

# SENIOR WEEK

By ChronoEclipse

Britney stood on the pathway leading up to her dormitory, holding her book bag over her slender shoulder. She had just finished her last class before a weeklong fall break but the pretty, bookish, brunette still looked tense. She closed her big green eyes and took a deep breath before marching quickly to the dormitory doors. A group of guys sitting on the front steps began to whistle at her. She rolled her eyes at them.

“Yeah! One of the girls! Now it’s time to party!” A chubby brown haired kid yelled.

“God you’re such a little hottie!” A muscular blonde guy, with his shirt off screamed in her face as she walked to the door.

“Wanna Netflix and chill?” A third tall, pizza faced kid asked, causing the others to laugh and slap him on the chest.

“Thanks fellas... not interested...” Britney replied softly with a forced smile as she quickly opened the door.

Once inside she sighed again and shook her head as the hallway was filled with bros that were hooting, hollering, wrestling and generally being idiot guys. A dude in a towel hopped up to her, his crotch thrusting forward as he grinded against her laughing. She pushed him away. A couple other guys slapped her tight fitting jean-clad ass. She turned around and slapped the second one.

“What?????” He called after her with a cocky grin on his face.

“I wanna be your boyfriend!!!” Another geeky guy yelled from across the hall as she made it to her dorm room and quickly rushed inside and slammed the door.

“No thank you!” She yelled out loud in frustration as she pressed her back against the door and slid down toward the ground a little.

Her roommate giggled. “Welcome to the Jungle amiright?”

Britney opened her eyes to see her roommate Kelsey sitting Indian style on her bed. Kelsey was a bit of a punk chick. Her hair was naturally blonde but she had dyed it magenta a few months ago and now it was slowly growing out, leaving a bit of a pink and blonde ombre. She wore a lot of band shirts she had ripped and fashioned into tank tops and black leather skirts with fishnet stockings. She also loved putting on black lipstick and heavy eye liner in a rim around her eyes. She had all of the piercings and tattoos to befit an aspiring female rock star. Britney was the yin to Kelsey’s yang – a good girl, who dressed very preppy. Your more classic ‘girl next door type.’ Where Kelsey’s wall was decorated with metal posters and avant garde art designs, Britney’s was adorned with motivational sayings and pictures of horses. Still they got along great. They were best friends since they met at orientation over the summer, and occasionally, depending on how much one or both of them had drank, a little more.

“Well this might have been a record, I made it from class to the room with just two ass grabs and one dry hump... and like a million cat calls.” Britney said with a smirk taking off her jean jacket and tossing her bag under her bed.

“Boys will be boys...” Kelsey scoffs with a roll of her eyes.

“Or so says the housing office. God, what did we do to get stuck in a dorm that’s like 90% dudes.” Britney asked as she flopped onto her bed.

“I don’t know but i’d like sell my SOUL to live in a dorm where I can walk to the bathroom without a bra on in peace!” Kelsey pleaded. She then contorted her face to look more neanderthalish and did her impression of the idiot guys in their hallway. “Duhhhhhh show us yer tits! C’mon! We can practically see them anyway! Just like take off your top! Duhhhhh!” She mocked in a low, unintelligent, masculine voice.

Britney giggled at the impression. She observed the sheer white tank top that her roommate was currently wearing, being able to observe the location of her nipples through the fabric. The top was skimpy enough that the length of her

gravity defying C-cup breasts pushed the shirt up and out leaving her midriff exposed. A glittery belly button stud glittered in the center of her flat stomach.

“Well to be entirely fair... you can basically see your boobs through that shirt.” Britney said with a smirk.

Kelsey grinned. “No you can see the OUTLINE of my boobs through the shirt.” She said and then grabbed the hem of the shirt and pulled it up to her neck flashing her round perky breasts at Britney. “NOW you can see my boobs.” She said with a laugh.

Britney laughed but also blushed. “Did you mistake me for the lead singer of one of your favorite bands?” She teased.

“Ha, don’t be shy. It’s not like it’s anything you haven’t seen before. Show me yours!” Kelsey encouraged putting her shirt back down.

Britney smiled but looked like a deer in headlights. “Noooo! Absolutely not!”

“What? You’re afraid of corrupting my sweet young mind?” Kelsey joked and stuck out her tongue to show she’s a wild-child.

“Yes, next thing you know we’ll be dirty dancing.” Britney said with a giggle.

Kelsey laughed but then gave a ‘come on!’ look to Britney. “Really? You’re going to just let me be the only flasher in this room?”

Britney hesitated and then sighed and smirked, unbuttoning her blouse and reaching around to unclasp her bra, pulling it out of her shirt and tossing it on her bed.

“Oooo pink and lacy!” Kelsey teased at the strawberry patterned bra.

“You’re going to blow your chance...” Britney warned.

“Okay! Okay!” Kelsey said and leaned back on her bed waiting.

Britney took a breath and then quickly opened part of her blouse to reveal her pink nipples B-cup breast. Then she quickly pulled her shirt back down with a giggle.

“You took ‘flash’ literally!” The blonde punk girl teased.

“You’re lucky you got to see any of this!” The brunette joked pointing all around her body.

Her mind drifted to the couple of times so far this semester that the two roommates had drunkenly made out. The first one was the night of the Welcome Mixer when they were cold and climbed into Britney’s bed drunkenly and just began to wrap their tongues around one another. Then there was the night last month they went to a frat party and Kelsey had kicked a frat guy in the balls and they ran home together. They ended up collapsing in the bushes outside the dorm and rolled around in the grass for a while drunkenly kissing until they got up the energy to drag themselves inside. The last time was last weekend when Kelsey came home drunk from a concert in the city. Britney sat on the bed stroking the girls pink and blonde hair and then they cuddled together and made out until they fell asleep. The only thing about that time was - Britney hadn’t been drinking. She never told Kelsey. She wasn’t actually sure if Kelsey identified as bi or not, she had a string of shitty boyfriends and Britney had never heard about Kelsey being with any other girls. But Britney had known she was bisexual for a couple years now and found Kelsey’s young punk, rebellious live-fast-die-hard persona incredibly hot. She just didn’t want to make things weird between them. Especially in their current living situation she didn’t want Kelsey thinking she was getting harassed from all sides. So just being BFFs and the occasional drunken hook-up was good enough for her. And if Kelsey wanted to flash her from time to time she wasn’t going to complain.

“Soooo are you going to this ‘Senior Week’ thing?” Kelsey asked, breaking Britney’s train of thought.

Britney looked over to see her roommate was holding the formal invitation to “Senior Week for the girls of the Boys Dorm.” The invitation stated that a meeting would be held on this date in Alexis’ room. They knew Alexis, she was

a junior and the oldest of the 6 girls living in that dormitory, she had also given Kelsey and Britney a lot of advice and tips about the campus and their current living situation in the past few months since the two girls were incoming freshmen. But the invitation didn't provide much information beyond that. And when they had asked Alexis what the deal was with the meeting or why it was called Senior Week she simply said. "Just come and find out!"

"I'm not going if you don't go." Kelsey said flat out.

Britney shrugged. "I think we should go? I mean why not, right? We like all the girls that are going and honestly my curiosity is going to kill me if I don't find out what it is."

Kelsey nodded, examining the invitation some more. "Yeah it's super weird isn't it? I mean what do they mean by Senior week? None of us are seniors."

Britney nodded. "Yeah and, like, it just says the date of the meeting, are we going to be doing things all week? Guess we'll find out!" She replied cheerily and with that, the two girls got ready.

When it was time for the meeting Britney and Kelsey stood awkwardly outside of Alexis' dorm room. Alexis' room was at the end of the upstairs hallway, which provided her a more spacious living space but a gauntlet of horny college guys to pass through to get there. If they weren't frat guys woo-hooing and waving their t-shirts above their heads they were greasy socially awkward creeps leering at the girls from the cracks in their doors.

"Yeah, freshman girls! Get 'em while they're skinny!" A random asshole yelled.

"Hey cuties! I will pay you a whole dollar if you make-out right now!" Another guy offered.

Kelsey flipped them off and Britney knocked on the door again. Alexis, a beautiful statuesque blonde girl pulled open the door with an annoyed look on her face, it softened when she saw that it was the two girls knocking.

“Great! You came! Come in, come in!” She said excitedly, ushering them into the room.

“Oh my god Alexis! You’re so fucking hot! I’m gonna nut!” A guy yelled at her when she stepped out of the room.

Alexis flips a dirty look at him with her piercing blue eyes.

“Fuck off Craig!” She growled and slammed the door.

“Savages.” Alexis declared to the other five girls in the room with a grin and a roll of her eyes once the door was closed.

Britney looked curiously at the other girls in the very posh-looking dorm room. Besides Kelsey and Alexis there was -

Haley, or LB (For ‘Legally Blonde’), a petite bleach blonde sophomore who was perpetually perky no matter what the situation. She was a criminal justice major who was the kind of girl who covered her wall with motivational saying and rallied the group to go do pilates regardless of how bad of a hangover they all had. At 5’2” and 100 lbs. From a distance she could pass for a much younger girl, she liked playing up the naive, ditsy blonde persona to her advantage, though Britney wondered if it was really an act.

“A guy called me a ‘spinner’ on my way down here? Does he mean like a fidget spinner? I’m super confused?” She said in her high pitched bubbly voice.

Alexis shook her head. “No LB, he means you’re tiny so he can... you know what? Never mind.”

Next to Haley stood Bella (Who the other girls called ‘Belle’), the lit major. A thin, waifish redhead. Her bookish demeanor and delicate features made her what Alexis dubbed a ‘geek magnet’. Which she used to her advantage from time to time, getting the more socially awkward guys around campus to give her gifts and money by doing things like dressing up like Princess Zelda or posting a picture of herself posing in a bikini in front of a Tardis replica. This had proved to be lucrative for her but did come with the drawback of a small

group of nerdy guys with an intense obsession with her. She managed it well though Britney thought considering how many dudes followed her around from class to class like puppy dogs.

The final girl in the room was a beautiful, perpetually tanned brunette named Tiffany or 'Dash', who was a Junior like Alexis. She was a dance major and had the most gorgeous toned legs and ass that Britney has ever seen and she insisted on wearing booty-hugging yoga pants like basically everywhere. They were bubble gum pink and said JUICY across the sides of them. As if people weren't already thinking that when Tiffany strutted by, shaking her tight ass.

Alexis grinned from ear to ear at all the girls as if she was about to plan a heist. Alexis was a biology major, focusing on gerontology. She was also gorgeous, assertive and charismatic in a way Britney hadn't seen all together in one person before. She didn't look like the type of person that would be studying how people age in a lab somewhere. In fact, in her current outfit of hip hugging jean cutoff shorts that showed off her impossibly long toned legs and a pink mid-riff baring tank top giving view to her perfectly flat trim stomach, she looked more like a movie starlet *playing* the part of the young biology genius rather than being the genius student herself.

"Okay! Let's get this party started." The blonde woman said with a knowing look to the other women. Haley clapped excitedly.

"First though, we need to give the newbies their names." Alexis said, tapping her well manicured finger on her smooth, perfectly symmetrical chin.

Britney looked over at Kelsey who seemed equally confused.

"Uh we already have names. I'm Britney and this is Kelsey." The young brunette explained gesturing to her roommate.

"Yeah... I'm not going to remember those. You need new, better names. This is kind of like an un-official sorority, girls, you're basically like pledges." Alexis explained and the other girls grinned.

Kelsey and Britney looked at each other, wondering what they'd signed up for.

“It’s cool. She gave all of us names!” Haley perked up reassuringly. “I’m LB – for Legally Blonde, because I guess I resemble a young Reese Witherspoon?... I haven’t seen the movie but the poster has a cute dog!” Haley said in her chipper voice.

Alexis rolled her eyes and shook her head. “It’s because you look like Reese Witherspoon AND you’re a criminal justice major! AND you’re blonde! It works on multiple levels.” She explained.

“That’s Belle.” Alexis said, gesturing to Bella who gave a friendly wave to the two freshmen girls. “Because she loves books and looks like a goddamn Disney Princess.” She added.

“And well, my name is Bella so Belle/Bella – it makes sense!” The redhead confirmed.

“Yes that too. And then this is Dash like KarDASHian.” Alexis said, putting her hands on Tiffany’s shoulders.

Britney and Kelsey look confused.

“It’s because of my booty. It’s big like Kim’s.” Tiffany explained and the two younger girls gave a nod of understanding.

Alexis examined the girls like someone scrutinizing a new painting. “Hmmm I think your name is Winnie... Because you look like that girl from the show The Wonder Years.” She said to Britney.

“I’ve never seen that show.” Britney said googling the actress on her phone.

“Inconsequential. I dub thee now and forevermore – Winnie.” Alexis stated bluntly, putting her hand on Britney’s right shoulder and then her left like she was being knighted.

“Uh... oh. Okay.” Britney said, guessing that there was no arguing the point.



Alexis ran her fingers over her smooth face in contemplation of Kelsey.

“Now you... What is your name?” She asked rhetorically.

Kelsey rolled her eyes. “Kel-”

“Shhhh! I almost have it.” Alexis said, holding a finger to the punk girl's lips to shush her. “Okay your make-up looks like one of those bunnies... bunny... bun... rabbit... bugs bunny.... Babs! Your name is Babs!” She said with a snap of her fingers.

“Okay cool, i'm Babs now are you going to tell us what we're doing here?” The pink haired girl asked with a bit of attitude.

“Wait, what is your name?” Britney asked curiously.

Alexis smirked. “My name is Alexis, or Lex or Lexie if you're nasty.” She said with a grin.

“What is that from?” Britney asked wondering if it was a pop culture reference or movie star she didn't recognize.

Alexis shook her head looking at Britney like she was asking a silly question.

“It's not from anything, it's just my name.” She said, patting Britney on her shoulder. “All right then, now that we all have names let's get this Senior week started.” The tall blonde announced and the other girls excitedly took seats in a circle in the middle of the room.

Britney and Kelsey hesitantly took their seats as well.

Alexis folded her long creamy legs elegantly and looked around at each of the girls.

“So, now there are six of us. Our number are growing but it's still six women and a hundred stupid horny straight guys. Does anyone have any stories to share?” Alexis asked the group.

“Uh yeah! I literally have to bring a one piece bathing suit to the shower to change into at the end of it because whenever I try to walk from the shower to my dorm dudes will just try to pull my towel off ‘as a joke’.” Tiffany explained.

“Oh god, that’s awful.” Britney said, thinking that she would just die if she found herself naked in the middle of the dorm hallways.

“Wow, i’m not surprised though. There are literally drill holes in the first floor showers. The guys are trying to pull some Porky’s bullshit. I told admin and they said they’d have maintenance patch it up. That was 3 weeks ago!” Alexis lamented.

“Those assholes! I’m going to kick every last one of them in the balls.” Kelsey said, balling her hands up in fists of rage.

Haley shook her head. “It’s not worth it. The school has a zero tolerance policy on violence. But sexual harassment on the other hand...” She said, rolling her eyes.

“Besides, it’s easier if you make the system work for you. Case in point, how do you all like my new pedicure?” Bella asked, tossing off her flip flops and extending her legs into the circle to present her cute, ruby red painted toes on pretty, nicely pampered feet.

The girls all ooo’d and awww’d. Britney was envious of the soft, uncalloused soles Bella was sporting, they looked pristine like they’d never touched the ground.

“Yeah so this guy Derrick, like, begged to give me a pedicure... so I let him! On the grounds that he didn’t do anything weird like try to suck on my toes or like lick my insole or anything... he wanted to. Believe me. But he was good, just painted my toes and gave me a foot massage and, like, complimented me a bunch. He is super nice but like waaaaaaaay too into my feet.” She said with a perky smile tossing her red hair to the side.

“Cool so we hit Derrick up when we want to get free spa treatment... good to know!” Kelsey said sarcastically.

“Haters gonna hate!” Bella said, playfully wiggling her toes. “LB, how has it been with a boyfriend?” She asked the tiny blonde next to her.

Haley gave a Cheshire cat smile and shrugged. “Eh, I still get hit on constantly but at least Craig yells at them when he sees them do it. I don’t know, I’m kind of over him. He’s cute and all but he’s like only ever interested in getting himself off. Like if I just posed naked like this -” She says as she freezes with her two hands making circles and her mouth puckered in an O shape. “I think he’d be happy. But at least he’s devoted. He’s sitting on my bed right now waiting for me to get back because I promised him a blow job if he drove me to the mall this afternoon.” She said with a proud smirk.

Alexis golf clapped. “Nicely done LB! Nicely done.”

Britney raised her hand. “Ummm I have a question.”

Alexi looked interested. “Sure Winnie, you can speak freely.”

Britney put down her hand. “Me? Oh right, my name's Winnie now, okay cool so... Why is this called Senior week if none of us are seniors and this isn't the last week of the year.” The young brunette asked thoughtfully.

The other girls giggled and looked knowingly at one another. Alexis jumped up excitedly.

She tossed open her closet dramatically and began pulling out boxes of stuff.

“Dash, can you give me a hand? This'll go quicker if I'm not the only one.” Alexis said as she opened up the first box to reveal packages of adult diapers and canes.

“Uh... what?” Kelsey asked, seeing Tiffany drag a couple of walkers out of the closet.

“Just some supplies in preparation for our week girls. You’ll thank me later.” Alexis said with a mischievous grin as she opened a smaller box and pulled out bifocals and dentures.

Britney burst out laughing. “So we’re going to, like, dress up as old ladies... as like, what? A disguise? Where are the grey wigs?” She asked in a fit of giggles thinking that this was really ridiculous but sounded fun.

Alexis looked at her seriously but excited to witness her reaction. “Not a disguise, we’re actually going to become little old ladies for a week.” She said matter-of-factly hanging canes on the backs of each of their chairs.

Britney and Kelsey looked at each other upon this revelation and then cracked up laughing again.

“I know, it sounds totally crazy! I thought the same thing when I was a freshman and they told me about it, but trust her. Lex is a genius.” Bella said, grabbing a pair of bifocals and comparing them to her stylish glasses.

Alexis gave them a look, seeing that the new girls weren’t convinced. She held up a finger indicating to them to hold their thoughts for a moment. The blonde junior then ran over to the closet and pulled down a high tech case. She opened it up to reveal something that looked like a futuristic Dustbuster.

“This, ladies, is the Venerator.... Or Geriatrifyer... I haven’t decided yet. But with one suck of this device it will render any pretty young girl completely invisible to the male gaze for 7 days.” She explained with reverence

Tiffany carried a walker back over to her chair and leaned on it in a sexy pose. “So one week a semester the girls of boys’ dorm gather together and use the Venerator... or whatever you want to call it to age up and get some peace and have fun without all the groping and cat-calls.” She explained.

Kelsey folded her arms skeptically. “You can’t just turn into old ladies. That’s not a thing.”

Alexis shrugged. "You don't have to believe us, in a minute you're going to see for yourself and then you're going to try it." She said flatly as she charged up the machine which began to whirl and hum.

Britney suddenly became very concerned and looked around at the other girls who all looked cool with what was about to happen.

"But wait! What if we don't want to uh... get old?" She asked fearfully.

"I totally asked the same thing last year. The thought of my boobies, like, sagging to my knees horrified me." Haley explained sympathetically. "But I gave it a try and it's totally worth it! Just for a week!" She said in her cheery voice.

"Put it this way - what would you be willing to trade for a week where you don't get your ass pitched or get mentally undressed by every guy you walk by? Because I would totally trade my youth and beauty for a week of that." Alexis explained as she brought the device over and sat down.

"One week where all the guys basically ignore us or even better - bend over backwards to be NICE and POLITE to us because we look like their old sweet grannies. Yeah, sure the cost is that we're old and wrinkly and have the same aches and pains old women have." Bella reasoned.

"And you're a LOT slower and less mobile than we are at our age. That took a little getting used to..." Tiffany added.

"But who couldn't benefit from slowing down a bit anyway right? College has us running around like mad women all day." Alexis chimed in.

Britney looked at the diapers and the dentures. She thought Alexis made a good point but was still frightened by the prospect of it. She subconsciously cupped her perky breasts and felt her smooth face and cheeks.

"Like what if we have a heart attack or like die of old age?" She asked.

Kelsey rolled her eyes. “Brit... sorry ‘Winnie’, it’s not real. They can’t make us old. They’re fucking with us. It’s some stupid initiation. They are going to have us put on the depends and the hearing aids and, like, hobble around the hall with the canes and get a good viral video.” She said cynically.

Alexis smiled at Kelsey during freshman’s summation of what was about to happen but acted like it wasn’t worth a response. She then turned to Britney. “Cool. So to answer your question my device ages you in a completely safe way. Our hearts, brains and all our vital organs stay young and healthy... bladder and intestinal track... not so much, hence the diapers... sorry, but it’s really a small sacrifice. Your physical body in most ways will age 70 years but we’ll be the healthiest 88 - 90 year olds on the planet. Oh! Thanks for reminding me - you can’t get preggers while you’re aged but if any of you have a little bun in the oven I can’t have you go through the process. Giving birth to a 70 year old baby would... not be good. So you’re all square? No secret pregnancies?” She asked looking around with deadly seriousness at the group of girls who all vigorously shook their heads ‘no’.

“Awesome, well then, let's get senior week started! I think our froshy’s need to see it to believe it.” Alexis declared enthusiastically. “As always, I’ll go first.” She said as she passed the device to Tiffany who walked behind the beautiful, golden-haired, 20 year old and applied the device to the base of her smooth neck.

Britney and Kelsey watched wide-eyed as Tiffany flicked the machine on and they witnessed their gorgeous young host begin to vibrate and shake in her chair. Her whole body seemed to be rapidly jostling around and convulsing. Britney could swear that she caught glimpses of an older blonde woman around her mom's age here and there, before seeing the vibrating mass that was Alexis’ bright blonde hair suddenly go grey and white. As her shaking and shuddering began to slow the freshman girls gasped at the sight of a stooped over 90-year-old woman sitting in the chair with long thinning white hair hanging from her head, still in it’s youthful style. The other girls all excitedly hooted and clapped like she had just done an amazing Karaoke performance.

Alexis’ formerly tight thigh-hugging short-shorts were now quite loose and a bit inappropriate as they showcased her now bony, wrinkled, stick-thin legs.

Her midriff-baring, bright pink top was even more obscene as her soft wrinkly belly oozed over her jeans and her now shriveled breasts appeared to be poking out from the bottom hem of the shirt as she sat hunched over, gnarled hands on knobby knees, heavily breathing.

The elderly woman examined her wisened hands with a wrinkled smile and cackled. "See? Told ya!" She then looked down at the rest of her body. "Whoops, looks like I underestimated how far the girls would droop with this shirt!" She chuckled, tugging the tank top down to cover her wrinkled dangling nipples. The other girls laugh hysterically.

"Cover it up granny!" Bella said teasingly.

Alexis wagged a crooked finger at her.

"We'll see how pretty those perky tits of yours look when it's your turn dearie!" Alexis countered with her best 'sweet old lady' voice, which was easy now since her voice was higher pitched and rattled like a woman of her current age.

"Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god!" Britney cried, her heart feeling like it was about to jump out of her chest.

"You're wicked old!" Kelsey exclaimed, echoing what Britney was thinking, with a look of sheer dumbfoundedness.

"Uh duh! That's what I said was going to happen wasn't it?" The youthfully dressed crone replied with a raised white eyebrow. "Now, who's next? Winnie? Babs? One of you newbies ready to see what your senior years have in store?" She asked with a wrinkled smirk.

The two youngest girls vigorously shook their heads no. The old woman shrugged.

"I'll go! I'm, like, soooo ready to spend a week as a granny. Look!" Haley said as she reached into the pocket of her peacoat. She pulled out a handful of

Werther's Originals. "I totally came prepared. I'm going to give hard candies to kids at the mall!" She announced excitedly.

Alexis wheezed as she slowly stood to her aching feet. She reached over and grabbed the cane from the back of her chair and hobbled over to Haley, holding the device.

"Nice LB, bonus points for bringing your own props." Alexis told the petite teenager as she placed the device on the base of the perky, platinum blonde's neck.

"Wrinkle city here I come!" Haley shouted excitedly as the device was turned on and she began to shake and convulse in her chair.

The girls all watched as they observed the dainty criminal justice major rapidly age. It looked like her body bloated out a bit in middle-age before shriveling and shrinking more. Her bright blonde hair appeared to lighten to pure snow white as her head shook around. After a few moments her body began to settle and in the place of an energetic young 19-year-old there was a shrunken, white haired 89-year-old.

'Wrinkle city' was right, Britney thought. Haley was the wrinkliest old woman she had ever seen. Like her tiny body literally just shriveled into a billion criss crossing crinkles. She was also now toothless, they all observed, as the shrunken old lady brought a trembling hand up to her thin pruned lips to confirm that she needed dentures.

"Well, I know I promised Craig a blow job this afternoon. I hope he doesn't mind getting a gum job instead!" She said in a very high pitched, shaky voice. She tucked her wrinkly lips around said gums and made an 'O' face. The other women roared with laughter.

"Your teeth are gone!?" Britney asked, horrified.

Haley gave her a gummy, old lady smile.



“No biggie! I was like, already a vegan and this is just an excuse to drink more smoothies!” The 89-year-old college sophomore chirped happily.

The aged, wizened host of the party took a few clomping steps with her cane over to the next seat, while holding the device.

“Belle, sweet Disney princess, ready to lose your youth?” Alexis asks Bella, hobbling over to the redhead.

“You know it! Just pass me my old lady specs... I was blind as a bat last time and couldn’t see the rest of you age!” Bella said, grabbing her long crimson hair and lifting it up so that Alexis could attach the machine to her neck.

Tiffany tossed her a pair of granny glasses. Bella caught them with one hand and attempted to put them on. “Woah, that’s a strong prescription... I’ll wait till I’m old.” She said, holding the bifocals in her hand.

Alexis turned on the machine and the redheaded waif began to jiggle and flail in her seat. From Britney’s vantage point she could see Bella’s neck and chin slide and droop further and further until it became a waddle of wrinkled neck skin dangling down and flapping as she convulsed around. Her fiery hair got pailer and pailer until it was finally white with a reddish tint. Her body settled and she sat there slightly shivering, a bony, frail-looking 89-year-old. She brought her trembling hand up to place the glasses on her shriveled face and blinked her sunken eyes.

“There we go, now I can see.” She chuckled looking down at her extremely old body, her eyes trailed down the blue and purple veins of her wrinkled bony legs to her swollen knees and her stick-like calves, down to her veiny, liver spotted feet. Red nailpolish covered hard, thick, yellow nails and her toes were all crooked and knobby. She lifted her feet, with great effort, to get a better look at them and Britney could see her soles were incredibly wrinkled and ancient looking.

“Aw that’s a shame, a perfectly good pedicure gone to waste because of sudden old age!” She cackled, the other old women and Tiffany laughed as well.

“I bet Derrick won’t mind giving you another one when you’re young again.” Tiffany said with a smirk.

“Young again, nothing! I bet that weirdo would kiss my wrinkly old soles right now!” Bella declared, trying to wiggle her aged toes but they didn’t bend much. “I’m going to make that boy give this old gal a sensual foot massage and ease the arthritis in these gnarled old toes of mine.” She said stretching her creaky legs and crossing her crinkling ankles in front of her, continuing to try to wiggle her elderly toes.

“Okay... just Tiffany left before you new girls join us in an early retirement...” Alexis said with a big wrinkly grin hobbling over to the tanned athlete.

Britney couldn’t fathom Tiffany wanting to go through with this. She was a dancer. Her toned body and flexibility was her livelihood. No way she’d agree to spend a week with all her assets drooping to the floor, needing to get around with support of a cane. So it was shocking when Tiffany enthusiastically bunched her brunette hair into a ponytail and let Alexis apply the device to her tan neck.

Everyone watched as the machine whizzed on and Tiffany began to flail and jiggle around rapidly. Britney observed the curvy, athletic girl begin to swell up in her chair as if expanding like an air mattress being blown up. The chair began to buckle as it creaked and groaned from the added weight of a chubby middle aged Tiffany. But just before the other women in the room feared that the chair would break, the aging girl started shedding pounds as fast as she put them on, like the air being let back out of a girl-shaped balloon. Her brown hair went grey very quickly and though it was hard to see, with her shaking all around, her sagging body gave off the look of melting toward the ground.

After a few moments the device died down and Tiffany stopped vibrating. Instead of the shapely young dancer with the tanned complexion there was a pale skinned, fluffy looking granny with a big, puffy gut hanging out of her shirt and thick, wrinkly thighs stretching her Juicy Couture yoga pants to lengths they had never been stretched to. Her grey and white hair was still pulled in a ponytail, and her smooth cheeks had aged into fat wrinkly jowls.

Tiffany rubbed her aching hips. “Ugh it’d be great if I didn’t become a fat granny. All this extra weight all at once is uncomfortable.” She groaned.

Alexis smirked. “Quit your complaining, ya old bag and show us that big ol’ saggy booty!” She cackled, waving her bony hand in the air like to mime giving her equally elderly friend a spanking.

It was an absolutely bizarre thing for one 90-year-old woman to yell at another. Stranger still was Tiffany climbing up slowly from her chair and grasping the walker in front of her. Her saggy pillow tits swaying noticeably in her top, flopping against her wrinkly belly. She shuffled with small steps around in place until her back was to the rest of the women. At which point she jiggled her hips like she was dancing at a club, except with her age and girth it caused her big, sagging butt to jiggle epically, the girls could see every fold of her collapsed ass flap around because of her skin tight pants. The saggy ass cheeks settled very low and rippled against her thighs. The other old women hollered at her like they were at a bachelorette party.

“Twerk it, Dash!” Haley chirped, excitedly.

“Think the guys will be cheering like that when I waddle my ass down the hallway?” Tiffany joked, causing the other women to shake their heads with a satisfied smile.

“B-but... you’re old!” Britney blurted out causing the elderly women to all stare at her for a moment and then laugh.

“I am? Oh my god! I am! I’m super fucking old! I’m, like, older than my own grandma!” Tiffany sarcastically exclaimed, looking down at her saggy body.

“No I mean... don’t you like... aren’t you a dancer? How are you going to dance like - \*that\*.” She said, gesturing to Tiffany’s fat old frame.

Tiffany shrugged, sitting back down with a groan.

“Eh, I push myself pretty hard to work out and practice when I’m young. Looking and feeling like *this* gives me an excuse to take a break for a week. And

I guess if I really miss dancing this week I'm sure there's like a senior swing class down at the local YWCA..." She explained with a wrinkly smile.

Alexis rubbed her veiny old hands together looking at the last two young women in the room.

"All right my pretties... who's gonna grow old next?" She asked, barely containing her excitement.

"I... um....." Britney began searching for a way to back out of this. She looked around at all the former pretty college girls who were now shrunken, shriveled old women. The dorm looked like the day room at a nursing home! It was super freaky!

"I'll go!" She heard the voice next to her say. She looked over in astonishment at her roommate who was raising her tattooed arm.

"Kelsey! Seriously? Did you see how old that thing makes you!?" Britney wailed in concern.

The punk girl smirked at her. "Yeah, I'm actually really curious to see what a counterculture teen rebel like me will look like when I'm almost 90." She replied with a grin.

Britney furrowed her brow. "Not good... I can't imagine lips piercings and stomach tattoos look great on little old ladies!" She tried to reason.

"Chill out Brit, it's going to be fine. I'll be the most bad-ass granny anyone has ever seen. I'm going to go to as many shows as I can, punking the hell out of my old friends when they see me rocking out with my tits sagging to the floor, dry humping my walker!" Kelsey declared, sticking her tongue out and making the rock on symbols with her hands and then grabbing Tiffany's walker to demonstrate how she planned to treat it when she was a granny, causing the other old women to titter and laugh. The only other teenage girl in the room scowled, unamused with her arms folded.

“They’ll probably lock you up in an old-age home thinking that some elderly Perry Como fan went senile and accidently hobbled her way into a punk rock show!” The brunette retorted.

Kelsey put her hand on Britney’s shoulder. “It’s not a big deal. Like they said, it's seriously going to cut down on the amount of ass pinches we get... unless we find a dude that likes particularly shriveled asses... and it’s just for a week. Why not right?” She said with a shrug.

Before Britney could argue further Alexis pulled up Kelsey's blonde and pink hair and placed the device on her neck. It hummed alive and the girl began jiggling about. Her head shook rapidly and her limbs flailed around causing her tattoos to make colorful swirling waves as her body vibrated.

But Britney could see, as her friend shook and spasmed in front of her, that she was getting older. She seemed to grow a few inches in height and then seemed to bloat out a bit, as her youthful metabolism gave way to middle aged flab. But moments later she began to thin out once again as her skin seemed to be flapping loosely off of her arms and legs. Her head was a swirl of white and pink as her body began to stoop over.

The machine stopped and Kelsey’s body stopped shaking around leaving a frail looking, 88-year-old woman with long pink and white hair and a wrinkled pallid face. Her dark eyeliner circled now heavy, tired, sunken eyes and her lip ring dangled off of thin, pruned lips. Her band tank-top was now covering a pair of sagging breasts and a wrinkled gut that was seeping out of the bottom of it onto her jean’s waistline. She clutched Britney’s shoulder again for support as her old legs had a lot of trouble standing on their own. The tattoos on her arms were almost unrecognizable, just splotches of faded, colorful ink covering loose wrinkled skin that dangled from her bony arms.

Britney looked at the frail, wrinkled woman standing in front of her. Kelsey has a wizened cantankerous look that reminded Britney of her own grandmother - that is, if her grandmother had gone wild and gotten a bunch of piercings and tattoos and dyed her hair half pink! The teenage girl lifted her hand up and cupped her roommate's jowly old cheek, staring into her make-up painted wrinkled face. This was what her friend was going to look like when she was

almost 90-years-old, Britney thought, getting a little misty-eyed at the notion of her BFF being at the end of her life, a doddering, frail old woman who needed to be cared for. She thought of the strong independent teenager that Britney liked to drunkenly cuddle and kiss and how someday she would be this thin, wrinkly granny standing in front of her now.

“Aw Kels...” She said feeling like she was going to cry.

Kelsey saw her roommate getting sentimental and suddenly felt a little self-conscious about being so much older than her friend now. Her instinct was to make it not be a big deal. So she gave a wrinkled smirk, conveying an attitude more befitting someone 70 years younger and shrugged her slouched bony shoulders.

“It’s cool. I think I aged pretty awesomely.” She says with a look at her elderly body. “Might need to touch up my tats though. They got pretty faded over the decades.” She said lifting her shirt a little to see the tattoo on her hip and the sparkling belly button piercing lost in the folds of her wrinkled belly.

“Well Winnie... you’re up, whippersnapper!” Alexis said with a wrinkly grin holding up the machine.

Britney looked around at the group of old women who had all been pretty, young girls her own age a few minutes ago.

“It really is a one of a kind experience. Completely worth trying at least once!” Bella said encouragingly, in a quavering voice, reaching over to rub the wrinkled soles of her liver-spotted foot.

“We’re gonna have a lot of fun this week! Like people seriously underestimate old women! We can get discounts ANYWHERE and like just walk into places and people think ‘oh she’s so old we’ll just let her do her thing!” Haley chimed in with a toothless grin.

“I can’t imagine you’re not at least a little curious about what you’ll look like? This way you won’t have to wait seven decades to find out.” The fat granny Tiffany wheezed while leaning on her walker.

“And like, what do you want to do this week that you won’t be able to do as a little old lady? Want to have sex? Go for it! I know I’m going to do it with literally any guy that’s still willing! Sex as a granny is the best! Like I said - it’s all elderly down there so no muss, no fuss... just have a lot of lube on hand!” Alexis cackled rubbing her wrinkly bare thigh suggestively.

“C’mon Brit, you’ve got to do it. I can’t have a roommate that’s young enough to be my great-great granddaughter! That’s weird. Plus you’ll totally make fun of me for how many times I have to go pee throughout the night!” Kelsey pleaded with a shrill croaking old voice.

Britney suddenly felt very awkward about being the only young woman left in the entire dormitory. She looked at her smooth hands and legs and the wrinkly faces of her friends and then sighed.

“Okay... make me old.” She said, wincing and hoping that she wouldn’t regret this.

The elderly coeds cheered as Alexis hobbled forward and applied the machine to Britney’s neck. It felt slightly warm and there was a sensation of suctioning as it whizzed on.

Britney felt her body begin to rapidly jostle. It felt a bit like being on one of those carnival rides that spins you with centripetal force. She was vibrating so quickly that she couldn’t really observe her own aging as it was happening. But to her surprise she didn’t feel like her energy and vitality was being sucked away, rather she felt more like all of the weight of her stress was being lifted from her shoulders. She felt lighter. Sure she could feel her body begin to naturally sag and stoop. She could feel her cheeks slide down her face and her breasts pooling at the bottom of her bra cups, but the feeling of the process as a whole was a bit euphoric.

When the machine finally stopped Britney instinctively brought her hand up to her line of sight. Her eyesight was a bit fuzzier but close up she could see the veined gnarled elderly hand in front of her, speckled with age spots. She felt her wrinkled jowls and her thin lips that were sucked inward.

“I lost muh teef!” Were the first words she said upon becoming 88 years old.

“Yeah! Welcome to the denture club!” Haley squealed enthusiastically.

Britney reached a trembling hand around to rub her back as a new persisting ache was radiating from there and her knees appeared to be a bit swollen. She looked down at her veiny, wrinkled calves.

“I shouldn’t have worn a skirt to this.” She said, giving a wrinkly frown to her exposed old legs.

“Oh don’t be silly! Own your new age Winnie! Show off those varicose veins!” Alexis encouraged with a cackle.

“I wonder if that’s what Danica McKeller will look like when she’s old.” Tiffany asked, referring to the actress that Britney resembled.

“She’s already kind of starting to look like that a bit.” Bella replied with a wrinkled smirk.

“I wouldn’t knock how she looks. She looks young enough to be the great granddaughter of any one of us.” Britney said, grasping the cane on the back of her chair and getting up to her feet. She was stooped over a bit and her legs were shaky, she could feel her modest breasts sway with each step. She hobbled over to the tattooed granny next to her who held out a shaking hand.

“Thanks for doing this Brit. I didn’t want to be old by myself.” Kelsey said quietly to her friend.

Britney winked a sunken eye at her roommate. The two of them now looked like they had been close for over half a century.

“Anything for you Kels, we’re going to be roommates when we’re in a nursing home too right?” Britney asked with a smile.

“You know it!” Her punk friend nodded her grey and pink head.



“For now I'm just looking forward to when some guy in the hallway goes ‘Errr you're not wearing a bra! Show us yer tits! Errrr!!!’ and I can give him an eye full of these!” Kelsey rattled lifting up her tank top halfway to her neck to reveal the pair of shriveled, dangling pale breasts she now possessed that were sagging toward the floor.

Britney and the rest of the girls nearly all had heart attacks laughing. But there was also a twinkle in the elderly freshman's eye as she looked at her 88 year friend's exposed chest and wondered what it would be like this week if they got a bit tipsy and she had the opportunity to cup those sagger in her liver-spotted hands. She made mental plans to crack out the wine coolers tonight...

“Okay girls... or should I say, ladies! Senior Week has officially begun!” Alexis declared with a wheeze.

“Woooo!” The old women all yelled excitedly as if they were girls at spring break.

“That's the spirit! Get whatever supplies you need before you shuffle out.” Alexis instructed.

“Um, I think I need to get changed into a pair of Depends... we obviously didn't know what this was at first and well... I'm wearing a pair of my sexy panties and I don't want old lady control issues to ruin them!” Britney explained.

“Good call, I need to get some diapers on too. With this big old saggy ass, you better believe I make big old granny farts!” Tiffany cackled, patting her on the back with a wrinkled hand.

“All right girls, grab your canes and old lady undergarments and let's head down to the showers and give those Porky's wannabe mother fuckers a real show!” Alexis cackled triumphantly.

A few minutes later the boys in Alexis' hallway were confused and disgusted as a parade of scantily clad elderly women hobbled out of that ‘hot blonde chick's’ room with the assistance of canes and walkers. The old women blew kisses at

the boys and pinched their butts with shaky old hands. Soon the hallways were completely clear as the rowdy boys ran in fear from the six brazen senior college girls.

THE END.