

The Second Date

By ChronoEclipse

Holly arrived at Doug's apartment for their first date. Doug had been pursuing Holly for about a month now and finally got her out for a night on the town. Holly was dressed very sexy in a skirt that came down to her lower mid thigh and a form-fitting blue tank top that gave a great view of her ample cleavage. She was walking in a pair of high-heeled sandals. Doug greeted her by giving her a little hug and kiss on the cheek, noting to himself how soft her cheeks felt. He complimented her on how beautiful she looked and Holly grinned. They quickly headed off to the restaurant.

It was tough for Doug to find a dinner topic that lasted more than a few moments due to the fact that the two of them didn't share many common interests. Doug wasn't getting bored however as he was kept entertained by watching Holly's sexy body in action across the table. She would cross her legs every few minutes or bend down to eat her food letting Doug see right down the opening of her top. It was obvious to both what the other was doing and neither minded. Doug enjoyed the scenery and Holly enjoyed the attention while they stumbled through lame generic topics like current events and family. However one thing Holly said finally shocked Doug out of his trance.

"God I hope I never get old."

Doug's eyes widened, he happened to have a particular kink regarding the aging process. He would never reveal that on the first, second or even third date. In fact, few women he had ever been with in the past were even aware of it. But he really enjoyed thinking about and especially talking about the idea of a sexy young woman becoming old.

He looked up at Holly and then across to another table to see what had prompted such a comment. Sitting at the table was an elderly couple. The old woman was wearing a fancy gown that was maybe a bit inappropriate for a woman of her advanced age, but her husband seemed to be enjoying it. Doug looked back over to Holly still shocked at where the conversation had ended up.

“You don’t want to live a long life?” Doug asked, trying to play it cool.

“No, it would be nice to live a long time. I just don’t want to look old. I mean can you imagine what sixty years would do to *this* body?” She said, gesturing to her curvy figure.

Doug tried to contain his excitement.

“Yes- I mean, yeah I know what you mean. That would be pretty bad...How do you think you would look in sixty years?” Doug asked and then leaned back in his chair in a failed attempt to look casual.

Holly shot him a sideways look before answering his odd question.

“I’d look terrible. I’d be wrinkled all over. My boobs would sag down to my knees. My hair would be white and scraggily. I’d look like that woman.” She exclaimed motioning over to the elderly woman at the table across from them.

“I mean, don’t you think it’s sad when old women wear clothes like that. not realizing that there’s an age limit for how long you can pull them off? I mean it’s almost like she was in her twenties when she put that on and just aged decades in the blink of an eye before she could change into something less revealing.” Holly joked.

Doug couldn’t believe his ears, he was so excited that his date literally just spelled out his fantasy. Doug was a fairly talented artist and had been making illustrations and web comics about age progression and posting them on Deviant Art since he was in high school. At this moment he was very tempted to tell Holly about this personal hobby of his. But then decided he should ask another question and make sure it was safe.

“Don’t you think it would be kind of cool if you had the power to make other people older?” He inquired.

Doug bit his lip fearing that he might have said too much and now Holly would think he was a weirdo. Holly considered the question for a moment. She had

had too much wine over the course of dinner and was really not in a state of mind to think anything was weird. So she finally responded:

“Yeah! Yeah that would be cool. That would be really cool. That’s something I would put to good use at my daycare, anytime a kid got to be too much to handle, poof, make the kid an adult for a few hours and let them take care of themselves!” She offered with a giggle.

“It would also be funny to use on people when they don’t expect it. Some girl at a club is trying to act like she’s hot shit and getting all the free drink - then BAM! You toss seventy years her way and see how many guys try to bring her home after that!” Holly envisioned with a wicked laugh.

“You know, I’ve always been fascinated with the idea of seeing women age.” Doug tossed out finally.

“Oh yeah?” Holly asked with a smile then burst out laughing. Doug was laughing along with Holly, he couldn’t believe she seemed interested in the subject.

“Hey I have some things back in my apartment I’d like to show you.” Holly slipped her foot out of her sandal and rubbed it on Doug’s leg smiling.

“Oh yeah?” Doug knew she was drunk but he couldn’t help but feel extremely excited about finding out about this side of Holly.

“Check please.” He said to the waiter, and they left shortly after.

Once they got back to Doug’s place and shed their coats, Holly walked over to the couch and tossed off her heels.

“Boy those shoes were killing me, I could go for a massage right about now.” She giggled. Doug grinned.

“I’m pretty good at those.” He said with a huge grin.

He sat down and took her cream-colored petite feet in his hands and began to massage them. He smiled over to her and thought to himself about what a great match they made. Sure Holly was a little younger than him. She was in her early twenties, fresh out of college while he was in his early thirties. And sure they were into different things. But he was very much attracted to Holly and she seemed to be into him. And an added bonus was she seemed to be interested in Doug's big interest. Holly wiggled her toes in Doug's hand and commented.

"That feels really good. Thank you very much." The young woman purred.

There was a sparkle in her eyes as she sat up and leaned closer to Doug. He stared at her as their lips met and they began to make out. They made out for a solid amount of time, and began groping each other. Finally after a few moments Holly pulled back.

"Wait." She said holding a finger up to his lips.

Doug could hardly contain himself. He really wanted Holly at that moment. He watched as Holly pulled off her top and unclasped her bra. She now was sitting topless on his couch beckoning him back towards her. He complied, now massaging her perky bare breasts along with probing her mouth with his own. She was guiding him to move his hand over every inch of her exposed skin as they kissed. She was wrapping her legs around him and stroking the back of his head. She was getting wilder and wilder in their foreplay.

She slipped her barefoot under his shirt and motioned for him to remove it. Doug did and he watched as she began to shimmy out of her skirt. Doug held his breath as he saw her panties and her beautiful milky thighs. Her phone buzzed and she paused to look at it. She looked back at Doug and her mood suddenly changed from being into what they were doing to seeming distant and annoyed.

"I have to go." She said flatly and pulled her panties back up and her skirt.

She didn't make eye contact with him as she finished getting dressed and grabbing her things. Doug tried to ask her what was wrong and tried to convince her to stay but she was already opening the door.

"I'll call you." She said from the hallway as the door shut behind her.

And that was that. Doug sat back on his couch bummed.

The next day came and went with no call from Holly, as did the day after that. Doug kept waiting expecting a call with no luck.

Meanwhile Holly was going about her life, going on dates, going out with friends, working. She liked Doug a lot but had panicked about their age difference. A teasing text from her friend that night about being out with her 'sugar daddy' at an inopportune moment hadn't helped matters. She needed to keep cool for a while and collect her thoughts. Her intentions were to give the date some space to decide whether or not she even wanted to propose a second one. She figured that Doug had probably moved on anyway. What she didn't realize was that Doug had really liked her and felt hurt by getting blown off like this. Several weeks went by with no texts or calls. Doug even put himself out there and tried to reinitiate things but Holly felt so embarrassed that she had let communication lapse for so long that she thought the easiest and best thing to do would be to continue to ghost him.

Doug was getting more and more frustrated but kept giving Holly the benefit of the doubt because of the great night they had had together.

The last straw however was when he bumped into Holly on the street with another guy. He asked her if she had gotten his messages and she said that she hadn't but promised to definitely call him that night. When she did not call Doug felt that some karma was in order.

Doug was an artist and he enjoyed drawing pictures involving people aging. But when he had never told anyone, even his closest confidants, was that had the secret ability to age people with his art. All he needed was a reference picture and he could redraw them looking older adding months, years or even decades to a person in real life.

“What Holly needs is more maturity.” Doug grumbled to himself as he pulled up her dating profile pic and began to draw on the clean sheet of paper on his desk.

“I want these effects to be constant until we have a repeat of the night of our first date.” He said out loud as he began to draw a wrinkled version of his date.

While over at Holly’s house she has just gotten done taking a bath and had wrapped a towel around her nude body and padded into her room to change into some sexy clothes for a night out dancing.

She didn’t realize that she had begun aging and was now about ten years older. Fine lines were apparent on her face and her body was not as tight and firm as it had been when she woke up that morning. She put on a tight powder blue top and a hip hugging black skirt, both took some effort to get on since she was now in her late thirties.

She still hadn’t noticed yet even though she winced as she tried to stuff her older feet into her high-heeled sandals. She felt tired but figured once she was out she would feel better.

She stumbled down the hallway as her ass widened and her legs and arms lost muscle. She passed a wall mirror hanging above a picture of herself and her parents that was taken a year ago. Looking from the picture to the mirror she gasped. With the obvious creases around her mouth and across her forehead, the crinkles next to her eyes and her very dull blonde hair she looked a lot closer to what her mother looked like in the picture than her own self.

She also noticed that she seemed a bit heavier. Not a fat kind of heavier, but an older kind of plump. That potential for a double chin that matrons have. She was shocked at the fact that she looked twenty plus years older. She reached down to support her now chubby saggy breasts in her hands. They weren’t looking very attractive in her skintight top. She could see varicose veins across her thighs and veins on her feet. She didn’t know what to do. She was horrified. But along with aging Doug had some subliminal messages he could send out along with aging people when he tampered with their pictures.

“Dance it away.” Was the phrase that kept repeating in Holly’s mind.

She was a fantastic dancer and with her hot body she was the queen of whatever club she went to. Finally she stopped fretting about what was happening to her body and decided to “dance” her youth back. She wasn’t that old yet and could still ‘cut a rug’.

So she hailed a cab and headed out. The uber driver gave a funny look when he heard the fifty-year-old woman dressed in a sexy mini skirt asking him to take her to the club but he did his job regardless.

Holly walked up to the door, happy that the bouncer didn’t ask to check her ID, since it would be embarrassing to explain why she was born in 2000 but looked eligible for AARP. As she entered the club she was greeted by many stares from people who were around her former age. She didn’t care because Eff them! She could still dance!

She heard the techno beat and started to shake her wider hips. Her braless old breast flopped up and down and her ass jiggled uncontrollably. White streaks were painting their way through her hair. Wrinkles were more and more apparent on her face and over her body in general. Her neck was a turkey waddle. Her cheeks had sloped into jowls.

She was hobbling over to a guy she thought was cute to dance with him but he quickly bolted off the dance floor. She continued to dance, quickly slipping off her painful shoes and raising the waistband of the skirt to her belly button so that it would not dig into her pasty wrinkled skin. This gave anyone who dared to look (and some who didn’t) a gruesome view of her panties, which were more like an obscene thong in her sagging shapeless ass. Her legs and arms were getting thinner again.

Her knees were knobby. She attempted to kick in the middle of a dance but could barely get a quarter of the way to where she usually could kick to and in the process created a big rip down the back of her skirt. Locks of her hair were falling in her face and she could see they were snow white.

Her dancing was getting very slow now as she was running low on any sort of energy. Her back was hunching over and she was having trouble standing now let alone dancing. She grasped a hold of a bar on the edge of the dance floor to keep her balance. She looked down at her reflection in the mirrored floor and was speechless.

She was now a small, shriveled woman of at least eighty years of age. Her long hair was white and stringy. Any part of her body that wasn't covered in wrinkles was covered in age spots. They were everywhere, along her lined forehead, across the top of her chest going down into her deep wrinkled cleavage, on her gnarled hands and feet, and on her bony thin arms and legs.

Looking up at all of the young club goers that were staring at the scantily clad old hag she now was, Holly was not just horrified she was mortified. She had to find a way to get her youth and beauty back.

“You know, I've always been fascinated with the idea of seeing women age.” The phrase popped into her mind. Doug had said those exact words several weeks ago on their date. She had to get to Doug. He must know what's happening to her.

When Doug opened his door to see the withered Holly standing there barely containing her sagging endowments in her club clothes, he had to smile a little at his handy work.

“Holly, I didn't expect you tonight. What's up?” Doug asked slyly trying to hide his excitement at the elderly former 'hot girl' stooped in front of him.

“I'm old! Can't you see?” Holly exclaimed, hobbling into his living room and quickly finding a place to sit down.

“My, you are awfully old. And you didn't age all that well either.” Doug teased. Holly looked upset.

“What is that supposed to mean?” She scrunched her wrinkled face into a scowl.

“I’m just kidding. You look lovely for ninety years old. Which is how old you are now by the way. And I bet you’d like to know how you can look 65 years younger.” Doug said with a smile while sitting down next to Holly and putting his hand on her bent back affectionately.

“Yes, please Doug! I’m sorry I ghosted you. I never called you because I was... I don’t know, I was being thoughtless. I haven’t been in a serious relationship in a while and I didn’t know what to do when I started having feeling for you right away. I was stupid and immature about the whole thing.” She admitted in the shaky voice of an old woman.

“I appreciate that... I’m sorry too. I guess it was sort of a jerk move to do, well, *this* to you just because you just because you ghosted me.” He admitted.

“Okay well... I guess we’re even. Sooooo make me young again?” She pleaded, looking at him with tired sunken eyes.

He cringed.

“Well... so I sort of made this curse in a way that it would only resolve if you went on another date with me...” He explained, looking sheepish.

The old woman looked at Doug in disbelief and annoyance.

“Are you serious!?” She screeched.

“Yeah... we have to recreated our whole first date and then... whether you decide to stay or go this time you’ll be back to your old... or, I mean, *young* self.” He replied.

He waited for her response, feeling a little bad to have put her through this just to score a second date. The old lady looked pretty annoyed with him.

“Fine... I wanted a second date with you anyway. And it serves you right that now you’re getting one while i’m old enough to be your grandma! But at this point i’d do anything to not be this wrinkly old woman. I can hardly move.” She said in exasperation.

“Okay!” Doug said with a grin, not letting on to the fact that he actually was a bit turned on by how much older she was now.

“Okay help me up and give me a kiss.” She said pointing a gnarled finger to her cheek thinking that this would be a taste of punishment for the young man.

Doug grinned and lifted her up onto her trembling legs. He then leaned down and kissed her on her sagging cheek noticing how fuzzy and wrinkled her skin had become due to age.

“Alright then. There’s more of that in store for you when we get to the restaurant!” Holly cackled as she shuffled to the door.

They arrived at the restaurant and grabbed the same table as their first date. Holly still disliked being out in public looking the way she did.

“Aren't you embarrassed to be out on a date with a woman who looks old enough to be living in a nursing home?” Holly asked. Doug hugged her.

“I don’t mind if the old woman is as beautiful as you are.” He replied sweetly.

Holly didn’t know how to take that. They made sure to order the same dishes and drinks that they had ordered last time.

“I can’t believe the last time I was here I was criticizing a woman for wearing clothing that was too young for her. Look at me now. I’m probably old enough to be that old ladies mother!” Holly lamented.

Holly could see that there were young couples at other tables whispering about her. She blushed in embarrassment.

She asked Doug about his age changing powers. He told her all about his abilities and how they worked and how he hadn’t intended on using them on her unwillingly until she continuously blew him off. He told her that he had intended to show her all about it when they got back to his apartment after their first date. He then reminded her to keep drinking her wine if she wanted

to accurately recreate the last time. He also pointed out that she should be flirting and flaunting her body more, like she had on their first date. This was very embarrassing to Holly but she wanted to do whatever she had to in order to become young again.

She leaned over to sipped her soup allowing Doug a better glimpse of the tops of her empty dangling boobs. She crossed her skinny wrinkled legs several times trying to do it as slowly as possible both to pretend to be seductive and to make sure she didn't break any part of herself in her brittle fragile state. Holly told Doug that she still thought that the idea of rapid temporary aging was fun but that she wished that the test subjects were anyone other than herself.

They had finished their meal and the waiter came over. For fun Holly motioned for him to lean down closer so that she could whisper in his ear.

"I'm really only twenty one years old. I'm actually very hot and in great shape. He aged me. He wanted to see what I'd look like as an old woman." She confided conspiratorially.

Doug tried to hold back his laughter. The waiter looked at Holly like she was insane.

"Um can we have the check?" Doug asked.

"Yes sir, I think that is a good idea." The waiter replied snootily and walked away.

After paying the check Holly asked. "All right? Can we go?"

Doug looked at her seriously. "You have to do something first."

Holly didn't know what he was talking about. But then she thought back to their last dinner and what she did before they left. Leaning down and prying the heel off her old wrinkly foot she stretched over and rubbed it on Dougs leg.

"Okay now we can go." Doug replied with a grin.

Once they got back to Doug's apartment Holly made a Beeline to his couch and eased herself carefully down on to it. Waving her bare feet in the air as best as she could with her frail legs, She called Doug over.

"You know what to do. I need it worse this time than I did when I was cute and young." She rattled.

Doug walked over to where Holly was wiggling her old bent toes and laid her legs across his lap. Beginning to rub her wrinkled feet he took note of every change in them. How calloused and cracked her heels had become, the age spots wrinkles and veins that were obvious across the tops of them, the yellow warped nails that were still painted pink and her bent crooked toes. He massages them however, with as much love as he had when they were pretty and smooth.

"Oh that feels so good. You really are great at those. You almost make me forget how old I am now." Holly said as she leaned towards him.

Doug leaned back towards her as well and they kissed. He knew it was a strange experience to passionately kiss the wrinkled lips of an old woman but he didn't mind. This was very much how he had always pictured it being like - both the idea of kissing an age progressed date and kissing Holly. She probed inside his mouth and rubbed the back of his head with her shaking bony hands. He ran his hands through her long white hair and kissed her lips and her drooping jowls. He sucked briefly on her turkey waddle of a neck. It felt soft and fluffy against his lips.

After Holly figured that they had done this for about as long as they had last time she backed up. Grabbing the bottom of her shirt with both of her crooked hands she asked. "Promise you won't throw up at the sight of me?"

Doug nodded.

"Despite how old you are, you are still the sexiest woman in my book." He grinned and watched as she removed her top.

Her pale shapeless breasts flopped down out of the shirt resting on her wrinkled belly. Her nipples were dark and stretched. Her belly seeped over the waistline of her skirt, which was still pulled up to her belly button. Doug reached over and fondled the long drooping boobs. And went back to kissing her.

She guided his hands once more in a tour of her ruined body. Across her wrinkly tummy which now had a few hairs on it as well over to her crooked back. Doug felt each of the bumps of her spine and ran his hands down across her drooping biceps and back to her aged breasts stimulating the nipples. Holly wrapped her legs around him. Doug felt how her thighs were like lumpy jello now. She backed up to slip her skinny wrinkled foot up his shirt to get him to take it off.

“I’m sorry you have to be seduced by an old crone.” Holly half joked.

“I’ll make it up to you when I’m young again.” Doug smirked and pulled her to him again. Pressing his bare chest against hers feeling how loose and old her body felt. She stood up and shimmied out of her skirt. Well not so much shimmied as struggled to free herself from the skirt.

Now standing in only her panties. Doug saw her collapsed ass and the gray pubic hair that was peeking from the edges of her panties. Doug smirked and pulled her to him again.

Pressing his bare chest against hers feeling how loose and old her body felt. He kissed her fiercely and as he did she began to grow younger. The blonde color came back to her hair. The wrinkles melted off of her face. He felt her breasts rise across his chest, regaining their former glory. Her legs began long and shapely once again. She stood up straight. He looked back at the once again young Holly and smiled.

“I’m young again!” She cried looking all up and down herself. Feeling everything to make sure it was all right. She hugged and kissed Doug in gratitude and they went on to make wild love all night.

The next morning Holly walked into Doug's workspace wearing an oversized shirt of his. Doug was sitting in front of his desk with several pictures up on his computer. Moving closer she saw that they were pictures of young celebrities. Doug turned to her and grinned.

"Who's up next Holly?" he asked.

Once Holly realized what he was asking she grinned wide and sat on his lap, scrutinizing the potential subjects.

"Hmm, how about Kendall Jenner?" She suggested before laughing wickedly.

THE END