

MAD SCIENCE

By ChronoEclipse

Chapter 6: A Strong Case of Senioritis

Hannah couldn't believe her ears. "What?" She asked again.

"Tell me the truth about these women. They aren't your 'aunty' or your grandma are they? They aren't even really old!" Melvin said accusingly.

"How, how did you know?" Hannah finally asked.

"Well, my first inkling was earlier today when we were playing yahtzee. I'm kind of a yahtzee world champion and so I was totally taking these old broads for all they have. Which evidently isn't all that much...."

FLASHBACK:

Melvin and the four older ladies are gathered around the table playing the game. Melvin is looking like he's having a blast but the rest of the table looks frustrated. Melvin stuffs the dice into the cup and rolls five fives. "Yahtzee!" He yells for the third time that game. "Yahtzee bitches!" He cackles with glee as Brianna stares at him for a few seconds and has a moment of recognition. "You still have my panties!" She cries pointing a crooked finger at him. "This man stole my panties!" She wails pouting her wrinkled lips and shaking her withered hand at him accusingly. "Give them back!" She demands. Melvin isn't sure what to say as Tiffany chimes in with a shrill voice "Panty stealer!" "Give her back her panties!" and the two middle-aged women add "That's not right, stealing an old woman's underwear!"

END OF FLASHBACK.

"I thought she was confused in her old age, or she was feigning senility to distract me from winning. But then I remembered that I had won a girl's panties at a game of strip Yahtzee in college. A freshman girl by the name of

Brianna... this old lady's name was Brianna..." Melvin explained tapping the side of his head to connote that he was thinking.

"Okay..." Hannah said, trying not to think too hard about what Melvin was doing with the girl's panties.

"Then there was how much these women knew about stuff like Ke\$ha and Andy Samberg and Auto-tune the news. Stuff no old woman would have the slightest idea about. And then, when I was giving them their sponge baths..." Melvin began to explain.

Hannah gave him a slightly appalled look. "You gave them sponge baths?"

"Yeah of course, when you hire Melvin as a elder attendant you get the full service! So anyway I was helping them out of their tight clothes and into the warm bathtub when I noticed Tiffany's lower back tattoo..."

FLASHBACK:

Brianna is sitting naked in the tub taking up most of it. Tiffany is standing naked in front of the tub holding on to the sink with her frail hand. Melvin is examining her crooked back at the splotch of multi-colored skin right above her wrinkled drooping ass.

"Huh that's weird. You know, I saw a tattoo like this on a teenage girl in line at the grocery store the other day. Isn't that weird? The same exact tattoo." He remarked to the old women as he thoroughly examined it, going as far as to use his hand to smooth out the wrinkled skin on her back to get a better idea of what it looked like when it was new.

"I got that tattoo when I was a young girl in high school. It's kinda like an homage to Katie Perry's 'I kissed a girl'" Tiffany said with a quavering voice as Melvin helped her ease her frail old body into the tub.

The two elderly naked women looked at each other and giggled.

“You know, Tiffany and I used to experiment with each other when we were young girls in college!” Brianna announced, causing Melvin to get a goofy grin across his face as he grabbed a loofa.

END OF FLASHBACK

“But you know, that couldn’t be true right? Because to look at her, Tiffany would have graduated high school before Katie Perry’s parents were born, never mind before that hit came out. Right Hannah? Right?” Melvin insisted.

“Okay Melvin, I think I’ve heard enough. You’re kind of weirding me out.” Hannah said as she headed for her bedroom.

“Or is it true that these old women are actually hot young women made old?” He called behind her. Hannah stopped and turned around.

“What do you want, Melvin?” She asked, not at all in the mood for this.

“I just want to know how and why you’re doing it? Are you selling their youth to make others young? Are you bumping off rivals for something? Is it pure personal gain or are you playing the revenge game?” Melvin looked at her intently.

“It’s not me Melvin. I’m not doing it... I’m trying to fix it, okay? Just... thanks for helping. I might need you again tomorrow all right?” Hannah said feeling exhausted.

Melvin nodded. “Yeah sure, I can be here. But Hannah?” He looked at her completely sincerely, no more pretense or show.

“Melvin?” She looked back expectantly.

“If you’re not doing it... be careful all right? Those other girls were hot but you’re really beautiful. I’ve always thought so. You have a vibrancy about you that I’d hate to see wither and fade before its time.”

“Thanks Melvin. I’ll be careful.” She replied not knowing what else to say.

At that moment Conner came home. He shut the door and saw Melvin standing in his living room. “Hey! What the hell are you doing here?” he demanded.

“Conner?” Hannah asked and entered the room. Conner saw his younger sisters now slightly worn face.

“Hannah, oh my god, what happened to you?” He asked, stunned. Hannah ran and gave him a tight hug nuzzling her face into his arm and crying.

Melvin stood beside them awkwardly. “Sooo what time tomorrow?” He asked.

Conner glared at him. “Just go!” and Melvin excused himself out the door.

One of the old ladies brought tea over as Conner and Hannah sat in the living room and Hannah told him about her horrible past 24 hours.

“He just took off after you told him? What an asshole. I’m going to kick that kid's ass!” Conner said.

“No, no. It’s okay. I mean, would you believe it if you hadn’t seen it yourself?” Hannah said now no longer crying, just sniffing.

Conner thought for a moment and decided she had a point.

“Well hey, look at the bright side. Nobody turned old tonight. Sooo that’s good right? And if you’re right about what’s caused all of this then we’re safe as long as she can’t see us. So in that case I’m going to call a friend to come over and spend the night all right?” Conner said, reaching for his phone.

Hannah laughed at her brother. “Noooo c’mon. We don’t have enough beds as it is. We’re going to have to make some poor older woman sleep on this uncomfortable couch.”

Conner sighed and put the phone down. “Fine. For you, I’ll go one night without getting some action. It’s been three solid years – possibly a world

record. But for you I'll break my streak of sharing a bed with a girl." Conner promised his sister.

Hannah smirked. "Well, now technically you don't have to break it..."

The sleeping arrangements were set with Hailey and Paige sleeping in the guest room; Brianna sleeping in Hannah's bed, Hannah sleeping on the couch and Conner and Tiffany sharing Conner's bed. The siblings looked at the snoring old woman wearing one of Conner's t-shirts that worked as a pajama dress for her small shriveled body. Conner would have found Tiffany quite sexy sleeping in nothing but his t-shirt had she been young again but now the sight of her made him a little queasy.

"We've got to get this shit fixed tomorrow. I can't do this more than one night." He declared.

"You're a trooper little brother." Hannah smiled at him. He gave her a concerned look due to her slip of the tongue.

"Are you going to sleep all right out there? You should get a good night's sleep because you have school tomorrow." He said with genuine concern.

"School? I haven't been in- oh. Right." Her mind corrected itself.

"Yeah I'll be fine. I can handle the couch for one night. Tomorrow we'll get everyone back to normal and we can both get our beds back." She smiled at him.

"Well hey, Tiffany can stay if we get her back to normal. Hell Brianna can join us!" Conner half joked. Hannah playfully punched her brother and headed into the living room to get some sleep.

The next morning Hannah awoke feeling horrible. Her back and neck felt stiffer than stiff and she needed several tries to get up. She moaned a throaty moan and finally saw, through blurry eyes a hand reach down to pull her up.

“One more time, on the count of three dear. One. Two. Three!” An older woman’s voice called and she was hoisted upright on the coach.

“Who’s that?” Hannah mumbled not being able to make out her helper clearly. She fumbled around on the table and grabbed a pair of glasses lying there and put them on to see the middle aged blonde woman standing in front of her.

“Why it’s your old friend Paige!” The blonde woman beamed at Hannah and helped her one more time to get up completely off the couch. Hannah stood up with a loud crack of her back. She rubbed her hips and shoulders as her joints were killing her. Everything felt heavy this morning. She continued rubbing her back as she shuffled barefoot over to the dining room table. Easing herself into a chair she was given some tea by Tiffany who then sat down next to Brianna. Hailey was also sitting at the table drinking coffee and playing solitaire. Paige patted Hannah on the shoulder and slipped a heating pad behind her back.

“There, that should make you feel a lot better. You really shouldn’t be sleeping on couches at your age. You’re not a young girl anymore Hannah.” She chided.

Tiffany looked over at the three women at the end of the table. “Now how do you all know each other?” She inquired.

“Oh we’re good friends from way, way back.” Paige told the old woman.

“We are?” Hannah asked, a little confused.

“We went to school together.” Paige added.

“We did?” Hannah asked, uncertain.

“Of course Hannah was a couple years ahead of Paige and I.” Hailey piped in. Grinning at Hannah as if to tease her for being a few years older.

Hannah looked at the woman sitting beside her with a puffy lined face and grey and red hair and was shocked to think that she may be older.

“I am?” She asked, trying to piece together what was going on.

“Oh no need to be vain Hannah. You look young enough. Own your age. Fifty is the new thirty yadda yadda!” Hailey told her friend reassuringly.

“Anyway we’ve been friends for over 30 years and now we’re all together in this house that Hannah’s sweet nephew Conner is nice enough to let us live in.” Paige explained.

“Conner’s my... nephew...?” Hannah whispered to herself. That seemed... right.

“Oh Conner. He’s my boyfriend.” Tiffany said fondly.

“Get off it slut. He’s not your boyfriend, he’s mine!” Brianna bellowed.

“Yeah well who did he spend the night with last night?” Tiffany challenged.

“Whatever! I saw the way you were putting the moves on that nice young man who was here yesterday.” Brianna countered referring to Melvin.

“Well he gave me a nice foot massage and I’ve always been a sucker for a good foot massage. He’s a very nice young man but Conner... I’m old enough that I think I deserve two boyfriends!” Tiffany declared to her elderly friend.

“That’s why you’re a slut! And Conner is totally my boyfriend!” Brianna yelled. The two old women bickered with each other and then stopped abruptly as Conner entered the room.

“Hi Conner...” They said as sweetly and seductively as their quavering voices would allow them.

Conner looked at them and gave them a half-hearted smile and then saw his sister sitting at the table.

“Hannah? Hannah what are you doing?” he walked up to her and she turned around. He saw her older jowly face and dirty blonde hair that had a fair

amount of grey in it. She very much resembled their mother now. “Oh Hannah...” was all he could say.

Hannah’s eyes lit up when she saw him. “Ladies this is my nephew Conner!” She announced.

“Hannah, come on. You’re going to be late for class.” Conner said, pushing out any unproductive thoughts he was having and just getting down to business.

“Class...?” She asked him confused.

“Look at your arm!” He told her, holding her by her shoulders.

She raised her arm and read the words in faded black ink across mottled leathery skin. “I am 20 years old!”

“I’m-“ Hannah processed what the meaning of this was and then her eyes opened wide. “Oh my god!” She cried and raced into the bathroom.

“No, no, no, no-“ She kept saying splashing water on her face hoping she would either wake up from the dream or at least wash away some of the age her face now claimed.

She finally stood back and took in her older self. She was shocked at how much she looked like her own mother. She was still pretty thin for a fifty five year old but nothing was tight or firm anymore. Her boobs looked like water balloons that were beginning to lose their water. Her stomach was beginning to wrinkle around the belly button. Her cheeks drooped sadly. Her neck felt very loose. Her hands and feet were very thin and boney and thick blue veins were noticeable all over them.” She put her clothes back on and exited the bathroom. Conner was waiting outside.

“Come on, I’ll give you a ride over to the campus.” He told her.

“I can’t go like this!” Hannah declared motioning to her older body.

“Sure you can! Older people pick up classes all the time. You don’t even need to say it’s you. Just go and attend the classes so you don’t get so far behind. You can’t stay here, it’s not good for you.” Conner said with a very concerned look.

“All right...” Hannah relented.

“And while you’re at school I’ll go around town and see if I can get any info on the crazy doctor... Do you think it’s okay to leave them by themselves?” Conner asked his sister.

“Oh! Heh well funny you should mention that...”

As Conner and Hannah backed out of the driveway Melvin stood on the front step and waved to them. Conner backed his car up so that he could yell at Melvin.

“I swear to God Melvin, if you fuck anything up...!” Conner threatened. Melvin just smiled nervously and waved goodbye as the siblings drove off.

Once they were gone he entered the house beaming at the two scantily clad geriatric women and grabbed a bottle of massage oil from his backpack. Squirting a little into his hands he rubbed them together and asked “Okay ladies... who’s first?”

At school Hannah was feeling extremely uncomfortable. She clutched her books to her drooping chest and walked through the hallway feeling extremely self conscious. More self conscious than she ever felt as a young woman as she was sure each student she passed was staring at her and judging her for her age.

Guys seemed to act like she was invisible, girls were downright patronizing – acting as if she constantly needed help. She would fill with anger and resentment anytime a girl would come up to her, some even older than Hannah’s real age, and ask “Excuse me ma’am, are you lost?”

She had joked with her friends not long ago about the idea of, when they all hit middle age they would all be sexy MILFs and cougars using their mature

sexuality to bend young men to their will. But now that Hannah actually was that age, nothing about her felt sexy or powerful. She just felt over the hill and out of place.

One man did pay an uncomfortable amount of attention to her – Professor Dilling who was her sixty year old bald, bushy bearded, Philosophy teacher. He shamelessly flirted with her throughout the class making everyone, including Hannah, incredibly uncomfortable.

After class the Professor made a b-line for the door and cut her off on her way out of class. As all the other students left he was blocking her exit and staring at her hands looking for a ring.

“I haven’t seen you in my class. You’re new aren’t you? I’d remember such a stunning beauty if she had been in my presence before.” He gave her his seductive stare. Hannah tried her best not to vomit all over him.

“Yeah I- I’m new.” She stuttered trying to find a way out of this situation.

“Let me see how well I can read you...” He said sizing her up. “If I’m more than 80% right you have to get a drink with me deal...?” He raised his eyebrows rapidly at her.

“O... okay...” She said slowly, suddenly thinking ‘well he’s not too bad... At least he’s tall and has a decent job. Can’t be too picky at your age. That’s why you’ve gone this long without a husband. It’s now or never. Don’t want to end up a lonely old spinster...’ and then immediately countered ‘Oh god, c’mon brain. Don’t get weird on me now!’

The professor finished his assessment and said “You’ve been divorced for several years now. You had one child, a boy, via c-section and he’s finally grown and out of the house. You had married young and never finished school so you’re back to earn your degree not because you need to but because you want to feel the sense of accomplishment so you’re taking fluff courses like my Philosophy class...” He looked at her and grinned as if they were sharing a joke.

“Oh Professor, I wouldn’t call your class fluff...” She said, humoring him.

“Well? Was I right?” He asked edging closer to her. She side-stepped toward the door.

“Unfortunately no. Never been married. No children and thus no c-section.” She lifted her shirt and presented her scarless stomach which, despite the mild flab and wrinkles still turned the professor on which, in a warped kind of way reassured Hannah. “I’m taking classes because I need a degree in education so I can get a job and pay back my brother who’s paying for all of this.” She said backing out of the door. “And I have a boyfriend. He’s younger. A lot younger.” She said quickly escaping down the hall. After her next class she was feeling alright. She hoped that Conner was figuring out a good way to get Dr. Gerasco to put everything back to normal again. In the hallway she saw a familiar face walking out of class.

“I’m sorry if I freaked you out yesterday.” Hannah told Ryan as he walked down the hall. The boy, who was deep in thought, turned quickly to see who was talking to him.

“No problem... wait... Hannah!?” He exclaimed doing a double take at the woman old enough to be his mother standing before him, the day after shacking up with her in a bathroom stall.

Hannah nodded with a sad smirk.

“Oh my god, what happened? I- oh god! Oh god! Your story. You were telling the truth.” He said, staring at her up and down. Hannah nodded softly.

“Um, come here. God I’m so sorry I was an asshole yesterday!” Ryan said as he hugged the woman tightly.

“It’s okay. It’s pretty unbelievable.” Hannah said in Ryan’s defense.

“I – wait! Come with me.” Ryan said and grabbed her arm and led her down the hall and into the men’s room.

“Conner I’d love to and frankly I’m flattered that you’re interested when I’m more than twice your age but we both have to get to class. Afterwards we can go back to my house...” Hannah said, looking at the stalls.

“No, no... I mean sure I want to, but that’s not why I brought you in here. Hannah, how old do you think you are now?” He said with a grave expression on his face.

Hannah looked at him concerned. “I think I’m fifty five. Why?”

“And didn’t you say you were thirty five yesterday?” Ryan asked.

“Yeah... and twenty five the night before that.” She added.

“Right. And your true age is 20...” He said.

It suddenly dawned on Hannah what he was getting at.

“Your aging at double the rate each day. By tomorrow you’ll be...”

“95 years old.” She said with a horse whisper.

“And I don’t think you’ll survive the leap to 175 the next night. We have to fix this. Today. Tonight! I think I can help.” Ryan said firmly, putting his hands on her arms.

“How?” She asked, intrigued.

“I still have the key to her basement.” He said digging a set of keys out of his pocket.

“I- I-“ Hannah felt a rush of excitement followed by her whole body flushing with heat and intense cramps.

“Ryan I-“ Hannah said, gripping his hands.

“Hannah what’s wrong?” Ryan said afraid she was having a heart attack or something.

“I think I’m going through menopause!” She shrieked and held him tightly.

A while later Ryan and Hannah were in the twin bed in Ryan’s dorm room spooning completely naked.

Ryan gently kissed the looser skin on her neck and tightly squeezed her softer midriff.

“Mmm there’s nothing that can make a woman feel better about being menopausal than an adoring attentive 21 year old boyfriend kissing her all over and telling her she’s sexy.” Hannah remarked fondly.

“Hey guys normally need to check out the girl’s mom to see what they’re in for. With you I get to test ride your future in a very hands on way and I’ve got to say. Hannah, you’re awesomely sexy at every age.” He gushed.

Hannah cooed feeling wonderful despite her present condition.

“Are you going to go back to class today?” Ryan asked her.

“Nah, I think if other girls can cite their period as a reason to skip classes I can use ‘the change’ as a decent excuse to not go back to class for the day.” She chuckled.

“Good enough reason for me.” He smiled and they began making love again.

A while later they were both panting next to each other.

“That was really great. How was that for you?” Hannah asked between breaths.

“Uh good. Really good. I mean, you called me ‘young man’ a lot, which was kind of weird. But overall good!” He smiled.

“I did? Oh I’m sorry... I’ve just... I’ve never slept with a guy young enough to be my son before.” Hannah explained pressing her nude pasty middle aged body against his young one.

“You’re not. I’m not young enough to be your son. I’m a year older than you.” Ryan stated firmly.

“Right. I’m a young girl. I’m 20. 20 years old... God it feels sort of silly saying it out loud.” She laughed.

“No but you are 20. Hannah, you’re 20 years old. You’re in college. You graduated high school the year after I did and tonight we’re going to get you your youth back.” Ryan declared.

Hannah smiled and got up out of bed. “Avert your eyes. I think my ass jiggles more than the girlfriend of a college kid’s ass should.” She told him as she crossed the room naked to get her clothing. He got up and grinned, slapping her soft, droopy, cellulite covered ass causing it to jiggle like jello. “It jiggles just the right amount!” He joked. And the couple got dressed and headed back to the house.