

THE CRAZY EX

By ChronoEclipse

She sat and stared at the phone for several minutes before pushing the send button. Ring. Ring.

“Hello?”

“Carlos! How are you? I haven’t heard from you in so long!”

She tried to keep her voice at a casual tone so as not to give away her anxiousness.

“...Diane. I thought I told you to stop calling me. Especially at this hour.” He told her.

She wasn’t really listening but instead focusing on how to stop her heart from beating a mile a minute.

“I just, really needed to talk to you. I miss you, you know. I... I want you back.”

She hoped he would buy it this time.

“Listen, Diane. You and I had something really special once. And I really cared about you but that’s over and done with. You made sure of that. You really screwed me. I don’t want anything to do with that anymore.”

“But Carlos I love you!”

“It’s time to move on. I thought you were moving on, what happened to that auto-mechanic guy?” Carlos asked but really just wanted to hang up on her.

“It... didn’t work out. I don’t think I can be with anyone but you. Please Carlos! Just give us another chance! I’ll make it up to you! What about tomorrow night? Let me back and I’ll show you the night of your life!” She pleaded.

“No Diane. Besides, I already have plans tomorrow night. I’m going to bed now.”

“You have plans? With another woman? Who is it? What slut are you getting yourself involved with Carlos?”

Carlos rolled his eyes. “I’m hanging up now Diane.”

“Tell me Carlos, she can’t be better than me! I know what you like. I know what turns you on...” She said in as seductive a voice as she could muster.

“Goodbye Diane...”

He said and held the phone over the receiver.

“Carlos wai-“

click.

He rolled his eyes and got into bed. Diane had been the love of his life once. But she hurt him too badly and now it appears she’s gone off the deep end. Carlos was very relieved he had moved past her and was meeting some very sexy very normal girls.

Across the street Diane watched the lights in Carlos’ place go out. She started her car and drove away, wondering what plans Carlos had for the following night. Well, finding out what they are should be easy enough.

Early the next morning Diane hacked into Carlos’ e-mail and scanned down the list looking for her answer. Finally she came across an email entitled ‘plans’. Reading it she discovered that Carlos was meeting up with a girl named Svetlana to see a movie at 7. In reality Carlos was meeting a group of people for an evening of fun. But as Diane saw it, this was a date and Svetlana was competition.

“Well I can fix that.” Diane thought as she smiled wickedly and waited for 7:00 to roll around.

At the movies Carlos was enjoying himself. He and his friends chatted for a while before the movie came on and had a grand time completely oblivious to the short brunette woman waiting in the lobby. After the movie got out Carlos and his friends exited the theatre. Diane scowled as she saw Carlos walk through the lobby with Svetlana’s hand around him.

“You won’t want those hands anywhere near you when I’m done with them.” She thought evilly.

She had paid one of the ushers to help her out on this one. The usher walked up behind Carlos and his lady friend.

“Uh excuse me miss. I think you dropped something in the theatre.”

“Oh really? I don’t know what that could be.” Svetlana replied.

“Oh well you might as well check it out. I saw it fall right off of you.” The usher pushed hoping he wasn’t blowing his chance to get \$20 from Diane.

“Yeah sure” Svetlana agreed. “Hey guys I’ll catch up with you later.”

She hugged Carlos and their other friends and walked back into the theater. Carlos and the rest of them went home.

As Svetlana entered the dark theater she saw the usher walking back into the lobby holding a \$20 dollar bill. He walked behind her and shut the door.

“Hey!” she yelled.

“So. You think you can take Carlos away from me?”

Svetlana heard the voice and looked around for a minute to see where it was coming from.

In front of the empty movie screen stood a young woman glaring at her while removing a glove from her hand. She walked towards Svetlana, arm extended.

“Well guess what honey? Carlos is mine.”

Svetlana slowly started to back away feeling more and more in danger.

“I don’t know what you are talking about. Carlos and I are just friends.” She tried to explain to Diane.

“Well let’s see how ‘friendly’ you two are after I do this!”

Diane lunged and Svetlana held out her hands to block her. But Diane grasped her arm with her bare hand and wouldn’t let go.

“Let go of me!” Svetlana cried trying to shake her off but suddenly she was feeling all of her energy drain out of her.

Diane smiled as she saw the 27 year old girl begin to look a bit worn out. She observed small lines appearing around her eyes and mouth. She snickered as she caught a glimpse of Svetlana's thighs expanding as well. Svetlana felt exhausted and terrified as she saw Diane laughing at her.

“Please let go of me. What are you doing?”

Diane squeezed a bit harder.

“Oh Svetlana, do you feel a little less energetic? A little less peppy? A little less...young?”

Svetlana didn’t know what she meant until she looked at her arm. The skin seemed a little looser and the muscle tone seemed non existent. This wasn’t the arm and hand of a girl in her late twenties. But more of a woman in her forties. Diane was feeling great pleasure watching gray hairs appear in Svetlana’s blond mane. As well as see a double chin peak out and become more prominent with each passing second. Diane imagined this must be what Svetlana’s mother looked like.

The girl was now a plump 50 something year old woman with gray/blonde hair and a very tired face. Her pants were ripping in the back as her ass gained a bit in size. Her shoes were constraining her.

“Oh god, what’s happening to me? I’m getting fat!” She said in a now huskier voice.

“Maybe you should lay off the sweets. Haha, you’re not that fat. You are pretty old though.” Diane taunted the poor girl as she aged into senior citizen territory.

Her hair was all gray now and looked silly in its youthful style. Large bags were under her eyes and her cheeks were becoming jowly. Her forearms were wrinkled and jiggled as she moved. Her pale stomach was peeking out from under her shirt. She got older and older. She was now getting very weak and tired and fell back to sit on the theater floor, Diane still standing over her with a firm grasp of her wrists laughing.

“Please stop. I’m just friends with Carlos.” She said in a trembling voice.

Diane ignored her.

Finally at 77 years of age Diane released her. Svetlanas once beautiful face was now very wrinkled. Her hair was white and gray. She slightly resembled Santa Claus’s wife. Her plump sagging body was dressed in stylish clothes meant for a much younger thinner woman.

“Stand up!” Diane demanded.

Svetlana did as she said.

“What was the sexiest part of your body?” Diane sneered.

“W-what?” Svetlana asked, frightened and confused.

“What part of your body did men find the sexiest?” Diane asked again more menacingly.

“I don’t know. Please! Make me young again!”

Diane sighed, “Not till you answer my question. Did men think you had a nice ass? Pretty eyes? Sexy legs? What?”

Svetlana was desperate. The thought of leaving the room as a chubby old lady made her want to cry.

“my, my belly button.” She finally said.

“What?” Diane asked.

“My belly button. My ex-boyfriends have all said I have a sexy belly button.”

Diane grinned from ear to ear.

“Well lets see what fifty years have done to your cute little belly button.” And she grabbed Svetlana’s shirt and tore it off.

The first thing Diane chuckled at was the sight of Svetlana’s large withered boobs drooping and not very well contained in her bra. They were peeking out the bottom of the fabric, which was being stretched to its limit. She then looked down at Svetlana’s wrinkled bulging stomach. It drooped down over her waist. Her belly button was lost in the folds. Diane let out a loud sinister laugh and walked toward the door.

“Wait, aren't you going to change me back?” Svetlana asked desperately.

“Oh sorry, I don’t know how.” Diane said as she walked out of the theatre.

A few minutes later a crowd of movie goers were shocked as a heavy set elderly woman hobbled out of a theater in just pants and a bra. Teens taunted her and older folks gasped.

“Is she advertising for Golden Girls the movie?” One person joked.

Diane was pleased with herself. But she wasn't sure if she had fully eliminated what was standing in the way of her and Carlos. After all, the girl claimed she was just Carlos's friend. This called for further investigation. The next day Diane followed Carlos around at a safe distance, watching him at work. Watching him as he walked down the street. 'accidentally' bumping into and aging any attractive girl that caught Carlos' eye.

Eventually she ended up at the health club that Carlos used. Staying in the shadows she watched Carlos' workout. She observed angrily that Carlos was spending less time staying in shape and more time socializing with a cute blonde girl who was also working out. Diane glared at the girl and she caught her winking at Carlos with her big blue eyes as she lifted some weights. When Carlos was finished he headed out.

“See you later Bethany!” He called to her as he exited.

“Bethany.”

Diane whispered and rather than following Carlos to his next locale she stuck around to take care of 'Bethany'.

The girl was finishing up with her own workout and telling the woman at the desk that she was heading to the shower. The other woman mentioned that she was locking up and leaving for the day.

“Okay I'll let myself out after my shower.” Bethany said heading towards the locker room.

Diane walked briskly in front of her and feigned bumping into her. Making sure to grab Bethany's bare arm with her gloveless hand.

“Watch where you're going.” Bethany said annoyed.

“Oh sorry about that ma'am.” Diane said grinning.

Bethany walked away, slightly offended that she had been called 'ma'am'.

"That woman was definitely older than me." She thought to herself as she turned on the shower and undressed.

She had already entered her thirties by the time she began showering. The tiny lines of early middle age were appearing on her face. Her slim body was losing a little muscle mass. She began to wash under her breasts and found them slightly lower than she was used to. She shook off the weird feeling.

"Man I must have had quite a workout. I'm exhausted and I'm seeing things."

She shampooed her hair and as she was rinsing it gray streaks were washing through her curly blonde hair. She moved hands up to wipe the water away from her eyes. Moving the fingers past the crow's feet. She lifted up her arm to wash under it and felt her forearms jiggle a bit.

"Ugh, you would think my arms would be more toned after working on them day after day." She thought to herself disgusted.

She then heard someone enter the lockers. She called out the names of her co-workers since no one else should be in the building at that point. When she got no response she poked her head out of the shower and looked around. She heard something by the lockers though.

"Hello!" nothing.

"Someone answer. You're creeping me out!"

She cleared her throat because it sounded hoarse and quickly rinsed herself off once more and wrapped her body in a towel.

She walked slowly out of the shower area. Veins were becoming more prominent on her bare feet with each step, her toes becoming more bent with age. Her ass and boobs were sagging and swaying a bit under the towel as she crept into the next room. She was completely oblivious however and only concerned with the possible intruder waiting for her by the lockers.

As she turned the corner she gasped. She didn't find the intruder but was now standing directly in front of a mirror and what was staring back at her was a sixty year old woman who's curly gray hair was wet and hanging down in front of her aged face and her wrinkled body barely hidden by a yellow towel.

"N-no!"

She stared at her trembling wrinkled lips and her turkey waddle of a neck. Age spots were appearing on the top of her chest above the hem of the towel. Her breasts were formless wrinkled blobs hanging down, her nipples pointing at the floor. Her legs were covered in webbed veins and her knees were knobby.

As she passed over seventy years old she heard laughing behind her. She turned and saw the woman who had called her 'ma'am' earlier.

"Do you think Carlos likes older women? You look old enough to be his grandmother now." Diane jabbed.

Bethany was stunned.

"How do you know Carlos?" She asked as her back bent from age.

"I'm his girlfriend! And I caught you trying to steal him from me." Diane growled.

"No! I- I- Please, you have to help me. I'm only 25 years old!" The now elderly woman pleaded.

Diane laughed.

"Well you should have thought of that before you started flirting with my man."

She grinned and walked away from the shriveled Bethany whose hands were now shaking. Diane turned around once more and added

“Hey look at the bright side, you seem to be in pretty good shape for your age!”

She laughed as she left the building.

She needed to catch back up with Carlos but she didn't know where he was. Showing up at his apartment she found that he was out for the evening. So Diane went back to her apartment and hacked into Carlos' e-mail again. She soon found out that Carlos had an actual dinner date with a girl named Cindy who he had met through a dating app.

“That should have been my date!” Diane thought to herself and quickly headed off to fix things.

Her plan was simple. At some point during dinner Cindy would excuse herself to use the restroom, there Diane would ambush her and age her unknowingly, then when she went back to eat she would begin aging into a wrinkled decrepit old crone right in front of Carlos who would be disgusted and run away. Then Diane would step in and reveal her young sexy self to Carlos who would take her back and they would live happily ever after.

The plan was going swell so far. As soon as Cindy excused herself to adjust her make up Diane headed into the bathroom. There she pretended to be fixing her own makeup. When Cindy came in and stopped at the sink next to her.

Diane turned and said “Hey I couldn't help noticing you on your date over there. He's a real stud. Is he your boyfriend?”

Cindy blushed and smirked a little.

“Well it's nothing that official yet. But we're seeing where things are going.”

Diane grinned deviously.

“Well I'd just like to shake your hand, that's quite a catch there.”

She extended her bare hand. Cindy took it hesitantly.

“...thanks.”

Diane smiled and left. Cindy shrugged and went back to fixing her makeup. She frowned. “Are those crows feet? I’m much much much too young for those.”

She tried to put some makeup on to conceal it. It seemed to do the job. She closed her purse and went back to the table.

A few minutes passed as Cindy and Carlos enjoyed their meal. Carlos began to notice something strange about Cindy.

“Did you get enough sleep last night? You look tired.” He said.

She was looking much older than her 32 years but Carlos knew it couldn’t be from what he dreamed it was.

“Hope you’re not getting old before your time. Haha.” He told her, trying to make light of the situation.

Cindy was getting a bit self conscious and knew Carlos was referring to the crows feet she saw. What she didn’t know is that she looked a lot worse.

“Uh yeah I didn’t get a lot of sleep. That’s it. Let uh... not talk about it.” She said.

He complied and they moved on to something else.

But while they were talking and eating their meal Carlos was getting distracted by what looked like gray hairs appearing in her bangs. And were her cheeks starting to droop? Carlos was getting turned on but was sure his imagination was getting carried away as it does from time to time. Usually when he fantasized about a beautiful woman aging before his very eyes he would shake his head or rub his eyes and the girl would go back to being her young self. He shook his head and rubbed his eyes but she still looked old enough to be his mother. Now her hair was speckled with gray and the skin of her neck looked much looser. He watched as her chest seemed to slope down further under the table and her arms seemed flabbier.

He was still convinced this was all a day dream until Cindy gasped. Trying not to make a scene she held up her hand and whispered

“Oh my god!”

Carlos looked at his date who was now somewhere in her fifties or sixties.

“What?”

She met his eyes.

“Look- at- my- hand!”

she showed him. Veins were prominent on it as were wrinkles across the top. Her fingers seemed bonier.

“Oh Cindy, I thought it was just me. You, you seem to be aging.” Carlos said in a sweet compassionate voice.

He got up and went to console her.

“Don’t look at me! I’m a hag!” Cindy yelled at him and hid her face in her hands as he went to hug her.

“No no don’t be like that.” Carlos tried to calm her.

“How did this happen?” She quailed.

“I don’t know. But listen, I still think you are gorgeous.”

She stopped sniffing and looked up. He stared into her sunken aged eyes and ran his fingers through her mostly gray hair. And then leaned in and kissed her thin wrinkled lips.

“Oh Carlos!”

she sighed and they made out right in the middle of the restaurant. One of the waitresses looking on smiled and remarked:

“How romantic. I love May/December couples!”

Diane was disgusted. She slapped the waitress, sending the poor girl into an early retirement and stormed out of the restaurant. She ran home furious.

How could Carlos still be into that woman when she was all wrinkled and sagging like that? She went through Carlos' e-mails one more time crying and trying to find why Carlos insisted on rejecting her. She didn't find that exactly but she stumbled upon a few fictional stories that were very interesting. One that was written shortly after she and Carlos had broken up was even obviously about her. All of the stories had one thing in common, they involved a young woman aging. In some, the young men even had sex with the women after they had become old ladies. Diane was baffled. But then a light bulb went off above her head. She had been so stupid. Had what Carlos' had been wanting all along been right under her glove? Laughing maniacally, she made a new plan.

Carlos had driven Cindy to her home and offered to stay there with her. She told him to go home and get some rest. He kissed her goodnight and left. He was secretly very excited about the situation and only really wanted to change Cindy back because she wanted to and because it would be more fun to be able to change her age whenever they choose. He crawled into his bed for some sweet dreams.

Several hours later Carlos was woken with a start to find something on top of him. Not something but someone.

“Diane!”

He yelled and stared shocked at his ex-girlfriend who was straddling him with her naked body. Well almost naked, she was wearing white gloves on either hand.

“What are you doing in my room? How did you get in here!”

He was furious. She covered his mouth with one hand.

“Quiet. Just watch. I have something special for you. Something that will make you want me again.”

Carlos wanted to tell her that there was no such thing but he lay still and watched as she removed her glove with her teeth and grabbed her arm with her hand.

“In just a few moments I’ll be an old withered granny, just the way to like ‘em” she said with a laugh.

His eyes grew wide as he saw her face age right before him. Lines appeared and turned into wrinkles. Her tummy pouched out, her boobs slid down her chest. Gray was flushing its way through her dark hair. She pulled a few locks in front of her face to show Carlos with a smile.

She was aging very fast. Her lips wrinkled as she made kissy faces at Carlos. Her jowls quivered as she laughed. She was going through her seventies. He looked at the lumpiness of her wrinkled thighs and saw the varicose veins. He looked at her pubic hair and saw it was turning gray. The lips of her vagina were getting looser and hanging down pathetically. Her boobs were now fat wrinkled pancakes on her stomach. Her ass was sagging horribly. She was a chubby wrinkled naked eighty year old woman with long white hair when it was done.

She rubbed her hand all over her withered body trying to seduce him. Her teeth fell out and she gave him a gummy smile. She put her glove back on.

“See now we can have wild sex! I still feel young but I look so oooooold! Want me to call you sonny?”

She cackled like an old woman. She took her hand off his mouth and leaned forward to give him a kiss. He quickly tossed her aged body off of him.

“I don’t like you Diane. I don’t care if you are twenty or a hundred I don’t like you!” Carlos yelled.

“But, but you kissed Cindy and she was old...”

Diane began to cry.

“Cindy is a beautiful person on the inside and outside. You are a hag!” Carlos screamed grabbing Diane and shoving her out of his house.

“But you, you love me!” She demanded.

“No Diane, I don’t.”

The aged Diane was standing naked on the sidewalk at night. Her shriveled body trembling in the wind.

“Then I lost my youth and beauty for nothing?” She cried.

“Yes you did.” Carlos smiled.

Diane glared.

“Well guess what? There’s no reversing my power. Your precious little girlfriend is going to be a senior citizen now permanently!”

She spat at him. Carlos laughed.

“You aren’t the only one with powers Diane. I actually already fixed your mischief this weekend. Now if you ever want to be young again you’ll leave and never come back.”

He grinned and slammed the door. Diane sobbed as she hobbled her way home.

THE END