

## *Five Variations on a Theme*

By ChronoEclipse

### Scene 4:

Ethan, Ashley and Jacob entered Ethan's house through the back door off of the kitchen. The three high school seniors had just come back from skateboarding after school. Ethan, a tall, blonde, Zac Efron-looking young man was hungry for a snack. Ashley, Ethan's kinda-sorta girlfriend, was a slender, tan, brunette. She wore a midriff baring shirt that showed off the tattoo along the side of her waist; and cut-off jean shorts that hugged her tight little heart shaped ass. She clung to Ethan's muscular arm and gave him a look that she was hungry for something other than a snack. Jacob, their third-wheel was a shorter, freckle-faced boy with messy dark brown hair and was holding up an electronic device to his two friends.

"I'm telling you guys – this is the weirdest fitbit I've ever seen. It's probably worth a ton of money!" Jacob said, holding it up to them. Ethan and Ashley didn't seem impressed.

Ashley stared at the screen with her big doe-eyes painted thick with eye-liner around the tops and bottoms of her lids. The device appeared to blink on when she looked into it and registered '18F' on the screen.

"Um looks like a really lame MP3 player." She said, crinkling her button nose in disinterest. She resumed fluttering her eyelashes at Ethan and biting her plump pink bottom lip suggestively.

"Eeeethaaaan?" A shrill shaky voice called from the other room.

"Hey Nana!" Ethan yelled into the other room.

Ethan resumed pulling out peanut butter and jelly and some bread and made himself a quick sandwich. He offered a corner to Jacob but he was too busy fumbling with his phone trying to google what the device he found was and Ashley quickly shook her head declining the sandwich and pouted a bit that Ethan was taking so long to eat. Soon they heard slow shuffling footsteps and a shriveled, shrunken old woman hobbled into the kitchen. She had a ratty, thin, lime green nightgown covering her hunched over old body and her short gray and white hair hung limply in wisps around her liver spotted scalp. She had thick bifocals on and squinted at the teenagers congregating around the kitchen counter.

"Ethan is that you?" The old woman asked horsely.

“Yeah it’s me Nana. We just came by to hang out for a bit.” Ethan said with his mouth full.

Ashley smiled sweetly at the elderly woman and waved hello, jingling the collection of brightly colored bands she had on her wrist.

“Hiya Granny Margaret.” She said in a friendly upbeat tone.

The old woman eyed the teenage girl, dressed in barely any clothes with tattoos on her waist and thigh and a ring sticking out of the side of her bottom lip and a flat billed trucker hat tilted to the side on top of her luxurious auburn hair and went “tch” immediately dismissing her and turning attention to Jacob.

“Who is this handsome young man you’ve brought into my home!” Granny Margaret asked Ethan, grinning widely, revealing her dentures.

“This is my friend Jacob, from school.” Ethan said, finishing the last bite of his sandwich.

“Hi, uh, Granny Margaret. It’s nice to meet you.” Jacob said, holding out his hand.

The old woman placed a veiny wrinkled talon into Jacobs hand and he awkwardly brought it up and kissed her swollen arthritic knuckles like a gentleman.

“Oh my! What a charmer!” Granny Margaret said in a high pitch shaky voice, slightly blushing and holding her other hand to her wrinkled chest.

“Heh, stop hitting on my Nana!” Ethan joked punching Jacob playfully. Ashley giggled in the corner and Jacob felt suddenly a little embarrassed.

“No I was just-“ He sputtered trying to explain himself but was cut off by Granny Margaret who spied the device in Jacob’s hand.

“What’s this little do-dad that you’ve got there? I tell ya, every day you kids find some new-fangled thing-a-ma-bob.” She chittered, with a laugh.

She didn’t see that the device lit up and read “90F” on the screen.

“Yeah this is just a thing I found on the grass in the park.” Jacob explained but Margaret didn’t hear him. She shuffled around to Ethan and Ashley who were standing very close to one another now and making googly eyes at each other.

“Ethan would you make me some oatmeal? I haven’t had dinner and it’s almost time for my stories.” She said and didn’t wait for an answer before shuffling slowly while grasping the counter top into the entrance to the living room where she found her walker and hobbled back to her rocking chair in front of the TV.

Ashley licked her lips, playing with her lip ring for a moment and then leaned up on her tip toes and whispered something in Ethan's ear, staring at him with intense bedroom eyes when he looked back down at her.

"Uhhh dude can you like... help my Nana with that? Ashley and I have to ummm... look for something in my room." Ethan said not taking his eyes off of Ashley who was already flirtatiously playing with the buttons of her top.

"Yeah, we'll, like, be back down in a few..." Ashley said not taking her eyes off of Ethan and backing up toward the stairs.

"Uh okay I guess. Where do you guys keep the bowls and the oatmeal and stuff?" Jacob asked, annoyed, knowing what the two of them were on their way to do.

But Ashley and Ethan were already halfway up the steps to Ethan's room. Ethan playfully slapped the teenage girl's ass causing her to squeal and giggle running up the rest of the way.

Jacob sighed and tossed the device onto the counter and he opened all the cabinets looking for bowls and oatmeal. As he's searching the device begins to flash and hum clearly processing information. Finally "PHYSICAL AGE SWAP- AWARENESS ON" flashes across the screen.

"Ah! Found it!" Jacob yells triumphantly as he pulls a carton of oatmeal down from the cabinet to read the instructions, completely unaware of what the device was doing.

Upstairs Ashley had tossed off her shoes and socks and unbuttoned her shirt revealing she was braless underneath. She tossed the shirt at Ethan who caught it and watched with excitement as the beautiful, slender, alt-punk girl stood topless in front of his bed and shimmied out of her jean shorts. She stood there in lavender thong panties giggling as she tossed her hat in the air and fell back onto Ethan's bed. Ethan quickly scrambled to undo his belt and pants and catch up to Ashley in terms of nakedness as Ashley playfully stretched out her long sexy legs and tried to help Ethan by pulling his boxers down with her neon blue painted toes. Finally Ethan was undressed and climbed on top of Ashley, pressing his naked body against hers. She cooed and kissed him intensely on the lips. Ashley ran her hands through Ethan's blonde hair and rubbed her feet up and down his hairy calves. Ethan slid the thong panties down her tattooed thighs and down to her ankles where she skillfully flung them onto the floor. The two teenagers rubbed their naked bodies together for a few moments, caressing every inch of each other. Ethan reached up to caress Ashley's perky C-cup breasts causing her pink nipples to harden at his touch. She sucked on his neck with her plump lips, the metal of her lip ring grazing his skin.

"You're on the pill right?" He asked her in a whisper.

Her eyes were shut tight as she continued to stroke his chest and nibble on his earlobe. She nodded and whispered “uh huh.” In a high pitched, aroused, voice.

Ethan reached down to stroke her clit. Ashley was completely shaved down there except for a neatly trimmed landing strip. He tickled her clit and stuck his fingers inside her extremely wet vagina. She gasped and moaned and clawed at his shoulders with her neon blue painted fingernails.

“Stop fucking around babe and get inside me!” Ashley squealed in a horny voice and a wicked smile.

Ethan didn't need to be asked twice. He quickly slipped his dick inside her causing her to moan loudly and pull him closer to her. She wrapped her legs around his entwining the two teens and Ethan began to thrust powerfully into Ashley. She let out gasps of pleasure at each gyration and kissed him passionately.

Unfortunately for the two teens, in the midst of their love making Ashley's body suddenly aged 72 years. Her long silky brown hair turned instantly white and thinned. The muscle of her arms and legs shrank away to nothing until just loose wrinkly skin clung to her bones. Her belly oozed outward as her waist was no longer trim and tight, the skin becoming puffy and wrinkled. Her breasts immediately lost all shape and form, flopping downward between their naked bodies and dangling down toward the bed as withered empty sacks. Her body shrunk and her pussy loosened and dried around Ethan's dick. He wasn't getting the same sensation of tightness so he reached around to grab the girl's round ass cheeks to pull her tighter to him. As he did so he felt the plump booty wrinkle and age into sagging, pancaking ass of a 90 year old woman. His fingers felt the wrinkled skin seep around them. Ashley reached up to kiss Ethan and he felt thin, crinkled lips meet his. He opened his eyes to see Ashley's now incredibly wrinkled, aged face. Her sunken eyes still shut and her pruned lips pursed to kiss him again.

“Ashley!?” Ethan blurted out, shocked and horrified.

“What?” Ashley asked with a smirk slowly opening her eyes.

She brought her hand up to Ethan's cheek to caress it and saw the veiny shaking hand and the loose skin of her pale arm and immediately screamed.

Ethan, now realizing that he was still inside of this screaming naked elderly woman immediately pulled out and jumped away from the bed as Ashley held both of her hands and arms up in disbelief, looking down at her shrunken old body making her scream and cry even harder.

Ethan noticed that the nicely maintained, very appealing vagina she had presented moments ago was now a swollen chapped mess, adorned with a scraggly tuft of white pubic hair. She looked ancient.

“Oh my god! I’m like a shriveled old lady!” Ashley cried, now past the pure screaming.

She cupped her pendulous boobs in her shaking hands and held them up to where they would hang normally.

“My tits! They’re like deflated!” She wailed and then looked further down her body.

“My tattoo! Oh god my tattoo is like fucked up by my wrinkled skin! I can’t get my hands to stop shaking- My hair! It’s- “ She yelled and grabbed a lock of her hair bringing it into her line of sight to confirm it was completely white. She balled harder.

Ethan felt pity on her even though he was very confused about what was happening and disgusted by Ashley’s new age and the fact that her whole elderly body was on display. He slowly walked over and put his hand on her age-spotted head, stroking her thin hair and then on her crooked, bare back.

“There there! It’s all right.” He said, trying in vain to calm her down.

“All right!? All right!? I look like I’m a fucking resident at a nursing home!” She yelled in a shaky voice.

She forced herself up and held her hand to Ethan’s for support. She moved her veiny liver-spotted feet off of the bed and onto the floor as her swollen knobby knees popped. She slowly pushed herself to stand up off the bed, heavily pushing her frail arm onto Ethan’s shoulder for leverage. She finally made it. She winced as her breast now pulled downward and swayed in a way she wasn’t used to. She had lost a good foot in height and her back was curved from osteoporosis. She shuffled feebly over to Ethan’s closet, holding onto furniture along the way to steady herself. Ethan got a good look at her pale back and waist that looked like her pale skin was melting down it. And her 90 year old shriveled ass, with cheeks that sagged past her tailbone. They puckered together looking like a fleshy wrinkled hot dog bun dangling above her thin dimpled thighs.

Ashley held a shaky hand on the closet door knob as she stared at her full naked body in the mirror. Gone was the sexy, confident, rebellious teenage skater-girl. Replaced with a sad, frail-looking elderly woman with loose wrinkled saggy skin all over her body, a ludicrous lip ring, and a splotch of color on her shriveled midriff. Her knees knocked together, barely strong enough to support her old body and her once beautiful face was just a mass of paper-thin wrinkled skin. Her cheeks and neck skin dangling into loose jowls below her tired face. A tear streamed down it.

Ethan, not sure of what to say decided to ask the thing that kept circling around in his head.

“So, like, what happened to you?” He asked hoping there was a way to fix it.

Ashley attempted to whip around and give him an angry glare but her bones ached and rebelled against any fast, sharp movements. She winced.

“How the fuck should I know!?” Do you think if I knew what was going on that I’d look like this!?” She gestured to her shriveled body as she slowly turned around to glare at him.

Ethan stammered with what to say next. Ashley felt very embarrassed to suddenly be old in front of the boy she liked that she had just had sex with.

“Don’t look at me! I’m disgusting!” She said crying again and covering her naked body with her frail bony arms.

“N-no. You’re... Ashley. We’re gonna find a way to fix this!” Ethan stammered trying to say the right thing. He then impulsively grabbed his bed sheet and brought it over to her, draping it around her hunched body.

Ashley pulled it tighter around herself and gave him a sad smile.

“Thanks.” She said, wiping tears from her wrinkled cheeks with her crooked finger.

Meanwhile downstairs Jacob was fumbling in the kitchen to put together a bowl of oatmeal while Granny Margaret rocked her old body in her comfy chair intensely watching a soap opera with the volume all the way up. The little old woman reached up with a palsied hand and took her dentures out, putting them into a cup of water on the tray next to her, figuring that she wouldn’t need them to eat oatmeal. She folded her veined trembling hands on her frail lap and breathed shallow breaths as the show played in front of her.

She rocked back and forth slowly as suddenly her body became 72 years younger. The thin wrinkled skin covering her body smoothed and tightened around her bones. Her legs stretched outward and toned into shapely calves and thighs. Her toes straightened and the thick yellow nails became glossy and attractive. The liver spots on her feet and chest vanished. The veins snaking their way up her legs faded as her skin thickened and gained a healthy color to it. Her breasts firmed up and elevated up her chest becoming perky gratifying orbs. Her stomach flattened and toned, her waist was thin and trim. The loose skin of her neck sucked inward becoming the smooth neck and chin of a beautiful teenage girl. Her cheeks did the same, rising up her face and becoming rosy. Her mouth filled out with plump pink lips and her nose became dainty and slightly upturned. Her hair became a golden blonde and held some bounce as it fell neatly around her head.

Jacob had finished making the oatmeal. He had found some maple syrup and cinnamon to flavor it a bit. He hoped granny Margaret would enjoy it. He looked into the living room and saw the chair rocking back and forth.

“Granny? Uh, Margaret? I um, made you that oatmeal you wanted.” He yelled from the kitchen.

When she didn’t answer him he decided to bring the bowl over to her. He grabbed the remote on his way and muted the TV.

“Here you go Margaret...” He said.

He was about to present her with the bowl of oatmeal when he saw, not a wrinkled shrunken old woman but rather a beautiful blonde teenage girl dressed in a ratty old night gown nodding off in the rocking chair. Her smooth cheek smooched against her firm shoulder as a small bit of drool formed in the corner of her perfectly shaped mouth. She stirred awake and wiped her mouth looking blearily at the young man in front of her.

“Eh? Sorry young man. I must have nodded off... happens a lot when you get old-“ She said in a pretty, young voice. She blinked her big blue eyes with long eyelashes and noticed that she wasn’t feeling any of her aches and pains. Her arthritis that normally was never ceasing wasn’t bothering her at all. She then gasped at the sight of the young smooth hands resting neatly on her lap. She held them up and gazed at them in disbelief.

“Oh my god!” She exclaimed and then felt her face at the smooth unblemished cheeks.

“Oh my GOD!!” She repeated moving down to feel her tight unwrinkled neck.

“OH MY GOD!!!” She screamed cupping her full pert breasts with elation.

The teenage girl jumped, for the first time in decades, out of her rocking chair.

“I’m young! I’m young again!!” She cried happily looking at Jacob in disbelief.

Jacob just stared at the attractive teenage girl not knowing what to think. Especially when she tore off her nightgown so that she was just standing topless in nothing but oversized off-white granny panties over her tight little heart-shaped ass, gawking at her own sexy body before running with wild abandon into the bathroom. Jacob couldn’t help but follow her to get another glimpse of her breath-taking body. He walked into the hallway outside the bathroom and observed the girl excitedly scrutinizing every delectable curve of her own body.

“God I’m so young! I must be a teenager again! My legs! I can actually move my legs! And my back! It doesn’t bother me anymore!” She said gleefully to herself.

She moved in to get a better look at her face and her pristine complexion.

“I forgot what a looker I was at this age. I’m... well, what do you think? How do I look to you?” She asked, turning around brazenly and grinning at Jacob.

“I-I...Uh you’re beautiful.” Jacob stammered not sure what this girl's deal was but he had to be honest. “Um... who are you?” He finally asked.

The girl tilted her head in confusion at his question and then burst out laughing.

“You don’t even recognize me! Of course! You just saw me as a pile of wrinkled skin and bones! It’s me... GRANNY Margaret!” She exclaimed in a fit of giggles. “Though, I don’t quite think it appropriate to call me ‘granny’ anymore.” She added.

She held out her hand to reacquaint herself with the boy. Jacob took her dainty hand and kissed it. Margaret blushed and grinned.

“It’s a pleasure to uh re-meet you Margaret.” Jacob said, trying not to stare at her mostly naked body.

“Please, call me Peggy. That’s what I went by when I was this age... gawd, I was such a little hussy when I was this age... and here I am again, flashing my breasts at the first available man that walks into my sight line!” She said with another giggle now modestly covering her bare breasts with her arm.

“Oh uh, sorry.” Jacob said feeling embarrassed.

Peggy smiled appealingly at him. “Don’t be... You know, I meant it when I said you were a charming young man.” She said, giving him a knowing look.

Jacob’s hands were sweating as he looked to her with anticipation hoping she was thinking what he was thinking.

“And I thought to myself. ‘If I were 60 years younger – I’d give that boy a run for his money!’ ... looks like we may have both gotten our wishes huh? Don’t think I didn’t notice how disappointed you were to be stuck baby-sitting the old lady while my great-grandson went to go tangle in the sheets with that fake little tramp.” Peggy said very bluntly.

“Oh I... uh I didn’t mind hanging out with you when you were an old lady...” Jacob began to explain defensively.

Peggy just smirked and dropped her arm and then lunged toward the boy, grabbing him and passionately kissing him.

“Oh yeah? You didn’t mind huh? Which do you like better, Peggy the girl that’s the same age as you... or old Granny Margaret?” She asked running her perfect white teeth over her plump lip sensually.



Jacob's heart was practically pumping out of his chest.

"Definitely Peggy!" He blurted out.

Peggy passionately kissed him again, shoving her tongue into his mouth. When they came up for air she smirked and said:

"Good. I like myself better this way too. C'mon!" She said, grabbing him by the hand and dragging him into the other room. "I don't know why but I've always been so goddamn horny when I was this age." She added as they went. Jacob had no complaints there.

A few minutes later Ethan came running down the stairs.

"Dude! Dude! Something happened to Ashley! She's like – become grannified all of the sudden!" He yelled.

"Wait Ethan! I can't move that fast!" Ashley croaked from the top of the steps.

Ethan sheepishly nodded and rushed back up the stairs to Ashley who was now dressed in her jean shorts and panties that were loose on her wrinkled ass and bony old legs, her shirt that was buttoned over her sagging chest that remained braless, and her flat rimmed baseball hat that sat precariously on her snow-white hair looking silly. She looked like one of the old ladies in the Good Charlotte "Boys & Girls" video.

Ethan held out his arm and Ashley clutched it with her bony trembling hands and he gingerly walked down the stairs with her. Ashley's lower back ached and her stiff legs protested bending to walk down the stairs. She had never felt so weak and unable to do simple things before. 'I'm probably too old to skate now! I'll fall and break my hip if I try!' She thought to herself in horror.

They made it to the bottom of the stairs after what seemed like an eternity. Ashley clutched her chest with a talon-like hand causing all of the bright colored wrist bands to jingle together as they dangled across her thin wrinkled arm. She was wheezing and her body felt ready to collapse.

"I need to sit for a hot minute and catch my breath." Ashley said in a rattling high pitched voice.

Ethan helped the aged girl into a chair in the kitchen. She plopped onto it and sighed deeply, every inch of her face collapsing down toward the floor in exhaustion. Ethan looked over and didn't see Jacob, nor did he see his Nana rocking in her chair.

“Hey Jacob? Nana?” He called as he headed into the living room. He turned the corner and heard ‘Mmms’ and the slurping sound of passionate kisses. He was taken aback at the sight of Jacob laying on his couch in just his boxers as a gorgeous blonde girl around their age was making out with him, topless in ill-fitting granny panties.

“What the fuck!? Who is this?” Ethan asked, completely baffled.

Jacob scrambled to sit up, taking care not to knock Peggy off the couch.

“Woah dude! I can explain!” He blurted out.

Peggy grinned and covered her breasts with her arm.

“Hello dearie. Jacob and I were just getting to know one another... how do you like your Nana’s new look?” She asked with a giggle and tossed her blonde hair playfully.

**End of Scene 4**