

TIME BOMB STORIES

1: A Quiet Suburban Neighborhood

By ChronoEclipse

The recent reports troubled the international intelligence community. Typhon, the mysterious anarchist cell, had been developing a new weapon in their mission to disrupt civilization.

The details on the threat were sketchy at best but whispers on the deep web were that Typhon had developed something that altered the fabric of reality itself. A so-called 'Temporal Bomb'. The working theory was that this device would alter random objects and people caught within its blast radius making them older or younger than they should be - and worst of all it would shift reality in small pockets to align with the changes.

There was suspicion that tests had already begun in secret - a group of elderly women were found shuffling around a football field in a doddering stupor at a Tennessee High school. They all claimed to have wandered off from the local nursing home and coincidentally ended up at the nearby high school in the middle of cheer practice - even though the High school no longer had a record of having a cheerleading squad.

Board members of a bank in Zurich suddenly disappeared one by one, each with a family member who was 8 months pregnant even though there was no record of prenatal hospital visits from any of these women in the 8 months prior.

The nephew of a recently retired CIA agent claimed that his aunt was actually his younger sister who had just graduated college three years prior and had suddenly aged 40 years in the blink of an eye during a ZOOM call he was having with her.

And of course the reports from Chile of a town populated entirely with children under the age of 10.

The Temporal Bomb was out there and it was working but no one knew when one would strike next and it was even hard to say who had fallen victim to one of it's blasts.

11:42am Saturday.

A quiet suburban street in Sherman Oaks California. 39-year-old Nicole O'Halleran was sitting at her kitchen table having a cup of coffee with her friend Tanya Baker, 44, before they both headed out for their afternoon shift as senior care nurses.

"You have Mrs. Warner today?" Nicole asked, sipping her coffee.

"Uh-huh." Tanya replied.

"Lucky. The quiet ones are always better." Nicole said to her friend with a smirk.

"Oh my god, Nic! You're so bad! The poor woman had a stroke! That's why she's quiet!... But I know what you mean. The ones that chat your ear off about their kids and what they used to do for work and yadda yadda yadda... Oof we don't get paid enough to be nurses AND therapists!" Tanya chuckled.

"I've got Mr. Koenig today." Nicole sighed.

"Ouch. I'm sorry. He's a talker! And most of what he talks about..." Tanya shivers.

"You know, he had a full on erection last week when I was dressing him and I realized - it's the first erection I've seen since my divorce. Isn't that tragic?" Nicole snorted a cynical laugh as she took another sip of coffee.

"Oh that can't be true! It's been over a year hasn't it?" Tanya asked, surprised.

Nicole shrugged and nodded, brushing some of her dirty blonde hair back over her shoulder.

“You haven’t done tinder or anything like that?” Tanya pressed.

Nicole shook her head.

“I feel weird about using an app to find dates. I met my ex back in college, I just thought I might meet a new guy the old fashioned way but it’s hard when the only people I see all day are you; my daughter and a bunch of geezers!” Nicole explained.

Tanya reached out and squeezed Nicole’s hand.

“You should get on some apps. It’s really how dating works these days...You’re gorgeous and you barely look 30! You’ll get a lot of great bites! Maybe you’ll meet a hot YOUNGER guy...” Tanya suggested with a grin and a wink.

Nicole snorted a laugh.

“Yeah – like my daughter's boyfriend!” The 39-year-old said, smirking and rolling her eyes.

The two women paused to hear the thumping coming from up above their heads and the giggles and squeals echoing from the stairs.

“How old is Emily’s boyfriend? She just turned 16 didn’t she?” Tanya asked, surprised.

Nicole nodded.

“Yuuup. She’s 16 and he’s 24. Not quite closer to my age than hers but still!” Nicole sighed, shaking her head.

“Oh no. Have you talked to her about it?” Tanya asked.

Nicole nodded.

“I told her that he’s too old for her but she won’t listen to me. So all I can do is just make sure she has condoms and birth control. I don’t want to end up a grandmother at 39!” Nicole explained.

The two ladies got up from the table and grabbed their jackets to head out.

Upstairs Nicole’s 16-year old daughter was laying in her pink bed in only her lacy panties. Her modest perky B-cup breasts jiggled as she giggled nervously at the older boy with the chinstrap beard sitting on the bed, stroking the inside of her slender thigh.

“Mmm that feels so good Devan...” She purred.

“I thought you’d like that... I can go higher if you want...” He said with a grin as his fingers traveled up to her panty line.

Emily squirmed and closed her legs giggling.

“Devan...” She squealed, blushing.

“What? I thought you said you wanted to.” He said to her.

She bit her lip and looked over at the attractive young man who was also the assistant manager at the ice cream shop she worked at after school. They had been dating for two months now much to her mother’s chagrin and she had invited him over this afternoon, knowing that her mother was going to be heading out to work, with the intention of ‘going all the way’ with him.

“Yeah I know but... I’m nervous...” She admitted shyly.

Devan climbed up into the bed with only his jeans on and cuddled the teen girl, cupping her pert trembling breast.

“What are you nervous about, baby?” He asked, kissing her neck.

She let out a soft moan and her young body writhed against his.

“What if I’m really bad at sex and you don’t like me as much afterward... what if it hurts...?” She responded.

He reached over and kissed her pouty lips, stroking her strawberry blonde hair as he continued to kiss his way down her mostly naked body.

“Don’t worry, I’ll go really slow and you’re going to do great. Trust me baby, I’ll teach you everything you need to know...” He assured her with a big grin.

He reached for her panties and she shivered but nodded, giving him the go-ahead to take them off.

“You promise you’ll be gentle?” She asked, batting her big young eyes at him.

Devan nodded enthusiastically as he revealed her neatly trimmed blonde bush and proceeded to take his own pants and boxers off.

“Don’t worry baby girl. This is going to be the best sex of your life!” He proclaimed arrogantly as he slipped on a condom.

He quickly mounted her. Emily winced and then moaned, gasping as she felt her boyfriend enter her. Devan began to pump rhythmically as Emily brought her long slender legs up and wrapped them around his, gripping his back with her hands.

Her eyes clenched shut as intense sensations washed over her body for the first time and Devan grunted and plowed into her again and again.

Then a quick bright flash passed over the house. Emily suddenly aged 50 years underneath the boy as he continued to pump into her older pussy.

“Ah! Ah! Ah! Oohh! Oohh! Oohh!” Her high pitched girly cries shifted to husky matronly groans as she went from 16 to 66 years old in the blink of an eye.

Her blonde hair darkened and faded into a mostly gray main and her face cragged up with smile and frown lines; jowls and deep set wrinkles. The skin of

her neck loosened and her teeth yellowed from the stain of nicotine from a few decades ago.

As the young man continued to fuck the aging woman her body swelled and softened beneath him. Her breasts grew a cup and some change larger but sagged down between their chests. Her thin arms and legs thickened and then melted to flabby loose cellulite and wrinkled skin. Her ass doubled in size and lost all of it's tone. She was an average-weight but being an out-of-shape woman in her 60s her saggy older body cushioned the young boy as he laid on top of her.

Now it was Devan's turn to wince as her post-menopausal vagina dried up and became looser. However he had actually lost a few years in the past few moments and found himself a pimply-faced 18-year-old who had never had sex before. He began to sweat nervously and tried to compensate for how much looser she was by pounding into her extra fast and haphazardly.

The teen boy reached up and squeezed the gray-haired woman's pillowy tit with his hand and immediately blew his load into the condom. He pulled out of her and flopped down on the bed next to the retirement-age woman.

The bed had changed to a memory foam mattress with a floral print comforter. The room had also shifted from that of a teen girl to a mature woman in her mid 60s - band posters transformed into framed landscapes and skimpy outfits morphed into more sensible mature clothes. Pictures of kids and grandkids were set along her dresser and bedside table.

Emily groaned and rolled over to drink a glass of water, rubbing the moley expanse of her lower back.

"Oof! I told you to go gentle! You know I have back problems!" The older woman grumbled, sounding a bit annoyed.

"Uh sorry ma'am. I guess I got a little carried away." Devan gulped nervously as he timidly pulled his boxers back up.

“It’s alright kid. No harm done. Was it good for you?” She asked in a throaty voice.

Devan nodded enthusiastically.

“Best sex of my life!” He proclaimed while thinking ‘At least I’m not going to be a virgin anymore when I head off to college!’

“Aww that’s what I like to hear. Now be a good boy and massage my thighs would ya?” Emily said as she scratched her flabby belly and laid back on the bed with a sigh.

Her much much younger boyfriend reluctantly obeyed.

Downstairs Nicole and Tanya had been heading out the door to carpool to their shifts when they got caught in the flash. A moment later a now 38-year-old Tanya was wheeling 89-year-old Nicole out of the house in her wheelchair.

“Here you go Mrs. O’Halleran, a bit of fresh air. That’ll be nice won’t it?” Tanya asked in a sweet but patronizing tone.

Nicole folded her wrinkly arms over her shriveled chest and frowned sourly.

“It’s too bright outside. Where’s my hat?” The old woman quavered.

Tanya sighed and grabbed the big floppy hat from the coat rack and placed it over the old woman’s thinning white hair.

“I had soup for lunch today.” Nicole rattled to her former friend.

“Uh huh.” Tanya said, not listening.

“ Not the same soup I had yesterday, this was a different soup.” Nicole explained unprompted.

“Uh huh.” Tanya said, sighing at what a long day she had ahead of her.

“I had a... oh what was it...?” Nicole mumbled.

She paused to try and remember. In the beat of silence the women could hear the banging coming from the room above them and hoarse husky moans traveling down the stairs.

Nicole shook her wrinkly old head and scowled.

“I don’t approve of Emily with this new boyfriend of hers! She’s too old for him!... She’s a grandmother for goodness sake!” The elderly woman rattled, shaking her head in disapproval.

Tanya smirked and shrugged.

“Well... I know she was lonely after her divorce. I say good for her for getting back out there... even if her new beau is young enough to be my kid and she’s old enough to be my mother!” Tanya smirked.

She began to wheel her elderly patient out to the front yard.

“Wait... that’s not right... isn’t Emily in high school? ... and did we work together...? Oh, I forget... happens when you get to be my age...” Nicole quavered with a sigh.

This was just one house of several houses in the radius of the blast. It wouldn’t be until weeks later that any of the victims became aware of what they had lost when their realities shifted in the wake of the Temporal Bomb. Not until members of Typhon sent them evidence of their former lives and informed the world that they were moving on to stage II....

The End... For Now....