

The Long Chat Session

By ChronoEclipse



Why don't you tell me what it's like to be a grandmother.

Cammy stared at the words for a solid minute just shaking her jowly cheeks 'no'. Finally she turned to her phone and grabbed it from her desk, noticing that the desk itself looked nicer quality - made of older, sturdier wood than the junk she had bought from Ikea.

She held the phone up to look at the screen and saw that it was incredibly blurry. Cammy checked to see if she was wearing the glasses that she had found herself needing a few minutes ago. The wire-rim spectacles were indeed on her aging face. She moved the phone back from her face until it came into focus. She had to hold it quite a far ways away from her to read what was on it, but fumbling with her glasses she realized that they were, in fact, bi-focals now and if she held the phone screen down and looked through the bottom lenses of her glasses she could see it just fine.

"Okay let's see which of my idiot daughters was careless enough to get knocked up!" She mumbled to herself in frustration.

She found herself incredibly mad at the idea of one of her kids having a baby - not just because she wasn't in any way ready to become a grandmother (having only turned 20 a few weeks ago) but because she thought they were going to mess up their young lives by having children too young. They were literally only children the last time she saw them, after all.

'Wait - what am I even thinking? They're women my age that can make their own choices...' She thought to herself but then quickly reminded herself: 'No they're not! They're babies! Less than babies! None of them were even a twinkle in my eye this morning!' She thought in frustration at this whole insane situation she had found herself in.

While she was going back and forth as to whether her daughters were young adult women; little girls; or unfertilized eggs that shouldn't even exist, Cammy was struggling to unlock her phone. Her swollen fingers ached with a sharp pain that she was not accustomed to.

Looking down at the leathery veined tops of her feet she wiggled her knobbier toes and felt the same jolts of pain in her toe joints.

'I wonder if this is that chronic arthritis that my aunt Judy is always complaining about - if it is, she's totally right! It's really painful and annoying!' Cammy thought to herself as she finally managed to get her phone unlocked.

She frowned as she read the calendar reminder on her phone informing her that in a half hour she needed to take her blood pressure medicine. Looking over at her bedside table she saw quite an impressive supply of vitamins and prescription meds.

"Sexy. 'Hey boys, tip well enough and i'll send you vids of me taking my afternoon pill regime...'" She scoffed.

'I wonder if you can get high off of blood pressure meds.' Cammy then wondered. She looked around the room and was surprised at how nice it looked now compared to a few minutes ago - the decor was kind of stuffy and the floral comforter covering the bed with matching pillow shams was something Cammy thought was hideous but the bedroom had a homey feel to it.

Her eyes peered through the top lens of her bifocals at the shelves of porcelain cherub statuettes and other tchotchkes. 'This can't be my room though, right? It looks like my grandma's bedroom.'

She had gotten distracted by the changes to the room long enough that the screen savor popped up on her computer - which had now become a clunky desktop PC. Pictures of children of various ages floated around the screen. They looked a lot like the little girls she had interacted with a few minutes ago... in fact one picture of a 10-year-old at a dance recital bore a striking resemblance to Cammy at that age. But all of the pics looked sharp and crisp like they were all taken in the last year or two.

It slowly dawned on Cammy that she was looking at a slideshow of her grandkids, except these weren't all newborn babies – One girl in a JV softball uniform had to be at least 15!

She remembered that she had been attempting to pull up her daughter's social media accounts to find out who got knocked up before she had gotten distracted by her new medications.

Opening her Instagram again and clicking through her daughter's accounts she found that the answer to her earlier question was 'all of them'. All three of her daughters had gotten pregnant and had kids – not all at once, of course, but over more than a decade!

Pulling up Zoe's account she saw that the out-spoken teen with piercings and tattoos was now a hipster millennial single-mom in her early 30s! She still looked like a sexy counterculture chick with her tattoos and hipster haircut but her face and body had greatly matured since the last time Cammy had looked at her youngest daughter and the developing creases on Zoe's face told the story of a mature woman who was desperate to cling on to the unraveling strands of her youth and coolness.

Scrolling back through five years worth of posts she found pics of Zoe in a hospital bed with her newborn daughter swaddled in her arms. 'Five YEARS. Five years ago that happened! I was a freshman in high school five years ago and now it was the same year that my youngest daughter had a baby!' Cammy screamed in her head.

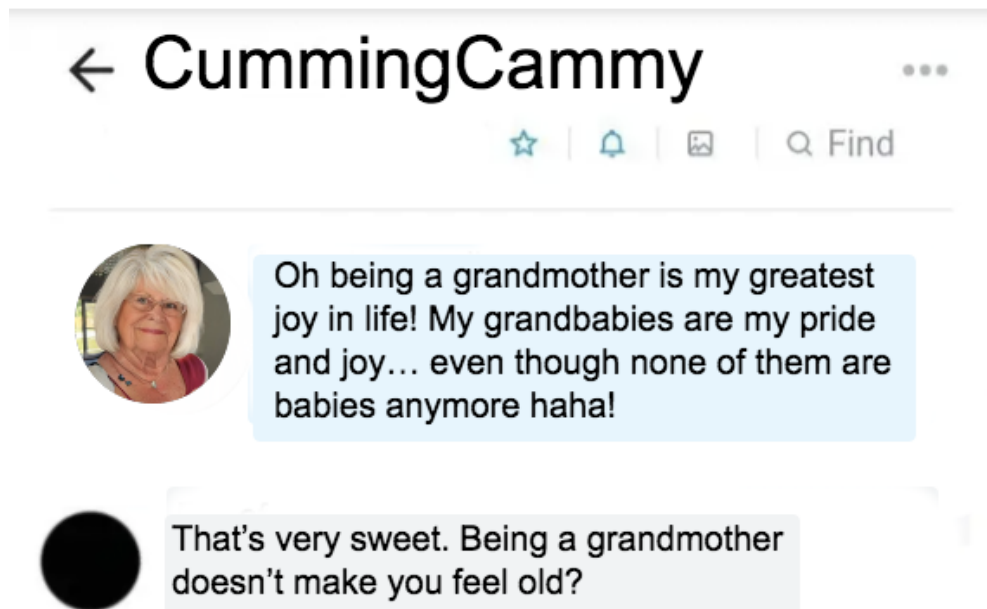
She opened Mackenzie's account and saw that her middle daughter had gone all-in on trying to be a 'mom influencer'. Her scroll was pic after pic of her and her kids wearing matching outfits and lining up by height. Videos of the life-hacks she uses when packing lunches for her 4 kids or hand-sewing halloween costumes for each of them. The hot cosplay girl turned soccer mom appeared to be in her late 30s now with a brood of children aged 4 to 10. Cammy was feeling really judgmental toward the amount of time and effort that Mackenzie had put into these well curated family photos, not to mention her middle daughter's lame shirts that said stuff like 'Mommy Mode' and 'Proud Mama Bear'. So she quickly moved on to her eldest daughter.

Cammy pulled up Peyton's Instagram account and gasped. It had hardly any posts on it over the past few years and the most recent ones showed a boring-looking office worker. She came to one that showed the aging blonde blowing out candles on a cake with her husband and teen daughter standing behind her. The caption read 'The big 4-0'.

Cammy dropped her phone. She had a daughter who was 40!? That was nearly as old as her own mother! She was supposed to be a young hot college girl, not some mom to a middle-aged woman and grandmother to a teenager!

The aging woman turned back to the desktop, tapping the keyboard. She scoffed in confused disdain at the mouse and anti-carpal-tunnel mouse pad. The message from her mysterious fan 'Kronus Aion' was still on the screen.

'Please! Change me back! I don't want to be anyone's grandmother! I'm just a young college girl! I just want to be 20-years-old again!' She tried to type.



"YES! YES IT FUCKING DOES!" Cammy screamed at her monitor and then had a bit of a coughing fit and tried to clear her throat.



Oh no sweetie, they keep me YOUNG!
My eldest granddaughter was just
teaching me how to do a new dance all
of the kids are doing on the tick-tock!

Cammy clapped her veiny hands over her lined face in frustration. In addition to this all feeling like her worst nightmare, she was mortified at how old and out-of-touch she sounded in her replies.



Fun! I bet you were very sexy!



Awww flattery will get you everywhere
young man! 😊 I don't get around as well
as I used to on account of my hip surgery
a few years back, but grandma Cammy's
still got a few moves!



I watched that video of the lap dance you
did with the aid of your cane - fun stuff!



Oh yeah? Did you enjoy that? Would
you like me to shake my big saggy rear
on your lap little boy?



Yes please!



What else would you like to do, young
man? Would you like a taste of grandma's
warm fresh-baked cookie? 🍪



I would eat up your dry gray cookie until it was all done.

Cammy cringed in disgust as she watched herself flirt with the stranger. It was the same kind of things she would entice a guy with on the site to get him to tip her for more, but warped and twisted into something that made the young girl she was on the inside incredibly uncomfortable.



Well since you've been such a good boy I think it's only fair that I spoil you rotten like I spoil my grandkids!

Cammy sat there watching the screen as she clicked on the 'upload' button, selecting to forgo putting it behind a paywall. 'What am I doing? I never send guys pics for free!' She thought to herself shaking her head.

The image uploaded, revealing a puffy-looking silver-haired older woman laying on the floral comforter behind her with one hand cupping her soft sagging breast suggestively while the other hand pulls aside her beige granny-panties to reveal her graying bush and loose aged pussy.

Cammy blanched at the sight of the granny-porn she had just sent one of her followers against her own will. She wondered who this lady was and why she had a picture of her naked laying on the bed in the room she was currently in.

"...Wait - Is that supposed to be me!?" She screamed as the realization dawned on her.



Wow. For an older woman you still have an incredible body.



Aw thanks hun. Yeah I don't look too bad for 65 now, do I? 🙄

She shook her jowly head in denial. “No fucking way that saggy old woman is me! I’m hot and young and my tits are round and perky! And my hair’s blonde not gr-” She began to reassure herself.

Cammy reached up to grab a lock of her hair to tug it in front of her eyes to confirm it wasn’t gray. However as she swiped she got nothing by air. Feeling up closer to her head she realized that her hair was suddenly cut short and was now chin-length.

“Who gave me a haircut!?” She cried in astonishment.

The former college girl attempted to hop up from her seat and run to a full-length mirror but her legs didn’t have the muscle tone that her 20-year-old body had so she only managed to lift her butt up off the chair a quarter inch before she plopped back down. A shooting pain throbbed from her hip bone.

She reached down and rubbed her aching hip, noticing how much looser the skin on her leg was as it bunched and crinkled under her fingers. She noticed a metal cane resting next to her chair.

‘Oh right - hip surgery.’ She said, remembering what her older self had typed.

Cammy wrapped her hand around the rubber grip of the cane and leaned her weight against it, lifting her naked body up out of the leather computer chair. It took a bit of energy and she felt winded once she was done. Her tits swayed downward with her pink puffy nipples pointing down at her toes.

She rubbed her aching back as she caught her breath. 65! How could she suddenly be 65! And why did everything about being this old suck so much?

A ringing sound began to chime around her. She glanced down at her cell phone on the ground. It felt daunting to lean over and try to pick it up so instead she used her veiny foot to flip it over to see who was calling her.

The screen was blank but the ringing noise continued. Cammy scratched her head and stumbled around until she noticed a corded phone on the bedside table.

“I have a landline!?” She exclaimed as if this was the craziest discovery of the past 24 hours.

The 65-year-old hobbled as quickly as she could over to the ringing phone. She picked it up and tried to see if she needed to press a button to answer the call or not. She hadn’t used a landline since she was a little kid.

“Hello? Cammy?” A voice called through the receiver.

Cammy quickly brought the phone up to her ear.

“Hello?” She asked into the phone and then tried to clear her throat trying to disguise how old her voice sounded now. “Ahem, H-hello?” She asked again.

“Cammy? Can you hear me dear?” An equally husky older woman’s voice asked through the phone.

“Who is this?” Cammy responded not recognizing the voice of the woman on the other end.

“It’s Synthia dear.” The older woman replied.

Cammy suddenly felt relieved. For the first time all day she was talking to someone who wasn’t a complete stranger trying to get a piece of her increasingly saggy ass or a family member who had literally just been born that day.

“Synthia! Oh thank god! Today has been absolutely insane. I was chilling in our dorm this morning uploading some new pics to my Only Fans page when this weird guy started chatting with me and–” Cammy began to explain.

“Oh Only Fans dot com! Oh how are you liking it? I still feel so self conscious that there are hardly any other women our age on there!” Synthia chimed in.

Cammy furrowed her lined brow. This morning that statement would have been absurd since probably more than 90% of the content creators on the site were women in their early 20s like she and her roommate had been. But now–

“But I was telling my granddaughter-in-law about it and she was saying that it’s great that women in their 60s like us aren’t ashamed of showing off our bodies. We’re challenging beauty standards and fighting ageism by posting nudie-pics on the internet, pretty neat right?” Synthia reasoned.

“Yeah I guess but we weren’t ol-” Cammy began to say.

“Oh but these young folks can be so fresh when they message you! Are you experiencing that? They’ll call me ‘granny’ or ‘Old Slut’ and ‘shake my saggy’ this or ‘show my wrinkly’ that! Millennials are so entitled. We were never that disrespectful when we were young!” Synthia ranted.

Cammy’s jaw hung open during her friend’s diatribe. Synthia was the most bad-ass girl she knew and here she was sounding like someone’s conservative grandma!

“Uh Syndy, Millennials aren’t young people. They’re all in their 30s and 40s now. The 20-something guys that you’re talking about are Gen-Z.” Cammy corrected her.

“Oh. I didn’t know that. Gen Zee? Like Z-E-E? Well in any case I have to admit that it’s awfully flattering to have men young enough to be our grandsons paying to see the two of us in the buff and sending messages about how they want to have their way with a couple old gals like you and me!” Synthia said with a chortle.

Cammy took a deep breath.

“Okay but we’re not though! – Old, I mean. Those guys are our age! Some creepy weirdo on the site messaged me and he was asking how old I am and he’s... I don’t know, somehow making us older and older! We’re supposed to be members of Gen-Z, not Z-E-E but like the letter Z! This morning we were both young and in college and living together in the dorm!” Cammy blurted out all in one breath.

Synthia chuckled.

“Oh Cammy dear... we haven’t lived together in years and years! We just had our 40th reunion at the old alma mater a few years ago, remember?” The old woman on the phone replied, sounding a bit concerned.

“Yeah, I know it feels like that. I mean I was just staring at a bunch of pictures of my grandkids! But trust me, I just turned 20 and you’re turning 21 in a few months! We have that whole ski trip planned with Sean, my boyfriend and whatever guy or girl you wanted to fool around with that weekend!” Cammy said in a pleading voice hoping that her aged friend would remember her epic 21-birthday plans.

There were a few moments of awkward silence.

“Who’s Sean? Is he someone you met at church or your physical therapy? In any case, I don’t think skiing is a very safe activity for us to be doing at our age dear. Especially with your bad hip and my poor balance these days... not to mention all of my foot problems. Oh I need to tell you all about that – I have another doctor’s appointment this Wednesday but I’ll have to call you back later, that show I like is almost on. I just wanted to remind you about my retirement party the Saturday after next. Maybe you can bring that Sean gentleman with you!” Synthia said, rushing off the phone.

“Uh bye...” Cammy said and hung up the phone. ‘God, this is why people should only ever text one another.’ She thought with a grumble.

Confiding what was going on to Synthia turned out to be a total bust. Which was disappointing but what would she have been able to do about it anyway other than join Cammy in crying over their sudden lost youth.

Cammy clomped over to her closet, grimacing at how she could feel her booty literally jiggle and sway from side to side behind her thighs as she moved.

The nude woman opened the closet to find the full length mirror on the inside of the door and gasped at the sight of her 65-year-old body. Her figure was now pear shaped thanks to her wide dimpled hips and thighs and the fact that her once impressive chest was deflating onto her pooching tummy.

She leaned in close to examine her bespectacled face that definitely had a grandmotherly-quality to it now, she traced the deep creases along her nose and around her thinning lips. Her cheeks had softened into jowls and she had massive

amounts of wrinkles around her eyes. But what disturbed her most was the short steely straight hair framing her aged face.

“Oh god, I have a boomer haircut!” She wailed as she fussed with her gray tresses.

The haircut was a common one you saw in women over a certain age. Made popular by baby boomers the likes of Hilary Clinton, Martha Stewart and Jane Fonda. Except that unlike them she didn't have a 5-star celebrity stylist do her hair. She probably had it cut by some hairdresser in a strip mall somewhere! It made her look so frumpy and uncool and... old!

Cammy snorted and shook her head as she examined the rest of her aged visage. Purple veins were visible on her legs and across the tops of her sagging tits as well as a fair speckling of age spots and moles across her pale body. She cringed at the tuft of pubes above her dangling labias. ‘Gray cookie is right!’ She frowned in disgust. There was no way her boyfriend would want to sleep with her now that she was a senior citizen with dangling tits and a loose gray pussy!

‘Wait, maybe Sean's old too! I mean, someone had to knock me up with all of those kids right?’ She reasoned.

Cammy glanced down at her veiny wrinkled hand and saw no sign of a wedding ring on any of her fingers which wasn't promising for her new theory. Before she had time to consider alternatives however she heard the front door slam shut.

“Shit! Sean!” She yelped.

Cammy panicked and shuffled into her closet, closing the door behind her. Once inside she looked around for something to put on to cover up her unattractive older body. All of the clothes were so dowdy and unflattering. They were the clothes a 65-year-old grandmother would wear!

She settled on a floral print blouse with a lacy collar that Cammy thought looked like a crazy cat lady would wear and a wool skirt that came down below the knees.

As she struggled to get dressed in the cramped space with the aid of her cane someone entered the room.

“Mom? Mom, are you home?” The throaty voice of a 40-year-old woman called out.

Cammy felt silly hiding in the closet now that she realized that it was one of her daughters that was here and not her boyfriend. She heard the woman walk over to the computer.

“Well she left her computer on so she couldn’t have gone very far... or she forgot about turning it off... oh god! Mom!” The woman said in shock and disgust as she clearly saw what was up on the screen.

Cammy blushed and stepped back away from the door and lost her balance, falling onto some boxes.

The door flung open revealing the middle-aged Peyton who was looking down at her with shock and concern.

“Mom! What are you doing, hiding in the closet!?” She asked in disbelief.

Cammy took her daughter’s hand and groaned as she lifted back up onto her feet.

“I wasn’t hiding, I was getting dressed.” Cammy lied.

“What were you doing all day that you’re just getting dressed now? – Don’t answer that. I know what you’ve been doing. I just caught an eyeful of my 65-year-old mother in all her glory laying on her bed like a french prostitute!” Peyton said, sounding annoyed.

Cammy scoffed at the younger woman.

“God, you sound like my mom! I don’t need your slut shaming! What I do with my body is my choice!” Cammy said defensively.

Peyton pressed her palm to the side of her own face and took a deep breath to shore up some patience. Clearly this wasn’t the first time they had had this debate.

“Listen mom, I know things are a little tight now that you’re retired but you don’t need to... to sell your body to make extra income! What kind of weirdo is even paying money to see naked pictures of a grandmother in her 60s?” Peyton replied, sounding vexed.

Before today Cammy would have completely agreed with that sentiment – hell she was skeeved out by the 40-something women she knew did MILF-porn stuff on the internet. But now she felt personally attacked.

“Granny porn is WAY more mainstream than you think! Don’t be so ageist. There are a lot of men out there that appreciate a woman with a bit of maturity.” Cammy huffed, folding her arms across her saggy chest.

Peyton rolled her eyes and sighed skeptically.

“Fine. I really don’t have the patience to debate this with you today. If you’re going to do it, can you just be a bit more discreet about it? I came in here and there’s just a fully nude photo of you on your computer screen and a whole bunch of dirty talk between you and some sicko!”

Cammy looked at Peyton wide-eyed with fear.

“You didn’t close it did you!?” She snapped at her daughter, worrying that Peyton may have shut down her only chance at becoming young again.

“No, I didn’t close it. I just minimized it, but what if Ellie had been the one to find it?” Peyton chided.

“Ellie?” Cammy asked.

Peyton sighed and pinched the bridge of her nose.

“Your granddaughter? She doesn’t need to see what her grandmother’s exposed crotch looks like! And besides, you know how much she idolizes you! What if she saw you were on this Only Fans nonsense and decided that she wanted to be on there too?” The 40-year-old shouted.

“You can’t set up an account if you’re under 18.” Cammy said with an implied ‘Duh!’ at the end of it.

“Oh so in 2 and a half years then! Great. That’s not the point mom!” Peyton yelled in frustration.

A slender 15-year-old popped her head into the room. She reminded Cammy of herself back when she was a high school undergrad – five years ago.

“What’s with all the yelling?” The girl asked.

“Ellie-” Peyton began to say.

“Hi kiddo, your mom was just helping me up because I tripped and fell.” Cammy said, smirking at Peyton.

“Oh my god grandma are you alright?” Ellie asked, cupping her hands to her mouth in concern.

“I’m totally fine. It’s cool, I have like probably half a century of yoga at this point to keep me flexible.” She said winking at her granddaughter.

The girl giggled and looked at Cammy in admiration.

“I do think we should take you this week to see that cognitive specialist your doctor recommended. I just came over from picking Ellie up from school because aunt Synthia called saying that you weren’t making any sense on the phone – you thought you were back in college? And then you didn’t remember who Ellie was...” Peyton said with concern.

Cammy shook her head knowing that her experience was coming off as early signs of dementia and memory loss.

“I’m cool! I’m totally cool. I just um, I was just joking with Syndy and she like, didn’t get the joke... and Ellie? I mean no way I would forget my favorite granddaughter!” She said holding a wrinkled arm out to hug the girl.

The 15-year-old happily ran up and tossed her arms around Cammy's soft saggy body squeezing her grandmother affectionately.

"Okay well, it still wouldn't hurt to make an appointment..." Peyton said, unconvinced.

"Trust me, I'm fine... I basically have the mind of a 20-year-old!" Cammy replied truthfully.

"Grandma, can I come stay over this weekend? I have Monday off from school." Ellie asked.

Cammy found herself stroking the teenager's silky hair affectionately. She had always wanted a sister when she was growing up, someone to share stuff with, gossip about guys etc.

"Yeah sure! That sounds like a blast. We could do like a movie marathon and give each other mani-pedis!" Cammy suggested enthusiastically.

"Yay!!!" Ellie said, jumping up and down.

"My friends and I do this thing every Friday where we get a cheap bottle of tequila and watch one of those cheesy rom-coms on Netflix and any time a character says something corny you have to take a shot!" Cammy said excitedly - they were one of her favorite activities at college.

Peyton gave Cammy a stern look as if to say 'Are you kidding me!?! She's 15!'

"Errr we can do that with La Croixs or something!" Cammy suggested sheepishly.

Ellie grinned and hugged Cammy tightly again.

"You're the best. I love you Grandma Cammy." She said affectionately.

Cammy patted the back of the girl's head with her wrinkled hand.

"You're pretty dope yourself kiddo." Cammy said with a smile.

“Okay Ellie, let’s go, I have to get back to the office.” Peyton said, sounding impatient.

Ellie reluctantly pulled away from the old woman.

“All right...” The teenager mumbled.

She then spotted the cellphone on the ground.

“Oh grandma, you dropped your phone!” She pointed out.

“Right! Um, would you be like a totally awesome granddaughter and pick it up for me? My back’s feeling a little sketchy...” Cammy admitted feeling her 65-years.

Ellie helpfully grabbed the phone and handed it over to the older woman.

“Here you go! Love you, see you this weekend!” Ellie said, waving as her mom led her out of the room.

“Bye mom. Take it easy, okay! You’re not as young as you used to be!” Peyton insisted as she headed out.

Once they were gone Cammy quickly shuffled back over to the computer. Her screensaver was currently showing an image of her wrinkly old self posing with Ellie, they were both sticking out their tongues and flashing peace-signs at the camera.

‘Damn, I’m a pretty dope grandma...’ She thought to herself proudly.

She moved the mouse and brought up her Only Fans chat screen again. A number of men had messaged her about what a ‘mature beauty’ she was or how they’d love to see pics of her back in the 70s when she was a ‘Goddess of the Disco’, which evidently she listed ‘former Goddess of the Disco’ as a description in her profile.

Cammy clicked them away until she got to Kronus Aion’s chat screen.

← CummingCammy

☆ | 🔔 | 🖼️ | 🔍 Find



What a sexy silver-haired granny you are...

He had messaged her while she had stepped away. Cammy took a deep breath and began to reply: 'Okay, I get it. I was wasting my youth or whatever and didn't appreciate that my looks and beauty would fade someday. Lesson learned alright? I won't like, take my youth for granted anymore. So time to change me back to a 20-year-old girl!... Or I guess I wouldn't if you waited until Monday, I don't want to let my granddaughter Ellie down this weekend by suddenly being 45 years too young to be her grandma - but after that I need to be a college girl again! Okay!?'



I'm glad you like what you see, young man. Youth is wasted on the young, don't you think? 😊



Absolutely. Society should really get with the program that women can be sexy at any age.



I 100% agree. I'm sorry to say that when I was a young girl I was so terrified about growing older, I worried what would happen when my looks and beauty faded.



Your youth may have faded but you're a beauty at any age!



Awww so sweet. I'm going to send you over a free video of me penetrating myself with the head of my cane!



I can't wait! So you don't ever wish you could just go back to being 20-years-old again?



Not one bit! All I want now is to enjoy my retirement, have some fun with adoring young gentlemen like yourself and be a good grandma to my darling grandbabies.

Cammy slammed her palms on the desk in frustration.

“No! No, don't tell him that! He won't change us back! Tell him you wish you were back in college again!” She pleaded with her older self.



They're not babies anymore though...




😭 No, no they're not. They grow up so fast...




And you're not just a good grandma...


Cammy held her breath in terror as she read his last message. She began to shake her gray head furiously.

“No! No no no no no! Don't say it! Don't-” She cried.

 You're a GREAT grandma 😂





 Heh! I sure am!


“No! God no! I can’t be the mother of GRANDPARENTS! I’m just a college girl!” She screeched at her computer screen.

 How old are you now Cammy?

“20! Please PLEASE say 20!” The old woman begged into the computer.

← GummingGranny ⋮

    Find

 I'm 80 years young, dear.

To be continued...

