

# *Cam Girls Club*

By ChronoEclipse

## **CHAPTER 14: The Truth About Becca**

Becca looked at the young couple fearfully with watery sunken eyes, both not wanting her friends to see her like this and afraid of what would happen if she broke her agreement with the mysterious person who made her this way.

“Uh... no deary... I'm Becca's... great-grandmother um... Agatha!” Becca rattled trying to come up with a quick cover story.

Cody and Kaitlyn looked at each other and then back to the old woman with skepticism all over their faces.

“Huh, Becca never mentioned having a great-grandma Agatha that was coming to visit...” Kaitlyn pondered out loud.

“Well uh... young lady... It was a surprise visit see... and after my long journey I'm awfully tuckered out at my age... so I should be getting back to bed. Good night, young whippersnappers!” Becca quavered trying to shoo them back out of the room.

The aged girl was laying in the frilly, ankle-length dress barefoot. Her crooked red-painted toes were curled at the foot of the bed with her wrinkled aged soles facing the closet. Cody spied on her right foot something besides the veins and liver-spots that her elderly feet now possessed, a small faded tattoo of a purple flower just below her ankle. Exactly like the one Becca had.

“Huh, you know Becca has a tattoo just like that one you have, Granny Agatha...” Cody said pointing at the old woman's gnarled foot.

Becca sheepishly slid her feet back up under the hem of the dress to avoid further scrutiny.

“Oh, yes I remember when she was a young child she would point at that and go ‘Granny, when I grow up I want to get a tattoo just like that!’ and so I guess she probably did...” Becca explained with a gulp.

Kaitlyn’s eyes narrowed at the suspicious old woman whose white hair was also styled like Becca’s.

“Speak of which, where *is* Becca?” Kaitlyn asked, putting her hands on her hips.

The old woman looked around nervously, sweat was beading on her incredibly wrinkled forehead.

“Becca? She-” She paused trying to think of an excuse for why her ‘granddaughter’ wasn’t here and wouldn’t be ‘coming back’ until ‘Old Great-Granny Agatha’ went back home to wherever she was from.

“Yeah and - why are you wearing her clothes?” Cody chimed in while Becca struggled.

Becca looked down at her dress. It was the only thing she had found that hid all of her sags and most of her wrinkles. When she finally did need to go down stairs to get food she was going to wear a pillbox hat with a veil that she had bought from a vintage clothing store in town.

“Oh? This old thing? It’s... mine! I passed it down to Becca ages ago. It was my favorite dress when I was her age - I used to really ‘cut a rug’ in this old get-up when I was a young girl back during the war!” Becca lied elaborately.

“Okay but... where are your own clothes? And where is your luggage? I mean if you’re staying with Becca you must have luggage you brought, right?” Cody pressed.

Kaitlyn looked at Cody and Cody gave Kaitlyn the signal that this was all BS. Something that the gullible young woman had asked him to do whenever someone was lying.

“You know, it’s not cool for Becca to leave you alone like this at your age... I should just call her...” Kaitlyn suggested.

“Yeah! That’s a good idea. Give her a call. We know she always has her phone on her.” Cody agreed.

“No! Uh... phone? That silly device you kids are always tapping on? I think I saw one of those thingies around here...” Becca began to say as the phone began to buzz beside her.

“Huh...” Kaitlyn said feigning surprise.

“What year is it? I think i’m going senile for a spell... can’t remember names or faces but things were certainly cheaper when I was young!” Becca rambled trying to play the dementia card.

“C’mon Becca, we know it’s you!” Cody said in a serious tone.

“What? No? How could I be Becca. She’s just a young girl – look at all these wrinkles... or better yet don’t, just let me take a nap like the old woman I am now...” Becca replied, getting exhausted trying to keep up her ruse.

Kaitlyn walked over to the bed and gently put her young hand on the old woman’s wrinkled arm and patted it gently.

“Becca... it’s okay. We know some really messed up stuff is going on and Cody and I don’t care that you’re all old and wrinkly now...” Kaitlyn reassured her.

Becca’s eyes started to water again, she looked for Kaitlyn’s sympathetic face to Cody who was trying to stand in support of their friend but was also hiding his horror and disgust at the fact that a girl he had been VERY attracted to was now a shrunken little old lady, all wrinkled and saggy in front of him.

“Fine... it’s me. Are you happy? I’m ancient!” Becca quavered sadly.

Cody came over and stood next to his girlfriend. They watched as the old woman's wrinkled bottom lip began to tremble.

“I was so hot and now I'm all old and ugly!” Becca began to sob.

Kaitlyn patted her friend's bony shoulder.

“There, there... it's okay you look very... cute!” Kaitlyn tried to reassure her.

“You say that about old people when you see them!” Becca exclaimed.

“Um... how about Cody waits outside and we try on some clothes! That always makes you happy!” Kaitlyn suggested quickly to cheer up her aged friend.

“They won't fit! I've tried them all on and my clothes don't fit me anymore. I've shrunk! Tens of thousands of dollars worth of beautiful clothes and I can't wear any of them without looking like a senile old prostitute!” Becca cried.

Kaitlyn looked to Cody for suggestions and the boy just held up his hands in surrender of the situation.

“Um, maybe I can lend you some of my clothes! I'm smaller than you... or you know, I used to be before you shrunk...” The petite girl offered.

Becca cried harder.

“Not helping babe...” Cody whispered.

“Your clothes are so out of style!... no offense.” Becca balked, bluntly.

Kaitlyn smirked at her shallow elderly friend. “Well I can always get some of those granny clothes we have downstairs...” She offered with a little bit of cattiness in her voice.

Becca wailed harder than ever the two young people watched as the old woman blubbered for a bit and then Kaitlyn sat down on the bed and wiped the tears from her friend's wrinkly face.

“There, there... it’s going to be okay.” Kaitlyn said, her motherly instinct kicking in.

Becca composed herself.

“Sorry about that... I'm just a little, you know - emotional about suddenly aging 70 years overnight...” Becca explained once she had gotten it all out of her system.

“Yeah about that... wh-what exactly happened to you?” He asked, honestly dumbfounded by the realness of it.

“Would you believe I stayed too long in the bathtub and I shriveled all up?” Becca cracked with a smirk.

No one laughed at the joke. It was terrifying to both Kaitlyn and Cody that the elderly woman in front of them with thinning white hair and no teeth was actually YOUNGER than them.

“It- It happened to Lauren too...” Kaitlyn whispered, realizing that that hadn’t just been her imagination.

“Lauren’s all old now too!?” Becca gasped, both horrified and relieved that she wasn’t the only one.

“Well... no... I mean... not exactly... she’s old but uh, not *as* old... only like 50 maybe?” Kaitlyn explained.

Cody helped Becca sit up in the bed. The dress was backless so as he reached behind her his hand gripped the dangling paper-thin skin of her wrinkled, moley back. It caused him to shiver a bit. He was still reconciling that a girl he had sexual fantasies about was now old enough to be his great-grandma.

“We should take you to a hospital! Maybe they could uh figure out whats going on and fix you guys!” Cody suggested.

Becca shook her wrinkly head.

“No way! I can’t go to a hospital. Even if they believed me that I’m really only 18 – then what? I’m like, the first case of someone going from 18 to 80 ever! I’d spend the rest of my short life as a guinea pig or a medical freak show! And honestly, I don’t even know if my parent’s health insurance would cover treating something like this!” Becca said adamantly.

“Maybe if you tell us what happened we can figure out a way to fix it!” Kaitlyn suggested, she had always wanted to be part of a group of super-sleuths that solved supernatural mysteries like on Scooby Doo!

Becca froze at the question. She needed to think of something that would keep them off of what she herself had begun to piece together. She couldn’t risk losing her young mind – or worse, her friends ever even remembering that she had been a young vibrant girl.

“It was... a curse! I was um... rude to an old witch and she cursed our house!” Becca exclaimed, really selling it.

Kaitlyn screamed and Cody looked concerned.

“Are we going to get old too!?” Kaitlyn asked.

Becca honestly didn’t know how to answer that.

“Uh hopefully not... I don’t really know...” The old woman said with a frown.

Kaitlyn hugged Cody for support.

“We have to figure out a way to break this curse!” Cody said.

“Can you find the witch and apologize?” Kaitlyn asked fearfully.

Becca shook her head.

“No, I tried. She said the only way to end the curse is to let it play out and not try to break it...” Becca said solemnly.

Cody and Kaitlyn looked at each other in concern.

“Well, we have to do something.” Cody insisted.

“Well... I know something you could do... if you wouldn't mind going and grabbing me one of those walkers from downstairs, and dentures... and glasses... and... Depends...” Becca said, whispering the last part.

“Oh uh, sure thing...” Cody nodded.

“I can text you a list of what I need.” Becca told her friends as she shoed them out of her room.

The couple honored her request this time and quickly left. As soon as they were gone Becca flopped back down on the bed. It was amazing how even just sitting up for long periods of time wore her out at this age.

Her phone buzzed. She picked it up and adjusted her aged eyes to read what it said.

“Good girl... or should I say ‘good granny’.” Read the new text from the anonymous number.

“Are you going to change me back? And Lauren?” Becca texted back but her shaking fingers made it hard to text so it took her a while to type it out.

The three dots cycled for what felt like an eternity and then:

“Eventually, perhaps...” The texter replied and then added “But first you need to do your cam show...”

Becca's loose dangly neck gulped hard as she read the words. A cam session was the absolute LAST thing she wanted to do while she was pushing 90...

Out in the hall Kaitlyn and Cody were freaking out.

“Oh my god! She was so old! And wrinkly! Is that going to happen to us? To me! I’m too young to get all saggy!” Kaitlyn wailed in terror.

She buried her sobbing face into her boyfriend’s muscular chest. He calmly stroked her dark silky hair.

“Don’t worry baby. We’ll just have to find a way to break this curse - we gotta find that witch!” Cody declared with his fist clenched in determination.

Kaitlyn looked up at her boyfriend.

“Cody-bear?” She asked.

“Yeah babe?” Cody responded.

“I’m beginning to think that Courtney’s old lady act isn’t just a joke she’s playing on us...” Kaitlyn admitted.

The couple stared at one another for a moment and then hurried downstairs to get Becca her supplies.

Back in her room Becca was staring at the text message. She couldn’t do her cam show like this! The oldest woman she had ever even heard about camming was in her early 60s - which would make her young enough to be Becca’s daughter currently! Her phone vibrated again.

“If you don’t do your cam show then you won’t make any money... and you could lose your on campus housing...” The new text read.

“If you lose your housing, your parents are going to believe you’re their daughter. You’re old enough to be their grandmother. You’ll end up in a state run nursing home...” The texter added.

Becca swallowed hard again as she continued to read the messages.



“If you end up shuffled away in a nursing home then I won’t be able to make you young again...” The final text came in.

Becca held her breath for a moment and struggled to text back:

“Can you make me young again!? Make me young again before my show!” She texted frantically.

A gif popped up on her phone of the fat guy from Jurassic Park going ‘Uh uh uh you didn’t say the magic word...’

“PLEASE!!!” Becca wailed out loud.

The three dots cycled again.

“Not until you do your show.” The text finally read.

Becca slumped, defeated. She struggled to get up off her bed. She managed to swing her decrepit feet onto her carpet and hobble slowly over to her computer. It would be a lot easier once she got that walker from Kaitlyn and Cody.

She slowly eased herself down into her computer chair. The big poofy dress she was wearing nearly engulfed her frail body. Becca took a deep breath and reminded herself that as humiliating as this might be and however many followers this might cost her – the chance of getting her youth back made it worth it.

She opened up her lap top and struggled to get her webcam attached. Maybe she could struggle through the entire show in just this dress. It wasn’t like guys would ask her to do a whole lot once they saw that she was in her 80s!

Becca closed her sunken eyes and took a few labored breaths and then brought her finger down on the button to pull up her cam session.