

# The Elevator Ride

By ChronoEclipse

I had booked a room at a swanky hotel that was a hot vacation spot for the under 25 crowd. I was single and seriously looking to get a lot of action during my trip. This resort boasted some of the hottest young women from all over the world and looking around the lobby as I waited to check in, it wasn't false advertising.

The hotel boasted 70 floors. The prices of the bottom floors had been astronomical for some reason, I decided to take advantage of the bargain and booked a room on the very top floor. The concierge gave me my room key and a scan card to activate the elevator and sent me on my way.

I wheeled my suitcase into the elevator and held my card up to the scanner. It blinked red and gave an error tone. I sighed, 'Just my luck that they gave me a broken card' I thought. As I moved to go back to the reception desk and get a new card a pair of teenage girls ran into the elevator and scanned theirs.

They were cute but they looked very young. Maybe high school seniors. One was a tall, thin blonde girl in a frilly multi-toned purple and yellow two-piece and the other was a pretty tanned-skin girl with long straight brown hair. She was wearing a skimpy, magenta, string-bikini.

The two girls giggled to one another, gossiping about the cute boys they had spotted around the hotel pool. The blonde hit the Floor 14 button but the brunette hit Floor 70.

'Great!' I thought, figuring that I could at least get up to my room and unload my bag before heading back down to the desk to get my elevator card sorted.

I leaned back against the wall of the elevator as the doors shut and thought that it was a shame that the girls I was sharing the compartment with were so much younger than me. If they were just a few years closer to my age this might be an extra fun elevator ride.

**“2nd floor.”** A pleasant but monotone woman’s voice sounded from the speaker above us, indicating that we had gone up a level.

The girls continued to giggle together and whisper on one side of the space as I relaxed on the other.

**“3rd floor.”** The automated voice sounded again.

I noticed that the teens were tugging at their bikini bottoms and adjusting their tops for some reason. I guess they had picked out bathing suits that were a size or two too small of them. It seemed weird, they seemed to fit just fine on the slender girls a minute ago.

**“4th Floor.”**

Taking another look over at the pair, I did a double-take. I had been completely wrong about my earlier judgement. They definitely weren’t high schoolers. They were more likely college sophomores. Still a little younger than me, but not the decade younger that I had initially assumed

**“5th Floor.”**

I couldn’t help but give the coeds another long look. They were gorgeous. I had thought these girls were ‘skinny’ before but they had toned, athletic bodies that were full in all of the right places. The blonde’s long smooth legs went on forever and the brunette’s bubble butt was amazingly firm and round in her bikini bottoms.

**“6th Floor.”**

Both girls had impressive, perky, gravity-defying breasts that bounced and jiggled in their tiny tops. I couldn’t help but steal glances at them, still kicking myself that I had assumed these girls to be teenagers when they were clearly old enough to drink!

**“7th Floor.”** The voice announced.

They seemed to be checking me out too. The two college seniors kept glancing over at me, smiling and then huddling together conspiratorially in hushed whispers and giggles. I tried to be nonchalant about the whole thing by centering my eyesight at the floor whenever they looked over. But even spying their feet as they stood barefoot on the cold metallic tile of the elevator floor and seeing their toenails were painted to match their bathing suits was enough to turn me on right now.

**“8th Floor.”**

After a few moments of stealing glances while pretending not to, the brunette and I finally made eye contact. I smiled at her and she grinned back, looking down at her toes immediately and tucking some of her long brown hair behind her ear by running a delicate finger across the side of her head.

**“9th Floor.”**

I hear the girls whispering to each other.

“Just do it!” “No, that’s so embarrassing!” “C’mon do it! Talk to him!” “Shut up!” “Do it before we get too high up and you miss your chance!” “Seriously! I’m going to die of embarrassment!” “Fine, if you’re not going to do it, I will!”

The blonde turned to me and smiled brightly.

“Hi! My name’s Lauren. This is my friend Hailey. What’s your name?” She asked, holding out her hand for me to shake.

Hailey, the brunette blushed and waved at me looking nervous and feeling awkward. I waved back and then reached out enthusiastically to take Lauren’s hand.

“I’m Jake. Nice to meet you girl...” I said as the three of us began to flirt with one another.

**“10th Floor.”** The voice above us announced.

“Or uh, ladies.” I corrected myself. These women had to be around my own age of 26 and I didn’t want to offend them or seem like some creepy old dude by calling them ‘girls’.

Lauren and Hailey shared a look with one another and giggled.

“So this is like your first day right? Hailey and I got here yesterday. Our parents booked the trip for us as an early graduation pres-” The blonde woman began to explain.

“Lauren!” The brunette hissed to her friend and gave her a cautionary look.

**“11th Floor.”**

I tilted my head, confused as I observed the two beautiful women. They were very obviously in their mid to late-20s. Maybe they had taken a few years off after high school and were recent college graduates.

“Uh, graduated from management training!” Lauren added, immediately cringing and shrugging to Hailey.

“Cool!” I say not thinking much of it. “Yeah I just checked in. I’m lucky you ladies came by, my elevator card wasn’t working.” I explained.

The women shared a look with one another and then turned around smiling from ear to ear at me.

“Oooooooh!” They said in unison.

**“12th Floor.”**

The two young women continued to tug and adjust their bathing suits. Hailey had clearly tied her strings too tight around her wide, womanly hips. I watched her untie and adjust her bikini carefully so as to not flash anything in the process.

“Soooo what floor are you going to? We can um, push it for you...” Lauren suggested.

“Oh I'm on floor 70.” I replied with a smile.

Hailey's pretty face lit up with a smile. Lauren turned around and grinned at her friend, nudging her with an elbow.

**“Floor 13.”**

Hailey had finished adjusting her bikini and was standing back up straight, looking at me flirtatiously and biting her pouty bottom lip. Lauren was posing sexily next to her as well, admiring to herself how full her cleavage was in her too-small top.

I looked upon the two hot girls who appeared to be on the cusp of 30... wait, that couldn't be right. They couldn't be OLDER than me, could they? I had guessed them to be in their mid teens when they stepped into the elevator... how could I be a solid 13 years off...

My ponderings were interrupted as I felt a soft hand on my arm. Lauren had moved in close and was pressing up against me. At this vantage point I could see faint lines on the beautiful blonde girl's face, around her eyes and framing her mouth.

“Do you think my friend's pretty?” She asked in a sultry whisper.

I was a little stunned by the question. But casting my eyes over to the tanned woman with long straight brown hair; smooth toned legs; a perfectly round ass and big perky breasts, I couldn't help but nod yes. I mean, she looked like a model!

“Cool... because she thinks you're cute too.” Lauren bomb dropped with a grin.

**“Floor 14.”** The voice above us announced.

The elevator stopped and the doors slid open.

“Lauren!” Hailey cried in disbelief that her friend just called her out like that.

She didn’t look as embarrassed as she had a few floors ago now. In fact she just laughed and shook her head, playfully shoving her blonde friend out of the elevator.

“Enjoy the ride up...” Laure said with a wink, the lines in the corner of her eye deepened as she did so.

Hailey smirked and rolled her eyes, but then reached out to stop the doors from closing.

“Hey, will you come up later and help me pick our shoes for tonight?” She asked her friend.

Lauren’s cocky grin washed away instantly upon being asked to come up to Hailey’s room. She hesitated to answer but finally let out a sigh and nodded.

“Okay fine. I’ll pop up in a bit but let’s be quick about it... or as quick as we can be up there...” She said, smirking.

The two friends hugged and kissed the air next to each of their cheeks then Hailey popped back into the elevator and let the door close.

She strutted seductively back into the opposite corner of the elevator from me. We both looked at one another, smiling and gazing up and down each other’s bodies.

**“Floor 15.”**

In an instant we moved together and began to make-out. I put my hands on her smooth waist and brought the woman tightly against me. Hailey began to grasp my back and run her other hand through my hair as our tongues twirled around each other’s in our mouths.

**“Floor 16.”**

“You’re a really good kisser...” She moaned as we continued to swap spit.

“So are you.” I replied back as I ran my hands up and down her sexy body.

I reached down to cup her plump ass and found it to be less firm than I expected. The young woman had cellulite in her cheeks that I hadn’t spied before.

**“Floor 17.”**

Our bodies tangled together in the middle of the elevator. My hand continued to explore the beautiful woman’s body, gliding over the smooth small of her back and down her creamy thighs, which felt solid and toned for the most part with just a bit of cellulite on them.

“This is so hot...” She cooed as she leaned in to kiss my neck.

**“Floor 18.”**

When she lifted her head back up I could see small lines around her mouth. There were also purple bags under her eyes and her face looked more angular than it had been a few floors ago.

I furrowed my brow. If I didn’t know better I would guess that Hailey was in her mid-30s. Which was confusing for a few reasons. One of which was that really no one under 30 ever came to this resort. It was too geared toward young singles that anyone older would feel like a senior citizen by comparison.

**“Floor 19.”**

Hailey was breathing heavily like she was in heat as she frantically rubbed her body against mine and caressed my muscular chest under my shirt.

She frantically kissed and nibbled on my lip as she wrapped her leg around mine.

“God, I'm so horny...” The brunette woman moaned.

**“Floor 20.”**

“I want you! I want you inside me...” She panted desperately.

I wondered for a moment if this was a biological clock thing. She had to be in her mid to late 30s judging from her face and the feel of her skin, which was less smooth and pristine than it had been a few floors ago.

How was that possible? Was she really a decade older than me? I had thought she was too YOUNG for me when I first saw her.

Hailey didn't give me much time to consider what was going on as she passionately kissed me, moving her tongue back into my mouth as she began to fumble with my belt buckle.

**“Floor 21.”**

The horny 30-something had managed to undo my belt and was popping my pants open and pulling down the zipper. I was actually pretty excited about the thought of having elevator sex with this sexy woman that I had just met.

She thrust her chest against me. Her boobs felt a little lower than they had been when we had begun making out.

Hailey grabbed my hand and guided it to her bikini bottoms to have me remove them. I slipped a finger into the too tight strings of her bathing suit, feeling a bit of flab on her hips that hadn't been there before.

**“Floor 22.”**

As I attempted to pull her bikini bottoms down the elevator stopped. Hailey and I froze, mid kiss and glanced over together as the doors opened.

In the elevator doorway were three people: A man and two women. They all looked to be in their mid to late 40s. The guy was rocking a dad bod with a beer belly and receding hairline.

The woman to his right was taller and thinner with laugh lines and graying dirty blonde hair. Her aging leathery body wasn't flattered by the very bright, revealing green and yellow bathing suit that she was wearing. She looked like one of the veiny women who demands to speak to a manager in every store she walks into.

The other woman was shorter and rounder with frizzy red hair and pale freckled skin. She had a double chin and sagging breasts that threatened to fall out of her flimsy bikini top. Her wide hips and chunky ass tugged her bottoms into the dimpled cheeks making it a thong.

The middle-aged trio stared at us for a moment, aware that they had caught us in the middle of something scintillating and we stared back at them trying to play it off. I was really baffled that there were so many older people in the hotel. Maybe I had come on the wrong weekend - not that I minded getting hit on by a bunch of hot horny cougars. But I was looking to meet some girls my own age.

"Uh, is this going up or down?" The woman with fading blonde hair asked, squinting into the elevator. The matronly woman had clearly forgotten her glasses.

"Up!" Hailey and I replied back in unison.

The older trio all looked at each other and shuddered.

"Oh no, we want to go down." The man said gruffly.

The 40-somethings all stepped back from the door and then shared a chuckle at what they had caught us doing as the elevator closed again.

**"Floor 23."**

Hailey and I looked at each other for a moment and laughed at the embarrassing experience but I paused, noticing that the subtle lines on her face seemed deeper.

I opened my mouth to speak and she quickly brought her finger up to stop my lips from opening. She reached behind her back and untied her bikini top letting her breasts spill out. The tear-drop-shaped orbs hung a quarter of the way down her chest, not quite sagging yet but not perky anymore either.

**“Floor 24.”**

The mature older woman put one hand on her widening hip and the other came up to caress her sloping tit. I looked at her hand as it seductively fondled her boob and noticed that there were noticeable veins on the back of her hands that hadn't been there before.

“Well? Are you going to kiss me or what?” She purred in a voice that sounded deeper and more mature than it had been when she said goodbye to her friend ten floors down.

**“Floor 25.”**

I couldn't say no. Despite looking much older and more out-of-shape than she had even a few moments ago, I had to admit that she was a very sexy woman.

I moved closer to her and put my hands on her soft waist, feeling it get a bit pudgy under my grip. Laugh lines and worry marks were spreading across her face as she pulled me into a kiss again.

**“Floor 26.”** The voice announced.

Hailey's formerly flat stomach was morphing into a bit of a flabby pooch as we pressed against one another and made-out.

My hands slipped behind her into the back of her bikini bottoms which no longer covered her behind fully to feel the dimples of cellulite that had crept up on her now 40-something ass.

**“Floor 27.”**

I could feel creases forming on her lips and they were thinning as well - the way middle-aged women’s lips thinned.

My hand came up between us and clutched her left breast causing her to let out a husky moan. As I fondled her tit it began to feel both bigger and softer in my grip.

**“Floor 28.”**

She guided my head down to kiss her neck. It was no longer as smooth and slender as it had been the last time I had kissed it. Creases had formed along it and a slight double chin had appeared.

Hailey tilted her head back and moaned loudly as I groped her breast and sucked on her neck.

“Oh yessss young man! You’re really turning mama on...” She growled.

**“Floor 29.”**

I pulled away realizing that something was definitely off. Hailey had definitely been younger than me... or at least the same age!

But as I stepped back and gazed at the topless woman in the elevator with me I took in the sight of an aging beauty in her mid-40s, a victim of gravity and the middle-age spread.

**“Floor 30.”** The announcement interrupted my train of thought.

She looked like a soccer mom standing there. Or the head of the PTA. Or a lonely divorcee. Her cheeks had begun to slope down her face and soften into jowls as the creases next to her nose and mouth deepened.

“Come on kiddo... don’t you want to have a little fun while we can?” She purred with a wink of her crinkling eye.

I watched as her bare chest visibly sloped another few centimeters down her chest as her skin became freckled and leathery from decades of sun damage.

**“Floor 31.”**

I was about to call out her use of ‘kiddo’, explaining that I was a grown man of 26 but at this point she looked old enough to be my mother so there was little to argue.

Her formerly shapely toned legs now sported ‘cottage cheese thighs’ that smooshed together as she stood their crooking her finger to entice me back into embracing her.

**“Floor 32.”**

As I stared at the middle-aged woman who had been a beautiful 20-something around my age just minutes ago and a pretty teenager before that, I witnessed the first strands of gray work their way into her brown bangs.

“What’s going on?” I finally blurted out.

She gave me a tired smile, causing the newly gained lines on her face to accentuate.

**“Floor 33.”**

The gray was quickly spreading through her hair, giving the girl or rather *woman* a salt-and-pepper mane.

“It’s the elevator. It’s going to take too long to get into. You didn’t scan your card, which is great – for me anyway. But are we going to hook up now or not because I don’t have much time until-”

**“Floor 34.”** The announcement cut her off.

I was about to ask her ‘until what’ but I had a sinking feeling that I already knew.

She stood there topless, her hair now mostly gray with only a scattering of her original auburn color remaining. Her breasts were losing their round shape as they finally plummeted onto her awaiting tummy.

Hailey’s healthy pristine tanned skin now looked mottled and freckled with sun spots. It was drier and looser than it had even been when we had been caught almost fucking in the center of the elevator by that middle-aged trio who all looked like they would be younger than the woman standing in front of me right now.

**“Floor 35.”**

And we were only halfway to our floor.

I could see Hailey was looking at me more desperately. Like she could see the window closing. I was still hesitating as I watched the 50-something woman’s hair go entirely gray.

She pounced on me like a cougar in heat. Her flabby matronly body engulfed me as she gripped my back with her talon-like hands and showered me with wet sloppy kisses. Her sloping breasts smooshed against my chest as she held me tightly and moaned.

**“Floor 36.”**

Hailey was twice my age now as she tilted her head back and forced my face against her neck. The skin of her neck was becoming looser and the slight double chin she had formed in the past minutes rubbed against my cheek as I began to kiss her throat.

She gasped in ecstasy, digging her nails into my shoulder as her other hand attempted to get my pants un-done again.

**“Floor 37.”**

She was breathing heavily as she pulled away. My pants were done now and she was pulling her bikini bottoms to the side, flashing me her brown bush and dripping wet pussy.

The graying older woman waddled towards me, licking her lips and massaging her plump saggy breasts as we maneuvered to try and figure out how to do this. I had never had sex with a much older woman before.

Hailey lifted her heavy cellulite-riddled leg up, pressing her veiny foot against the wall of the elevator. I quickly slipped my hand under it to grab her flabby middle-aged thigh, because judging by the wincing she was making, she wasn't as flexible as she was used to being and raising her leg up this high was tough without assistance.

**“Floor 38.”** The voice announced.

I was just about to enter her when she grunted and began to fan herself.

“Oh no... is it getting hot in here?” She asked, panting.

I shook my head ‘no’ and then looked down at her crotch to see her vagina literally dry up as the moisture from her wet pussy evaporated in an instant. A stay gray pube appeared as a consolation prize.

“Ahhh god...” She groaned as beads of sweat formed across her lined brow.

**“Floor 39.”**

The woman pulled back and I let go of her leathery leg. She was fanning herself and moaning but they weren't the moans of pleasure anymore but rather of discomfort.

Hailey bent forward, hanging her now entirely gray head of hair between her veiny swollen knees. I cautiously walked over and put a hand on her leathery, freckled, back, rubbing it gently.

“Are you okay?” I ask her.

**“Floor 40.”**

“I’m having...a... hot flash!” She cried, still bent over and facing the floor.

“A hot flash? That’s like... something you get during menopause.” I sputtered.

She nodded slowly and then glanced up at me with an increasingly lined face as if to say ‘get with the program, here!’

I couldn’t believe that I had been checking this girl out a few minutes ago when she looked to be my age and now here she was going through ‘the change’.

**“Floor 41.”**

She lifted her head and straightened back up to a standing position, groaning as her bones clicked and crackled.

Hailey gripped the pudgy small of her back with both hands and rubbed it. It was a move I had seen my mother do many times to relieve her chronic back ache. The former brunette then wiped some sweat from her looser neck and leaned back against the elevator wall, exhausted.

“You’re cute but not quick on the uptake, are you, young man?” She said with a smirk between panting breaths.

**“Floor 42.”**

“What do you mean?” I ask and then immediately cringe, realizing that my question helped make her point.

The 58-year-old woman smirked at me as she leaned against the elevator wall and caught her breath.

“...You were a teenager when you got on this elevator, weren’t you.” I say after a few moments of silence.

**“Floor 43.”**

The gray-haired woman nodded with a tired smile.

“And then you were my age!” I add.

“Uh-huh...” Hailey replied as she grabbed her two fat saggy tits by her nipples, wincing as she lifted them up to air out the sweaty folds of her stomach underneath.

“And now you’re...” I began to say as I looked from her veiny legs and feet to her wrinkling gut and the deep frown lines of her face trying to determine her age now.

**“Floor 44.”**

She glanced up as if the announcement had given me my answer.

“60.” She grunted when I didn’t seem to get it.

I stared at the mostly naked woman as she released her sagging tits and let them flop down dramatically onto her pruning gut. She had gone from 18 to 60 in less than 10 minutes!

“So... you’re getting a year older each floor?” I asked, putting two and two together.

She snapped her swollen fingers together and pointed her veiny, liver-spotted hand at me.

“Bingo, kid!” She rasped in a husky older voice.

**“Floor 45.”** The elevator announced.

The lines on her face were deepening and multiplying with each new floor and her body was taking on a more lumpy, pear-shaped figure as opposed to the hour glass she was rocking earlier.

“Heh ‘kid’, you know - I thought you were practically a kid when you and your friend got on at the ground floor.” I pointed out with a laugh.

She chuckled too as she stepped away from the wall and attempted to stretch, making popping noises with her back and knees which caused her to groan in discomfort.

“Yeah, well this is kind of weird for me too.” Hailey replied as she carefully bent over to rub her puffy, purple-hued knee caps.

I didn’t respond because the reason seemed pretty obvious. Going from a teenager to a senior citizen in the ride up to your hotel room wasn’t something they warn you about in travel guides.

**“Floor 46.”**

“Everyone usually ages together on the ride up and gets younger on the ride down. Me and Lauren totally thought that I had lucked out when you didn’t get older. But now I realize that it’s super awkward to be rapidly aging in front of you while you stay in your mid-20s... the wisdom of old age I guess.” She snorted a laugh.

I tilted my head and looked at her curiously watching the bags under her eyes begin to crinkle and her neck skin start to hang and bunch.

“So... it’s not just physically? You’re getting more mature and older up here too?” I asked, pointing at my cranium.

She stood up stiffly and shook her head.

“It’s kind of yes and no I guess? I like all of the things that I’m normally into back home - though I think it’d get a lot of people giving me strange looks if I attended a BTS concert at this age... and I wouldn’t even ATTEMPT to do

gymnastics right now with these old hips.” She said pushing on her side and clicking her hip to demonstrate how stiff and frail it was.

**“Floor 47.”**

I nodded, beginning to understand what she was getting at.

“Okay so you haven’t, like, suddenly started getting nostalgic for oldies music... but what’s up with the ‘kid’ comment and when you called me ‘young man’ before.” I asked genuinely curious.

She shrugged her slumping shoulders and furrowed her creased brow.

“I don’t know... it’s kind of hard to explain. On the one hand I get all tingly and excited thinking about how I hooked up with my crush, Zack Emory, after prom last month but then I look at you - a guy who’s much older than Zack and you seem so YOUNG to me. I can’t help thinking that I’m old enough to be your mother!” She confessed as she hobbled close to me and cupped my cheek with her aged hand.

**“Floor 48.”**

“Uh you’ve actually got about a decade on my mom now.” I told her honestly.

She gave me a wide wrinkly grin, squinting her eyes and causing the crows feet to explode across the sides of her face.

“Hence the awkwardness of our situation.” She replied, leaning in to peck me on the cheek with her pruning lips.

Her body was losing a lot of the weight that she had put on in middle-age but nothing on her was firm anymore. With her bikini bottoms all twisted and her saggy breasts swaying for the world to see she looked like a retiree at a beach in Florida who had been out in the sun a little too long.

**“Floor 49.”**

“See if you had scanned your card when you got on, you’d be a balding, gray-mustached 75-year-old man with a wrinkly old gut and my 65-year-old ass would still look ‘young’ and ‘sexy’ from your perspective.” Hailey explained.

I furrowed my own brow but, still being young, it hardly made a crease in comparison to the retirement-age woman’s naturally lined forehead in front of me.

“Trust me - my grandma tells me about it all the time - recently retired women are treated like super models or the homecoming queen by old men at these retirement villages.” She insisted.

I still seemed skeptical. I leaned to the side to get an updated look at the deflated droopy ass she claimed I’d be lusting over as much as I lusted over the tight little bubble butt she had 40 floors ago. Her old butt cheeks were pancaking down onto her veiny dimpled thighs.

“**Floor 50.**” The voice announced almost ominously.

“Seriously, i’ve only been here for a day and a half and so many men who came here as college boys nearly fell and broke their hips trying to cop a feel of my saggars.” She bragged with a bit of a cackle.

Hailey hefted up her breasts into her veiny hands, they flopped formlessly in her clammy palms, the leathery freckled skin puckering in the middle as her tits still tried to hang down to the floor.

“Yeah... I guess that makes sense.” I conceded. Maybe if I was old too she wouldn’t look as wizened and grandmotherly as she did to me right now.

She let her boobs hang down again and hobbled back over to me, using the rail on the back of the elevator for some extra support. Hailey took my hand in hers and flashed me a wry wrinkly smile.

“I was just hoping this time I’d get to hook up with a guy who could actually get it up past the 30th floor!” She cackled.

## **“Floor 51.”**

Her laughter turned into a coughing fit as she curled forward a bit and wheezed. I put a hand supportively on her bare upper back not realizing how leathery and slumped it felt even compared to just a few floors ago when I had touched her there.

“How are the hot flashes?” I asked, concerned.

The jowl-faced senior turned to me and burst out a laugh.

“Oh honey, I haven’t had those for a few floors now.” She said, chuckling and shaking her gray head.

I blushed, embarrassed that I had no idea when women started or ended menopause.

“It’s sweet of you to ask though...” She added to make me feel better.

Hailey edged a bit closer to me. She had shrunk an inch or two from when she was a young adult but was still able to easily reach up and playfully pinch me on the cheek.

## **“Floor 52.”**

Her neck skin was now starting to dangle in folds under her chin and her arms and legs were starting to look spindly.

“Heh, look at me. I haven’t even started college yet and I’m old now, old enough to retire!” She said with a dry rasping chuckle.

I watched as bluish veins appeared across her chest and age-spots began to dot her hands and shoulders.

“You uh... still look pretty good for your age though...” I said with a smile trying to make her feel better about our now very big age difference.

**“Floor 53.”**

She turned and batted her crinkling eyes at me. Her eyebrows were becoming gray and bushy.

“Is that so? You still think I'm a hottie even though in the past few minutes my hair has gone gray, my tits are hanging down to my knees and my ass feels like a pair of wrinkly jello molds?” She asked in a wry tone.

I could tell from the big wrinkly grin on her face and how she was edging closer to me with her veiny old hands outstretched that Hailey was looking to have a bit of fun in her old age.

“Ever been with a woman this *old* before, dearie?” She asked with a chuckle.

Her voice was much older and scratchier than it had been even 15 floors ago and was getting a slight rattle to it. Her aged hands gripped my waist as she leaned her wrinkly half-naked body into mine and looked up at me awaiting my answer.

**“Floor 54.”** The elevator informed us.

Hailey's face was taking on a more grandmotherly look as she gazed up at me expectantly. Her long gray hair was starting to lighten to white around the sides and it looked pretty odd in its still youthful style.

“Well uh... no... not exactly.” I sputtered, feeling like this girl turned senior citizen was coming on to me.

She reached up to pinch my cheek again with a chuckle.

“‘Not exactly’? What does that mean? And speak up - my hearing isn't what it used to be and it's only going to get worse!” She cackled.

It was astounding to me what a bit flirt Hailey was at age 70. In the short elevator ride that I had known her she had gone from a shy giggling teenager

to the kind of old woman who would loudly compliment the grandson of a fellow nursing home resident for having a 'cute tush'!

**“Floor 55.”**

I smiled nervously at the gray haired septuagenarian.

“Well... encounters in magical elevators aside, the oldest woman I think I've ever made out with was probably a few years shy of 40...” I admitted, remembering this time just after college when I had been picked up at a bar by this gorgeous recent divorcee.

She chortled a laugh as she slipped a bony hand up under my shirt to caress my chest.

“40 is nothing! She was still a young woman. Heck, when I'm this age for real, I'll probably have kids in their 40s.” Hailey exclaimed with a wheeze.

**“Floor 56.”**

She paused and tapped her wrinkled fuzzy chin with a gnarled finger.

“Which is kind of funny to say because my moms in her 40s... I hadn't thought about it before but I'm old enough to be my own grandmother!” She considered out loud and then shrugged her slumping shoulders and turned her attention back to me.

I was meanwhile trying to avoid staring at her increasingly geriatric naked body and instead focused my eyes straight down to her aging toes, watching them get more crooked and her toenails becoming thicker and increasingly yellow-tinted under the nailpolish with each passing floor.

“So... ya interested?” She asked, breaking me out of my daydream about how cute her toes had looked when she first got on the elevator.

**“Floor 57.”**

I looked back up at her face which had more criss-crossing lines across its jowly cheeks than the last I had laid eyes on it. I was taken aback by her question - by this whole experience really, if I was being honest.

“W-what?” I asked with a gulp.

She batted her increasingly sunken eyes at me and smirked.

“Are you going deaf too dearie? I asked if you were interested in seeing what it would be like to hook up with a much... MUCH, older lady?” She reiterated with a wink and a nudge of her bony elbow.

For a moment I wondered if I was the victim of some elaborate game show. If somehow they had swapped older and older women into the elevator with me to see if they could catch me banging someone's granny on camera.

A quick glance around the compartment yielded no proof that I was on a hidden camera show... and I felt pretty positive that the shrunken, wrinkled grandmotherly figure in front of me WAS the same teenage girl that I had been stealing glances with in the lower floors of the hotel.

“I uh... I'm not sure...” I said honestly.

I had really wanted to hook up with Hailey when she was around my age - or even when she was a hot cougar... So wouldn't it only be fair to follow through when she's a little old lady?

**“Floor 58.”**

Her breasts were beginning to flatten and lose their shape, as if they were balloons that had sprung a leak and the air was slowly seeping out of them.

“C'mon Jake. It'll give you someone to brag about with your buddies back home! The time you banged a total stranger in the hotel elevator! That sounds epic!” She rattled with a grin.

It was really strange seeing a woman who looked like she should be knitting sweaters for her grandkids talk about how epic it would be to ‘bang’ in an elevator.

“I don’t think my friends would be especially jealous of hearing about how I hooked up with a woman three times my age...” I replied truthfully.

She responded by laughing, biting her thin lip in arousal and reaching around to grab my ass.

**“Floor 59.”**

“They won’t know about how old I got silly!... Unless you want to snap a selfie of us right now.” She explained and playfully leaned into me with her wrinkly body and posed with a wink and a peace sign for said selfie.

I shook my head nervously, not reaching for my phone. She turned around to give me a reassuring smile and a pat on the arm.

“If your buddies catch any glimpse of me in photos you post from this weekend they’re just going to go ‘who’s that hot college girl with you in all these pictures?’” She pointed out with a giggle.

I nodded slowly, understanding.

“Because downstairs we’re all our normal ages... so you’d be young again.” I nodded.

She cupped my face with both of her withered hands and grinned.

“See? You’re not so dumb. You got it!” She cheered and then pulled me in for a kiss.

**“Floor 60.”**

I was caught off guard and recoiled for a minute as my lips met with the thinning pruned lips Hailey now rocked. But after my initial flinch I leaned into it and let it ride.

She had a point that I hadn't really considered - she looked old, sure - but she wasn't really old! She was a very attractive young woman - the kind of girl I had thought about hooking up with when I planned this trip.

I put my hands around her sagging torso feeling the wrinkly folds and moles growing from her back and her breasts pressed against my abs offering no resistance any more. Sure, it felt a little gross - getting old wasn't pretty. But Hailey wasn't someone's grandmother - she was an incoming college freshman into K-Pop!

**“Floor 61.”**

As I had this epiphany and made out with the elderly former brunette I noticed something odd.

“Mmm... mmmm.” Hailey moaned in pleasure as we kissed.

My tongue moved around her mouth and it brushed against a ridge of soft gums. In fact as she sucked on my tongue and lips there were no teeth involved. She was just gumming me.

I pulled away quickly and looked at her. The puffy, wrinkled old woman's thin lips tucked inward as she flashed me a gummy smile.

“What the hell?” I asked, startled.

She shook her head and cackled.

“Yep! I lose mah teef in mah late 70s... sorry bout dat! Shoulda warned ya!” She apologized with a shaky chuckle.

**“Floor 62.”**

I frowned at her, annoyed that I had just gotten onboard with the idea of hooking up with an elderly woman and she goes and loses her teeth.

“Oh come on! You can’t be mad about this! I’m the one who lost her teef wif no way of getting dentures! I packed all these snacks wif me and I can’t even eat them in my own room!” Hailey complained, throwing her saggy arms up into the air for dramatic emphasis.

I cringed and my frown softened into a sympathetic smile.

“It’s just... I don’t know... like kissing someone without any teeth...” I begin to say, not quite sure how to explain why it was such a turn off.

**“Floor 63.”**

She grabbed my waist with her gnarled hands that were beginning to tremble slightly. I wasn’t sure if she was trying to pull my pants down or holding on to me for support.

“Oh it’s not that bad. From what I hear, losing your teeth makes oral a lot better!” She cackled.

I looked at the elderly woman who’s gray hair was starting to turn snowy white as she brought a bony fist up to her toothless mouth and pressed her tongue into her wrinkly cheek to mime giving me a blow job.

“Where did you hear that!?” I asked, bewildered.

Her eyes were getting milky and worn with age but there was still a twinkle in them as she responded to my question.

“The guys in the hotel - they call our floor ‘gumjob-land’ ... for obvious reasons...” She chirped with a rattling giggle and a gummy smile. Clearly amused at the name.

**“Floor 64.”** The voice informed us.

Her mention of our floor reminded me of a question that had been nagging at me as I watched the beautiful woman wither into an old crone.

“Hey how come you and your friend... Lauren was it? How come she’s not here uh... growing old with you?” I asked.

Hailey sighed, sounding both exhausted by the question and the heap of years that had piled onto her over the course of this elevator ride.

“Because she totally ditched me!” The elderly woman quavered with a shake of her head.

“Ditched you?” I asked, confused.

**“Floor 65.”**

The former teens hair was completely white now, thinner and becoming wispy as it hungly limpy around her jowly cheeks and bony shoulders.

“So when we planned this trip Lauren and I were supposed to room together. I saved up all year to be able to pay for this and still could only afford a room on the top floor...” Hailey explained in a slow, rattling voice.

Her swollen, purplish knees began to knock together as her wrinkled legs weakened. She clutched my arm with her gnarled hand for support. Her empty sagging breasts swayed like shriveled pendulums every time she moved.

“But then at the last minute, after I had booked the room Lauren begged her parents to get her a room closer to the ground... I think she read online somewhere about the elevator and the idea of her ass getting saggy freaked her out - but like, damn girl! She couldn’t have asked her parents to book her a room with two beds!?” The withered old woman rattled, sounding tired and annoyed.

**“Floor 66.”**

“Damn... that’s cold. Sorry.” I said to the octogenarian, sympathizing.

Her back was really beginning to stoop from osteoporosis, causing her to hunch forward. That combined with the shrinking that had naturally occurred over her past decade of aging left Hailey more than a head shorter than me.

“It’s fine. I’m over it... and when she comes up later to help me pick out shoes I’m totally going to secretly shoot a tik tok of her as a granny.” The elderly, white haired woman declared with a devilish, toothless grin.

I put my hands on her puffy wrinkled hips and held her in front of me as she trembled. Hailey craned her aged face up to look at me in the eyes causing her very loose waddling neck skin to dangle freely under her chin.

“Well... uh... if you want to really get her back... you could hook up with that hot guy on the elevator...” I offered thinking that it was the least I could do for the poor girl turned granny.

**“Floor 67.”**

She stared at me with big sunken eyes hopefully, taking my wrist with her trembling hand and bringing it up to cup her shriveled empty right breast.

It felt just like a sack of loose skin sagging between my fingers as I fondled it in my hand. Hailey moaned a rattling chortle of pleasure and leaned up on her arthritic tip-toes to give me another wrinkly toothless kiss.

I took a deep breath and leaned down allowing her to shower my face with slow wet kisses. It really felt like making out with a grandmother I had picked up at the local nursing home, except I kept reminding myself that she was really a beautiful young woman.

“Do you uh... want to have sex?” I whispered into her hairy ear.

She squinted at me.

“Whaaat?” She croaked, cupping said ear.

I realized that Hailey was too hard of hearing at this age to hear me whisper.

**“Floor 68.”**

“I said - do you want to uh bang... you!” I yelled awkwardly.

Her wrinkled face went pale and her sunken eyes became wide. Then after a moment she burst out laughing.

“Oh honey, I'm an old woman now!” Hailey exclaimed as she reached out with her shaky hand and patted my cheek patronizingly.

“Uh - I can see that!” I said, a little offended that she thought this was so funny.

She smiled sympathetically, not meaning to offend me.

“No I just mean... I'm almost sixty years older than you Jake! My body is frail... I don't think my old bones could handle a young man like you right now.” She explained with a frown.

I got the sense that her heart was very willing but she didn't want to break anything while she was old and not be able to enjoy her vacation while she was young.

“We could... I don't know, do it doggy-style against the elevator wall?” I offered. I had almost forgotten the fact that I wasn't particularly thrilled to have sex with a woman my grandmothers age - I was now just trying to make it work on principle.

She patted my arm appreciatively.

“You don't want to fuck me from behind dearie... I do a lot of old lady poots at this age...” She admitted, her incredibly wrinkled cheeks turning bright pink as she blushed in embarrassment.

**“Floor 69.”**

I appreciated the warning this time and stopped pushing the issue. We stood silently for a moment as she clung to my arm, hunched over taking heavy wheezing breaths.

“So... now what?” I asked.

I had witnessed this girl age through her entire life on this elevator ride and I felt like things were ending on a bit of an anti-climactic note.

“Well... I could use some assistance getting dressed again - it sorta hurts to bend in your mid 80s, and I don't know if I'd be able to get back up!” She said with a chuckle.

I nodded and helped her clutch the bar on the back wall of the elevator for support. I bent over and retrieved her bikini top from the floor and came over to help tie it back onto her.

Hailey lifted her saggy empty tits with one hand and I wrapped the cups around her. The old woman released her shriveled breasts into the flimsy triangles which barely held them up from sagging back down onto the wrinkled folds of her pooching belly.

“It's okay - it doesn't need to be perfect. These bikinis weren't exactly made with 86-year-old boobs in mind...” She said with a rattling giggle.

I nodded hoping that if I tied it tight enough in the back it might be enough to hold the withered sacks in place.

Moving down her body to adjust her bikini bottoms I got a close look at her exposed crotch now that it was a few decades older. Her pubes had lightened into a scraggly poof of white hair and her labia was quite slack and dangling low down her wrinkled thigh.

I attempt to delicately move her bathing suit to cover her saggy old pussy but even positioned just right her elderly thighs had atrophied to the point where

they didn't fill the leg holes, leaving big gaping spaces on either side of the patch of fabric that would normally be taut as it covered her vagina.

She grabbed the waistband and tugged it up over her puffy wrinkled belly in order to keep the ill-fitting bikini bottoms from falling down off of her bony hips and leaving her naked from the chest down. But pulling it up that high actually gave her a pretty graphic cameltoe as well as allowing stray white pubes to peek out from the sides of the fabric.

**“Floor 70.”** The voice announced, finally.

Hailey gained a few final wrinkles and became a bit more frail as the elevator came to a stop.

The elderly woman looked up at me and I held out my arm for her to grab hold of. She smiled gratefully and hooked her trembling hand around my forearm and leaned her decrepit body against mine.

The doors slid open and I was shocked at the sight of about a dozen very old men and women shuffling around the halls. The youngest looked to be about Hailey's current age - the oldest appeared to be pushing 100! A frail old woman sagging in a wheelchair wearing a tube top and mini skirt, her shriveled ancient body covered in tattoos that were faded and indiscernible.

I helped Hailey slowly shuffle barefoot out of the elevator. The aged former teen barely lifted her legs as she walked instead opting to slide her feet slowly across the slick floor of the compartment until she got to the hallway where complimentary fuzzy slippers and a selection of walkers and canes were waiting for her.

I was drawing a lot of stares from the old people on my floor. I guessed that they didn't see many people my age this high up and I was too young to have been a kid or baby at the ground floor.

The old women cast 'come hither' stares with their weathered sunken eyes, drooling as they licked their thin wrinkled lips. The few elderly men in the

hallway scowled at me - probably jealous that I was going to steal the wrinkly old ass they had been planning on tapping that night.

Hailey had grabbed a cane but continued to cling to my arm until we got down to her room.

“This is me...” She said and then puckered her wrinkled lips and tilted her head up to me.

I leaned down and placed my cheek in front of her. She kissed in and then turned my head with her shaky hand to give me a final kiss on the lips.

“It was nice to share an elevator with you, you sweet young man...” She said with a wink.

I gently rubbed her hunched back.

“Yeah same here... hopefully we can hang out some more downstairs.” I said winking back.

“Or ride up together again... maybe next time you won’t be so slow on the uptake. Cause this gal gets old fast.” She said, poking a bony thumb at herself with a laugh.

I smiled back at her. “Yeah...”

“Hey - maybe next time I’ll forget MY elevator card... isn’t that every dude's fantasy? Get old and fat while your date stays young and hot?” She rattled.

“Not every guy!” I replied quickly.

She gave me a big wrinkly grin.

“See ya around Jake.” She said with a knowing look.

“See you around granny... I mean, Hailey!” I said, trying to cover up my slip.

The old woman just chuckled and shuffled into her hotel room shaking her head.

As I walked away toward my own room I considered calling down to the front desk to see if I could upgrade rooms to one of the first ten floors. I definitely wasn't going to tell them about my faulty card.

But as I stood at the door to my room and looked to my left and right to spy withered old biddies gazing at me adoringly, I decided that maybe it wasn't so bad staying on the top floor. I'd at least hold off from trying to switch floors until I tried my luck with one or two of these grannies on the elevator ride *down*.

**The End.**