

Never Trust A Handsome Man With A Magic Aging Device

By ChronoEclipse

Jules had it all. He was remarkably attractive, his parent's death had left him independently wealthy and he was brilliant. However he could care less of his fortune and looks. Because there was one thing that bothered Jules more than anything else and that was vanity. He loathed when people thought that they were better than others based on their looks or financial status. He hated watching girls treat him like a god because of what he looked like on the outside, while snubbing others because of their weight or where they live. That's why he invented this machine. Jules devoted all his time to this machine and with it would gain great satisfaction.

Jules was in his first year of college and immediately struck it off with a group of highly attractive college girls. There were four of them: Lissa, Jen, Carrie and Haley, and while their perfectly toned bodies and beautiful faces were attractive to Jules, their arrogance and feelings of great self worth disgusted him. Lissa was a fairly petite girl with dark brown hair. She was smaller and cuter than her friends except for her very large breasts and large piercing eyes. Unlike the other three girls Lissa kept a steady boyfriend. But was not opposed to cheating on him every now and then. Jen was a very fit redhead, who devoted most of her time to lifeguarding. However, guarding lives was the least of her concerns when she could be showing off her muscular, toned, sexy body to any guy who wanted to look. Carrie was a gorgeous blond pixie. Even her breasts had a slight point to them, with her long legs and pouty lips she could be a model, and was. However, she secretly also modeled for some men's magazines nude for extra money. She didn't tell her friend, not because she was ashamed of the nude modeling, but because she was ashamed of her family struggling for income. Lastly was Haley, the leader of the group. She was the girl who decided who was worthy of the group's attention and who was worthy of the group's scorn. She had done everything from blackmailing professors to indirectly leading a boy to kill himself. If Jules had to pick Haley

would be the one he'd test his machine on, but lucky for Lissa, Jen and Carrie, He didn't have to pick. There was enough fun to go around.

Jules decided to pick Halloween day to initiate his plan. He invited the four girls over to his house the day before and plugged in the necessary info into his machine. Then invited only Haley to come back the next day.

Haley rang the bell to the large house. Chewing gum and thinking about what her day was going to be like. "I would like you to come back over here again tomorrow.... alone." He had told her. She grinned widely. She knew what that meant. He wanted her all for himself. He had chosen her over her friends. Now he was either going to seduce her or attempt to talk her into a relationship. Either would be fine with her, but at a price. She knew she could get anything she wanted out of him at this point. But what to get was the question.

Before Haley had a chance to come to a decision Jules answered the door. "Ah Haley, welcome. I'm very excited you're here. Would you like a drink?" He asked in his almost Pierce Brosnan sounding voice. "Sure what do you have?" Haley asked, trying to make the right amount of eye contact to keep him in her clutches. "How about champagne? This is certainly a time for celebration." Jules said very ominously. Haley was confused for a moment and lost her objective. "Why is that?" she asked. "You'll see. Follow me." He said, handing her a half full champagne glass. She followed him down into what looked like his basement. She was getting a bit nervous; Jules was very strange and somewhat mysterious. Who knows what he could have in his basement, dead bodies? Rope and a gun to kidnap her? Nah. Jules was too good looking to do anything creepy like that. Right? "What I want to show you is right in this room, I think you'll like it. He led her through a large door into an enormous room. Jules' house had been large but she had no idea it was capable of having a room this big. And on the walls were three large screens. There was a row of seats set up like a movie theatre, what was different was that behind the seats was a large electronic panel with flashing buttons and knobs. "Did you make this yourself? Wow, that's really awesome. Are we going to watch a movie?" Haley asked, kind of excited. She had no idea Jules was this smart, now she was beginning to think of some ideas of how Jules could pay her for her love and affection. "Yes we will watch some movies actually. Please have a seat." Haley went to sit down. She tried to push the armrest up so that when Jules came and

sat down she could immediately start to cuddle with him. But the armrest wasn't budging and neither was Jules. He stayed at the control panel as the first screen lit up. Not taking his eyes off of it. Haley shrugged, 'he'll come over once he realizes what he's missing' she thought.

She was very curious to see what movie he was playing. There weren't any advertisements at the beginning or warnings. In fact it looked like a really well done home video. There was a girl sitting on a couch in a living room and a boy walking in and passing her what looked like a beer. Suddenly it zoomed in and she could hear what they were saying. "Thanks Rob. So what are we doing this evening?" Haley gasped. That was Lissa! Lissa and her boyfriend Rob were on the screen!

Haley tried to say something. She tried to ask Jules what the meaning of this was but was strangely compelled to watch the rest of the video. "Uh well I was thinking we could take advantage of the fact that we have my apartment all to ourselves tonight." Rob said with a smile and leaned in to kiss Lissa. He grabbed her hand and led her into his bedroom where he immediately took off his shirt. She undid her shirt but left her bra and skirt on. Kicking off her flip-flops she jumped onto his bed. He lifted her smooth leg and kissed her bare foot and rubbed it against his cheek then joined her on the bed.

Haley began noticing some oddities about Lissa, Her hair seemed to be a tad longer for one, and her bra seemed to be about a cup size too small for her. Why would Lissa wear a bra that was too small for her when she was going over her boyfriend's house? She also started to notice that Lissa seemed a little chunkier. Lissa was never chunky to begin with but now she seemed to be filling out a bit. Her face was different too. She didn't look like the cute little 19-year-old Lissa. That was it! She didn't look like the cute little *19 year old* Lissa, she was.....aging? 'How is that possible? This has to be a joke. This can't be real. How old does she look now? Thirties? No, it's not possible.' However Haley kept watching the screen. Lissa and her boyfriend were seriously making out and his hands were feeling all over her now mature body. He was beginning to notice how flabby her belly felt and backed off for a second. "What gives?" Rob asked, looking at his girlfriend.

His eyes widened as he took in what she now looked like. "What the hell!" He screamed. "What?" She asked. A confused look came over her when she heard how much deeper and raspier her voice had become. She looked down at her hands. They looked like her mother's, she could see prominent veins and her skin was getting pale. She looked down to see her tummy was now visible and seeping over her skirt. She ran into the bathroom. Rob put his hand to his head, he didn't know what to do. Lissa came back a few moments later. A tear was running down her cheek. "I think I'm, ...I think I'm like, getting old....I think I'm getting ol....getting....getting so turned on by you!" She finally said, then made a face that looked like she was absolutely shocked by it. Like she was taken over by someone else. She had aged more; she now looked like she was passing out of her fifties, and gray streaks had appeared in her brown hair. She began to shimmy out of her skirt. Her legs had lost tone and varicose veins were visible. She had dimpled cottage cheese thighs. She stood there in her bra and panties as her body deteriorated. Rob tried to say something. But whatever he intended to say came out "I want you!"

He moved forward and grabbed her. Bringing her into a kiss he twirled her onto the bed and continued the lip lock while his girlfriend neared retirement age. The gray was more prominent. And her face was beginning to wrinkle and her cheeks showed hints of sagging. They rolled over and she was on top of him. Her back seemed a bit stooped. The bumps of her spine were very visible as her skin was wrinkled and loosely hanging on her body as she went through her seventies. "God you're so hot." Rob said, not believing what he was saying. His hands were shaking with terror as he reached around her bony back and unclasped her strained bra. Her pale shriveled breasts flopped out and dangled in his face. They were wrinkled and formless. He began massaging them and kissing the darkened nipples, taking in as much as possible.

He rubbed his hands up and down her sagging boobs and across her bony ribcage and to her paunch. Her face was wrinkled greatly and her jowls were dangling. Her hair was a mix of gray and white, hanging down scraggly. "Oh god, why am I like this? This is disgusting, this is....so awesome, oh baby. Please rub my feet." Lissa squealed in a now shaking elderly voice. Rob moved down the bed, now tears were also running down his cheeks. "Your so old!" He said as he began to massage her small wrinkled feet. He kissed every place he saw an age spot and sucked on her bent toes with their yellowing nails.

He then made his way up her thin wrinkled legs and slid down her panties. "I'm old enough to be your great grandmother now. I wish I was nineteen again." Lissa cried, staring down at her now gray pubic hair. Then adding "I need you so bad!" He climbed up and pressed his body against her aged, wrinkled, naked, quivering body. Rob began kissing her wrinkled lips and locking his tongue with hers. They made love frantically. Until finally they both cried in ecstasy and sheer dumbfoundedness. Rob laid there, eyes opened. Too shocked to move and his hundred year old girlfriend cuddled her nude body close to him. The screen shut off.

Haley couldn't believe what she just saw. Even if it was fake it was sick! She wanted to scream but no sound was leaving her lips. All she could do is turn her head and stare at Jules with hurt confused eyes. "They seem cute together, don't you agree?" Jules said with a smirk. "Now why don't you apply more lip gloss and watch the next film. I really like this next one, I hope you do too." He said sinisterly. Haley turned around, pulled out her lip-gloss, smeared some on her lips and stared intently at the middle screen. She tried all she could to get up from her seat. But her body would not let her.

The second screen kicked on. Haley clearly saw Jen sitting on her Life guarding bench, her long red hair blowing in the breeze. Jen took a pair of sunglasses out and put them on. Looking around the beach she saw a few attractive guys that were worth her attention. She decided to climb down from her bench and give them a closer look at her. She walked over to them and gave them a smile and tucked some of her hair behind her ear. "Would one of you guys be kind enough to put some suntan lotion on my back?" She asked and threw her bag onto the sand. "I have some right here in my bag." She bent over showing the trio of boys a grade A look at her perfectly round toned ass. Haley rolled her eyes. But she began to notice what was happening again. Jens ass didn't look as toned as it usually was. In fact when Jen turned back around she seemed about ten years older.

The boys didn't notice that the beach bunny was nearing her thirties and all jumped at the chance to smother lotion on her back. "Oh that's okay, you can all help. I need my legs and front done as well." The guys were amazed at their luck. Each guy took some lotion and rubbed it onto a part of Jens body as she

basked in the sun. However to anyone walking by it seemed the sun's powerful rays were working double time on this seductress's body. Freckles were appearing all along her back and chest. Her skin was becoming more worn. Her muscular arms and legs were becoming softer as well as her once firm breasts.

The boy who was rubbing her legs noticed veins appearing and her thighs dimpling. At the same time the boy who was praising god and her rubbed lotion on her chest was feeling how rough her skin was becoming. 'Were those age spots?' How is that possible, this girl was his age. But that didn't stop him from realizing her boobs were now fatter, softer and saggier. Finally the two of them looked at Jen and gasped. The third boy asked what was wrong and stood up from giving her a back massage. They all looked down at the now fifty something year old woman who was just moments ago a teenager like themselves. She had gray streaks in her fiery hair and her mussels were drooping pathetically now that they had become fat. Jen stood up shocked. She looked down at herself. Her toned stomach was now pooching out and seeping over her bikini bottoms. Her knees were knobby and her body was wrinkled and spotted.

She put a veined hand to her face and literally felt her cheeks slide down into jowls. She couldn't believe what was happening to her perfect body. She reached out to grab one of the boys to help her but they ran away in fear. Jen began to waddle down the beach for help as the gray became more prominent in her red hair. Her hips were wide and tearing the strings of her bikini as the fabric failed to stretch over her expanding, chunky, sagging ass.

People were shocked by this heavy set older woman shuffling down the beach in a skimpy bikini leaving nothing to the imagination. Her pale droopy breasts were spilling out of the little triangle shaped fabric keeping them at bay. She needed to get help, but unfortunately she saw a guy she thought was hot and in shape first. She worked her way over to his towel where he was sitting with his girlfriend. They were both a little older than Jens real age and normally the girl would have been no competition for her. But now that Jen looked old enough to be their grandmother this was going to be a very sad affair.

Once she had finally made it to them she giggled and gave the guy a smile. Inside she was dying from embarrassment and disbelief. She took the

scrunchie she usually used to keep her long hair back and tossed in on the sand next to the towel. “Woops silly me.” She said in a shaky voice. She slowly leaned down to get it. She was losing weight and was no longer a chubby matron by now a thinner wrinkled seventy something year old woman. She put a gnarled hand on her bony back and picked up the accessory. She paused to give the guy added time to see her sagging wrinkled ass, which had slipped below the seams of her bottom.

She creaked slowly upward. Her hand stayed on her back, her gray hair messily covering her face. She couldn't quite stand back up and finally asked ‘Help me?’ The man and the woman had been completely shocked by what this elderly lady was doing all through this. They looked at each other in disbelief and finally the woman got up to assist Jen. She grabbed one shaky hand and put her other on Jens crooked back and lifted her up. Finally Jen was almost standing straight. Jen looked at the girl. “Uh, thank you.” She then turned her attention back towards the guy. She smiled again and did her cute little move of tucking her gray hair back behind her ear. Her rib cage was clearly visible since her wrinkled skin was clinging to her body in folds. Her breasts were lying flat against her ribs bringing the bikini top down and showing their liver spotted shriveled over side. Jen wanted to get away from there as fast as she could but instead what she ended up doing was stretching out her thin bony leg and putting a wrinkled foot with blue nail polish over hard yellowed nails and crooked toes on the beach towel.

She slowly ran her shaking hands up and down the leg and stared at the man. “I was wondering if you wanted to come with me to get a drink?” she asked, wiggling her bent toes flirtatiously. The guy stared wide-eyed at this eighty or ninety year old woman trying to seduce him. “Uh actually, we were, uh just leaving.” The man said picking up their stuff. Finally Jen started crying. “Please help me.....I’m not even twenty year old yet. I don’t know what’s happening to me. I don’t want to be this old!” She exclaimed. The man and the woman looked at each other. “Uh leaving, right. Got to go. Bye.” The woman said and the grabbed their things and left as fast as they could. Jen didn’t know what to do. She was exhausted. Finally a young teen walked by her and she asked him if he would help her to her blanket.

He grabbed her bony arm and led her over to the lifeguard bench. The whole way he had a horribly disgusted look on his face. "You know an hour ago you would have been dying to touch my body." Jen said, the boy though she was obviously senile. When they made it to the blanket. Jen asked him to untie her bikini top. "I don't know if that's such a good idea." The boy said. "Do it and I'll give you a kiss." Jen said now reaching a hundred. The boy just wanted to get out of there. Jen rolled onto her shriveled chest and the boy quickly untied her top. Immediately after, he ran to his friends. Jen rolled back around with her wrinkled lips puckered to give the boy a kiss but he wasn't there. By this time she was so worn out she nodded off, giving anyone who walked by the lifeguard bench the pleasure of seeing a topless centenarian, loudly snoring on the beach.

The screen shut off. "Why are you doing this? Your sick!" Haley shouted. Relieved she could finally say something to him. "I'm sick?" Jules asked. "I'm sick? Lets count how many people I've used as pawns and grotesquely ruined to how many you have. I assure you you'd out do me many times over." Haley didn't understand. "But they are my friends." She finally stated. "Oh so since they are your friends they deserve privilege over everyone else? Is that it?" Haley was getting very mad. "You've turned them into freak!" She shouted, a tear running down her cheek. "Haley, Haley, Haley. They were bound to get that way eventually. You can't expect to have your youth and beauty forever."

He walked over to her and brushed her soft cheek. "Look into my eyes. I'm not doing this to hurt you. I'm doing this to teach you a lesson." She couldn't get away from his gaze. It was so warm and inviting. She felt so wonderful when he looked at her. She leaned in to him and he kissed her. He gave her a long passionate kiss. He ran his hands over her firm breasts down to her tiny waist and smooth thighs. She cooed passionately. He broke away but she still maintained a stare. "I want to be with you, I love you." She said, forgetting what was happening. "We'll see. We still have one more screen to watch. This one's my favorite. See for yourself." Jules went up and started the third screen.

Haley could see a photo studio with people rushing around trying to get things in order. Walking to the center was Carrie. She was wearing a long white robe and looking a tad nervous. Some Australian sounding gentleman asked if she was ready. She nodded and disrobed. There Carrie stood completely nude,

she took a pin out of her hair and let it down. Her Blonde locks flowed to her shoulders. “Ok now Carrie we want some pictures that capture your spirit. So lets start simple. Rap that skirt around your waist and lie on the bench there.” The director told her. Carrie complied; taking a long skirt and rapping it around her smooth hips she stretched her sexy body across the white bench. She puckered her pouty pink lips at the camera. Pictures began to be taken; Carrie took a variety of poses. Emphasizing everything her body had to offer from her beautiful young face to her round pert breasts to her long sensual legs. At one point two assistants strapped butterfly wings to her topless body. The result was an extremely sexy tinkerbell.

Suddenly the director signaled a halt. “Carrie dear, how old did you say you were again?” he asked, sounding fairly annoyed. “I just turned twenty a week ago.” She answered slowly and somewhat confused. The director talked quietly for a moment with a female assistant then turned back. “Did you get a good night's sleep last night?” he finally asked. “Yes, no worse than normal, why?” Carrie asked, taking the wings off her back with some assistance. “To put it quite frank luv, you look like a wreck. MAKE-UP! Can someone come in here to see what they can do about the bags under her eyes?” The director called. Jules back at his home spoke into a microphone saying, “leave it.” “Er on second thought let's leave it.” The director said, causing some confused looks to come his way. “Wait what am I saying? Leave it? She looks like some middle-aged hag. I don't want to leave it I...” once again Jules spoke into the microphone, “LEAVE IT!” he said firmly. “Right, right, on with the shoot.” The director ordered. And everyone got back into place.

People were starting to notice that Carrie's youthful look was deteriorating. People were assuming that she lied about her age. She couldn't possibly be twenty, maybe thirty, or thirty-five. Closer inspection saw crow's feet around her eyes, and her shimmering blonde curls were losing their luster. Nah, she had to be at least forty. I mean she was sexy, but how could she think she could pull off twenty years old?

Carrie stood up. She seductively stared at the camera and put her hands up to cup her breast. But they weren't where she expected them. Carrie intimately knew her breasts, their shape, size, and place of being. But the boobs she was holding now were slightly bigger and slightly droopier causing them to be a

smidgen lower than where she knew they belonged. Carrie began to panic. “Stop for a minute. Something’s wrong!” She looked at her hands to see they had veins visible, the skin looked worn. She felt below her boobs to her stomach to find it no longer washboard firm but slightly pooched and flabby. She removed the skirt to see dimples in her thighs. Her feet were wrinkling along the sides and showed veins as well.

She reached up and touched her face. She felt light wrinkles and puffy skin. “A mirror, I need a mirror.” She shrieked. A young man ran up and handed her a mirror. She looked wide eyed at the fifty something year old face that stared back. Her cheeks were drooping into jowls, wrinkles were visible on the sides of her mouth and eyes, big dark bags hung under her eyes. Her freckles had completely vanished, soon to be replaced by age spots. Her small upturned nose had lost its cuteness. SHE had lost her cuteness. Her hair still remained mostly blonde except for a lock of gray in her bangs. “Carrie dear, we have to continue on with the shoot.” The director explained. “How can we continue? I look older than my mother!” she screamed. “I, I don’t know what’s happening but we have to continue. Now please, strike a pose. Something sexy.”

People were murmuring all over the studio. No one had the power to stop what was going on or leave. Especially not Carrie who found herself walking back to in front of the camera and running her hands down her heavier thighs allowing her saggy breasts to dangle downward. Wrinkles were spreading all over her body and her hair was quickly becoming gray. She looked old enough to be the director’s mother now. She tucked some of her gray hair behind her ear and covered her crotch with her other hand giving a mischievous look. She was nearing seventy years old and her body was thinning. She turned around looking at the camera over her shoulder. She put a bony finger to her wrinkled thin lips and gave a view of her sagging ass that was drooping over her wrinkled thighs. Her back was slumping forward as well since she no longer had strength to hold up her pale collapsing breasts.

“I can’t do this!” she began to say as she turned back around and clasped her withered boobs in her shaking hands. “I don’t want my picture taken, not like this. Please, not like this!” She shouted in a shaking old voice. She pressed her wrinkled shriveled boobs together as she hit 80 years of age. She held the pose and pouted again as the camera snapped away. She lifted one up and stuck her

tongue down to lick her wrinkled dark nipple. She released it and it flopped onto her wrinkled saggy belly. "You're very sexy Carrie!" The director called, several people groaned in disgust. "We're going bigger now. Tia, would you go in there?" the director ordered.

Tia, a young latina model with raven colored hair walked over to Carrie with a look of sheer horror and dread. Carrie stood up. She was a tiny old wrinkled woman now. Her face was a mass of lines over two drooping jowls. Her hair was gray and white and ratty, clumps were falling out. Her wrinkled skin was clinging to her bony body. She hobbled over to Tia and wrapped one skinny wrinkled thin leg around her. Then pressed her withered body against the firm young one. This made Carrie tear up. "Now I want you two to almost kiss." The director called. The two girls were normally about the same height but Carrie had shrunk a bit, so Tia had to lean down to her face. Carrie was old enough to be Tia's great grandmother now. They leaned their head's in to look like they were about to kiss. Carries sagging lumps that were her breasts pressed against Tia's firm stomach. Tia felt the shaking bony hands grasping her bare back. A few photos were snapped as the two released immediately, both very relieved.

"Here's the money shot Carrie." The director said excitedly. "No we can't!" Carrie told him in her shaking voice. "Look at me! I'm a crone! I'm not sexy any more." She had aged just about 80 years. Everyone could hardly believe the sexy young blonde that had come in there this morning had become this withered pathetic old woman. "Carrie, we need to do this." The director said, now sounding almost robotic. Carrie wiped the tears out of her sunken eyes and lay across the pedestal. She grabbed her old right thigh in both hands and slowly began to lift. She moaned in pain, since her old body wasn't nearly as flexible as it needed to be to do this. Her thin bony leg slowly rose up until it pointed straight up into the air. Carrie had her hand around her soft wrinkled thigh. Every part of her body sagged downward. The hundred-year-old woman puckered her wrinkled lips and moved her other vibrating hand to her crotch drawing attention to it, gray pubic hair and all. A few pictures were taken and Tia came back over.

Tia had a look of utter disgust on her face as she grabbed Carrie's shriveled calve and her bony ankle and stuck her age spotted foot into her mouth. The picture was taken and Tia popped the bent wrinkled toes out. Then helped the

aged woman up. One more pose was arranged. Tia stood behind Carrie and reached around clasping her formless wrinkled breasts in her hands. Tia kept going “ew ew ew ew...” The entire time, making Carrie want to die. Tia could almost press the two forms completely flat against Carrie. The photo shoot was done and Carrie put her robe back on, crying profusely. The boy who had handed her a mirror went over to console her and found himself, despite himself, offering to give her a massage and paint her toenails in her dressing room.

The video shut off. “Well there you have it. These are your 3 closest friends. There are the three girls you deemed worthy to rule over everyone else. How do you feel about them now?” Jules asked, walking around to face Haley. Haley didn’t know what to say. She was still captivated by him and was so confused by what was going on. “I don’t know, are.... are you going to change them back?” She asked timidly. Jules said nothing. He stared at her. “What do you think of them now?” He finally asked. “They’re old. Um, undesirable.” She answered. “Undesirable? Hmm, I think they're beautiful now.” Jules stated. “Beautiful!? Come on! Look at them? They’re just a mass of wrinkles and sagging skin? They're all gray and haggard!” Haley said with a laugh. “You obviously find me better than them because you chose to spare me.” Haley explained.

Jules smirked. “Well you are right, I do find something especially captivating about you. You have this amazing glow about you. But you don’t see the beauty in Jen, Lissa and Carrie now?” Haley shook her head. “What’s beautiful about withered old women? I don't ever want to get old. I’d lose this body you love so much.” Haley said playfully and began to take off her shirt and unclasped her bra. Pressing against Jules and kissing him. After a few moments she broke away. “You can make it so we never have to grow old. That’s what I want. If you want me, that's what you have to give.” They kissed some more. Haley kicked off her sandals and removed her skirt. She passionately un-buttoned Jules' shirt and took his belt off. That’s when Jules shoved her to the ground.

“Who says you have the right to make a deal here?!” Jules demanded with a look of fire in his eyes? Didn’t you see what I did to your friends? And you don’t think I’ll do it to you? You're far more arrogant than anyone could hope. You're

right I did spare you from one thing: public humiliation, but not from aging, not at all. Look for yourself.”

Jules pointed at the middle screen where Haley saw herself lying on the floor in only her panties. Her body aged fast. Her breast slid down her chest and flopped like a pair of fried eggs onto her stomach that bulged out and sagged. Her neck formed a turkey waddle. Her legs fattened then thinned and wrinkled. Her knees looked swollen and blue. Her feet wrinkled and her nails yellowed, her toes bent with age. Her hands were feeling her face in horror as her cheeks slid down and wrinkles covered her. Her hair was white and falling out all over the place. “No, No!” She kept saying in her quivering voice.

“You see Haley, the base for your vanity won’t last forever. You will become as feeble and withered as anyone else. However you’ll be glad to hear this isn’t permanent. You and your friends will be back to your young sexy selves in a few hours. However, anytime any of you feel sexy or superior, any time you feel you’re the greatest, most beautiful creature in the world. You’ll age. This might stifle your romantic life a bit, but you’ll get used to it. Now then granny Haley, what were we doing before I interrupted? Ah yes.”

Jules threw off his shirt and got down to the aged Haley who was trying to get away. He began to kiss her wrinkled lips and caressed her withered body. Haley didn’t feel sexy or desirable despite the pleasure she was receiving from the now much younger man. She felt old and pathetic. As if he was making love to her old withered body out of pity. Something she feared she’d have to get used to as well.

The next morning Haley woke up in a large bed. She looked at her hands and found that they were young and smooth. She felt her face and decided she was young again. ‘Maybe it was a dream’ was her natural thought. She stood up and stretched. She noticed a mirror and a dresser against the wall. She stared at her nude body in the mirror for a moment and ran her hands up and down her curves. That’s when she noticed some pictures stuck in the mirror. She walked over to them. Picking one out she looked and gasped. Dropping the picture she looked at the others. They were pictures of an amazingly old woman, dressed in the same clothes she had had on yesterday. But some of them had been taken before she got to Jules house and saw the films. One was of her doing her

morning jog. One was of her sitting on her bed painting her nails and another of her catching the eye of a married man on the street. According to these pictures she had been old the entire day yesterday and hadn't realized it.

"You're awake I see." Jules stood in the doorway. "Haley, you're going to be my assistant." She turned around and looked at him. She was puzzled and fearful at the same time. "There are many others out there that have great vanity and arrogance, greater than yours even. We are going to give them a lesson together. What do you say?" Haley was speechless. Any other day she would have told him to get lost. She would have said NO WAY. But she looked into Jules eyes and just said, "Yes." Jules smiled. "Excellent. Well then get ready. We have a big day ahead of us. You'll want to look your best." He left the room with a chuckle. Haley quickly got dressed. She no longer felt as proud of her body. She no longer felt sexy and beautiful. Jules poked his head in one more time. "Come on down. I'll show you how to use my Magic Aging Device."

THE END