

# THE APARTMENT COMPLEX

By ChronoEclipse

The Ballad of Jack and Diane

Days 1 - 4:

**Saturday June 11th, This year.**

Diane sat on her stomach on her pink 4-post bed with her bare feet kicked up behind her as she began to write in the diary that she had just gotten 3 weeks ago as a sweet 16 birthday present.

“Dear Diary, this is so cool and retro that I’m writing in you. I decided to start on this day because today is going to be very special - today is the day that I lose my virginity to the most popular boy in school: Jack MacNamara.”

The pretty teenage girl with light brown hair rubbed the eraser of her erasable pen on her button nose and bit her lips thinking about how awesome this afternoon was going to be.

“I just got my braces off last week so this feels like the perfect time to do it. Not that we are going to like, take picture of it or anything - that’s so pervy! Maybe we’ll take a selfie in bed together - is that something people do? Take a selfie after their first time?” Diane wrote and then pulled out her cellphone and searched a bunch of hashtags like #FirstTimeSelfie, #NoLongerAVirgin and #JustHadSex4The1stTime but not enough results came up on social media to lead her to believe that this was a thing that people did.

“Jack is such a hottie - he’s captain of the football team, which I know is totes a trope or whatever but he’s still the hottest guy at school. We started kind sorta seeing each other a few weeks ago at the end of sophomore year party down at the lake. The boys were trying to get us to go skinny dipping but I insisted on keeping my shirt on even if it was white and I didn’t have anything on underneath! Anyway, Diary, Jack and I made out for an hour in the freezing

cold lake but I didn't even notice how cold it was because he's *that* good of a kisser!" There was a knock on the girls bedroom door and Diane hopped up on her bed, hiding the diary under her pillow.

The door opened and a Brenda, Diane's mother poked her head in. Brenda was an attractive woman of 37 who had wavy brown hair like her daughter and had been one of the popular girls at the local high school herself back in the late 90s/early 2000s. Now her looks were fading a bit but not much - just some slight creases around her mouth and some crinkling when she squinted her eyes.

"Knock knock... wake up sleepy head..." Brenda teased as she came into the room.

The 16-year-old girl sighed in exasperation and rolled her eyes.

"Mom!!! I wasn't asleep, I was just chillin' in my room like a normal person." Diane said in exasperation.

Brenda smirked at her daughter.

"In your pajamas?" The 37-year-old mother pointed out gesturing to her daughter's attire - an oversized pink pajama shirt and short matching pajama shorts.

"Yes! It's a Saturday! I'm allowed to hang around in my pajamas as long as I want." Diane insisted in a whiny exasperated voice.

Brenda shook her head and tossed her hands in the air.

"You're wasting the day sweetie! It's beautiful out. Go do something! Go for a bike ride! Go down to the pool!" Brenda exclaimed.

Diane rolled her eyes again.

“The pool in this building is so lame! The only people that even go down there are a couple lame freshmen girls or like old people like you with their kids!” Diane insisted with a huff.

Brenda rolled her eyes and smirked at her daughter again folding her arms across her still fairly pert chest.

“Well then go to a museum or go see a movie. I can leave \$20 for you. Just go do something! You only get so many days like today to enjoy before you’re an ‘old person like me’ and you have to worry about your career and taxes and car payments and budgeting for your daughters braces while she complains the whole time about having to wear them!” Brenda ranted.

Diane tossed herself back on her bed in frustration.

“Okay mom! Being a middle-aged adult sounds like it sucks. I get it! Wow. Complain much?” The teen asked flippantly.

Brenda sighed and smiled, walking over to her daughter and kissing the girl on her forehead.

“I’m just saying enjoy life while you’re still young baby.” Brenda said softly to her daughter.

Diane gave her mom a placating smile and nodded.

“Okay mom but like,... maybe I’ll go out and do something fun tomorrow? I have, like, a really bad headache and my throats kind of sore...” She said touching her smooth young neck and sticking out her tongue.

“Oh no, I hope you’re not getting sick...” Brenda said putting the back of her hand to her daughters forehead.

Diane shook her head vehemently.

“No no. I’m definitely, totally, 100% not sick... I just think it’s maybe my period? Or seasonal allergies?” The teen suggested hopefully.

Brenda nodded.

“Well I’m heading down to the store anyway. I’ll pick you up some stuff for your head and your throat. I’m going to run a few errands afterward so you’re in charge of your own lunch okay but I should be home by dinner.” The older woman informed her daughter.

Diane grinned and nodded.

“Okay. That sounds great. Thanks mom.” She said hugging her mother tightly.

Brenda got up and headed out of the room, stopping in the doorway and turning around narrowly missing her daughter’s excited grin.

“Oh and this should probably go without saying but I’ll say it anyway just so we’re clear - no boys are allowed in the house while I’m gone. Understood?” The savvy 37-year-old mother said in a no-nonsense tone.

Diane’s face went flush for a moment, fearing that her mother was on to her but decided to play it off. There was no way for her mom to know what Diane and Jack had planned unless she was literally psychic.

“Yeah of course mom. Why would I even like, do that? I have a headache and the throat thing... remember?” Diane said feigning a look of complete confusion at the suggestion.

Brenda’s eyes narrowed on her daughter slightly causing the bags under them to crinkle.

“Okay... I’m trusting you.” She said before heading out.

Brenda grabbed her purse and her keys and headed out the door shaking her head and trying to remember if she was ever like this when she was 16.

As soon as Diane heard the front door shut and lock she quickly grabbed her phone and texted Jack that the coast was clear for him to come over.

“Be there in 10 babe.” The boy texted back.

“Make it 20 - I want to take shower!” Diane texted back with a wink and a shower emoji.

Downstairs in the lobby Brenda was heading out of the building when Erica came brushing by her in her form fitting bright neon sports bra and spandex ass-hugging shorts that looked amazing on the blonde 30-year-old.

Erica paused at the entrance to stop and chat with the brunette woman.

“Hey Brenda.” She said jogging in place to keep her leg muscles warmed up.

“Erica! Hi! Going for a run?” Brenda asked with a bright smile.

“On my way to go train some weekend clients actually. I just like to get a quick jog in on my way.” Erica explained.

“Oh that’s right! Hey I’m sorry that Diane couldn’t babysit for you... It’s just with your newborn... it’s a lot of responsibility and I know my daughters 16 but I don’t know if she’s mature enough yet to be caring for a baby unsupervised with a toddler in tow - you know?” Brenda said as she leaned in to tell it to Erica in confidence.

Erica smiled and shook her head, shrugging.

“Don’t even worry about it. I got Trey on floor 5 to come down and watch them for me.” Erica replied.

“Trey is he that tall handsome guy with the dark hair and tight shirts that show off those amazing abs? Lucky you! Sounds like I did you a favor saying that Diane couldn’t babysit. If he’s that hot AND good with kids... I think you’ve got a winner!” Brenda said nudging the athletic woman.

Erica laughed and shook her head.

“Yeah Trey’s definitely easy on the eyes but... I’m pretty sure he’s dating that girl Katie that just moved into his apartment.” Erica smirked.

“Ah well, the good ones are always taken aren’t they? If you ever want to do a single gals night out somenight though, you have my number!” Brenda said with a grin.

“Yeah well, now that I’ve found a reliable babysitter I wouldn’t mind getting out more - if just to get a few moments without screaming crying kids around! I swear they’re giving me premature greys!” Erica laughed.

Brenda raised an eyebrow at the 30-year-old.

“Well even if you have a full head of gray hair with a body like yours you’d still pass for 25! And if you think little kids are a handful... wait until they’re teenagers!” Brenda teased.

Upstairs Diane was opening up the window off of the fire escape and letting Jack in. He was a jockish good-looking kid with sandy blonde hair who looked like he could be Captain America’s kid brother.

He jumped down into the apartment and lifted the teen girl who was now dressed in a tank top and skirt, twirling her in the air and bringing her into a kiss.

“Hey babe, you look fire!” He said enthusiastically.

Diane had her hair clipped to the side and had put on sparkly lip gloss on her pouty lips along with a bit of make-up for the ‘special occasion.’

“Thanks... so do you...” She said to the boy who was just wearing a muscle shirt, jeans and sneakers.

They stood there awkwardly making googly eyes at one another for a moment before quickly rushing together and sucking on each other’s face. When Diane finally came up for air she took Jack’s hand and led him to her bedroom.

Once they were in the room she closed her bedroom door, trembling nervously as she pranced barefoot over to her bed, taking her diary and tossing it a drawer and then laying down onto her mattress and peeling off her top.

Jack quickly followed suit pulling off his shirt to reveal his smooth toned chest, the entire time staring at Diane's hard pink nipples on her impossible perky breasts.

"I um... I'm ready." She said softly in a nervous but excited voice.

Jack took a moment to understand what she was saying and did a double take.

"Oh for real!?" He asked, his face involuntarily forming into a big grin.

He knew that he had been carrying around that one condom that he had gotten in health class last fall for a good reason!

"Uh huh... I want you to be my first." She said biting her lip and smiling up at him.

"God you're so sexy!" He exclaimed as he popped off his sneakers and unbuckled his jeans.

Diane slid her skirt down her slender legs and waited for Jack to pull down her panties. Soon the teenagers were tangled naked with one another in the middle of the girls 4-post bed.

"Is this all right?" Jack asked as he began to fuck her.

"Uh huh..." Diane squealed wincing with her eyes closed as her first time felt a mix of euphoria and discomfort.

The whole act had lasted all of 15 minutes followed by an hour of cuddling naked and kissing, followed by an attempt by Diane at giving her first blow job that ended with her gagging and crying in the bathroom back to cuddling in their underwear, then a second attempt at sex followed by spooning followed

by more making out until the sound of the front door unlocking caused Diane to leap out of her bed.

“Shit! Shit! Shit! It’s my mom! You have to get out of here!!” Diane cried in a loud whisper.

Jack looked startled.

“Your mom? Fuck... I thought you said that she wasn’t going to be home until later!” Jack exclaimed rushing to get his jeans and sneakers back on.

“It is later! We lost track of time!” Diane exclaimed checking her phone in a panic.

“Dee? Are you home...? I have groceries and could use a hand bringing them in!!” Brenda called from the entryway.

The two teens looked at one another panicked.

“Be right there mommy!” Diane called back, immediately cringing at her name choice. She only called her mother ‘mommy’ when she was trying to suck up to get something that she wanted.

“Mommy?” Jack asked.

“Shut up just... go out the window!” Diane hissed pointing to her bedroom window.

Jack tugged his shirt back on and looked out the window, spinning around and shaking his head.

“Babe! You live on the second floor! There’s no fire escape out of this window. If I jump out it I’ll like break both my legs!” He explained.

“Diane? How’s your head feeling baby?” Brenda called.

The teen girl paced around her room in just her panties panicking.

“Um okay... uh hide in my closet!” She whispered to Jack.

“Your closet?” He asked skeptically.

Diane nodded smiling at how much she liked this plan.

“Yeah! Just hide in there and then... when my mom goes to bed you can sneak out the window you came in!” She explained happily thinking that she’d also get to sneak in a little more cuddling and making out before he left.

“Diane?” Brenda asked.

“Coming mom!” Diane called back.

“How long do you think until your mom goes to bed?” Jack asked.

Diane shrugged.

“I don’t know - a few hours? She doesn’t stay up super late.” The girl replied pushing the boy toward her closet.

“Here hon, I picked up some pain relief and sinus medication for your head...” Brenda called as she walked toward the door.

Diane quickly shut her closet and went to open her bedroom door.

“Dee! Your shirt!” Jack hissed from the closet pointing out the fact that Diane was standing topless.

The teen girl blushed and covered her chest with her arms then quickly grabbed her pajama top and tossed it on and ran into the hall before her mother could burst into her room.

“There you are! Wow you haven’t changed out of your pajamas all day huh? Are you sure you’re not feeling sick?” Brenda asked checking her daughter’s forehead again.

“Actually, now that you mention it... I am feeling a bit bleh... maybe we should just have a quick dinner and call it an early night.” Diane suggested with a hopeful smile.

Hours later, more hours than Jack had ever wanted to sit around in a closet, Diane came to confirm that her mother was asleep. She suggested that they hang out in her bed for a bit just to make sure that her mom was really in a deep sleep before attempting to sneak out.

After making out in the bed for another half hour the couple tiptoed down the hall to the livingroom window so that Jack could climb out to the fire escape. He sat in the window and smiled at Diane who looked particularly pretty standing in the moonlight. He leaned in for one more kiss goodnight as Diane thought about how romantic this had been and how excited she was to text her BFFs about this in the morning.

As the couple kissed a flash of light engulfed them.

### **Saturday June 11th (Again), This year.**

Diane sat in her bed on the bright Saturday morning holding her diary in her lap. She had gotten it for her 16th birthday and was surprised to discover that she had only written one entry in it in the past 7 years.

“Dear Diary, I’m trying this again in the hopes of recording some of my thoughts about being a new mom in the hopes that I can pass you along to my daughter some day.

Jack and I are doing pretty well. We’re still living in my moms apartment until we can save up for a place of our own. Jack’s got a new job working at the gas station down the block. He successfully finished his physical therapy and the doctor said that he could go back to playing sports by the fall. But between you and me Diary, I think the ship has sailed on his chances of going pro.

That’s okay with me though. I don’t need him to be a football star like he was back in high school. He’s still my dream guy and an excellent father to Ava. She

just turned 2 and she's adorable! Even when she's being a terror. She wants to stick everything in her mouth, especially my fingers! I swear sometimes she'd worse than a puppy! She's walking now and I have to chase her around everywhere when she's not in the penitentiary. (That's what we call her crib Diary, we don't actually keep the baby in a jail.) She loves toddling around with this wheely alligator toy that she drags behind her and it's sooooo cute! Mom gave her a box of crayons though and she's been regretting it ever since! But hey, she was talking about wanting to give these old walls a new paint job..." Diane wrote as her husband snored in bed next to her.

Her bedroom was no longer pinky and covered with posters. It was much more sparse and transitional with a lot of Diane's teen belongings packed in boxes in the closet.

The wail of a baby echoed down the hall.

"Jack? Can you go check on the baby?" Diane asked as she finished writing her diary entry.

Jack groaned and opened his eyes a crack.

"Ahhh babe, can you just do it? I had to work a double last night..." The young man groaned sleepily.

Diane put the diary down on her lap and looked over at her sleeping husband.

"Jack. We're raising this baby together. You promised me when I told you that I was pregnant that we'd be doing this equally." She said pointedly.

The blonde man nodded and reached over to squeeze the young woman's hand.

"I know, I know babe. I'm totally your co-pilot here just... this one morning okay? Because I had to work that double shift, okay?" He replied blearily.

Diane sighed and nodded, leaning over to kiss her husband. She then hopped up and padded down the hallway to what used to be her mother's office that had been converted into a nursery.

44-year-old Brenda was putting the toddler back down in her crib and smiled as her daughter came in. The older woman had a few grey hairs working through her wavy brown hair and distinct crows feet around her eyes but was still a fairly attractive woman for her age.

“Don’t worry – grandma to the rescue!” Brenda said chipperly.

Diane gave an appreciative smile to her mother.

“Thanks mom – Jack and I had long nights last night so we’re kind of late risers this morning.” Diane explained.

Brenda waved away her daughter’s concern.

“Oh don’t even worry about it baby. You two deserve to get a little extra sleep once in a while! I’m happy to change a dirty diaper from time to time! Especially if it gives me a chance to give my gorgeous granddaughter some... raspberries!” Brenda said as she lifted the toddler up and blew raspberries on her stomach causing the 2-year-old to giggle and squeal.

“You’re the best. I don’t know what we would even do without all of your help.” Diane replied honestly.

Brenda shook her head setting the baby back down again.

“Oh hush. I want you to know that I’m really proud of you honey. You really stepped up... I’ll be honest, I didn’t know what to expect when you told me you were going to have a baby at 21! I mean – I was that age when I had you but those were different times. Nowadays 21... you were just a kid but you’ve really impressed me at how mature you’ve gotten since then.” Brenda said.

She pulled her adult daughter into a hug.

“Boy, she reminds me so much of you when you were that age...” The 44-year-old observed.

Diane lifted up Ava and held her lovingly in her arm as the toddler hugged the young woman's neck and sucked on her thumb.

"Good morning Ava... want to say 'Mommy'? 'Mommy'? Say hi to 'Mommy'?"  
Diane prompted the toddler.

Brenda rubbed her daughter's arm and smiled at her daughter.

"She'll get there eventually... your first word was 'give'." The older woman said with a smirk.

Diane laughed as the baby began to teethe on the 23-year-old's fingers.

The rest of the day was spent in the apartment chasing around little Ava as she toddled around from one end of the apartment to the other. Once they had put the baby down for the night Diane and Jack collapsed on their bed.

The young couple looked at one another, their hands wandering across each other's sweaty bodies and they began to kiss.

"Do you want to?" Diane asked between kisses.

"Have sex?" Jack asked.

Diane nodded.

"Yeah!" He said leaning over to kiss his wife's smooth slender neck causing her to softly moan and arch her back.

Soon the exhausted but horny young parents were peeling off one another's clothes and getting into missionary position under the sheets when the door opened.

"Hey hun- OH!" Brenda gasped averting her eyes.

Diane covered her large perky breasts and blushed.

“Mom! What ever happened to knocking!?” The young woman screamed.

“Sorry - sorry! It’s just... Ava needs another diaper change and I would do it but I don’t know where you put the extra packages of diapers.” Brenda explained trying to stare at her son-in-laws bare muscular chest or the contour of his ass under the sheet.

“I’ll get them just... go so I can get dressed!” Diane said in frustration shooing her middle-aged mother out of her room.

Brenda nodded and shut the door. Diane and Jack looked at one another and burst into giggles.

“We’ve really got to get our own place...” Jack said shaking his head.

Diane nodded as she pulled her panties up her smooth toned legs and tugged a t-shirt over to chest.

“A problem for the morning. For now - mommy’s got to change a stinky didie!” Diane replied with a smirk.

She went down to the nursery and picked her daughter up from the crib confirming that a late-night change was in order. She pulled out a new package of diapers and brought Ava over to the changing table.

“You have really crappy timing kiddo - mommy was about to get L-A-I-D!” Diane joked to her 2-year-old daughter.

“Muh!” The girl replied.

Diane’s face lit up.

“What was that baby?” She asked clapping her hands.

“Muh! Muh! M-” Ava said as a flash of light washed over them.

**Saturday June 11th (The third time), This year.**

“Mommy!!!” 9-year-old Ava ran into her parents bedroom.

Diane closed the old diary of hers that she had found in a box of her belongings that she had brought over from her mother’s apartment recently.

“What’s up sweetie?” She asked her daughter.

“Um I’m finished with my homework but I need you to sign a permission slip for a field trip on Wednesday and also can I go down to play in the pool with Annie and Lily?” The little girl asked without taking a breath.

Diane smiled at her daughter, furrowing her brow that was beginning to gain some subtle lines across it.

“Hun, Annie and Lily are big girls, they’re teenagers and you’re still little - they might want to play different games then you want to play.” Diane explained, knowing that the 14-year-olds having a 3rd grader tag along with them would find it kind of a drag.

“But mommy...” Ava whined.

Diane raised her eyebrow sternly at her daughter.

“‘Buts’ are for sitting. Now go play in your room for a bit. You’re too young to go down to the pool on your own anyway and I’m not ready to take you. Let mommy finish what she’s doing and get dressed and then maybe we can get down to the playground where there’s other kids your age, okay?” The brunette woman said in a very motherly tone to her daughter.

Ava nodded excitedly.

“Okay mommy!” She said and ran out of the room.

Diane sighed and opened the diary seeing that she had only written three entries in it so far and the last one was 7 years ago. She shrugged and grabbed a pen.

“Dear Diary, this feels a little silly doing this at my age. I actually just turned the big 3-0 a few weeks ago. But things are going well. We managed to find an affordable apartment down the hall from where my mother lives - which is convenient for baby sitting!

It's actually extra affordable now because hubby got hooked up with a new job down at the local health club that our neighbor upstairs manages. Jack's finally putting all of his old football skills to good use teaching fitness courses.

Little Ava just finished the 3rd grade which is... honestly crazy. It feels like only yesterday she was still in diapers! She's growing up so fast I can hardly keep up buying clothes that fit her. Speaking of clothes, if Ava wants to spend more time at the pool this summer than I'm going to have to go bathing suit shopping sometime soon! I don't fit any of my bikinis from my 20s and there is no way I'm going to be showing off this 30-year-old booty with the extra jiggle I've been noticing when I get out of the shower!” She wrote smiling to herself and remembering how much fun it had been to write down her thoughts.

There was a knock at the front door, Jack who was shaving and getting ready for work popped out to answer it. A 51-year-old Brenda stood in the doorway with a big smile on her face and her arms wide open.

“Grandma!!!” Ava squealed excitedly as she ran to give the matronly woman a hug.

Brenda wrapped her bingo wing arms around the little girl and kissed her head with her thinning lips. She then stood up, brushing some salt and pepper hair out of her older face and smiled at Jack.

“Hey gang, I just wanted to stop by and say hi to my favorite granddaughter! And my least favorite son-in-law!” Brenda joked winking at Jack.

“Grandma! I’m your only granddaughter and he’s your only son-in-law.” Ava pointed out.

Brenda mussed up the girls long blondish-brown hair.

“Well how about that! What a smart girl you are!” The older woman chuckled in a husky voice.

“Hi Brenda. You’re looking beautiful as ever.” The 30-year-old man said with a grin as he wiped the remaining shaving cream from his face.

“Oh Jack you old flirt! Don’t tempt me! I’m still single you know! In fact, I just stopped by on my way up to meet up with my gals for our weekly game of cards. So if you meet any handsome young bachelors at that new job of yours send them up our way!” Brenda teased.

“I’ll see what I can do. But tell Donna, Patty and Sandra not to get their hopes up! I like to get to know my coworkers a bit for I start pimping them out to my mother-in-law’s bridge club.” Jack replied with a grin.

“We’ve all been single for give or take 30 years so what’s another week?” Brenda said with a wheezy chuckle.

“Grandma! Look! My class is going to the museum for a field trip this week!” Ava said holding up her permission slip.

“Wow! I used to love taking your mom down there when she was your age... hey that reminds me... I think I know a certain little girl around here who’s just crazy about dinosaurs!” Brenda said pulling a stuffed tricerotops out of her big baggy purse.

The girl took in and gave the stuffed animal a hug.

“Thanks grandma... I’m more into mermaids now but I love this dinosaur a lot!” Ava said appreciatively.

“Mermaids – got it! I’ll make a mental note!” Brenda said winking and pointing at her granddaughter.

“Hi mom.” Diane said as she walked into the living room after getting dressed into a t-shirt and leggings.

“Oh hi hun! I’m just on my way out the door to go play cards with the girls but check your phone! I texted you a recipe that I made the other night and it was absolutely delish!” Brenda said blowing kisses and waving at her daughter as she hurried out the door.

When the door closed Diane turned to her husband rubbing her hand on his firm chest.

“Do you think it was a mistake moving into the same building as her?” Diane asked with a smirk.

Jack shook his head.

“Nah you’re mom is great and it’s so good nice for Ava. When I was growing up I only got to visit my grandmother when we took a vacation to Colorado like every other year.” He replied.

Diane pressed her petite body against her husbands giving him a passionate kiss on the lips. Her breasts were slightly less perky than they used to be and no longer pressed against the bottom of his pecs the way they used to but maybe a half inch lower.

“You don’t have to head out for a few minutes right? Plenty of time for a quick... you know...” She purred nibbling on his lip and looking up at him seductively.

Jack laughed and pulled away.

“Not right now babe. I’m trying to psych myself up for the job plus we don’t want a certain someone bursting in on us like last weekend...” He pointed out tilting his head toward Ava’s room.

Diane pouted but nodded in agreement.

“Fine I’ll just go lock myself in the bathroom and use that gift you got me for mothers day...” Diane smirked gesturing as if she was applying a vibrator to her crotch.

Later that evening when Jack came home from work they put Ava to bed and got into their pajamas. Jack began to brush his teeth at the bathroom sink and Diane came up behind him wrapping her arms around his waist.

“I ran into Hannah and Bree in the lobby this afternoon... remember them from high school?” She asked as she affectionately kissed her husbands shoulder blade.

“Uh huh.” He confirmed.

“They’re married now and going to have a baby.” Diane reported.

Jack spit out the toothpaste into the sink.

“Wow how does that work?” He asked surprised.

Diane frowned and rolled her eyes at him.

“Hun, they obviously have a surrogate.” She said seriously.

“Oh okay.” Jack nodded thinking that he saw a show that that had happened on.

Diane slipped her hand down the front of her husbands pajama pants.

“But don’t you think it would be kind of nice to have a baby again...” She purred.

Jack laughed.

“Ha can you imagine?” He chuckled shaking his head.

She stared daggers up at him.

“Wait - are you serious? You want to try to have a second kid? Babe - Ava’s already 9... and I just started this new job... I can’t afford to lose that much sleep or take time off never mind the diaper changing and the teething and what if you go through post partum depression...” He listed off his argument against the idea.

Diane looked at him whistfully nodding slightly.

“I know... but if we don’t try for one now then when will we? My biological clock is ticking down baby...” She explained.

Jack smiled at her sympathetically and kissed her on the forehead.

“How about a compromise - we won’t actively try but we won’t... not try either. We just have sex like we have been and see how it all shakes out.” He suggested.

Diane pulled him down into a kiss grabbing his crotch as she wrapped her leg around his.

“How about you carry me to the bed right now sexy, because *mama* is horny...”

A flash of light engulfed them.

**Saturday June 11th (The fourth time), This year.**

Diane sat up in her bed with the dusty old library she had down stuffed in the back of her closet on her lap. She flipped through it realizing that in the more than 20 years she had owned it she had only written in it 4 times.

“Why did I even keep this thing around?” She wondered.

She considered passing it on to her daughter who was now the same age that Diane had been when she had first gotten it but decided against it. Teens did write in diaries anymore they did everything over social media these days. But looking back over her first entry she remembered her days as a popular girl back in the late 90s/early 00s and decided to write an updated entry.

“Dear Diary, I’m... wow 37 now. It feels unreal to even write that down. Just a couple years to go until the dreaded 40. But life is pretty good. Jack is an assistant manager down at the local health club. It’s great for me because it keeps him in amazing shape for a man his age! I swear to god Diary, my husbands ass is as firm as it was back in college!

Speaking of college later this summer I’m taking our daughter around to visit some schools because she’s going to be applying for colleges next year! It feels like just yesterday that she was a little girl drawing pictures of mermaids for me to hang up on the fridge! Now she’s 16 and dating boys! Oh yes, Diary, my sweet little baby is sexually active. How do I know this? Well because she’s not even a little subtle about it. She leaves her phone unlocked everywhere and she’s sexting and sending boys pictures of her nipples! What’s a mother to do diary? Other than keep a hefty supply of condoms in obvious places for her to “steal” when she thinks I’m not watching - even though her father and I don’t even need condoms anymore! Last week the doctor told me that i’m peri-menopausal. Soooo counting down the days to my first hot flash - yay! God, I think I’m turning into my mother...” Diane smirked and shook her head, closing the diary and letting out a deep sigh.

Jack came into the room tying a tie.

“Hey babe, I’ve got to run out the door. I have no idea how it got so late.” He said quickly to her.

His sandy hair was looking a little thinner and he had crinkles around his eyes but still maintained his boyish good looks at 37. His aging brunette wife got up from the bed and padded over to him leaning up to give him a kiss.

“Okay hun. Have a good day at work. Will you be home for dinner?” She asked yawning and rubbing her back.

Jack shrugged.

“I don’t know. Probably? I’ll text you if I’ll be home later.” He said as he hurried out the door.

Diane showered and got dressed. She walked down to her daughters room and knocked on the door.

“Knock knock sleepy head. Are you planning on staying in bed till noon today?” Diane asked with a judgemental tone.

“Mom! I’m not asleep, I’m just chilling out in bed. There’s a difference.” Ava replied in a huffy tone.

Diane rolled her eyes.

“Well it’s a beautiful day. It might be good to get off your phone for a bit and go outside, maybe go down the pool!” The 37-year-old mother suggested.

“Ugh! The pool is so lame!” Ava groaned flopping back onto her bed.

Diane shook her head.

“I actually know for a fact that a couple of the college girls from the building like to hang out down there - you could go and chat with them and see how they like their school. It might be nice to have you applying some places close to home...” Diane suggested nudgingly.

Ava scoffed at the thought.

“Okay well I’m going to go down and get the mail and run a few errands. Think about it. It could be fun...” Diane said giving her daughter a motherly smile that creased the smile lines on her cheeks.

“Thanks mom...” Ava mumbled turning back to tapping on her phone.

“Oh and Ava?” Diane added as she was about to leave the room.

“Yeah mom?” Ava asked glancing up.

“No boys in the house while I’m gone. Okay?” The older woman said firmly to the teen.

“God - like I’m just going to what? Have an orgy the minute you leave? Paranoid much?” Ava smirked rolling her eyes.

“Okay, I trust you but I’m serious Ava. You’re only 16. No boys in the house unless I’m home.” Diane repeated.

Ava rolled her eyes even harder.

“Fine! Whatever! I get it! Jeez!” The teenager huffed.

“Love you.” Diane said with her own roll of her eyes as she left the room.

On her way out of the elevator Diane had her 58-year-old mom on the phone.

“I swear to god mom - every single word out of that girls mouth is either sarcastic or exasperated. She’s like a zombie on that phone of hers and you don’t even want to know what she’s got on there... I was NEVER like that when I was her age...” Diane said shaking her head.

She walked up to the mailboxes.

“Oh your shows coming on? You know you can just stream it - you can stream any of those shows whenever you want... yeah it’s like watching it on tape but it’s on the internet... no... no... okay I’ll just show you when I’m over... Okay love you, bye.” She said hanging up the phone.

As she dug through the circulars and junk mail in her box she nearly bumped into Chrissie who was also down checking her mail.

“Chrissie! Hey lady, how are things?” Diane asked in a friendly chipper tone, gently tapping the 25-year-old mother of three on her slightly pudgy arm.

The blonde woman looked up from the bill she was staring at.

“Oh! Diane! Hi! I didn’t even recognize you! I love your hair by the way! I’m thinking of getting mine cut shorter - the baby keeps tugging on it and I’m afraid he’s going to make me bald!” Chrissie joked with a bit of a manic laugh.

Diane shook her head.

“Oh I know how that is! When Ava was an infant she would grab anything she could in her grubby little fists and stick it in her mouth!” Diane recalled.

“Awww its hard to believe she’s in what? High school now?” Chrissie asked.

Diane nodded.

“She sure is! Can you believe it? How are your little ones doing?” The brunette asked.

Chrissie smiled tiredly and sighed.

“Oh they’re doing well. The girls have their dance recital in a few weeks... it’s my big one that’s causing problems...” The blonde woman explained with a snort.

“Oh yeah?” Diane asked giving the younger woman a sympathetic look of concern.

“Yeah Matt’s being a real asshole lately - he barely helps with the kids, he’s out all hours of the night and when he’s home he’s surly AF!” Chrissie griped.

Diane shook her head.

“I’m sorry about that sweetie... want Jack to kick his ass for you and set him straight?” She asked only half joking.

Chrissie gave a touched smile to the older woman and pulled her into an half-hug.

“Thank Diane. I appreciate the thought. What I think I actually need is a little side action like my moms getting with this guy on the 5th floor.” Chrissie whispered.

“Oh! That older guy with the wife that’s a writer? Oh he’s cute! Good for your mom! If I wasn’t married I’d get a piece of that action too! I love me a silver fox! I can’t wait until Jack starts going gray!” Diane said with a grin, playfully slapping Chrissie’s arm.

Chrissie giggled back.

“Well I’m married and I still would! I mean who cares right? This is the 21st century! Half the people in this building are pretty fuckable honestly. We should have some kind of ‘no consequences’ mixer one of these days!” Chrissie suggested cackling a little too loudly.

Diane smiled feeling reluctant to admit that she thought that that sounded like fun.

“Wow look at you! You know hun, if you’re feeling this unsatisfied maybe you should see a couple counselor. I actually have a friend who’s a licensed sex and couples therapist that lives right here in the building. I could get you her number if you want...” Diane offered seriously.

Chrissie gave the 37-year-old an embarrassment smile.

“Yeah maybe... I have to think about it... You know what I could really use now though is a super affordable nanny! Because chasing after 3 kids under 7 all day long is starting to prematurely age me!” Chrissie said with a friendly chuckle.

“Oh honey, you think they’re a handful now... just wait until they’re teenagers!” Diane said chuckling along with the younger woman.

Diane headed off to run her errands, on her way back up to her apartment later that evening she stopped by her moms to show Brenda how to use Hulu. When she finally got into the house she found her own apartment to be suspiciously quiet.

“Ava?” She asked frowning.

She could here panicked whispers coming from down the hall.

“Ava honey? Are you home?” She asked again.

Diane sighed and marched down the hallway to her daughters room. She swung open the door to find her teenage daughter sitting on her bed in her panties and a t-shirt reading a book from her bookshelf.

“Wow mom... like, don't you knock anymore?” Ava asked with a smirk.

Diane gave her daughter a look like ‘Are you serious right now, little girl?’.

“I called for you. Why didn't you answer?” Diane asked pointedly.

Ave shrugged.

“I guess I didn't hear you. Maybe I'm going deaf like grandma...” The teenager replied.

Diane narrowed her eyes at her daughter.

“You know, while I was out I was thinking that it might be fun for us to go clothes shopping together. Have a mother/daughter day pick out some new outfits... I just want to see what you have...” Diane said marching over to the closet.

“Wait mom! Don't!” Ava cried in a panic.

Diane opened the closet door to see a nervous teenage boy standing there sweating. She had expected this but was still incredibly disappointed to be

proven right. She turned and looked at her daughter who was hanging her head sheepishly.

“Hi Mrs. uh... I didn't catch your name but I'm Anthony-” The boy said holding his sweaty hand out.

“Out!” Diane shouted pointing to the door.

The boy scrambled to run out of the apartment. Diane turned to her daughter with a furious look in her eyes.

“I gave you ONE rule young lady. ONE and the moment I turned my back you broke it. You're in BIG trouble Ava. Just wait until your father gets home and hears about this!” Diane screamed.

Ava cried and tossed herself on her bed dramatically sobbing into her pillow and throwing a tantrum.

A bit later Diane informed Jack what had happened and they both had a firm but caring talk with Ava about it.

“Hun it's not that we're doing this to be mean it's just that... you're only 16. That may feel really adult to you but believe us - you're still very young!” Diane said rubbing her daughters back as they sat on her bed.

“Yeah for now!” Ava retorted.

Diane nodded.

“Right - and when you're not a teenager living with your parent then you can make your own choices... but we just want you to be careful. You don't want to get saddled with a baby before you're ready.” Jack added.

Ava sniffled and nodded giving her parents both a hug.

Later that night Diane and Jack were laughing thinking about all of the crazy stuff they had gotten up to together when they were Ava's age. Remembering

back to those days was getting the 37-year-old couple a bit worked up and soon they were kissing and rubbing up against one another.

“Hey sweetie?” Diane asked between kisses.

“What babe?” Jack asked his wife.

“... Would you ever consider doing a key party with some of the other couples in the building?” She asked him.

Before Jack could answer a flash of light washed over them.