

# *Cam Girls Club*

By ChronoEclipse

## **CHAPTER 3: Are ya'll having fun yet!?**

An hour later the party was in full swing. Loud music blasted through the house as about 50 college kids danced, flirted and hooked up throughout the first floor. Courtney and Kaitlyn had made several gallons of sangria in water cooler jugs and set up a bubbler in the kitchen to dispense it. There were kegs of beer and a mini tiki bar set up in the back courtyard.

Lauren was laying down in the lap of an older man, sharing a joint. He was dressed in slacks and a tweed jacket with shoulder-length shaggy hair and a graying goatee. He was easily the oldest person at the party by a couple decades and was, in fact, Lauren's Psychology professor: Charles Lancaster.

"So you live in this house now with five other women you said?" Professor Lancaster asked the 21-year-old blonde as he took another hit from the joint.

"Yeah... Courtney, Kaitlyn, Hannah, Amber and Becca. We all do cam shows together..." Lauren replied, puffing rings of pot smoke out of her pouty pink lips.

"Tell me about them..." The middle-aged man suggested with a sly grin to the girl who was more than half his age.

Lauren nuzzled her blonde head into the older man's arm, giggling. "Did you just get me high so i'd spill tea?"

He held up a wine glass and clinked it against the one Lauren was holding. "There's no tea to spill - we're both drinking Chardonnay." He said laughing at his own joke and then stroking the girl's cheek. "I just want to get to know you a bit better..." He added with sincerity.

Lauren smirked at him skeptically but then sat up, looking a little drunk and high. As she began to respond, Andrew watched on his monitor, recording the conversation.

“Oh Professor Lancaster... you’re not even hiding the fact that you sleep with students now, huh? Well, i’ll keep this footage for blackmail later...” The redheaded boy said to himself wickedly from the safety of the attic.

He pulled up the feed on Courtney as Lauren began to talk about her. She was leaning in the doorway to the study with one leg propped up against the frame as a young man was standing in front of her flirting. She was chewing on the tip of one of the temples of her eyeglasses and grinning as she tugged at the boy’s shirt.

“So Courtney is like the brain of our group - she’s a huge nerd who likes cosplay as anime characters and can literally speak Elvish from the Tokian books! And she could school anyone in philosophy and social sciences! But god, in her infinite wisdom, also granted her the body of a porn star.” Lauren explained to her professor as Andrew watched Courtney walk the boy she was flirting with through the dusty tomes in their study while the college kid gazed at her round ass and drooled.

“Hannah, on the other hand, is basically like if a Ke\$ha song was a person.” Lauren began to describe her brunette friend while Andrew brought the party girl up on screen.

Hannah was in the dining room literally dancing topless on the table to, ironically enough, the Ke\$ha song ‘Woman’. She bopped her head about to the music as her long chesnut-colored hair tossed wildly in front of her and her large perky breasts bounced up and down, their nipples hardening. The (mostly) guys that were crowded around the room cheered her on as she busted her moves out.

“I’m a motha fuckin’ woman, baby alright! I don’t need a man to be holdin’ me too tight! I’m a motha fuckin’ woman, baby, that’s right! I’m just having fun with my ladies tonight - I’m a motherfucker -” She sang along to the song as

she side-stepped and spun in time to the beats, pointing her hands up in the air as the on-lookers whistled and hollered.

“And Amber... Amber’s like the queen of cool. She’s in an all-girl punk band and she’s got like a new girlfriend every minute. Literally every bi and lesbian girl on campus is like lining up to hang out with her! She’s like a really cool artist too - she draws and designs all of her tattoos herself! And you should see her photography!” Lauren said excitedly to the professor.

Andrew brought the punk girl up on his main screen. She was laying across the couch in just her bra and panties while a girl fed her fin-soaked grapes like she was an ancient Greek emperor. Another girl and her hands longingly over the colorful tattooed skin of Amber’s body.

“Are you ever worried about how your tattoos are going to look when you’re like... old and your skin gets all wrinkly?” The girl asks as she sensually strokes Amber’s thigh with two fingers.

The punk girl giggles. “Hey! That kind of tickles... and no! I don’t think about that at all. I’m like 100% going to be a member of the 27-club! Live fast and die young, amiright?” She joked before pulling the girl on the floor in front of her into a kiss.

Upstairs in the attic Andrew bit his knuckles in frustration as he held off from aging Amber then and there.

“Oh it’s so good! But I can’t act rash and spoil the surprise!” He reminded himself.

Downstairs Lauren took another puff of weed, sipped her wine and continued describing her friends to Professor Lancaster.

“Becca is the newest member of our group - she just started here in the fall but I was totally impressed with her self-awareness and her ability to market herself. Like you’d hardly believe that she’s this little 18-year-old that just graduated high school last year. She 100% knows how to play with the big girls. She’s really into fashion and branding. Like I don’t think i’ve ever seen her not

have a completely thought-out look to her - even when she's naked! Her social media is on fleek! And plus... it's nice having another 'girly-girl' around that cares about like mani-pedi's and 'smelling pretty', you know?" Lauren explains with a giggle.

Andrew brought Becca up on the main screen. She was in the back courtyard getting a foot massage on a bench swing from an upperclassman while holding court with a bunch of party-goers.

"No but seriously - there are lots of great ways to get designer stuff on a budget if your parents aren't uber rich. You can literally just GET old red carpet dresses - FOR FREE, if you know where to look... also ladies - if you're not already, seriously consider monetizing your feet pics! You don't have to full cam and like blast your labia and nips on the internet to fund your shoe habit - you can make BANK off of those cute soles and toes of yours... You might even find a 'daddy' on social media who just wants to send you Jimmy Choo's to pose in!" Becca explained to her audience, clearly shaking off the weirdness she had experienced upstairs.

"Kaitlyn used to be my protege... but she's all about her boyfriend Cody this year... they're in 'LOVE'..." Lauren explained to the older man she was cuddled up with. He smiled politely and nodded as she made air-quotes around the word love.

"Still - Cody's a cool guy. A bit of a jock - I think he plays baseball? Or soccer? Anyway he's really nice and helpful, and so sweet to Kaitlyn. She needs a guy like that. She's so sweet and innocent... she's like a Disney princess! Like if fucking... fucking... Snow White started having sex in front of a webcam and people online could tip her... that's Kaitlyn in a nutshell." Lauren said with a satisfied smile.

Upstairs Andrew brought up the main entry room which had been converted into a dance hall for the party. Among the couples dancing together under the disco lights was Cody who was standing with his arms up above his muscular chest, dressed in a tight t-shirt as Kaitlyn bent forward in front of him with her big plump ass in a mini-skirt, bouncing her cheeks in time to the music at Cody's face.

Back in the lounge the Professor was clearly staring at Lauren's gorgeous cleavage as he sipped the rest of his wine.

"And what about you, my dear?" He asked the college girl with a raised eyebrow.

"Me?" Lauren asked, seemingly caught off guard.

He took her hand in his as he set down their glasses and put out the remaining stub of the joint.

"Yes, I'd love to hear what the infamous Lauren Sterling thinks about herself." He said with a self-satisfied grin.

Lauren bit her bottom lip and tucked some of her blonde hair behind her ear looking at him shyly.

"Well I don't know... the student paper described me as 'What would happen if Margot Robbie was Kaiser Soze'... whatever that means? But i'm just a normal, pretty, sex-positive college junior. Looking to make enough money to pay my bills and put myself through college while supporting like-minded women who share my entrepreneurial spirit and my idea of 'fun'." She said, flashing a flirtatious smile.

The professor looked at her intensely.

"Anything else? I want to know the real you... the deep you..." He growled lustily.

She held his hand and batted her eyes at him, parting her lips slightly as an invitation.

"I'm really an open book..." She whispered to him.

"I'm a voracious reader..." The professor boasted.

There was a gleam in Laurens eyes and she flashed him a pouty smile, driving the older man wild with desire.

“How about this... you tell me your deepest fantasy and i’ll show you how i’m the kind of girl that can make it come true...” She purred with a wink.

Professor Lancaster had fantasized about hooking up with Lauren for the past 3 semesters and now here she was practically rolling out the red carpet for him. He leaned over to her and whispered something in her ear that made the college girl grin in disbelief and then he began to kiss his way down her neck.

Upstairs in the attic Andrew was toying around with some of the features of his device and decided it was time to kick this party up a notch. He wanted to test a feature he built in that would allow for selective body-part age modification.

Pulling Hannah up on the screen he dragged his cursor over the large perky breasts of the 3D model of her spinning around on his display. The young scientist made a quick glance over to make sure that the AWARENESS switch was in the OFF position and then began to ratchet up the age on the unsuspecting woman’s chest.

Back in the dining room the brunette party girl was continuing her sexy dancing display on the table.

“Are you having fun yet!?” Hannah called out to the college crowd.

“WOOOO!!! HELL YEAH!!!” The kids yelled back.

The song playing in the room demanded that people ‘shake it’ and Hannah obliged by bending forward and swaying her torso to let her round melons jiggle appealingly to the onlookers.

However with each jiggle and shake it seemed like her boobs were falling lower and lower down her chest. Not just lower but the skin of her tits didn’t seem as dewy and pristine as the rest of her body was – her breasts looked almost sun damaged and in desperate need of moisturizer as they went from jiggling pertly to flopping back and forth like a pair of leathery bags.

Hannah didn't seem to notice, she was revelling in the attention she was getting from her classmates. She continued to grin widely and shimmy on the table not realizing that her tits had dropped halfway down her chest.

The guys in the crowd who had been going crazy over the sexy brunette's topless dance however were growing very confused and disturbed at the sight of Hannah's boobs which seemed to grow bigger and saggier every time she shook them and now seemed to have the fat floppy tits of a woman their mother's age!

It got worse from there as she spun around on the table and jiggled her tits again but now they hung sadly down near her belly button. They were losing mass quickly as they emptied and flattened, the skin wrinkling and becoming much paler than her otherwise bronze-toned body.

As the chorus of the song repeated 'shake it' again Hannah laughed and obliged once more. Only now with each thrust of her shoulders the pendulous tits of a 90-year-old woman swayed sadly from left to right, hanging from an otherwise young college girl's sexy body.

The boys in the front row looked physically ill at the sight of the shriveled ancient boobies hanging from Hannah's young taut chest and people were murmuring questions about whether their drinks had been spiked with some kind of hallucinogen.

Hannah caught on that her crowd was suddenly no longer into her dancing and stopped, crossing her arms over the part of her chest that her breasts had resided a few minutes ago, still unaware that they were dangling six inches lower.

"What gives dudes? You don't like my dancing?" She asked, annoyed.

Upstairs in the attic, a quick stroke of the 'REVERT' button caused Hannah's breasts to dramatically lift up her body and become round and perky again before everyone's eyes, leading the college kids to chalk it up to bad shrooms.

Andrew moved on, bringing the courtyard up on the screen where the red headed Becca was continuing to talk fashion and social media tips with the crowd out there. He saw that the boy attending to the pretty teenagers feet was this sophomore named Billy who Andrew had had to work with on a class project last year.

“If my memory serves me right you made me do all the work on that project Billy, because you said you were busy taking care of your poor sick grandma... so you probably have a lot of experience giving old women foot rubs...” Andrew said bitterly while watching the screen.

He moved the cursor over Becca’s tootsies and began to tap on the progression button.

In the courtyard Becca was flexing her red-painted toes and pushing her soft delicate soles into Billy’s hands as he continued to massage them sensually, excited that he was going to score with this hot freshman girl later in the evening.

Neither seemed to notice at first that with each passing moment Becca’s feet looked a bit more worn and a touch less ‘flawless’ as the years selectively piled on.

Becca was busy showing a group of girls her favorite tiktok filters and Billy was trying to see if he could get a peak at what color panties she was wearing under her dress from his current vantage point. He did noticed that her feet felt a bit rougher than they had a moment ago but didn’t yet understand that he was rubbing the veiny, calloused peds of a woman in her late 40s.

Bunions appeared and she was getting severe hammer toe as decades of dancing and wearing heels that the 18-year-old had not experienced yet telescoped onto her feet. The bottoms of her feet became rough and chalky and her nails were getting a tint of yellow to them under the polish.

It got worse from there as Billy suddenly looked down at the girl’s soles in his hands to see he was holding the bony feet of a senior citizen, and they were growing older each moment before his very eyes. The boy's lip began to



tremble in fear as he watched liver-spots appear over the thin wrinkled skin on the tops of her feet and her toes curled and bent from arthritis. Her pristine toenails warped and aged until they looked like little oyster shells covered in chipping red polish.

He pressed his thumbs across the bridge of her foot to see if his eyes were just playing tricks on him. Glancing up at her sprawled out body on the swing he could see that the rest of her body from the ankles up was that of a beautiful young woman. But as his thumb rubbed into her tired soles he felt the wrinkled, rough, crinkling skin of a very elderly woman.

“AHHH!” He screamed in horror.

Everyone turned and looked at him to see what his outburst was about.

“WHAT!? Is there a bug!?” Becca squealed, pulling her wrinkly feet away from him and curling up in fear.

“Y-your feet!” He whimpered pointing at the shriveled, aged toes that were peeking out from under her otherwise teenage body.

Upstairs Andrew quickly hit the ‘REVERT’ button causing Becca’s toes to straighten and her feet to become smooth and cute once more.

“We were talking about foot pics like 10 minutes ago Billy! The conversations moved on! Keep up - I know I can be really distracting...” She said with a wink.

The other girls laughed at Becca’s teasing of Billy as the redhead stretched her toned legs out again and wiggled her pristine toes at him.

“N-no. Your feet, they were like all old and wrinkly! Like my grandma’s!” He explained, though looking at the young dainty foot stretched out before him, he knew he sounded crazy.

Becca pulled back her leg and scoffed at the boy, offended.

“Ugh! As if! I get pedicures once a week, you cretin!” She responded with a look of disgust on her face.

“No but like they just suddenly crinkled up and your toes got all crooked and gnarly!” He tried to explain.

“Nope! That’s it, you lost bench swing privileges you creep! Out of my sight!” She demanded shooing him away from her.

“But-” Billy tried to explain but it was no use, he slunked away in shame.

Becca reached out and rubbed her foot, checking to see if there *were* any slight imperfections. A quick scrutinizing look reassured her that Billy was just a freak.

“Ok well, my foot game is on *point* tonight so I don’t know what that weirdo was talking about... any of you guys want to come take his seat? Or girls...?” She asked with a giggle, flexing her toes in the empty space invitingly.

Andrew moved on to the living room where Amber was flirting with a couple of girls. He rubbed his chin for a moment trying to decide which body part he was going to age one the punk chick and finally settled on her most tattooed parts. Bringing her 3D model up on screen he highlighted her arms and her stomach.

Amber had pulled out her guitar and was serenading a pretty Korean-American girl named Lana who was flirting with her on the couch. The turquoise-haired punk was playing an acoustic cover of a Clash song as the girl stroked her colorful leg.

But as she continued through the song she kept having to shift her guitar in her lap because her formerly flat stomach was suddenly pushing it further and further away from her.

Amber didn’t seem to notice that she was developing love-handles and a gut, only that her guitar kept sliding down her lap. Lana looked over at the girl she had been paying all of her attention to all evening, surprised that she hadn’t noticed that the college girl had been carrying this much extra weight on her.

Lana could make out stretch marks on Amber's bare stomach as it pooched out from around the guitar and began to look flabby. She was surprised but not entirely turned off by the punk girl's sudden beer belly.

The tattooed girl's hands also looked veiny and older as she continued to strum her guitar and sing to the dark-haired woman she was hoping to hook up with. Amber felt a twinge in her fingers and stopped playing for a second to flex her hands, not realizing that it was arthritis setting in.

The punk girl looked over at Lana to see that the girl was staring at her in shock.

"You look like you've seen a ghost baby, what's the matter?" Amber asked, reaching over to tuck some of Lana's dark hair behind her ear.

As she reached out to Lana her flabby middle-aged arm jiggled. Her bicep had morphed into a bingo wing in the last few minutes and the meaty flesh hung toward her lap and swayed as she held the Korean-American girl's face in her leathery mitt.

The tattoos on her arm were stretched and distorted and appeared faded as if she had gotten them in the mid-80s instead of two summers ago. The middle-aged weight gain of her arms and stomach looked incredibly bizarre compared to her otherwise slender young frame.

"I don't know what's going on... I'm like so high right now..." Lana said, shaking her head.

Amber grabbed her guitar and rested it on the side of the couch revealing the crinkling saggy gut of a woman nearing her 60s. The belly button piercing that had looked hot on her tight flat young stomach now glinted mockingly from the center of rolls of aging flesh. The tattoos she had on her stomach, by her hip bones just above her panty line were no longer visible as they became lost on the underside of her flabby round tummy.

Lana leaned into the bizarrely aging punk girl, resting her head into her saggy gut like a pillow as Amber wrapped her thick, hammy arms around her in a supportive hug.

The other girls in the room were equally shaking their heads trying not to freak out as the heavily tattooed college junior in front of them suddenly appeared to have the arms and stomach of a fat Italian grandma.

“Shhh it’s okay - it’s just really good pot... you’re with me right now, it’s okay.” Amber reassured the girl nestled in her flabby arms.

Lana could feel her belly softening and shifting under her cheek as Amber’s body parts continued to age. The leathery skin of her arms was puckering and pruning and her hands were beginning to tremble slightly as they stroked Lana’s hair.

The punk girl's tummy was melting into saggy folds of wrinkled flesh and her arms also began to morph into flaps of stretched out pruning skin hanging from frail bones.

Lana’s head had sunk a great deal into Amber’s stomach since her belly had aged another few decades while she rested against it. She pulled back to see the pale, shriveled distended belly of a very old woman. The belly-button piercing was now lost in folds of wrinkled skin and her gut was puffy and sagging down over her otherwise youthful crotch and thighs.

Amber tried to motion for the distraught girl to come cuddle against her again with trembling gnarled hands and dangling arm flesh that looked very colorful and visually stimulating as her atrophied fat and muscle swung about. Her tattoos were distorted splotches of color barely distinguishable from the veins and discolored elderly skin blotches she had gained in the aging process.

“I-” Lana yelped.

“It’s cool - you’re safe baby.” Amber reassured holding out her shriveled old arms to the girl.

“I-” Lana tried to express what she was seeing again.

Andrew hit the revert button and Amber’s stomach and arms firmed and tightened dramatically once more – the rejuvenation of her brightening tattoos was so intense that Lana flinched at the sight of it.

The girl looked back to see a completely young and sexy punk girl motioning for an embrace again.

“I uh... think I need to go drink some water.” Lana said quickly, hopping up and running out of the room.

The other girls quickly nodded in agreement and ran out after her leaving Amber sitting on the couch by herself.

“What the hell guys? Do I have BO or something?” She asked, sniffing her armpits.

Andrew moved on to the make-shift dance floor in the center of the first floor where Cody, Kaitlyn and other couples were shaking their asses to some Nicki Minaj.

He pulled up Kaitlyn’s profile on the screen and stretched the cursor over the plump, juicy ass of her 3d model. The geeky young man found himself tapping on the button to age up her tush to the beat of the music.

Down on the dance floor Kaitlyn was swishing her hips with her hands in the air in front of Cody, pushing her round booty up against him when the bass dropped. The boy was eating it up and playfully smacking his girlfriend's bubble butt as she rocked it in front of him in her skin tight dress that hugged her curves and left nothing to the imagination.

But as the petite girl backed that ass up, said ass was plumping and widening before her boyfriend’s eyes. As he brought his hand down across it to smack her butt his hand met with the softer, less firm ass of a woman in her 30s.

A few more clicks of the button from Andrew and the cute, curvy 19-year-old brunette was rocking the wide ass of a woman over twice her age. It was stretching the fabric of her dress to its limits and definitely giving a lot of extra jiggle as she danced.

She giggled at the sight of her boy's eyes lighting up checking out her huge middle-aged booty. Kaitlyn shook it playfully making the flabby butt cheeks slosh from side to side threatening to burst out of her dress.

“Aww i'm so lucky i'm dating an 'ass man', you make me feel so sexy for having a big fat butt!” She cooed excitedly.

Kaitlyn had meant 'big' and 'fat' as exaggerations but now were very fitting descriptions of the wide chunky ass ballooning from her backside. Cody's boner couldn't get any harder as he reached out and squeezed the dimpling ass cheeks causing his girlfriend to squeal in surprise and delight.

“Want a little show?” She asked with a wink.

Cody nodded enthusiastically, not knowing what was going on but now that his girlfriend had the dump truck ass of an overweight cougar he wasn't going to ask any questions and just enjoy the show.

Kaitlyn stretched her young sexy body out with her backside facing her boyfriend and began to clench her glute muscles one at a time to cause her ass cheeks to bounce. The cheeks were beginning to sag down below the bottom of her dress and onto her thicc young thighs, revealing the ripples of cellulite that had formed across her aging bum.

The girl wiggled her ass for her boyfriend, giggling at how much he was enjoying this but unfortunately her ever widening walrus butt was too much for her dress to handle and a loud tear burst forth up the backside of it revealing equally strained black panties stretched over her pruning ass crack.

Kaitlyn squealer and her dainty hands reached around to cover the exposure caused by her ripped dress. She had no reaction to the fact that her hands met

with the expansive bum of a retirement-age woman, just embarrassment over the tear in the seat of her dress.

“Eep! Awww this was such a good dress too! It fit fine upstairs...” She pouted.

Cody pulled his girlfriend into a hug to console her on her torn dress while her ass continued to age, now losing mass and shriveling up causing a lot of the tension in the backside of her garment to ease up.

The young man slid his hands down her slender back to grab her ass again playfully but his hands now grasped at the wrinkly, sagging butt cheeks of a senior citizen.

He backed away from her in shock. She looked up at him concerned by the alarmed look on his face.

“What is it baby?” She asked, worried that the tear was worse than it sounded.

As the boy formed the words to explain what he felt when he had grabbed her ass, it continued to age. Now the teenager's butt was pruning and puckering into the shriveled ass of a 90-something woman. Her cheeks flattened out and sagged in wrinkly folds down over her young plump thighs.

Another huge drawback to having an ass this old was that she had no control over her rectum and the college girl who never in her life had ever farted in the presence of a boy suddenly let out a series of granny toots.

Kaitlyn's face blushed deep crimson as she was absolutely mortified over what she had just done. She wanted to crawl in a hole and die as she realized that all the kids around them could smell her slip up.

“Turn around.” Cody said quickly, realizing that something was up.

Kaitlyn covered her shriveled ass again with both hands and slinked back from him sheepishly.

“No...” She protested fearing that Cody was disgusted by her.

Cody gave her a sympathetic smile.

“It’s okay, you’re the sexiest girl I’ve ever met... just please turn around for me.” He insisted.

She reluctantly complied as Andrew hit the revert button causing the tiny brunette’s ass to swell back up and trim down dramatically into the perfectly plump round butt of a sexy 19-year-old.

Cody blinked at the sight of her ass which now seemed much smaller and tighter than it had a minute ago. He scratched his head, not being able to make heads or tails of the situation.

“What?” She asked him, concerned.

“Nothing... I just thought... I don’t know what I thought.” He shrugged.

Kaitlyn looked around at the people around them who were wrinkling their noses and mumbling that something smelled like rotten eggs.

“Can we just go? I want to like, be far, far away from here now...” Kaitlyn insisted.

Cody obliged, grabbing his girlfriend by her trim waist and lifting her up into a twirl before carrying her off the dancefloor as she giggled in delight.

Andrew smirked at the young couple and moved his attention over to the library/study room where Courtney was busying herself with getting to second base with the boy she had been flirting with.

The two college kids leaned into a shelf of old leather bound books as they swapped spit and explored each other’s bodies. Courtney pulled away for a moment to catch her breath, her cheeks flush and her eyes dilated with arousal.

“Your name’s David right?” She asked him, mentally reminding herself to always ask a guy’s name BEFORE you let him stick his hands up your shirt.



He nodded, catching his breath as well, eager to go back to kissing her. When she didn't immediately lean back in he busied himself with sucking on her slender neck.

"I'm Courtney B-T-W." She informed him, gasping in pleasure at the sensation of his licks on her neck.

He grunted in affirmation and pulled off of her for a moment.

"I know - I watch your cam all of the time!" He told the girl enthusiastically.

She smirked and swiveled her hips into him, resting her arms on his shoulders.

"Oh so you're a fan?" She asked with a sly smile.

He nodded with a grin.

"I tip a lot too!" He insisted, hoping that it would score extra points with the pretty cam girl.

Courtney smirked again and booped David on the nose.

"Well, I think you've earned yourself a very special prize..." She purred.

David's tongue was practically wagging out of his mouth as he anticipated what his prize was.

"You sir, get to..." She began in a soft breathy voice as she reached down like she was about to take off her top. "... Ask me a question!" She finished with a giggle, staying clothed much to the disappointment of David.

He thought for a moment and then looked her in the eye and asked: "Uh, do you have a boyfriend?"

She raised a blonde eyebrow at him and smirked.

“Do you think I would be in here doing this with you if I did?” She asked him with a giggle.

Before he could answer she leaned in and kissed him again.

“Also, guys that ask that question should be looking to land the gig, not just trying to see if they should feel guilty about scoring with someone else’s girlfriend.” She pointed out bluntly.

He shook his head adamantly.

“I am! I mean... i’m not! I mean... I’m interested in the gig, not the trying to avoid guilt part!” He stammered, feeling flustered.

Courtney was smart and beautiful and very intimidating but she seemed into him.

The girl laughed and tossed some of her silky blonde hair over her shoulder. Her perky breasts pressed against his chest as they stood facing one another.

“Well?” He asked hopefully.

She grinned and bit her lip, feeling incredibly horny.

“You’d have to pass a series of increasingly challenging tests to be considered a candidate for such a position. I would need to test your aptitude in empathy, conversation, scholarly knowledge and of course... physical prowess....” She purred.

He grinned from ear to ear clapping his hands.

“When do we start?” He asked excitedly.

“Ready to roll up your sleeves and get down to work! We like that sort of initiative around here...” Courtney purred as she reached up under her skirt and pulled her panties down her long slender legs, kicking them off when they hit her feet.

Upstairs Andrew had finally settled on which body part of Courtney's he was going to experiment with, clicking directly on the blonde girl's cooch.

In the library David's jaw had dropped in disbelief as the sexy coed rolled onto her hands to do a cartwheel into a handstand.

"Woah! You're like, really athletic too!" David observed.

Courtney breathed deeply through her nose as she attempted to hold the handstand as long as she could.

"14 years of gymnastics... I can wrap my leg completely behind my head... tip for that next time you watch my cam..." She said while getting red faced from the strain of her handstand.

"I will!" He nodded, incredibly impressed.

Courney relieved her strain by extending her legs out to rest on the young man's shoulders, squeezing his head playfully with her smooth calves.

"Ready to fuck me?" She asked, red-faced and horny as hell.

"Uh, like this?" He sputtered, surprised.

"Uh-huh, right light this... you've never done wheel-barrow position before?" She cooed in a high pitched, breathy, aroused voice.

He shook his head and grabbed her creamy thighs, bringing them down into his arms to get in a better angle for sex. David glanced up her skirt and blinked in shock at the view of her vagina.

Andrew had been clicking away throughout the handstand and by the time David got his first glimpse of Courtney's exposed nethers, it was no longer a dripping wet slit but rather a loose aging hole with a scraggly patch of graying blonde pubes.

David shook his head - it was bizarre seeing the pussy of a 60-something woman on an otherwise young 20-year-old girl.

“Is something wrong?” She asked, wondering why the boy was hesitating so long.

She reached up and tugged at her skirt, pulling it up over her toned ass enticingly while David still held on to her legs.

“N-no...” He said, not sure what to say.

Her hole looked like it had experienced a LOT of sex - like decades and decades worth... and it was still aging! Her labia went slack and dangled loosely down her thighs like a pair of wrinkly pink mud flaps, she looked dry as the desert too.

“What are we waiting for? I can’t hold this position forever...” She said impatiently.

David shook his head as he stared at her exposed crotch which now looked like the shriveled, ancient pussy of a great-grandmother. This isn’t what Courtney’s vag looked like in all of her videos...

“Courtney... did you dye your pubes white?” He asked, looking at the snowy puff of hair floating over her loose dangling elderly pussy.

Courtney pulled her legs away from him and quickly hopped back onto her feet. Pulling her skirt back up she looked down at her vagina, alarmed and then back up at David like he was being a jerk.

“It’s just blonde, you goof!” She said looking at her silver nest of pubes

Andrew hit the revert button causing the girl's pussy to tighten back to a sexy youthful slit, drenching again and soaking the golden landing strip that had rejuvenated over her crotch.

David shook his head.

“Uh yeah... A trick of the light I guess... I’m going to go grab a drink...” He said, hurrying out of the room.

Courtney reached down and grabbed her panties in frustration wondering what was wrong with that kid as she stormed out of the library in search of a new promising candidate to satiate her desire to get laid tonight.

In the attic Andrew high-fived himself from cock-blocking Courtney and David and then brought up the final woman of the sextet.

Lauren came up on camera in the middle of a long passionate series of kisses with her middle-aged college professor. Andrew didn’t want to waste any part of this moment. He quickly brought her model up on screen and highlighted the girl’s gorgeous face and began to jam on the ‘age up’ button.

Professor Lancaster for his part was at least feeling a little twinge of guilt about french-kissing one of his students, a woman young enough to be his daughter. He closed his eyes and imagined if Lauren had been born in the 60s like he had. That she was just some lonely, beautiful divorcee around his age who he was getting drunkenly romantic with at an over 50 singles party.

The fantasy was working, he thought, as he felt the girl’s soft pouty lips begin to thin and prune against his and her soft young cheeks go slack and crease under his hands.

She moaned in approval and even her voice sounded huskier and more matronly than the lyrical tone the 21-year-old had moments ago.

Her cheeks were beginning to feel quite slack though, almost jowly as he continued kissing her. It wasn’t until he reached up her shirt though that he realized this wasn’t his imagination. His leathery worn hand cupped the perky breast of a college girl, which was a stark contrast to the lips and face he was currently kissing.

He paused to consider rationally what was going on but when his teeth ran across toothless gums in the mouth of his 21-year-old paramour he quickly pulled away.

Staring back at him, startled by the abrupt ending of their make-out session, was a very old wrinkled woman... or, not quite. Lauren's hair and body were still young and vibrant but her face was wrinkled and sunken from decades of age.

“Wha? Wha's wong?” She asked, flapping her toothless gums.

Her eyes were milky and covered with baggy hanging lids; her cheeks were wrinkly jowls dangling on either side of her knobby chin; her nose was developing a slight hook to it. The old/young woman raised a bushy gray eyebrow in expectation of an answer.

The Professor meanwhile was racking his head through the possible reasons for a delusion like this - was it his guilt over taking advantage of a girl so young that his brain was depicting her as an old hag to compensate?

Andrew was in stitches from his vantage point in the attic and hit the 'revert' button, pleased with the success of his experiment.

Lauren's face quickly smoothed and rejuvenated back to her beautiful countenance and Professor Lancaster blinked in disbelief. The girl put her hand on his back supportively and reached over to grab some water from the nearby table.

“Here professor, drink this... you look like you've seen a ghost.” She said sympathetically.

He waved her concerns away as he gulped down the entire glass.

“I'm fine, i'm fine... just nerves...” He mumbled.

When he set down the empty water glass she grabbed his hand and stood up, pulling him with her.

“Well... I know how to calm your nerves... let me show you the upstairs of the house and I can finish answering your question.” She said with a giggle, leading him out of the room.

“My question?” He asked, forgetting what she meant.

She smirked at the older man.

“About who I am... you want to know the real me right? I want to know you better too.” She said with a wink as she brought him up the stairs.