

PADIDDLE

By ChronoEclipse

“Are you ready for a fun weekend!?” Brittney exclaimed from the back seat, making ‘party on’ hand motions. The three teens were on their way down to Zach’s parent’s beach house. It was the summer between their junior and senior year and they planned to spend it in style. Allison, Zach’s girlfriend, was driving her brother's Hyundai Sonata. Brittney, Allison’s best friend, was bouncing around in the back seat dancing and singing to ‘Fancy’ by Iggy Azalea which was blasting through the radio at a volume where the people on the street could hear it.

The petite but well-endowed blonde girl leaned into the front between the seats and sang into her brunette friend’s ear “I’m so Fancy! You already knooow!” Allison giggled and began belting out the lyrics to the song with her friend. She looked over at her boyfriend and saw that he wasn’t paying attention to the concert that was happening around him but instead playing a game on his phone. Allison playfully reached over and poked him in the stomach.

“Ow!” Zach yelped more surprised than actually hurt. He looked up at his pretty girlfriend with her long straight auburn hair and big green eyes smirking at him. “Are you going to play that stupid game all weekend?” She asked. “I’ve almost unlocked everything. I just need a few more minutes and then I swear I’ll be done!” Zach said defensively. He was really hoping to finish the game on the car ride so that once he got to the beach house his attention could be completely spent getting high with his girlfriend and her hot friend and making a threesome – maybe SEVERAL threesomes happen.

“I have a game I think Zach Attack will like. It’s called pediddle.” Brittney declared from the back seat. She reached up and turned the volume of the music down just enough to explain. “So like when we pass a car with only one headlight we all have to tap the ceiling and yell PADIDDLE. Then, the last one of us to do it has to take off a piece of clothing.” She said with a grin. Allison rolled her eyes. “Yeah Britt, we know what padiddle is. I’m in if Zach’s in.” She said glancing over to see what her boyfriend would say. Zach looked up from

his game again at the two girls in the car. Neither had very much on. Allison was wearing one of her brother's old Metallica t-shirts that had the sleeves cut out so that it revealed a delectable amount of side boob and she had tied it up to expose her midriff. Below that she had short short denim cutoffs and flip-flops. Brittney was surprisingly wearing even less. She had just a bright neon pink and green bikini top on and a floral mini skirt with a pair of pink flats on her feet. Zach did the quick math and knew it would be no time at all until he saw something good from both of the girls. He put his phone down with purpose and declared "Yeah I'm totally in."

The girls giggled with excitement as they continued to drive down the highway. A Pontiac drove by with only one light beaming. "Pediddle!" they all yelled and slapped their hands to the roof. "Oooooo Allison!!" Brittney called indicating that Allison had been the last one to put her hand up. Allison smirked again and quickly tossed the flip-flops off of her and continued to drive barefoot. A few moments later another padiddle occurred and Brittney was the last one to call it. She tossed off her flats and wiggled her pedicured toes between the front seats to show she had taken her shoes off.

"Who needs shoes? It's motha fuckin' summer!" She yelled and the three of them laughed.

The next padiddle caught Zach off-guard and the two girls giggled "Oooooo Zach!" He reached down to take off his sneakers. "Boo! Take off something good Zach! You're wearing so much more than us!" Brittney goaded. Allison looked over at her boyfriend and gave him a knowing wink. "Yeah Zach, take off something good..." She agreed.

Zach sighed and lifted the shirt up over his head revealing a muscular stomach. "I was getting a little hot anyway." He said with a grin, playing it off. "Ooo la la Zach now you're making us a little hot." Brittney teased. As she did another one-headlight car drove by and Zach and Allison shouted "Pediddle!" and threw their hands up. "Aw nuts." Brittney said and looked down at her options. "Do I go tits or ass. Tits or ass. Allie? Any preference?" She asked her friend. Allison grinned "Show us your ass! Work it girl!" She said, as 'Work It' by Rihanna began playing on the radio.

Brittney shimmied out of her skirt revealing the rest of her creamy toned thighs and the neon orange thong she had underneath. She playfully turned around on all fours in the back seat sticking out her mostly exposed ass in between Allison and Zach. Zach couldn't help but grin and stare at the perfectly round bubble butt hovering inches from his face. Brittney jiggled her ass in time to the refrain of the song. Zach watched as the ass cheeks vibrated appealingly every time Rihanna went "Work-work-work- work-work". 'Oh I'm so tapping that ass this weekend' he thought.

"Ooo! Allie! Pull into that CVS!" Brittney yelled spotting it coming up on the side of the highway. "Sure. What for?" Allison asked. "I told you guys I have a surprise for you, I just need to pick it up." Brittney said with a huge grin. "What is it? We already have enough booze and pot to last the whole weekend." Zach said not wanting to pause padiddle right as it was getting good. "Uh we have like enough booze and pot for like one night!" Brittney countered and then grinned again. "But what I'm thinking is going to totally kick this weekend up a notch. I'm going to get us like some SERIOUS drugs, shit that will take us to like Neptune." Brittney explained. "Uh at a CVS?" Zach asked. "Yeah... I may have borrowed my grandmother's prescriptions...." Brittney explained and bit her lip mischievously. Allison parked the car on the far end of the parking lot and turned around to look at the blonde girl. "Seriously? Brittney that's bad-ass!!" She exclaimed approvingly. The two girls hopped out of the car and Brittney quickly slipped her skirt back on. "Hey just remember – when you get back you have to take that off again so we can padiddle where we left off." Zach said. Brittney smirked and rolled her eyes.

Allison looked back into the car at her boyfriend. "You're not coming in?" She asked, a bit disappointed. "Nah, I'm going to stay out here and see if I can finish my game really quick while you guys are doing your thing. But when you get back I'm all yours!" He said, trying to sound charming. He leaned over the driver's seat and Allison popped her head back into the car to kiss him. Zach stuck his tongue into Allison's mouth and the two of them made out, sucking on each other's lips until Brittney impatiently shouted "C'mon you guys can fuck when we're at the place! Let's goooo!" Allison pulled away from the kiss and looked sternly at Zach "For real. When I get back. No phone." She told him. He smiled. "You got it baby. The only buttons I want to be pushing this weekend are yours." He said and reached out to tickle the side of her exposed

stomach. Allison squealed. “Zach!” She yelled with a smile and a flirtatious wave of her hair before shutting the car door. The two girls then ran barefoot up to the CVS.

As the two girls sashayed onto the cement walkway in front of the CVS an old homeless man leered at them from a bench. He wet his lips under his dirty white beard and whistled at them. “Hey there pretty ladies.” He called to them in a gruff voice while waving a calloused hand at them. The girls tried to ignore him as they walked by. Brittney noticed that he had his shirt off, his emaciated torso had a good tan from all the sun he got sitting out in front of the CVS all day. “You’re a couple of tight young things aren’t ya.” The man mumbled as Allison and Brittney quickly picked up their pace. “I’ll lick your sweet little assholes free of charge!” He yelled after them. “Gross!!!” the girls screamed and ran into the store.

Once inside the main entryway they saw some weird lights flashing inside and ‘ZZZAP!’ sounds occasionally over the music. “Uh do you think something’s going on in there?” Allison asked a little wary. “Yeah like a CVS rave!!” Brittney said with a laugh and danced like a raver into the store. Once inside, the girls did witness some bizarre scenes – A middle aged man in superman underwear running around the store being chased by an exasperated middle-school girl in oversized conservative clothing; A woman pushing what looked to be her naked twin sister in a baby carriage; A heavily tattooed elderly couple with facial piercings and youthful clothing making out in front of the condoms; A college-aged girl in a dowdy house coat asking a middle-aged CVS rep where she could find denture adhesive. “This place is freaking me out Britt.” Allison said while clutching her friend's arm as they made their way to the back of the store. “Eh, these places are always full of weirdos in the evening.” Brittney shrugged it off.

They stepped up to the pharmacy counter where a fifty-something year old woman in a pharmacist's uniform and a gray-streaked ponytail stood looking hot and uncomfortable. “Can I help you?” She asked the girls while fanning herself. “We’re here to uh pick up these prescriptions...” Brittney said, handing the woman the slips. The woman looked over them skeptically. Allison and Brittney held their breath in fear. “They’re for my grandmother... she’s too

sick to pick them up on her own..." Brittney added with a smile she hoped would endear the woman to her.

The woman looked at her suspiciously then took a sharp breath and closed her eyes tightly and moaned a bit. "Oh god, it's swelteringly hot in here do you girls feel that?" She asked. The girls gave half hearted agreement to her hoping it would help their situation. The woman turned and fulfilled the prescriptions, handing over a big bag of pills. Allison and Brittney breathed a sigh of relief and paid for the meds. The pharmacist had another hot flash and Brittney offered, as the girls walked away. "I think it's probably menopause ma'am." Allison smiled sympathetically at the woman "It happens to the best of us at your age." She added. The Pharmacist looked offended. "What do you mean 'your age'!?" She called after them. But the girls were already halfway through the store.

They now saw the middle age man in boy's underpants chastising the preteen girl for running in the store, the clothed twin helping her sister out of the carriage as she covered her naked breasts in embarrassment, and the old tattooed couple serenely shuffling out of the store holding hands. "This place is super weird. Let's get the fuck out of here." Allison declared as the two teenagers walked toward the entrance. "Agreed. Especially that guy." Brittney said pointing at a menacing man in a lab coat and goggles grinning and holding a ray gun. Suddenly there was another flash of light and a ZZZAP! The two girls stumbled out of the CVS.

As they entered the ingress the two teenage girls began to age. Both quickly shot through their 20s losing their baby-faces and gaining more mature features. Their hips flared out and their curves expanded stretching their skimpy teen clothes to their limits.

Through their 30s lines and creases appeared on their faces, the blonde in Brittney's pony tails washed out and turned dishwater blonde.

Into their 40s Allison's legs began to gain cellulite around her thighs and deep wrinkles around her eyes and mouth. Brittney developed a slight double chin and her flat stomach began to soften into a gut, her ass continued to expand past the point of shapeliness and made her look a tad bottom heavy.

As they reached their 50s Brittney's boobs toppled down onto her stomach, no longer small or firm enough to be kept up by her bikini top. The large freckled fun-sacks rested comfortably on her flabby stomach. At fifty Allison's chestnut hair completely washed gray making her look much older than her chubby middle aged friend. The wrinkles deepened across her face and the skin on her neck loosened. She was still thin but it didn't keep her assets from sagging under her t-shirt as she didn't have a bra on to keep them upright.

As the girls (women) entered their 60s and approached retirement age they both began to take on a more elderly appearance. Brittney's hair in its perky double-ponytail style went grayish white. She was losing some of the weight she put on in middle age but now a lot of loose skin was replacing the areas where the fat had been – around her stomach, arms, thighs and chin. Her atrophied biceps had formed into wrinkly bingo wings. Her cheeks were also now sloping into mild jowls. Allison, with her long shoulder length gray hair, wrinkled up even further as she passed 65 gaining lots of crinkly lines across her softening cheeks. Her thin hands and feet were also becoming bony and veiny. Liver spots were now dotting her wrinkling skin across the tops of her hands, feet, arms, forehead and cleavage. In fact a large age spot appeared right above her left cheek bone giving her the look of an uneven tan.

Once they reached their 70s the girl's formerly plump lips were now quite thin and both had a good amount of wrinkles around their mouths. Brittney, with her piercing blue eyes and loose skin now appeared to onlookers like Judi Dench had decided to grow out her hair into ponytails and dress like a sexy-craved teenager. Her wrinkled stomach sagged over the seam of her skirt and her wrinkly ass sagged under the hem of it sloping down onto her cottage cheese thighs. Allison, though taller and thinner, was covered in wrinkled leathery skin. Her big doe-eyes sunk inward and her nose seemed to become more pronounced. Her thin legs got knobby at the knees. All of the muscle in her thighs and calves were gone just leaving wrinkled folds of skin clinging to bones and cellulite. Arthritis set in causing Allison's hands and Brittney's toes to curl and clench inward.

Then finally they entered their 80s. In her early eighties Allison's back stooped over as osteoporosis kicked in. Her hair thinned out and lightened into a

grayish white. Both girls' teeth fell out and they sucked their pruned lips around their gums. Allison's liver spotted wrinkled skin gave the appearance of reddish tan alligator hide. Her shriveled ass flattened and fell slack under her tight short shorts, the pancaking skin peeking out under the frayed hems. Brittney's dangling loose neck hung down under her chin forming a pronounced turkey waddle. Deep lines crept from the sides of her nose down her jowly cheeks. Her formerly large tits were now deflated sacks pooling into the flimsy fabric of her top. Her wrinkled old belly pooched out looking soft and puffy. She had fatty deposits all up her withered legs making them look lumpy in places.

Within seconds, where two hot energetic teens had stood were now two shriveled pathetic looking grannies. The two aged girls looked at one another for a moment through wrinkled sunken eyes, blinking for a moment as if in shock. "Uh what just happened?" Allison asked, staring at her shrunken friend. Brittney examined her flimsy puckered arms and felt her sagging breast and stomach as if to make sure it was all there. She shrugged. "Uh nothing I guess. Just a flash of light. Weird huh? I feel cool. You?" She said, her quivering voice betraying her perky tone. "Yeah I feel cool." Allison said with a smirk and a shrug.

Lily Allen's 'Air balloon' was playing overhead and Brittney's wrinkled face lit up. "Oooo this song is my jam!!" She declared. "Impromptu dance party in the entryway of a CVS?" She asked her elderly best friend. Allison grinned and nodded and the two almost 90 year old women began busting a move.

Brittney pumped her arms in front of her age spotted chest and thrust her wrinkled old ass toward her friend. The shriveled cheeks quivered and sloshed with each twerk. Allison raised her spindly limbs above her head and twisted her wrists sensually as she swayed her bony hips and puckered her thin pruned lips. She swiveled her hips around causing her pendulous tits to swing out of one side of her shirt and then the other. Allison began running her palsied hands through her long wispy gray hair and down her dangling neck and chest. Brittney was doing the cat daddy causing her puffy distended belly to jiggle unappealingly. She then dropped her ass like it was hot making her knobby knees to make a loud pop and caused her big shapeless boobs to completely

dislodge from her bikini top. The wrinkled sacks flopped up to her shoulders and then back to her belly with a big slap.

The song ended and the two old women stood wheezing feeling absolutely exhausted. Though their old bodies ached the girls had had a lot of fun and looked at each other red faced and began giggling. “You’re uh hanging out dude.” Allison told her friend looking at her exposed boobs. Brittney let out a big laugh and stuffed her floppy tits back into her top with trembling hands. “We should head back, Zach’s probably wondering what happened to us.” Allison said and the two elderly women skipped barefoot down the cement walkway out of the store. However each step they took had a little less pep in it and within a few moments Allison and Brittney found themselves slowly shuffling away from the store barely lifting their feet off the ground as they moved forward.

The girls seemed to curl in on themselves, their youthful confidence and energy washed away leaving doddering scantily clad old women in their place. Allison put her free hand on her crooked back to steady herself and squinted at the little old lady next to her. “Brittney dear, is that you?” She asked in a slow quavering voice. Brittney wet her lips and turned her head slowly to look at Allison. “Eh what???” She creaked back and gave the smile of a person who doesn’t know where they are. “I said IS THAT YOU BRITTNEY?” Allison screeched in her friend’s ear. “Who else would it be you old biddy!?” Brittney crankily retorted. Allison nodded and looked down at the bag she was holding. “Now what’s this I have here?” She muttered to herself and opened the bag. “Oh my pills. I get so forgetful nowadays.” She said out loud Brittney nodded slowly and the two women continued to shuffle barefoot down the walkway.

When they came to the end of it they found a young man of about 18 sitting on a bunch surrounded by a pile of bags and blankets. He was sitting shirtless and his tanned chest showed a great physique. “Hello young man.” Brittney called to him in a shaky voice waving her small bony hand and giving him a knowing look. The young man looked offended to have this old bag interacting with him. “Brittney dear, do you know this young man?” Allison asked, smiling politely at him. Brittney wet her wrinkled lips again and smacked them together. “This is the fresh young fella who said he wanted to lick our wrinkled assholes.” Brittney mumbled salaciously. The man’s eyes widened. “Gross!” he

exclaimed. Brittney gave him another hungry look. "Heh heh heh." She cackled. Allison gave her friend a concerned look. "Oh that never happened dearie. Come on, leave this nice young man alone." She told Brittney as she pulled the old woman away.

In the car Zach was very close to beating the last level in his game. He was furiously tapping on his phone, completely engrossed in what he was doing, he only vaguely acknowledged the girls come back and completely missed the fact that it was taking them forever to get into the car. The two grannies slowly and gently climbed into their seats and shut the car doors with great effort. "Hey, how'd it go? Get everything you girls wanted?" Zach asked without looking up from his game. "Oh yes, yes I think we got everything I need." Allison said with a quavering voice and slowly started the car up. She looked over at Zach. "Zachary, what did I tell you about those darned video games?" The old woman scolded the boy.

Zach vigorously tapped on his screen trying to finish as quickly as possible, not listening to the words Allison used but picked up on her tone. "I know babe but I'm like literally two seconds from beating this thing.... And.... There! I did it! I beat that fucker!" Zach declared with a grin of accomplishment. He then turned to kiss his girlfriend and came face to face with a wrinkled, gray-haired woman in her 80s wearing his girlfriend's clothes. "Wah who are you!?" He whipped around to look in the back seat only to find an equally old toothless woman with gray ponytails wearing next to nothing and smiling blankly at him. "Uh ladies. I think you got in the wrong car. Are you lost? Do you need me to call someone?" He panicked. "Zachary! It's not polite to pretend that you don't know who we are young man." Allison said with a stern look. "And you are...." Zach asked, dreading the answer. "It's me Allison!" She said with a reassuring smile. Brittney chimed in "And I'm Brittney!" She said and then drooled a bit down her wrinkled chin.

Zach felt queasy. Seeing the exposed side of his girlfriend's aged chest wasn't helping matters. As much as he wanted to turn away he was magnetized to the opening between the front and back of her t-shirt that revealed a flaccid wrinkled sack of flesh drooping down toward her navel where a round perky boob should be. Her waist was also infirm and leathery. It was impossible to see the beautiful teenage girl that had left the car less than a half hour ago under

the heap of wrinkles and age spotted skin. Her lined face looked ancient. "Allison?" He asked in barely a whisper. "Yes dear?" Allison asked not yet pulling the car out of the parking spot. "Oh god. Oh god! We've got to get you girls to a hospital! We've got to uh I don't know! We've got to fix this!" Zach exclaimed. "Fix what hun? I don't need any help. I'm pretty darn spry for 87 years if I do say so myself!" She declared with a chortle. "You're 87!? Allison you're only 17!" Zach wailed. Which led to a cackle from the two women. "I WISH we were 17 again. Don't you Britt? You wouldn't be able to keep up with us, that's for sure sonny boy." Allison said with a wheezing laugh and patted Zach on the thigh with a liver spotted hand giving him a wink with her sunken eye. "I was in high school this year... I had all the boyfriends..." Brittney muttered in the back seat.

Allison leaned over to Zach conspiratorially. "Though I think it may be time to put Britt in a home. Her mind is beginning to go, poor thing." She said with a frown. Zach's eyes widened even further. "We're not putting your best friend in a nursing home. We're going to find a way to put you both back to normal!" He yelled. Allison, however, was paying more attention to pulling out of the parking spot. She pulled out in reverse in a series of jerks and then slowly pressed her wrinkled barefoot down on the gas inching the car forward at a snail's pace. She craned her head as far forward as she could and squinted her eyes. "I forgot my glasses somehow and I can't see worth a damn at night." Allison explained. "Uh do you want me to drive?" Zach asked. Allison waved him away. "No, I can do it. I'm old, I'm not useless. Just keep an extra eye out for me." She said and chugged the car along at 10 MPH.

She got back on the highway causing Zach to tense up. She accelerated to 20 MPH. "Allison, you've got to listen to me. Something happened to you – you got old somehow!" Zach pleaded. "We all get old, it's just a part of life." Allison said with a shrug continuing to squint out the windshield with her high beams on. "Where are you driving us to?" Zach asked. "Your parent's lake house for the weekend. You're the young one, you're supposed to be the one with the good memory." Allison said with a kindly smile and reached a clammy hand over to squeeze Zach's. He looked down at the veiny aged hand with crooked fingers hold his and then up at the 87 year old woman who was actually a 17 year old girl. "Allison – who do you think we are to each other?" Zach asked. Allison opened her mouth to answer but before she did a car with one headlight

passed and Brittney croaked “Padiddle!” lifting her jiggling arm to the roof of the car. She then wet her lips and looked at her friends in the front seat. “Did I lose again? Oh well, fair’s fair.” She said absentmindedly and shakily reached behind her back and untied her bikini top allowing her sagging formless breasts spill out into the open air. She gave a satisfied smile. “Are you ready for a fun weekend?” Brittney rattled with a wrinkly toothless smile.

The End.