Cam Girls Club

By ChronoEclipse

CHAPTER 18: The Episode of Community with the Flash Foward

Amber slipped a pair of baggy shorts up her slender legs to cover her shriveled ass cheeks and quickly ran out of her room toward the second floor bathroom to access her situation. With each step she felt the saggy, wrinkly skin of her aged ass cheeks slap against the backs of her thighs.

"Ew! Ew! Ew! Ew!" She whimpered in disgust as she tried to quickly make her away across the hallway.

Hannah was heading downstairs as the half-naked punk girl clung to her oversized shorts and scampered by.

"Hey Amb-" Hannah began to say as they crossed paths.

"Don't look at my ass!" Amber screamed and hurried by her.

The brunette party girl watched as her tattooed friend rushed to the bathroom and slammed the door.

"Okay... I wasn't going to!" Hannah yelled back to her as she rolled her eyes and headed downstairs.

"Just because you have a nice ass doesn't mean that i'm constantly checking it out..." She mumbled to herself as she made her way down the stairs.

Upstairs in the attic Andrew was pulling up the stats on Hannah and determining what he wanted to do to her this time. He selected her brain and her optical senses.

When he was done typing in his new programming Hannah's brain would instantly mentally age anyone she looked at by 60 years.

He laughed to himself at the thought of all of the confusion and awkwardness that would transpire as Hannah went about her day, going to classes; walking around campus; buying coffee; going out partying and only seeing elderly people everywhere she went! He clapped at the thought of it.

He was just about halfway through setting it up when his phone began to buzz. Andrew glanced over at it to see that it was the Dean's office calling him. He swallowed hard and beads of sweat perspired on his forehead as he wondered why she would be calling him.

He decided not to worry about it and instead turned his attention back to Hannah who was dancing around the kitchen, fixing herself a snack. The phone buzzed again. He reached over and sent the call to voicemail.

However when the Dean called a third time he took a deep breath and answered the phone.

"Uh hello?" He said into his cell.

The Dean bellowed an angry rant on the other end of the phone.

"Well I- No... I'm just doing what we agreed on!... Yes, that was always part of the plan!... What?... A professor?... How did she look?... I'm just curious... No nobody is going to notice if a few college girls are suddenly decades older than they are supposed to be..." He said into the phone trying to calm the Dean down.

The voice on the other end hollered some more and Andrew scratched at his arm trying to think of something.

"Yes of course we've tested this on people before... it's completely safe... I'll set them back to their rightful ages at the end of the semester, if you want me to... no I know of course you want me to but i'm just saying... Yes it's all ethical and above board... it's not- i'm not- there are no weird thrills i'm getting from

seeing them turn into old women! Old ladies are disgusting, no offense... no I-no I didn't mean that *you* were old Dean Saunders... I just meant... You know, if you let me scan you I could even give you a few years back... you could look like a grad-student again... no i'm not trying to bribe you I just- I promise that everything is going according to plan... nobody knows about this except me, you and the lawyer..." Andrew explained.

The cat took this moment to jump onto the console and cuddle up onto the keyboard.

"No don't touch that!" Andrew snapped at the cat, scooping her up and tossing her down gently onto the ground.

The Dean shouted something into the phone.

"No! There's uh nobody here that's just a... it's my cat... everything is fine. Okay I promise I'll come show you everything that I'm doing as soon as I'm done here but I uh... got to go!" He said quickly into the phone and then hung up.

He rubbed his face with both hands bewildered and looking around at what changes the cat may have made. As far as he could see she hadn't changed anything, however what he didn't realize was that some glitchy code had been sent to Hannah.

Andrew looked at the brunette girl and sighed thinking that he'd have to finish his change to her later. He closed out of the program and packed up some things to bring to the Dean.

Downstairs Hannah was leaning against the counter eating some churros she had microwaved. She decided to pull out her phone and scroll through instagram.

Her feed was usually a mix of hot young celebrities she followed; influencers she either thought were funny or hot or both; skate-boarders; some fitness-grams and hip-hop members. In other words it was typically pic after pic of tight shapely bodies and urban fashion.

But thanks to Andrew's cat, something in her brain was glitching. As she scrolled through her feed she was seeing tons of gray haired old people. Grannies in yoga pants doing stretches that can't possibly be good for their frail brittle limbs, skate-boarding grandpas; GILFs desperately trying to create thirst traps with their elderly cleavage...

Hannah had no idea what was going on.

'Is that old age filter trend back again?' She wondered, scratching her head.

A few times she thought she had seen old age versions of people that she knew – posts by friends from high school or other students here, she scrolled back to take a closer look only to find that the pictures were actually just of her young friends looking perky and youthful as ever.

Hannah shook her head and rubbed her eyes, looking back at her phone. The feed looked the way it usually did – filled with young hot teens and 20-somethings.

'Weird, must have been my eyes playing tricks on me.' She shrugged and headed over to the living room.

Kaitlyn and Cody were sitting on the couch holding hands and watching some TV. Hannah smirked at their hands clasped together between the couple.

"Aww, you guys are too cute. What are you watching?" Hannah asked.

She looked up to see what was on TV and watched a scene where a group of very elderly men and women argued with each other in a library. Hannah had no idea what this show was. Maybe some new sitcom set in a nursing home? All of the actors looked wrinkled and white haired and some of the men were completely bald.

"Oh we're just binging Community. Kaitlyn's never seen it." Cody explained.

Hannah took another bite of her churro and stared at the tv screen where a shrunken, puffy-faced grandmotherly woman was screeching about a missing pen to a tall spindly old man and an equally frail granny with long white hair.

The college girl winced as they all stripped down to their underwear in the next scene and stood behind a pair of flipped over tables.

"What episode is this? I've watched the whole series and I don't remember them doing any flash-forward scenes like this." Hannah said thinking that it was a funny bit that the characters Annie and Troy would now look older than Pierce in the future.

"What do you mean 'Flash forward'?" Kaitlyn asked, her voice sounding like it had a shrill rattle to it.

Hannah pointed to the TV, thinking that it was obvious.

"They're all old people! They obviously flashed ahead like, I don't know, half a century into the future. But I don't remember them doing that at all. Is this a new season or something?" Hannah asked.

She looked down and gasped at the sight of a gray haired couple sitting in front of her, their interlocked hands looked bony and wizened like the hands of a couple celebrating their 60th wedding anniversary.

Hannah blinked twice to see her friend's young hands and natural brown hair in front of her. Kaitlyn tilted her pretty young face up to look at Hannah.

"Um, what old people? Do you mean Pierce? That's just how Chevy Chase looked in 2010…" The bubbly girl explained to her baffled friend.

Hannah looked back to the TV to see all of the actors looked like their younger selves again, the way they normally did throughout the show. She recognized the episode as the 'bottle episode' from season 2. She shook her head thinking that Joel McHale and Gillian Jacobs had looked so old and frail just a minute ago and it had kind of turned her on.

"Uh nothing… I um… it's weird. I think I was just… thinking about something else." Hannah responded vaguely.

"Oh okay. Are you sure you're alright? You look a little pale…" Kaitlyn replied.

Hannah shook her head.

"I'm fine. I'm fine I just uh…I just think I need some sleep." She said as she turned around to walk out of the room.

The front door opened and Lauren waddled in with a sigh, tossing her purse onto a chair and pulling her heels off of her aching middle-aged feet.

"Oh what a day… what a day!" The older woman groaned.

Hannah rubbed her eyes and confirmed that Lauren was still, in fact, a woman around her own mother's age.

"Hope you girls had a better day than I did. I need to unwind and-" Lauren groaned as she shuffled into the hallway.

"Go to a club!" Hannah suggested excitedly. The notion of going to sleep off the weirdness she had just experienced was now far being her.

"A club? Oh no honey, my clubbing days ended at the turn of the 21st century…" Lauren moaned.

Kaitlyn jumped up from the couch in the other room.

"Oh my god! Yes! It's been like forever since we all went out dancing!" The petite girl squealed.

The two girls jumped up and down grabbing Lauren's flabby arms to peer-pressure the older woman into going to the club with them. Finally Lauren sighed and wiped some sweat from her lined forehead.

"Oh what the heck! It's just one night!" Lauren said with a crinkly smile.

Hannah ran to the stairwell.

"Amber! Becca! Courtney! Get your asses ready! We're going out to the club! Wooooo!" Hannah yelled up to their other roommates.

Upon the mention of Becca, Kaitlyn and Cody shared a look and cringed wondering how everyone would handle the revelation that the youngest member of their group now appeared to be old enough to be their grandmother.

Amber came out to the top of the stairs.

"What did you say about asses!?" She screamed in a panic.

"I said to get yours in gear because we're going out dancing!" Hannah shouted back.

Amber sighed in relief that her secret hadn't been discovered. She had just spent the better part of a half hour in the bathroom with medical tape and bandaging trying to make her shriveled 90-year-old buttocks appear firm and tight again. She would definitely be wearing baggy pants out tonight.

"Okay... I'll be down in a minute..." She yelled down to Hannah sounding less enthusiastic than she normally would about the prospect of a night of drinking and dancing.

A few minutes later Becca came down dressed in a red hood and cloak that she had worn last halloween to play 'Sexy Little Red Riding Hood' now she was more like the old witch from Snow White as she used the costume and some scarves wrapped around her head to hide her aged appearance.

Randall was helping Courtney down the stairs, though her young body clearly didn't need any assistance. While Becca hobbled slowly and carefully on her own behind them.

Courtney clutched Randall's arm and the railing the whole time as her long toned legs took cautious steps down the stairs. When they got to the bottom she looked around confused at all of the people gathered.

"Eh? What's this all about? Is it my birthday already? Heh heh heh." Courtney chuckled to herself, still tucking her lips around her teeth like she was toothless and squinting her eyes as if she was hard of hearing.

"We're all going to the club Court. You have to come." Kaitlyn insisted.

"The what?" Courtney asked, holding her hand to her ear.

"The club!" Hannah and Kaitlyn screamed together.

"A tub?" Courtney asked.

The group scowled at Randall as if this was all his fault. He held up his hands in defense.

"A club!" Hannah yelled, emphasizing every letter.

"A club? Like on playing cards?" Courtney responded, scratching her blonde head.

"A dance club Courtney! You love dance clubs, remember! You call them your 'church'." Kaitlyn reminded her friend patiently.

"Well... all right then... as long as you make sure I take my pills and I'm back home in bed by 11..." The 20-year-old girl said, shaking her head and trembling her young body.

The rest of the group rolled their eyes and shrugged, satisfied that she was at least coming with them. Hannah looked over at the shrouded figure trying to hide behind Randall.

"Becca, babe? Are you seriously going out like that? Are you trying to hide from your adoring fans or something?" She joked.

Becca made a wheezing, squeak of a noise dreading getting called out like this.

"I'm um…" She began to say and realized that her voice quavered like an old woman's. She cleared it and tried her best to sound 'young' but she was less effective at it than Courtney was at effecting an 'old' voice.

"I *ahem* I'm totally feeling like, super under the weather and I like, read online? That layers and like, covering your mouth and junk was totally the best way to stay safe!" She said, trying to rattle out a perky giggle at the end.

Lauren folded her arms and frowned at the disguised woman.

"Well if you're not feeling well maybe you should stay home honey. Here let me check your forehead to see if you have a fever." Lauren said as she reached over to press the back of her hand against Becca's brow.

"No wait!" Becca squealed.

But it was too late. Lauren flipped her hood off and the room gasped at the stringy gray and white hair coming from their friends head. Lauren took a step back from the old woman.

"Okay so um… full disclosure…" Becca began to say as she unwrapped the scarves from her face revealing her wrinkled elderly appearance.

"You're old!" Hannah shouted.

Becca nodded.

"Yeah, that's what I was about to say." Becca replied.

"It's okay… you don't have to hide it. Um, we support you no matter how old you look! If anyone says you don't belong in the club then…
then… that's agism! Right Cody?" Kaitlyn insisted, elbowing her partner.

"Uh… right!" Cody nodded.

Hannah slapped the side of her head a few times and shook herself trying to go back to seeing Becca as her normal young self but then looked around to realize that everyone seemed to be surprised by Becca's wrinkly, frail old form.

"Wait - you can all see that she's old too?" Hannah asked.

Kaitlyn, Cody and Lauren nodded.

"We may be old but it's rude to point it out you young whipper-snapper!" Courney yelled angrily, shaking a young fist at Hannah.

Amber came down the steps at that moment dressed in very baggy pants and a tube-top. Her butt was all taped up and she figured she was ready to go get drunk and dance when she saw her friends all gathered around some old lady dressed up in a red cloak.

"Who's the wicked witch of the west?" Amber asked, thinking it was maybe someone in elaborate old age prosthetics for a costume or something.

"Hi Amber…" Becca quavered holding up a bony trembling hand.

"Oh shit! I'm sorry, are you like… one of my friends' grandmas? Seriously - I was just joking. No disrespect." Amber apologized, covering her mouth in embarrassment.

"No! It's Becca! It's just… it's just Becca." Kaitlyn said, trying to smooth things over.

Amber's face went pale at the sight of the elderly woman who now that Kaitlyn mentioned it, did look like an older version of her redheaded friend. Like if someone had run Becca through that faceapp thing a half dozen times.

"No fucking way… Becca?" Amber gasped.

"Uh yeah… it's kind of… a long story…" Becca rattled sheepishly.

Amber suddenly felt MUCH better about only having a wrinkly old ass right now.

"Okay! To the club! Let's all go dance it off!" Hannah announced, clapping to get people's attention.

"Yeah… we're not getting any younger…" Amber smirked.