

Super Villain

Chapter 1: Revenge

By ChronoEclipse

Super Villains origins tend to start the same. Some fluke of nature, some horrible accident gives phenomenal powers to some unsuspecting asshole who does what? Goes out and seeks revenge. Troy Elders was no different. And seeing as how Troy had just gained phenomenal aging powers he wanted to test them out and move on to more pressing matters.

As Troy walked down the sidewalk leaving the pair of old women in cheerleading outfits screaming in horror, he only had one thing in mind: His girlfriend. Or ex-girlfriend rather, see Wendy had broken up with Troy about a week ago. And though the two were still friendly, Troy had a need for revenge.

He walked up to her apartment and rang the door. A moment later she answered. Wendy stood there in the doorway, a beautiful Asian girl with long black hair. She was wearing a tight but comfortable pajama shirt that showed her very taut, tight stomach and a pair of $\frac{3}{4}$ tight pajama pants that emphasized her firm attractive legs. She was standing barefoot with a mischievous grin on her face, yet Troy was the one about to do the mischief.

He walked in immediately, giving her a quick hug. "Come in..." Wendy said. "I'm glad you came, there's something I want to show you..." She grabbed him by the hand and led him into her bedroom. He sat down on the bed as she rummaged around for something. "I just had it out here..."

Wendy was in her mid twenties. However, much to Troy's pleasure she looked about ten years older. Not drastically older by any means by her hair was a little bit of its shine and her face was looking a tad more tired. "Wendy. Wendy..." Troy tried to get her attention. "Wendy, slow down. Come here. What are you looking for?" Troy asked. Wendy walked over and stood in front of him as he sat on the bed. Troy put his hands up to either side of Wendy's bare midriff. He smiled as he could just slightly feel the muscle losing tone with age. He looked into the face of his now forty year old ex-girlfriend. "Come on Wendy, whatever it is, it can wait. You look tired..." Troy told her. "What?

I'm not....tired?" She brought a somewhat veined hand up to her lined forehead. "Wow, I suddenly feel like all the energy just rushed out of me. That's weird." Wendy said with a tinge of fear in her voice. "Don't worry about it. Just relax...." Troy said as she climbed onto the bed and he began to massage her feet.

What were beautiful, smooth feet a moment ago were now thinned veiny feet of a middle aged woman. In fact as he drew his eyes across her body he could see her arms and legs were losing a lot of tone and becoming flabby. Her belly was starting to seep out. Her breasts, which were firm and perky, were starting to droop with nothing to hold them up. Wrinkles were beginning to form around her mouth and eyes and the sides of her hair were graying. Her age had doubled by the time she said "My god, you are fantastic. I don't know how you..." She stopped as she caught sight of her reflection in the mirror. The older middle aged woman was not what she expected to see. She ripped her feet away from Troy and walked closer to the mirror. She brought her hand up to touch one of her wrinkling cheeks. Then she brought her hands to clasp her drooping breasts and down to her pooching belly. She screamed. "My god. Look at me. I've aged, my body...it's so old and out of shape. Troy what do you....?" She looked into the mirror at Troy and saw the sinister smile on his face and suddenly realized what was happening.

She screamed louder and began to run. Her chubbier, matronly body wasn't as fast as it was when she was in her twenties and Troy easily caught her in the hallway. However Wendy would not be overpowered so easily. She kicked him and began to run. He reached out to grab her foot adding only a couple more years but she slipped free and ran into the kitchen. "God Troy why? Look at me. Look at what you're doing to me. I can't stand the idea of being old and helpless. To be a little old woman with no strength left in her body. Just a mass of sags and wrinkles..." Wendy sobbed in her now huskier voice. "Get use to it Wendy, cause that's the way it's going to be." Troy explained as she entered the kitchen. He stood on the other side of the kitchen counter from her, trapping her between the counter and the sink. He saw that Wendy was now nearing sixty years old. Half of her hair was gray and her body was withering. Her breasts were now drooping a great deal onto her wrinkling sagging stomach. Her hands had veins and age spots and her body jiggled with the fat of lost muscle tone whenever she made a sudden move.

She finally made a dash for the living room. He moved to grab her but she got by. However she didn't waddle very far as he tackled her to the ground. Hugging her tightly against the carpet in the living room Troy watched as she aged. She was still trying to break free. "No stop! Goddamn it, stop! I feel weaker and weaker. Look what your doing to me..." Her voice was now quavering. He felt her skin wrinkling and her boobs lose all firmness whatsoever, becoming formless wrinkled masses lying flat against her. Her belly was a wrinkled sack. Her legs were like two wrinkled broom sticks. She was trying to kick him but she barely had enough strength to lift her legs and all she ended up doing was rubbing her wrinkled bony, age-spotted foot with its calloused heel and crooked toes against him.

He moved her long stringy gray hair out of her face as she passed ninety. Her face was a mass of wrinkles. Gone were her smooth cheeks into sagging jowls. Her lips had thinned and wrinkled. Her eyes peered out of deep aged eye sockets. Her neck was wrinkled, sagging skin. Her hair was like a fright wig, brittle white hair in a long mess of tangles. "No, no. Please no....my body....what have you done to my body....?" She asked in a hoarse whisper. She had aged to 98 years old as he helped her up. Her body was now very frail and decrepit. Her back was crooked and her thin bony arms reached out her withered wrinkled hands to hold something for support.

Troy looked down at the coffee table to see a camera and a photograph lying there. Picking up the photo he saw it was a picture of him and Wendy. He had his arm around her bare waist and they were smiling. This must be what Wendy wanted to show him. 'Well' he thought. 'Might as well update the picture.' He stood behind the now hundred year old Wendy and put his arm around her wrinkled pauch. Holding the camera in front of them he whispered into Wendy's ear "Smile." And snapped the photo. Then helped her onto the couch where she drifted off to sleep. He saw her thin old bare feet at the end of the bed. The toes were bent, the nails were yellow and cracking. Age spots and varicose veins marred the tops of her feet. Her toe ring was horribly misshapen now on the crooked toe. He slipped the ring off and kissed her aged foot. "Goodbye Wendy." Troy said and left his ex-girlfriend to snore loudly on her living room couch, a now 105 year old woman.