please! Miss Rosa, I’m begging you! Just tell me what this is all about and how I can get out of it!” He pleaded.

The old woman narrowed her eyes at him. She didn’t appreciate being interrupted.

“And you were an even bigger shit when you grew to be a teenager. Remember when you broke my window and then tried to tell your parents that I made it all up because I had gone loco in my old age?” She asked, tapping her thick red-painted fingernails on the table.

“Yeah listen... I’m sorry about that... I was just a stupid kid!” He apologized defensively.

“And how about the time a few years ago when your mother made you come over to my house to install a new handrail in my tub to keep me from slipping and falling in the shower? You left without screwing in all of the screws because you said - and I quote ‘your house reeks of old lady stank!’” She recalled.

Hector squirmed in his seat uncomfortably, looking embarrassed.

“Well I mean... you have to admit, you... women your age have a really strong distinctive smell... and it was a little hard to stay around that very long... the

whole install was taking hours and it was getting hard to breath..." He tried to rationalize.

"I could have died!" She bellowed.

He held up his hands in defense.

"Okay, okay... I probably could have done a better job." He admitted.

A wrinkly smile crossed Miss Rosa's face as she eyed him with curiosity.

"I wonder... does that pretty little devil you were dancing with all night reek of 'old lady stank' now?" She hissed pointedly.

"Her name is Olivia and um..." He gulped realizing that Olivia probably did, she looked at least as old as Miss Rosa did now.

The elderly woman held her wrinkled hand up to stop him from talking. She didn't care to hear anymore.

"You asked what it is that's going on tonight - Justice! The elderly of this town are sick and tired of being ignored and discarded, we're through with youth being wasted on the young! And tonight, on this special night until the clock strikes one, we'll get back what is owed to us!" She explained passionately.

"Okay... so you're all, what? Witches?" Hector asked, unimpressed.

Miss Rosa glared at him with her jowly jaw clenched in a warning look.

"Witches are for story books and Disney films! What we're tapped into is the inherent magic that comes with old age!" Miss Rosa hissed.

Hector considered this for a moment - For a single hour once a year every elderly person on the planet had the supernatural ability to steal the youth from an unsuspecting youngster. Terrifying.

“Sooooo you’ll help me though right? I mean... if you want to get your youth back from one of these girls first - I’m not going to complain. I’ve seen pictures of you from back in the day and ooo you were slammin’ girl! So yeah? You wanna do that? Steal some youth and then maybe you and me bust outta here, go back to my place? I got some weed and a premium subscription to PornHub.” He said, wondering how long it had been since the last time Miss Rosa had had sex, probably at least his whole lifetime.

The old woman stared at him for a moment listening to his proposition and then tilted her gray head back and cackled loudly.

“Oh Hector! You know, I always thought you were too handsome for your own good... I kept putting up with all of your childish nonsense because as you grew up into a man I couldn’t help but get lost in that charming roguish face of yours... You remind me of my dear husband Julio that died far too young...” She shook her head and smiled softly at the young man.

Hector perked up in his seat.

“So you’ll do it? You’ll help me?” He asked excitedly.

Miss Rosa slowly stood up from her seat, leaning onto the table and pushing her frail old body up with a tired, pained, sigh.

“Let me tell you a secret Hector.” She said as she hobbled over to him.

He eagerly sat up ready to hear how to get out of this and maybe how to make Olivia young again (He was contemplating the idea of a threesome with her and a young Miss Rosa)

“Yes you remind me so much of my husband...” She rattled with a chuckle.

Then she leaned over next to his ear.

“He was a real shit-for-brains too!” She hissed and then cackled.

Hector's eyes went wide knowing that he had fucked up. It was too late however as the old woman's talon-like hand came up and pinched his cheeks. She leaned in and gave the young man a passionate kiss on the lips.

The aging man in the Han Solo outfit sat at the cafe table and didn't bother to struggle, even as he felt his former nanny's tongue enter his mouth. He wondered if he had been a little nicer to the old woman over the past 20 years, been a bit more thoughtful and considerate or treated her with a tad more dignity if this would have gone differently. He shrugged, 'It is what it is'. He thought.

Rosa pulled away and chuckled softly at the sight of the balding old man tiredly sitting at the table. His thick dark hair was now white and thinning over his liver spotted scalp, a white mustache and chin whiskers had grown on his wrinkled jowly old face and down his newly formed, dangling double chin.

Hector's chubby old man physique bulged and sagged under his Han Solo costume with his pale wrinkled gut peeking from under the shirt and his man-boobs pushing out the vest. His arms were flabby and his sleeves were cutting off circulation giving his puffy old forearms a purplish hue. He was hunched over and his ears had tufts of white hair coming from them.

He looked up with sunken eyes to see the ravishing young latina girl standing in front of him, filling out her granny gown in all of the right places. She looked down and unbuttoned the top few buttons of her gown to let loose the now gorgeous caramel-toned cleavage of her gravity-defying bosom. The young woman held a delicate, red-fingernailed hand up to stifle a giggle.

"Well you didn't age as well as Mr. Harrison Ford... More like a fat Obi Wan Kenobi!" She teased.

He just sat taking deep breaths looking at how beautiful she had become now.

"Wow Miss Rosa..." He mumbled.

She shook her head.

“Just Rosa is fine now. You’re *my* elder afterall... you should really try this tapioca pudding Mr. Hector. Not that you need to eat it anymore... looks like you stopped being scrawny at some point later in life... but it’s really good on those weak old teeth you’ve got now. Take it from me, you don’t want to end up needing dentures!” She said with a helpful smile.

He looked down at the pudding and then reached up to feel his old yellowed teeth to see how sturdy they were. Rosa giggled and winked at him flirtatiously.

“Oh and about your offer to go home with you to smoke weed and um... watch ‘pornhub’? I’m sorry but... old men just don’t do it for me anymore...” She said with a laugh and then leaned over sexily and blew the old man a kiss.

She turned to bounce out of the room happily.

“Good luck getting used to Olivia’s rank old lady smell!” Rosa called back, raising her hand up to wave as she pranced out of the cafeteria.

A few minutes later – as long as it took Hector to make his way back from the cafeteria to the Day Room with the aid of Rosa’s old walker – The old man eased himself down next to the snoozing granny in the Devil outfit.

Olivia stirred awake upon Hector’s heavy frame easing itself down on the couch next to her and the loud groans and grunts he made as he took a seat.

“Hector?” She rattled, turning her milky eyes toward him and pawing the air with her shaky old hand.

“It’s me babe.” He rasped in a horse throaty voice.

She made a face at how old he sounded now and felt his thick hairy arm all the way down to the wrinkled old hand. He clasped her hand gently in his and nodded gravely as her wrinkled expression showed that she understood what had happened to him.

“She didn’t want to help us huh?” She asked in a quavering voice.

“Nope.” Hector replied with a labored breath.

The old woman sighed and leaned in to rest her gray head on the old man's shoulder.

"Well... so what do we do now?" She asked.

The heavy-set old man shrugged.

"How the hell should I know? Something to kill the time I guess." He said gruffly.

Olivia thought for a moment.

"Well... I think I'm too old now to give you another blow job... it'd be more like a gum job at this point anyway... I could stroke you off with my hand... I can't seem to keep them steady but... that might actually work in our favor!" She rattled, holding up her frail trembling hands.

He smirked and patted the old woman on her wrinkled, flabby thigh.

"That's okay babe, I don't even know if I can get it up anymore at this age..." He explained. "Let's just watch some TV."

Her wrinkled jaw dropped as the old woman looked offended.

"That's so mean! You know I'm going nearly blind now!" She said.

He held up his hands in defense.

"Okay! Okay! Sorry... how about we uh listen to the TV." He suggested.

She nodded and he grabbed the remote from the couch and turned on the television. Olivia cuddled her frail body into his fat frame resting her old head on his man-boob.

He sniffed at her and wrinkled his nose at the fact that she did have that distinctive 'old lady' smell, but then he lifted his arm and took a whiff and realized that he smelled even worse - like the funk of an overweight old man!

"I wonder where Natalie is... I haven't seen her since this whole thing started..." Olivia pondered out loud as she curled her wrinkled body against Hector.