

# An Evening With Ms. Grey

By ChronoEclipse

Ms. Grey reached down and wrapped one hand around Cam's dick while the other reached out and slid two fingers along Morgan's slit. Both members of the couple closed their eyes and moaned loudly from the warm waves of pleasure.

The could shuddered in ecstasy as Ms. Grey attended to their privates and the numbers on their chairs began to climb up some more. 36... 37... 38... 39... 40.

Cam's stomach was expanding into a beer gut and his hair was continuing to recede; Morgan's waist was also spreading and her ass was expanding under her. The lines on their face grew more apparent as they entered middle-age.

As their bodies trembled their flabby flesh wobbled more and more, both of them were developing double chins and visible veins on their hands and feet. Their ages continued to climb 41... 42... 43... 44...

"AAHHHH OHHHH!!!!" Both of them groaned loudly as they began to simultaneously orgasm again. 45.

Morgan and Cam were panting, sweaty and out of breath and Ms. Grey walked over to her bag to grab a cloth to wipe the cum off of her hands.

The couple opened their eyes with a smile to look over to one another but then gasped as they got a good look at their spouse who now appeared to be a good 20 years older than they should.

Cam was going bald and had gained man-boobs while Morgan was rocking crows feet and cottage-cheese thighs. They were both in their mid-40s now and looked every year of it.

"Cam!?" Morgan gasped in a throatier voice as she looked at her husband's portly lined face and lack of hair.

“Morgan baby? Is that you!?” Cam croaked, staring at his wife's sloping tits and expanding waistline.

Morgan turned to tug her arms free and get out of the chair but all she managed was to show off the increased jiggle of her newly gained bingo wings. Cam struggled to free himself as well but found himself quickly winded by the exerted energy.

“What did you do to us?” Morgan demanded while Cam caught his breath.

Both looked over to Ms. Grey and gasped in shock again at the now 46-year-old woman standing in front of them wiping off her hand. Her haircolor was beginning to come back giving her a salt-and-pepper mane and the curves of her body were losing their sags and wrinkles as they began to firm back up and grow shapely.

“This is all part of the service dear... didn't you read the e-mail my agency sent you?” She asked, placing her hand on her hip.

Morgan looked over to Cam expectantly. The middle-aged man blushed sheepishly.

“I might have... skimmed it.” He admitted.

Ms. Grey smirked at him.

“So you missed the part where the ‘Pleasure of a Lifetime’ package includes an age transfer...” She asked, raising a chestnut brown eyebrow.

“I wondered why that one was so much cheaper than the others...” Cam said with an apologetic cringe.

“Cam!” Morgan shouted in annoyance.

“Ah well, no sense crying over spilt milk dears... you both look great for a couple in your 40s by the way.” Ms. Grey purred with a twinkle in her eye.

“What do we do now?” Morgan asked, looking down at her naked middle-aged body.

“Well you can always stop but of course we’re only half way through your session and it only gets better from here my dears...” Ms. Grey said with a laugh.

Morgan and Cam looked over at one another trying to figure out what they wanted to do. Ms. Grey finally broke the silence.

“I’ll tell you what, you two think about it and i’ll keep going but you can ask me to stop whenever you like... if you’re not enjoying it or you feel you’re getting too old or whatever.” The 46-year-old said with a shrug.

Before Cam or Morgan could respond, Ms. Grey was gently moving Cam’s legs apart like she had done with Morgan. He looked at the 40-something, surprised at how attractive she looked now that she wasn’t so matronly and now that they were technically around the same age. There was something really powerful and sexy about the woman as he watched her curl both her hands around his member.

“Oh god... Ms. Grey...” He groaned in pleasure.

Morgan watched as the youthening woman wrapped her dark red lips around her husband's cock and began to suck him off. She didn’t want to admit it – but the fact that Ms. Grey was draining her husband of his youth, kind of against their will, was only making this all so much more hotter for Morgan who could already feel her third orgasm begin to build inside of her.

The number on Cam’s chair increased as he watched Ms. Grey bob up and down on his crotch and more chestnut brown hairs begin to overtake the grays on her head. His hairs meanwhile were continuing to disappear from his balding scalp. 46... 47... 48... 49... 50.

“Oh god... I’m gonna cum again...” Cam grunted in a throaty voice as the lines on his face deepened and some of his chest hair turned gray. 51... 52... 53... 54.... 55.

Ms. Grey guzzled up his cum into her mouth and pulled back up smiling at the older middle-aged man whose dick was softening below his big hairy gut. She looked over to his middle-aged wife who was still writhing and panting, rubbing her older flabby ass against her seat, clearly getting off on watching her husband get blown and aged into an old bald guy.

“Your turn again dear...” Ms. Grey purred in a sing-songy voice.

She sauntered over and stretched her body in front of Morgan, showing off how her arms and chest had youthened, then she climbed up on the chair on top of the aging wife, pressing their bare chests together.

The two women were about the same age now - a crazy thought when considering that there had been nearly 4 decades between them at the start of the evening. Now they looked like they could have gone to high school together back in the 90s.

Morgan shook her head not very subtly out of immediate fear of growing any older than she already was, but then closed her eyes and pursed her pruning lips as Ms. Grey leaned down to kiss her.

As the two topless women in their mid 40s made out on the bondage chair Morgan’s age counter began to tick up again. 46... 47... 48... 49...

The women’s breasts were sliding against one another as they moved in opposite directions - Ms. Grey’s rising and Morgan’s descending. The creases on Ms. Grey’s lips disappeared only to form on Morgan’s thinner upper lip.

The now younger of the two women reached down and began to grope and fondle Morgan’s saggy tits and kissed down her jowly cheek to her creased loosening neck as the number on the chair continued to rise. 50... 51... 52... 53.

Cam could only lay there catching his breath helplessly as he watched Ms. Grey drain more years from his wife. He was feeling very aroused but his dick wasn’t getting as hard as it normally did.

Ms. Grey gave the now older woman a sweet kiss on her lips before climbing back off of Morgan's flabby middle-aged body. She stood between them, a beautiful woman in her late 30s with a full head of shiny brown hair and a figure that was on its way back to the hour-glass of her youth.

Morgan's hair meanwhile was beginning to go gray and her body was taking on a much more matronly appearance. She and her equally aged husband laid in their chairs panting for breath and furrowing their lined brows at how much older they both looked.

"Oh dear you're getting some varicose veins on those sexy legs of yours and your feet are looking pretty rough dear..." Ms. Grey smirked as she looked over Morgan's lower body.

"Still... sexy to me hun!" Cam wheezed with a tired smile.

"Aww that's sweet... I wonder how ticklish you both are after 30 years..." Ms. Grey smirked as she stood at the base of their chairs.

The younger woman extended her smoother hands out and began to tickle the wrinkled soles of the husband and wife. Both of them began to laugh and groan as they jostled around helplessly under Ms. Grey's tickling fingers.

"Oh god... still very ticklish..." Morgan yelped in a husky tone that reminded her of her own mother's voice.

"Ah ha ha god... I feel like I might have a heart attack!" Cam gasped as his body jiggled in pleasure.

The ages on their chairs continued to climb up to 54 and 56 then 55 and 57 then 56 and 58... the gray continued to spread through Morgan's hair as it did through the curly hairs covering Cam's older body. He was now rocking a gray horseshoe around his bald head while Morgan's cheeks sloped into jowls.

The aging couple continued to shake and tremble as they gasped with laughter from the tickling of their ever wrinkling soles. 57 and 59, 58 and 60, 59 and 61,

60 and 62. Morgan's saggy breasts were now flopping all around as she squirmed from the tickles. Jason's limper dick was doing the same.

Ms. Grey could feel the added wrinkles forming on their aging soles as she ran her fingertips across them. 61 and 63, 62 and 64, 63 and 65. Cam and Morgan had reached retirement age as they continued to moan and shake their aging bodies in their chairs.

"Oh god... why does this feel so good?" Cam croaked as his flabby belly jiggled.

"I-I think I'm cumming again!" Morgan cried in a rattling voice as her tits flopped up and slapped her shoulders.

Ms. Grey pulled her hands away and cupped her own gravity defying breasts as she youthened back to her early 30s. She let the two seniors catch their breath for a moment while she rubbed her hands appreciatively across her smoother skin.

Morgan and Cam looked at one another and groaned, knowing that the intense pleasure they had just experienced had come at more cost.

"Oh god... we're old!" Morgan said, pouting her thin lips.

"We look like a pair of grandparents..." Cam groaned.

"You're both just a little older than I was when I came in here." Ms. Grey informed them softly.

"We've got to stop..." The man in his mid 60s said looking over at his old wife with her gray hair and sagging tits laying naked in the chair.

"Are you sure? Because I was just about to bury my tongue into your wives loose gray snatch... Is that what you want, Morgan? To stop?" Ms. Grey asked with a sweet smile.

Morgan hesitated. She had been dying to have Ms. Grey go down on her again since the first time had been cut short. She swallowed hard and bit her pruned lip.

“Um no... not just yet...” The retirement-age woman said in a soft voice.

Ms. Grey grinned and sauntered back over to caress Morgan’s lumpy pale legs, feeling the added jiggle of flab forming on the back of her aged thighs.

“That’s a good girl...” The younger woman cooed as she parted the grandmotherly woman’s legs apart once more and gazed down at the steely patch of gray pubes nestled over her crotch.

Ms. Grey pressed her young face down into Morgan’s aged pussy and began to lap at her looser vaginal folds feeling how dry the formerly young woman had become post-menopause. Morgan began to shudder and moan as a wave of euphoria washed over her.

“Babe - fight it! Don’t let her make you any older!” Cam insisted as he watched the lines on his wife’s face deepen.

“I-I-I Caaannnn’t...” Morgan rattled as the number on her chair increased again to 64 then 65 then 66.

“Just like... don’t give in! Try not to cum!” The older bald man suggested to his aging spouse.

“AHHHH!” Morgan wailed, her jowly cheeks flapping. 67, 68, 69.

She struggled to try and resist the immense pleasure coursing through her increasingly decrepit body. Her saggy legs squeezed to shut on Ms. Grey’s head to block access and her flabby torso writhed to pull away but the younger woman persisted in lapping at her old pussy and soon Morgan gave in, moaning in ecstasy and shuddering as she orgasmed yet again.

“FFFFFUUCK! OH GOD! IT’S SO GOOD!!!” Morgan rattled in an increasingly shaky voice. The number on her chair increased to 70 then 71 then 72 then finally 73 as she trembled and whimpered in her chair.

“Hon?” Cam asked as Morgan’s sunken eyes closed and her breathing became labored.

“... That was incredible...” The elderly white haired woman mumbled as her breasts sank to either side of her wrinkled chest.

Ms. Grey stood up, now back to her late 20s, her shapely body a sight to behold.

“I- I think we’ve had enough now...” Cam said warily, afraid of getting tempted further by the incredibly sexy woman dressed only in black panties and stockings.

“Awww don’t be such an old fogie Cam... Aren’t you curious about what your wife’s pussy tastes like in her 70s?” She asked with a wink.

Cam struggled to get free with a couple tugs of his arms but then just flopped into the chair exhausted as the attractive young brunette came over to him and passionately kissed his wrinkled fat face.

She swirled her tongue in his mouth and reached down to stroke his cock again as he groaned in pleasure. His age increased to 66... 67... 68.

“No use fighting it Cam...” Morgan rattled tiredly.

Ms. Grey pulled back still stroking the old man’s cock as his age ticked up to 60 and then 70. She grinned at the gray whiskers on his face and his loose neck skin waddling under his chin.

“You look old enough to be my granddad now...” The former matron giggled as she seductively licked her red pouty lips.

“Yeah and you used to be old enough to be my grandma!” Cam wheezed with a chuckle, shaking his bald head.



“Funny how that works isn’t it? Oo I have a fun idea...” Ms. Grey squealed happily as she slipped back down through her 20s.

She stood beside Cam’s white-pubed crotch and his limp aged dick. The young woman then grasped her large bouncy breasts and leaned over smashing the perky orbs around his half flaccid mast, rubbing his cock between her cleavage.

Cam gasped in pleasure and moaned loudly as he felt the soft warmth of her young tits engulf his penis. 71... 72... 73... 74... 75. Ms. Grey’s breasts shrank a cup size as she slipped back to her early 20s. She stepped back and looked at the horny old man and then turned around to check out his horny old wife.

“We’re just about done dears.” She said gently to them as she leaned over and gave both of the elderly couple a kiss on their wrinkled foreheads.

She unstrapped one of their wrists each. Cam and Morgan quickly reached out and grasped each other’s veiny wrinkled hand. Ms. Grey then walked down between them, tracing her fingertips along the sagging folds of their aged naked bodies, down the hanging chests and their wrinkled puffy bellies to their gray and white-pubed crotches and their wrinkled veiny legs, she look at their veiny shriveled old feet and playfully gave each of them one good lick across their wrinkled soles and sucked on their arthritic big toes, gazing up at the old couple who were still holding hands and gazing into each others sunken elderly eyes as they moaned softly in pleasure.

A now 18-year-old Ms. Grey unlatched the rest of their old limbs, checking out the final tallies on their chairs, Morgan’s read 83 and Cam’s 85. She helped the old codgers get up out of their seats. Both had shrunken a bit. Morgan no longer had any teeth, her wrinkly pink lips were tucked around her gums. Cam’s white ball sack hung low between his bony legs and his back was hunched.

“What do we do now?” Cam wheezed as he held on to his elderly wife for support.

“I don’t want to be old! I just graduated college! Look at my tits! They’re hanging down to my waist!” Morgan cried in a quavering voice.

Ms. Grey smirked at them as she grabbed her bra from the floor.

“Well I can make you both young again. But it’s an added service and it’ll cost extra...And it’s not especially pleasant.” The pretty teenager informed the two 80-somethings. “...Or you can just wait it out and you’ll be back to your normal ages in about a week.” She explained.

Cam and Morgan looked at one another up and down from gray head to wrinkled toe. A few minutes later Ms. Grey was packed up and heading out of the bedroom as the now elderly couple slowly hobbled toward the bed.

“I thought I’d have to wait 60 years to get to see your ass this wrinkly...” Cam cackled as he reached a trembling hand around to grab his wife’s shriveled butt cheek.

“Do all my wrinkles and sags turn ya off?” Morgan asked as she rubbed her wrinkly foot up and down her husband’s bony leg.

“Not in the slightest!” Cam declared as he craned his bald head over to kiss his wife’s toothless mouth.

“Want to give your ol’ wifey a good foot massage? My wrinkly soles are achin’.” Morgan cackled.

“Sure babe and I’ve always wondered what a gum job is like...” Cam wheezed with a sly grin.

“Sure thing handsome...” Morgan quavered as they cuddled together.

The elderly couple fondled one another as best as they could at their advanced age and then soon cuddled each other’s wrinkled naked bodies, tired in their advanced age and not having much energy to do more than that. The full exploration of their elderly bodies would have to wait until tomorrow since now they were both ready to fall asleep.

They laid in bed smiling wrinkly smiles at one another as their sunken eyes closed and they began to nod off. The only sounds echoing throughout the house were the giggles and moans of a hot and horny teenage Ms. Grey getting fucked by her assistant on the kitchen counter downstairs.

THE END.