

Cam Girls Club

By ChronoEclipse

CHAPTER 7: Someone Needs To Start Wearing A Diaper

Downstairs there was a knock at the door. Hannah was sitting cross-legged on the couch with no shirt or bra on and a bong in her lap, watching something on the big screen TV.

“Come in! It’s open!” She yelled.

The person outside the door knocked again. Hannah rolled her eyes and shook her head.

“COME IN! IT’S UNLOCKED!!” She screamed louder.

The person knocked a third time and Hannah tilted her head back, rolling it across her shoulders letting out the deepest sigh.

“OH MY EFFING GOD!” She yelled in frustration as she set the bong down and stomped barefoot and topless over to the door.

She swung the door open to find Randall, the geeky college boy with the massive crush on Courtney, standing at the door holding his hand up to knock again.

“WHAT???” Hannah exclaimed, impatiently.

The young man looked like a deer in headlight and tried to quickly look down at his shoes instead of Hannah’s perky exposed nipples.

“Um... is Courtney home?” He asked meekly.

“Upstairs!” Hannah replied in exasperation, pointing up the staircase.

Randall slinked into the house toward the stairs still trying not to make eye contact with the party-girls boobies which were still sparkling from the body glitter she applied last night. As he past the living room however he heard loud moans and the distinct sounds of sex coming from the TV.

The young man curiously craned his head into the living room to see a naked woman leaning over a bed and getting railed up the ass showing on the flat screen TV on the wall. Randall turned back to look at Hannah.

“There’s uh... porno on your TV.” He said helpfully.

Hannah rolled her eyes again as she walked past him and hopped back onto the couch.

“It’s my day off so I’m relaxing and having a little ‘me’ time... or I was until you interrupted!” She said, reaching down to grab her bong and bring it back into her lap again.

“Sorry! Sorry!” Randall said, holding up his hand to block his line of sight again as he hurried to the stairs.

As soon as he left Hannah took another hit from her bong and shook her head, blowing out some ringlets of smoke.

“I mean, a girl should be allowed to get high and watch some porn in her own home in peace!” She mumbled to herself as she turned up the volume on the TV.

Upstairs Randall peaked through the different bedroom doors trying to figure out which one was Courtney’s.

The first door had loud heavy music blasting from inside the room. He pushed open the door to see Amber sitting in her underwear at her computer about to start her cam show. She looked over to the door and grabbed a Funko Pop of Sid Vicious and lobbed it at Randall’s head.

“Hey! Who the fuck are you!? Get the fuck out off my stage and go watch online, ya perve!” The punk chick yelled at him.

Randall quickly dodged the plastic statue and shut the door. He moved on to the next room which was Laurens. It was empty due to the fact that she now believed herself to be a 30-something woman picking her kids up from elementary school.

When he opened the next door he found Cody and Kaitlyn passed out naked in bed together, completely exhausted from their sexual encounter as a retirement-age couple. Kaitlyn laid on her stomach above the covers with her bare ass in the air and her head resting on Cody’s muscular chest as she snored softly.

Randall shut the door quietly and moved on down to the next room where Becca was on her laptop googling ‘rapid aging disease?’ and getting tons of pages on Progeria. She looked up to see him peeking at him from the doorway.

“Hey! Who are you!?” She asked suspiciously.

The young man tossed up his hands defensively.

“I-I’m just here to see Courtney!” He said defensively.

Becca eased up realizing the guy was harmless.

“Oh... two doors down to the left.” Becca said, nudging her head in the direction of Courtney’s room.

Randall nodded appreciatively and then paused for a moment, catching sight of Becca’s pedicured toes poking out from the long frilly dress she was wearing.

“Can I just say... you have 10-star toes!” He told her with his face lit up like a kid on Christmas.

Becca cringed and pulled her feet up under her dress and out of his view.

“Uh thanks but #nofreefeet dude.” She said, smirking at him.

She sat there looking around her room awkwardly until he got the message and excluded himself and left. Moving quickly down to Courtney’s door he knocked and waited for his crush to answer. After a few minutes of no response he opened the door a crack to find Courtney snoozing in the bed.

“Courtney... it’s me, Randall. I’m here to visit you... you didn’t respond to any of my texts and you haven’t posted anything on Tiktok since last night... I was worried about you!” The young, acne afflicted guy said as he crept into the room.

Courtney blearily opened her eyes and stirred awake.

“Wha- Randall? I don’t know a Randall...” She clucked in her mock-old lady voice.

Randall thought that she was just playing coy with him again.

“Sure you do... remember that time I was in the dining hall and you flashed me and I spilled my drink all over myself and the whole school laughed? Or the time you told me you would make out with me if I paid you \$100 dollars - and I did! Or all the times when you sat behind me in the lecture hall and I offered to give you foot massages throughout class?” He said, knowing that she knew full-well who he was.

The young girl scratched her head and then squinted at him.

“My grandson?” She asked, confused.

“No I- What?” Randall asked, equally confused.

She smacked her lips together and scratched her smooth flat stomach.

“Alright, great-grandson then.” She said as if she had solved the mystery.

“No... would you make-out with your great grandson for \$100? Or flash him your boobs? Even if you were old enough to have great-grandchildren!” He said in astonishment.

Courtney waved her hand at him.

“All right! All right... no need to shout! I’m old but I’m not deaf! I just get a bit confused at my age, is all.” Courtney mumbled, reaching over to turn on her bedside lamp.

“I’m Randall! I’m your biggest fan! You know me!” He said feeling a little frustrated and desperate for the recognition.

Courtney slowly rose up out of bed, using a lot more effort and care than her young body needed to in order to stand up.

“Whatever you say Kendall, now be a dear and help an old woman over to that chair over there.” She said pointing over to her reading chair in the corner of the room. She shook and trembled her hand as she pointed like an old woman would.

Randall wasn’t sure what was going on but was happy to help the blonde girl if she needed him. He let her grip his arm as he put a supportive hand on her slender back and walked slowly across the room.

“You keep saying you’re an old woman, but 20 isn’t old!” He told her as he brought the coed over to the chair while she continued acting like a decrepit old grandmother.

She chuckled at him and brought her shaking young hand up to pinch his cheek.

“Oh, I knew I liked you! Flattery will get you everywhere Kendall!” She rattled with a smile.

“It’s Randall.” He corrected her as he helped her into the reading chair.

“Oh? What did I say? Now then... I heard you mention something about foot massages earlier. I know it’s not much fun to give an old woman like me a foot rub, but I would sincerely appreciate it if you have the stomach to touch my wrinkled old feet, sonny!” She said lifting her long toned legs and popping her fuzzy slippers off, wiggling her cute pink-painted toes at the boy.

Randall swallowed hard and then pinched himself to make sure he wasn’t dreaming. He wondered if she was playing some kind of prank on him and looked around for hidden cameras. When he saw none he turned back to her, nodding vigorously.

“Oh... I think I can manage that...” He said, quickly sitting down and pulling her petite feet into his lap.

“You know, my back normally feels stiff when I first wake up from my nap but today it doesn’t feel too bad... might be the vitamins they have me taking. I should pick some more up at the store. Do you know the store I’m talking about? On Third street... or is it Second street? With the big red sign. I’ve been going there for years and...” Courtney rambled like a lonely old woman desperate for the company of young people as Randall rubbed his thumbs into her soft soles.

While Randall sat in his own personal heaven listening to Courtney tell him stories of things that no 20-year-old on earth would talk about, Andrew sat at his console up in the attic staring at the monitor showing Amber’s room.

As he watched the turquoise-haired college girl do her cam show he wracked his brain for what he wanted to do with her. She had been tugging at her nipple rings for the viewers and shaking her ass in black panties at the start of the cam show, her sexy tattooed body moving rhythmically as she danced and posed.

Loud modern heavy rock music played in the room as she pulled down the front of her panties, revealing a neat little strip of auburn hair - giving away her natural hair color to the crowd. She grabbed a small pink cylindrical object and inserted it up her wet pussy.

“So i’m going to use a SENSE-X device for the rest of the show - it give me a little tickle of the clit anytime one of you fuckers sends in a tip and it gets more intense the larger the amount is - so if you want to see me cream all over my nice desk chair here - the power is yours!” She explained.

Already tips were rolling in causing Amber to shiver and gasp with pleasure.

“Oh and one more thing - I've been having weird problems with the internet in my room - so if you get logged out for any reason just come back and get right back into the fun!” She said, clapping her hands.

Upstairs that gave Andrew a great idea. He was trying to be frugal about how much he publicly aged the women. He didn’t want to blow his cover too soon - not when there was so much more fun to be had. He was already pushing the limits with Lauren a bit. But he thought of a way he could create some reasonable doubt while also publically aging Amber live on her cam.

The young genius pulled his personal laptop out of his bag and opened it. He then pulled up Amber’s cam and began to hack his way into the back end of it. Andrew then set the laptop to the side for a moment and brought Amber’s stats up on the screen.

Amber Brass

D.O.B.: 2/19/2001

Age: 20

Mental Age: 20

Hair: Auburn (dyed Turquoise)

Eyes: Green

Height: 5’7”

Weight: 128lbs

Bra size: 32C

He programmed in some alterations so that now her stats read:

Amber Brass

D.O.B.: 2/19/1981

Age: 40

Mental Age: 40

Hair: Auburn (dyed Turquoise)

Eyes: Green

Height: 5'7"

Weight: 158lbs

Bra size: 34C

The tattooed girl was showing off a tattoo on her upper thigh of a winking cartoon skull.

“Yeah I got this backstage at a Pink Mist concert - it’s, like, reminiscent of, like, an old classic punk band called The Offspring! They’re like a HUGE influence on a lot of my favorite punk bands... I've listened to a lot of their stuff and it’s pretty, like, cringe - but definitely worth checking out!” The college girl said enthusiastically.

A tip came in for her to flash her boobs again and another user asked if she had ever seen The Offspring in concert.

“Uh no! They, like, broke up when I was in 6th grade I'm pretty sure - wait no, actually! I might have ‘technically’ been to one of their concerts because my mom was at OzFest in 2000 while she was preggers with me!” Amber said with a grin as she snapped the strap on the front of her bra and pulled the two cups away revealing her round breasts and pierced nips once again.

At that moment Andrew typed in something to his laptop that caused all users on Amber’s cam to suddenly get booted off. He then hit ENTER on his console and aged her 20 years.

The punk woman bloated out and her body spread as two extra decades were added to it. Stretch marks and cellulite appeared across her tummy, thighs and ass as her young toned body softened and aged. Her tattoos faded a bit, looking like she had gotten them years and years ago rather than within the past 24 months.

A slight pouch of a double chin formed under her maturing face as smile and frown lines began to creep up along her eyes and mouth.

A middle aged punk woman realized that all of her viewers were gone. She stood up to see if she needed to reset her router, causing her now 40-year-old tits to sway up against the lens of her webcam. They were hanging a few inches lower than they had a minute ago.

When her viewers all logged back in they found themselves looking at an ultra-close-up of Amber's now somewhat saggy tit. She sat back down with a grunt and the users all got a glimpse of the 40-year-old who was now sitting topless in Amber's seat.

The older woman glanced at the screen and saw the question about seeing The Offspring in concert and smiled.

“Hell yeah I saw the Offspring like 10 times! The best show I ever saw them at though was definitely Warped Tour '98! Headlined by my favorite band of all time - Green Day! The best punk band ever!” Amber said in a huskier voice.

She grabbed her bra and slipped it back on over her larger saggy tits, they strained the youthful bra as she struggled to clasp it.

“**WHERE THE HELL DID AMBER GO?**” One user asked, puzzled.

“**IS THIS HER MOM???**” Another one commented.

“**DAMN! TATTOOED COUGAR - ME LIKEY!**” A third user said, followed by a dozen heart-eyed emojis.

Amber read the comments and snorted a laugh.

“Nah, my moms definitely not doing a cam show! She's enjoying her recent retirement down in Florida!” Amber explained with a grin, causing all her new lines to crinkle around her aging face.

A user sent in a moderate tip causing the 40-year-old punk to grab her desk and moan loudly as an intense wave of pleasure shot up from her middle-aged pussy.

Andrew applauded himself while watching. No one seemed to suspect that this middle-aged lady was the same woman as the college girl that had been sitting there a moment ago, despite having all the same tattoos.

He typed some more commands into the console.

Amber Brass

D.O.B.: 2/19/1961

Age: 60

Mental Age: 60

Hair: Gray (dyed Turquoise)

Eyes: Green

Height: 5'7"

Weight: 168lbs

Bra size: 36D

Amber was catching her breath from the intense wave of ecstasy her Sense-X device had delivered. Several of the users had begun listing off 90s punk bands they liked while another user tipped Amber to spank herself.

The 40-year-old turned around in her chair, pulling down her panties in the back to show off her colorful ass cheeks decorated with tattoos that were warped and stretched from how much wider her middle-aged ass was.

“Yeah I love all those bands - NOFX, Rancid, Pennywise! That’s really like TRUE punk. Not all the whiny shit kids today listen to!” The older woman said as she began to smack her meaty cheeks.

Andrew hit a few keys on his laptop again causing the users to all get punted from Amber’s cam while hitting the button to age her once more. Each slap of her hand seemed to add 5 years to her ass as it crinkled and sagged down onto her thighs. Her once trim slender waist was a stack of pale pudgy folds as her 60-year-old body took on a more pear-shaped figure.

She turned around slowly, panting and out of breath. Her face was now sloping into jowls as her lip piercing hung from a thinner, pruned bottom lip and her

eyebrow ring hung over bushy gray eyebrows. Her gray roots were also visible under her neon dye job.

Her floppy old tits were hanging low in her bra, having fattened and grown through menopause. Veins and stretch marks marred the tops of them and stood out as much as her faded tattoos. She now resembled a half-naked Mrs. Klaus if the jolly old woman had gone punk-rock.

Amber squinted on the screen to see why she wasn't hearing any new tips come in. Her lined forehead crinkled as she did so. She pawed at her desk with swollen fingers to find reading glasses and luckily managed to stumble on a pair that had been left there from the box of granny gear Kaitlyn had gone through.

Slipping them onto her lined jowly face, Amber looked every bit like an old 60-year-old punk grandma. She scratched at a mole that had grown between the rolls of her belly fat as she waited for her fans to sign back in.

“WOAH.” Were the first words in the chat when the viewers began to trickle back in.

“IT'S A FAMILY AFFAIR! LOL!” Another user commented.

Amber squinted through her glasses at the screen.

“Heh, just me! Never had kids and I don't think you want to see my mother! She's a little old lady in a nursing home!” Amber rasped with a chuckle.

A series of tips came in from a few GILF lovers in the crowd. The older woman moaned horsley, cupping her flabby bingo-wing arm across her sagging chest as she trembled in the chair to the sensation of intense clitoral stimulation.

When she was done the 60-year-old slumped in her chair panting as she read some of the comments.

“GO GRANNY!” “SHAKE THOSE FLOPPY TITTIES!” “DO YOU THINK SHE LOOKED LIKE AMBER WHEN SHE WAS YOUNG?”

The saggy woman smiled as she read the comments but scratched her thinning turquoise hair at the last one.

“Of course I looked like me - who doesn't look like themselves?” She asked to everyone's confusion.

“I can dig up some old pictures of myself back when I was a young girl to show you. I have some great ones from back in the late 70s/early 80s - the real golden age of punk! I was at CBGBs every weekend. Black Flag, Dead Kennedys, The Ramones, The Misfits - I saw them all... fucked them all too! That's when punk was good! Not like all the pop-punk nonsense that came after it!” She went on to explain.

A user sent another tip to stroke a dildo up her now gaping wrinkly cleavage. Amber groaned in pleasure again, shuddering.

“You guys are going to give me a heart attack over here!” She mumbled with a grin as she caught her breath.

The older woman reached over and grabbed a thick silicone dildo from her desk as Andrew upstairs played with her stats again:

Amber Brass

D.O.B.: 2/19/1941

Age: 80

Mental Age: 80

Hair: White (dyed Turquoise)

Eyes: Green

Height: 5'5”

Weight: 118lbs

Bra size: 32 Long

Another few taps of his laptop and Amber's cam room was empty and then another stroke of the console surged her forward in time once more.

The granny was diligently sliding the thick fake cock up between her fat saggy tits. The floppy fun bags jiggled and oozed around the dildo as it glided against her breasts. But with each new stroke her tits seemed to lose their form and mass as then began to look emptied and more wrinkled with each pass of the sex toy. Soon the dildo was sliding across crinkled folds of aged skin as her dangling breasts hung sadly on either side of it. Her aged hand began to shake making it look more like she was shoving a vibrator between her withered breasts than a dildo.

Her face was now very wrinkled and her thin white hair looked more tinted turquoise than dyed. Her neck skin hung loosely under her chin and her lip ring looked strange on very thin wrinkled lips. Her eyebrow piercing glittered above sunken, wizened eyes.

The old woman's body had shed a lot of the weight she had gained in middle age and now her wrinkled skin hung in folds from her arms and legs and her belly. Her belly button piercing was completely lost in her puffy wrinkled belly. The tattoos all over her body were long faded and indistinguishable along all of the wrinkled bunches of dangling skin.

When the users came back - those that did come back, they didn't even bother to question the fact that there was now an elderly tattooed woman sitting in her underwear on Amber's cam.

"I thought punks were all about living fast and dying YOUNG! LOL" One user posted.

Amber squinted her eyes through her glasses, taking them off and moving her wrinkled face very close to the screen to read what was being said.

"Oh I was never a punk honey! That was well after my time! I was a big fan of Elvis and Johnny Cash, I think you kids would've called me a 'rockabilly girl' when I was young! Heh. Those were the days! I was so pretty back then in my poodle skirts! Ya should have seen me!" Amber rattled.

A user sent a decent tip and the 80-year-old felt an intense vibrating in her loins. Her wrinkled mouth opened and she let out a quavering moan as her

wrinkled body shook causing all of her dangling skin to tremble. When it was over she clutched her liver-spotted hand to her chest.

“Ooo that takes me back! Ever sit on the stick shift of a ‘56 cadillac while the dang thing is in motion?” She said with a wrinkly smile as she wet her thin lips.

“NOPE! TOO MUCH FOR ME! SHE REMINDS ME TOO MUCH OF MY GRANDMOTHER.” One user posted.

“YEAH I DIDN’T MIND THE COUGARS BUT WHO BROUGHT THIS POOR OLD LADY OUT TO DO THE CAM?” Another one said.

“ISN’T IT WEIRD THAT THEY ALL HAVE THE SAME COLOR HAIR AND UNDERWEAR AS AMBER DID?” A third user commented.

Andrew panicked at that last comment. He immediately knocked everyone off of Amber’s cam and then adjusted her stats again.

Amber Brass

D.O.B.: 2/19/1921

Age: 100

Hair: White

Eyes: Green

Height: 5’3”

Weight: 98lbs

Bra size: --

The old woman just sat in the chair confused, unable to read the screen too well as cataracts formed over her sunken old eyes. Her hair thinned further, it was hard to even tell it was any other color than wispy white as it hung limply from her wrinkled liver-spotted head.

Her teeth disappeared and her lip ring fell inward, rubbing against her bottom gum. Her body shriveled and shrank in her chair as her arms were nothing but discolored wrinkly skin dangling from old creaky bones. Her breasts emptied into withered sacks of flesh pooling inside her useless bra. Her ass wrinkled

and flattened in her panties and her legs were too weak for the ancient woman to even stand on.

She sat hunched in the computer chair, nodding off as a few remaining users trickled back into the room too shocked to even type comments at the sight of the half-naked hundred year old sagging on screen before their very eyes.

A couple users immediately logged off. The sight of this centenarian sex worker was clearly only for the hard core. After a minute or two of silence and inactivity punctuated by Amber's labored breaths as she hunched forward in her chair, Andrew decided to kick things up a notch by hacking the commands of her room once more and making it seem like a massive tip had come in.

The old woman's sunken, heavy eyelids shot open as an incredibly intense sensation shot up from her loose, dried-up old pussy. She began to shake tremendously and moan in a shrill, quavering voice.

The wrinkled folds of flesh dangled and jiggled all over her body and her ill-fitting bra began to slide down her wrinkly torso to her pooching belly revealing the sad empty sacks of her breasts that no longer had the integrity to fill the bra cups. The shriveled flat slapped up and down as she jostled in her seat groaning in both pleasure and discomfort. The shiny nipple ring dragged her shriveled right tit lower than the other from the weight of it.

Her bony arm reached up to cover her exposed elderly breasts and the other gnarled hand still gripped the arm of the chair for support.

After three solid minutes of convulsing and intense orgasmic pleasure the 100-year-old woman was relieved of the SENSE-X's sensations and slumped back in the chair. Her thin wispy hair mussed up and tossed about her aged face as she gave a look of complete disbelief and horror to the camera.

"Ah pooped mah panties..." She mumbled pathetically bringing her free hand up to put her bony finger between her gums, looking distraught.

Andrew smiled as he cleared the users from her cam one final time and hit the REVERT ALL button.

The punk girl rapidly youthened back to her 20-year-old self. Her breasts rose dramatically under her arm which was firming and toning up as well. Her belly unwrinkled and became flat once more, showing off her sexy belly-button ring. Her thighs plumped back up and her face tightened and rejuvenated to the pretty face of a college girl once more.

In her panties her ass firmed and plumped into the juicy ass she had at the start however Amber went wide-eyed as she felt something wet and squishy between her cheeks.

“HEY! AMBER’S BACK!” A user said on the screen.

“YOUR GRANDMA’S HAWT!” Another user posted.

“I THINK SOMEONE NEEDS TO START WEARING DIAPERS THOUGH...” A third one said.

Amber blushed profusely, not sure what was going on but sure that she needed to get the FUCK out of there and to the bathroom right the FUCK now. She exited out of the cam immediately without saying goodbyes and quickly hurried out of the room, grabbing the seat of her panties with her hand as she ran.

Upstairs in the attic Andrew gave a chef's kiss and then turned his attention to the college girl getting high and watching porn in the living room.