

TIME FOR THE EX

By ChronoEclipse

Jennifer laid back in the back of the bathtub as the steam swelled around her. She shook her foot back and forth as it hung over the edge of the tub and wondered what she would do today. She was on a vacation from work and was relaxing. But she was a restless, fun loving girl and couldn't just sit around for a week and a half doing nothing. She reached for the bath plug, and had an idea. "Why not throw a party?" she thought.

She began to dry herself off and plan out the party. She then padded into her bedroom to get her phone book to call people and invite them. She was just about done with her calls when she came across a name she hadn't thought of in some time. Hank had been her boyfriend several years ago and though she had had a really good relationship with him she broke up only to go out with his best friend Chris. She and Chris had been together for a while but she never loved him the way she loved Hank. "God, I can't just call Hank and invite him to this thing." She thought but for some reason she found herself picking up the phone and calling. She figured that he would politely decline but instead found that he was really eager to come and see her.

She told him to show up at her place tomorrow night. She wasn't sure how awkward it would be having her boyfriend and her ex at the same party. And she wasn't sure how much resentment Hank might still have towards her but she figured that he couldn't be too bad. It was weird though, just thinking about Hank brought back memories she had shut out a long time ago. Memories of her and Hank deep into foreplay on her bed, him holding her soft young body and looking into her eyes. Oh well, that was done. She now had to finish preparing for the party.

The next day Jennifer started to decorate and prepare food for the party. Suddenly the doorbell rang. Jennifer was surprised, It couldn't be Chris since he wasn't going to be home from work for several hours and it was way too early to be a party guest. Jennifer hadn't showered or gotten ready or anything but quickly threw on a robe and went to answer the door.

It was Hank. "Hank, what are you doing here? The party is this evening." Jennifer said both a little surprised and annoyed. "I just came to drop this off. It's a present. I just didn't want to do it at the party around a bunch of people." Hank told her and handed her a little wrapped parcel. Jennifer opened it and held a small wooden statue of a monkey holding a clock. "It's a justice statue. It watches over you and makes sure that things are set right." Hank explained. Jennifer grinned and looked at the silly figurine. "Um...thanks." She said as he nodded and began to walk back down her front steps. Jennifer closed the door and went inside.

A little later as the party began to get closer Jennifer went up to shower and change. She had set the doll on the sink next to the shower and grinned at the idea of the doll having a peep show. She undressed herself and started the water. Unbeknownst to Jennifer the doll was working well at its duty and had begun to "set things right" in the name of justice.

The pretty young Jennifer was not going to be pretty and young for much longer. She had begun aging and was into her early forties by the time she was completely naked and had stepped into the shower. Sprinkles of gray worked their way through her long dark hair. Her body was losing its muscle tone and becoming flabby. Her breasts were drooping slowly downward as she lathered herself up with soap. Her smooth round face was beginning to gain small lines that in turn were working their way into wrinkles around the corners of her eyes and mouth.

As she passed through her fifties her body began to look puffy and veins appeared on her legs, breasts, hands and feet. Her neck and cheeks began to sag. Deep bags under her eyes formed. The skin on her body became thinner. Jennifer was washing under her now 65-year-old breasts not noticing how saggy they were and how her rosy pink nipples were now wrinkled, brown and pointing towards the bathtub. Water formed a puddle around Jennifer's feet which had moments ago been very soft and smooth. Now they were calloused and had hardened yellow nails. The pink area around the sides of her feet had become a pale color. Veins and age spots were obvious. She now had dimpled cottage cheese thighs and her ass was plopping onto the back of her legs. She was into her seventies. Her hair was completely white and gray and her face was very wrinkled. Two sagging jowls hung where her rosy cheeks used to be

and her mouth was wrinkled and puckered. Her boobs had completely lost all form and plopped onto her pouched out tummy.

Her back bent a little from their weight. Even her pubic hair had grayed as she ended her shower. Finally as she turned off the water she was a short saggy, wrinkly old 80-year-old woman. She got out of the shower and began to dry her body off, wiggling her crooked toes on the bath mat. "Are you done honey? Your guests are going to be here really soon." Chris called from the bedroom. "Almost out sweetie." Jennifer called back. Neither of them picked up on how shaky Jennifer's voice was. She wrapped a towel around her withered sagging body and shuffled on into the bedroom.

Chris was bent down across the room getting something out of the drawer. Jennifer slowly walked over and pressed herself against him. He Hankled and reached behind himself to squeeze her leg. What he touched made him recoil and scream. "Oh my god! What happened to you?" Chris yelled seeing the now senior Jennifer. Jennifer didn't know what he was talking about. She looked in the mirror and saw herself, young and vivacious. "What? I'm clean?" She asked and dropped her towel giving Chris a good look of how downhill her body had gone. He lurched a little as she began to change into her party outfit. "No you're...you're old!" Chris finally got out. "Chris, have you lost your mind?" Jennifer asked as she slipped a bra over her hanging formless boobs. Chris didn't know what was happening. "I...I need some air." He finally said and walked outside.

Jennifer didn't know what to make of Chris's behavior but she finished getting dressed and waited for her guests to arrive. For a while no one came. She waited and waited but never heard the door ring. Finally she got tired of waiting and went down to see if her door bell was broken or something. As she entered her front hall she heard commotion outside. "Chris, you're insane. Let us in!" Someone yelled. "You've really lost it Chris." Another one said. Jennifer couldn't believe what was happening. She wasn't going to let Chris ruin her party and those people were right he's obviously out of his mind.

She rushed to the door and flung it open. "Let the party begin everyone!" she announced and made a pose in the doorway. She would have looked stunning normally but considering every asset she had now was drooping out of her

clothes she looked ridiculous. "See I told you!" Chris exclaimed. Everyone paused for a moment then burst into laughter. "Chris, I had no idea you were this funny." A man yelled. "Was this Jennifer's idea?" another one of their friends called out. "How'd did you get Jennifer's grandmother to play along. And get dressed up like that?" Someone else asked. "Wait, that's not grandma." Jennifer's sister corrected. " It's me guys it's Jennifer what are you talking ab-" She suddenly caught sight of Hank in the crowd.

Then a sudden dread passed over her. She looked down at her body. She stared at her wrinkled deformed old feet and up to her shriveled legs to her flopping wrinkly boobs. She brought a shaky bony hand up to feel her withered face. She noticed she didn't even have teeth in her mouth. She stared wide-eyed at everyone. "Oh my god! I'm old! I'm so old!" Everyone laughed. "See!" Chris yelled. Jennifer couldn't take it. Her nice young body was gone. In its place was this shriveled mess of lines and sags.

Hank made his way through the crowd and escorted her inside. He locked her door behind him as she stood in the hallway hysterically crying at her aged body. She finally noticed he was there. "You! You made me old?" She asked in a quavering voice between snuffles. "Yes." Hank replied. "You wanted to get back at me? For dumping you?" Jennifer guessed. "Yes." Hank replied. " Is there a way to make me young again?" Jennifer pleaded. "Yes." Hank replied and suddenly moved in to kiss her sagging turkey waddle of a neck. She gasped but brought his face up to kiss her wrinkled mouth. She rubbed her bare aged foot up and down his leg as he caressed her jowls with his hand.

He brought her upstairs. "I, I love you Hank." Jennifer said in a voice that sounded like a great grandmother. "If we do this will I be young again?" Hank nodded. "You'll be any age you want to be." He then stripped her of her clothing and fondled her sagging flesh. He played with her withered nipples and remembered how rosy and pert they had been. He felt her sagging tummy and remembered when it was soft and muscular all in one touch. He felt her dimples legs and knobby knees and remembered how they had been smooth and long. He kissed her small wrinkled veined feet and remembered when they had been soft little white and pink cuties. How her toes had been round and perfect. He kissed her all over her old face and remembered how young and smooth it used to be. He finally looked down at her vagina that was hanging

and sheltered by gray pubic hair. He remembered when it was tight and the hair dark.

He made love to her. She squealed in delight, having never been made love to this passionately before. When it was over Jennifer looked lovingly at Hank. "That was amazing." She said and playfully rubbed her wrinkled face into his while giggling. "So now you're the age you want to be Jennifer." Hank grinned. Jennifer looked over in the mirror. Looking back she was still a nude 80 year old curled up next to the much younger Hank. She was shocked for a moment but then thought for a moment. She turned to Hank and finally said. "It's nice being old. If I can be with you."

The End.