

THE APARTMENT COMPLEX

By ChronoEclipse

Day 8 (+49 years):

Saturday June 11th (Yet again), This year.

To outside observers the Millenium Gardens was the same, sparkling modern state-of-the-art high rise that it had been since it first opened its doors to new tenants a few years ago. But on the inside the building looked like something straight out of the Nixon era. From the peeling orange and green painted walls and ceilings to the fake wood paneling to ugly brown carpeted floors that looked like they had been installed when Bell-bottoms were in fashion, the interiors of the apartment complex were dusty and far faaaaar out of style.

Unfortunately now so were the residents as the many young attractive professionals that called the building home were now grandparents and great-grandparents in their 70s; The spunky young teens that ran through the halls 8 days ago were now finding themselves on the other side of retirement and even the infants that had still been breast feeding when all of this craziness began were now aging adults pushing 50.

The building was quickly filling up as new generations came of age and began renting the available apartments to live close to their aging parents and grandparents. But one couple that had managed to get to a ripe old age over the last 8 days without any kids or grandkids were Trey and Katie Robbins in apartment 513.

The now 77-year-old man and his 72-year-old wife were stirring awake again on their 8th Saturday morning in a row. Trey groaned from the perpetual aches of his older body as Katherine smacked her pruned lips and mumbled something incoherent.

The aged couple focused their bleary eyes on the spouse on the opposite side of the bed and cringed at the sight of the bald old fart and gray haired old bag sleeping across from them.

Trey and Katherine both rolled over in bed and grabbed their glasses, putting them on their lined faces and then turned back around to each other and gave one another a smile and a sigh. Neither of them were what they had been 50 years ago (or rather, 8 days ago) but they were the person that each other was stuck with in old age for better or worse.

Katherine reached a wrinkled veiny hand over to affectionately stroke her husband's white-haired chest and Trey grunted as he scooted closer and slipped his own hand into his wife's night gown to begin to fondle her sagging breasts.

"Ooooooh." Katherine moaned in response.

"What's the matter? Did you pull something again?" Trey asked in a hoarse voice.

Katherine rolled her eyes and grumbled at her husband.

"No you old coot! I was making that noise to let you know that I liked what you were doing! We've been married for how long and you don't know the difference between when I 'Oooooh' in pleasure and when I 'Oooooh' in pain!?" Katherine ranted.

Trey shrugged.

"You know my hearing's bad in that ear." He mumbled in reply.

The couple resumed pawing at one another's bodies, sliding their hands down to each other's crotch. Katherine began to knead Trey's dangling gray ballsack as best as her arthritic fingers would let her while Trey fumbled to slip a couple of his own swollen sausage fingers into his wife's old loose hole. She flinched and pulled away.

“Not so rough! You have to use lube first!” She chided.

Trey sighed peaking over through his reading glasses at the gray bush of his wife’s crotch and her pruned dangling labia, and decided that it wasn’t worth the hassle of digging the lube out from the drawer.

Katherine meanwhile was moving her aged hand up from the man’s ballsack to his shriveled pecker. It was soft and shrunken above his ever drooping hairy sack.

“Mmm... Why don’t you take one of your little blue pills handsome and I’ll take my joint medication and we can have a bit of fun this morning...” The 72-year-old woman rattled as she craned her gray head up to kiss the bald old man.

Trey gave her a tired smile and shook his head.

“That’s not a good idea this morning.” He informed her.

Katherine scoffed and pulled her frisky hands away, instead folding them across her saggy chest as she frowned at her husband.

“Why not?” She demanded.

“I’ve got my physical therapy with

Trey looked at his wife’s sagging pear-shaped body, pale and wrinkling from old age. He remembered when Jenny this morning. I can’t be walking around with an erection half the day!” He informed her.

“Oh no one will even notice – just wear some baggy pants!” Katherine said waving her hand in the air at the concern.

“I have to get down to my drawers for part of the session. What if someone walked in on us and they got the wrong impression? Erica was pretty sore a few years back when she caught me with her daughter – imagine how she’d react if she thought I had a stiffy with her granddaughter!” Trey explained.

Katherine rolled her eyes.

“Well this wouldn’t be a problem if you could manage to get hard on your own anymore!” The elderly woman chided.

Trey looked up and down his wife’s sagging pear-shaped body as she posed in bed with her night gown draped open. Folds of her skin were flopping down towards the bed and her pale skin was accented by visible squiggly purple veins. He thought back to when she was a sexy young woman in her 20s – when they first started dating. He could look at her hot shapely body and immediately get a hard on. But now...

“It would help if I didn’t have your cold clammy old feet rubbing against my legs!” He grumbled defensively.

Katherine snorted. Trey used to love when she rubbed her bare soles on his body. He used to love it when she rubbed any part of her body against him really and remembered fondly the days when she would just writhe naked on top of him to initiate sex. She hadn’t been able to do that in a long while due to her back problems though.

“Well maybe if you...” She began to suggest still feeling pretty horny in her old age.

Trey was already groaning as he climbed up out of bed however.

“Sorry dear – nature calls.” He mumbled chipperly as he slipped on his slippers and shuffled to the bathroom.

The 72-year-old woman sighed brushing her long wavy gray hair out of her face as she watched her husband shut the bathroom door behind him. She reached over and pulled out her bottle of lube and squirted some on her hand, then proceeded to slide it down to her clitoris. But as she began to rub herself she sighed again in frustration that the moment had past.

So instead she slowly swung her legs off the side of the bed and shuffled out to the kitchen to put on some coffee.

In the bathroom Trey pulled down his underwear to go to the bathroom and discovered that his briefs looked like he had accidentally wet himself a bit overnight. He grumbled to himself as he let the underwear slide down his bony legs to the floor. When he was done using the toilet he shuffled over and took a quick shower to rinse off his old body.

Upon stepping out of the shower he stood in front of the mirror, slapping some brute on his wrinkled cheek and on the dangling skin under his chin. His face was fuzzy with a white five o'clock shadow and he had deep lines on his cheeks and forehead leading up to his bald head. He combed down the horseshoe of grayish white hair he had around the side of his head and patted his sagging chest wondering, as he approached 80 if the adult granddaughter of an old flame would even see him as a sexual object if he showed up in her office with a chemically induced erection.

Or would she just laugh and think it was 'cute' that the sweet old man her grandmothers age had managed to get a hard on.

"Guess I should make more of an effort to keep the lube handy because that dry loose hole might be the only pussy action you're getting these days old friend." He said to his reflection with a chuckle.

Katherine sat out in her robe in the kitchen drinking her coffee and day dreaming out the window about her younger days when her husband came shuffling out dressed in plaid slacks, a polo shirt, loafers and a scully cap. It was basically all he wore these days.

"Coffee's on the counter." Katherine muttered as he husband walked by.

Trey fixed himself a cup and then went out into the hallway to fetch the print newspaper that was now being delivered to many of the buildings residents as reality shifted and they stopped getting their news from digital sources.

“What are you going to get up to while I’m out at my doctors appointment?”
Trey asked as he scanned through the front page.

“Oh my stories are coming on in a few minutes.” Katherine replied, now really into daytime soap operas.

Trey snorted a laugh and smirked. He was happy to be out of the house while Katie watched her shows – she would get so cranky whenever he made any noise as she couldn’t hear what was happening on the television. Yet she always refused to put on subtitles claiming her own hearing was fine.

“I’ll pass along your love to Erica and the girls if I see them while I’m down there.” Trey said.

Katherine wasn’t listening she was staring whistfully down at her veiny old feet and her thick yellow nails.

“Do you think I’m too old for a pedicure?” She asked her husband.

He raised a grey eyebrow at her.

“No. If you want one – who care how old you are?” He replied supportively.

Katherine shrugged.

“Amy is picking me up to take me to a hair appointment tomorrow so I can get a nice perm... maybe I’ll suggest that we get pedicures afterwards... I used to have such nice legs and feet...” Katherine said nostalgically.

“You still do my dear... you still do. I’d offer to give you a massage and paint them myself like the good old days but... you know, with my poor circulation...”
He said demonstrating by attempting to open and close his fists with his pale puffy fingers.

Katherine nodded, disappointed but with sympathy and understanding.

“That’s nice dear. I’m sure my niece won’t mind indulging in the vanity of a silly old woman though! Amy’s still a young, fashionable gal. I bet she’d love an excuse to get her nails done too!” Katherine chuckled.

If you had asked Katie last week if she would have ever described her 50-something mother Amy as a ‘young, fashionable gal’ she would have laughed and replied ‘Hell no!’ but now that she was old enough to be Amy’s mother...

“Well, I better head on down to my appointment. Hate to find that the elevators acting up again and because of needing to take it slow on the stairs due to my bad knees I end up being late!” Trey suggested.

Katherine was already busy shuffling over to the couch with her coffee. Her glasses hanging on the tip of her nose and the beaded chain dangling along her wrinkled cheeks.

“Go! Go! Just be quite! My stories on!” She hissed at her husband, waving at him to leave.

Trey hurried out of the apartment quickly to let his wife enjoy her soaps in peace. Once he shut the door he began to shuffle casually down the hallway whistling an old tune to himself.

As he approached the elevator he spotted a gaggle of teenage girls hanging out by the elevator. They lived in one of the apartments on the floor and usually drove Trey and Katherine nuts with their loud music all hours of the night. Plus Trey could never understand a word they were saying with their ‘selfies’ and their ‘cheugy’ and always going ‘OK Boomer’... but they were very cute though, prancing around the hallway in little booty shorts and colorful mid-riff-baring tank tops, their shapely young bodies on full display.

There was Sandy, (who went by ‘Dee’ now) the 18-year-old indie/punk girl with dyed blue and purple hair and upper ear, eyebrow and lip piercings. She also had a few tattoos on her arms and legs, though not as many as yesterday when she had been farther into her adulthood instead of a girl just barely out of high school.

Then there was Patty (who went by Trish now), the cute bubbly 19-year-old blonde girl who was dressed in a hot pink skirt and mini-tee with a cartoon kitten on it. The image was getting stretched a bit by the girls large and impressively perky breasts.

And finally, Donna (Who still went by Donna), the 21-year-old flower shop girl. Though, technically not a teenager, the latina college girl was as giggly and social media obsessed as her younger friends. She was wearing a bikini top and cut-off shorts that exposed quite a bit of her sexy tanned body.

“So like, I heard that Tommy’s totally got a hard on for MILFs!” Donna shout-whispered to her friends excitedly.

“WTF! He’s a fucking cougar-lover? Is that why Jordyn broke up with him? He like make a pass at her mom or something?” Dee asked giggling.

“No they totally broke up because Jordyn got preggers from another guy!” Trish pointed out.

“Whatevs - the point is that I totally saw him buy flowers for that fat blonde lady that’s always hanging out by the pool!” Donna insisted excitedly.

“Woah! Like Val’s soon-to-be-aunt-in-law? That’s not like a MILF-hunter, that’s a GILF-hunter!” Dee exclaimed with a grin.

Trey sauntered over to the three of them and flashed a wrinkled smile at the girls.

“Good morning girls! Looking lovely as always! Hope you all get a chance to get outside and enjoy some of this nice weather we’re having!” Trey said laying on his usual charm.

The girls all shared smirks and glances with each other.

“Yeah... right. Thanks Mr. Robbins....” Trish said with forced sincerity.

Trey was enjoying holding court with these sexy young girls, they really revved his engine. Especially Donna who he couldn't help but admire how her shorts hugged her thighs and her ass just right. He remembered back when Katie used to have legs that looked like that.

“What’s your name gorgeous?” He asked her, unable to recall what it was or if he had ever known it in the first place.

Donna looked around to her friends to see if it would be rude to refuse to tell him. When the other girls offered her no silent advice she took a deep breath and shrugged.

“My names Donna, sir.” She said with a smile that said ‘are we done now?’

“Sir? Sir’s what I used to have to call my old man! Please, call me Trey! Now let’s see... Donna... Donna... Ah! Like the Ritchie Valens song! ‘Ohhh Donna... Ohhh Donna...’” He began to croon.

The girls giggled and snickered embarrassed for the old man.

“Sorry don’t know that one...” Donna said rolling her eyes.

“Ah well - You should track it down and give it a listen! But to be fair the song doesn’t quite reflect your exotic beauty!” He said and took her soft young hand in his old weathered mitt and leaned down to kiss it chivilrously.

Donna looked really uncomfortable as her friends gasped and laughed at what they were witnessing.

“Thanks?” Donna said, grimacing.

“Well - You girls have a great day! Enjoy it while you’re still young!” Trey said tipping his hat to the teens.

As he shuffled to the elevators the girls burst out laughing in disbelief at the scene that had just played out.

“Oh my god. Did he just call you ‘exotic’? Racist much...” Dee cackled.

“Like - what even was that? Am I high right now? Are we in a movie? That was totally insaneballs!” Trish giggled.

“Awww he’s just a lonely old man. He’s totally harmless.” Donna said to her friends.

Trey deflated upon hearing that last bit.

“Yeah he is kind of cute.” Trish added.

The 77-year-old perked up again and grinned.

“I know right? Old people are adorable. He reminds me of my grandpa! So cringe!” Donna added.

The doors to the elevator closed and Trey sighed, remembering a time when he used to be able to get the love and respect of girls like that. In fact, 30 years ago when he still had most of his hair those girls would have been fighting to hop into bed with him.

“Heh but then 30 years ago none of those girls were even born!” He said out loud shaking his head.

He got off on the third floor and strolled down the hallway to his appointment. Trey checked his watch and saw that he was running early but as he looked up he saw a gray haired woman that he recognized hobbling out of her apartment with the aid of a cane.

“Oh my goodness! Trey Robbins! Get over here and give this old lady a kiss!” Erica chirped as she motioned the bald old man over with her thin wrinkly arm.

Trey smiled at the former blonde whose hair was now becoming snowy white. She had pretty good posture for her age but at nearly 80 years old it was tough to picture her as the statuesque athlete that she had been in her youth (or rather, a week ago).

“How’s it going gorgeous? Still got everything in all the right places?” He asked flirtatiously in a throaty voice as he came over to give the old woman a hug.

Erica pursed her thin wrinkled lips and gave Trey a peck of a kiss on the mouth. She looked down at her sagging aged body and sighed with a bewildered smile.

“Well I’ve still got everything but I don’t know about anything still being in the right place...” She joked with a smirk.

“Ah you’re still a total knockout!” He said bringing up her veiny gnarled hand up to kiss it like he had done with young Donna upstairs.

Erica blushed and batted her sunken eyes at the haggard old man, trembling and bit and giggling like a school girl.

“Oh Trey... you old charmer! Did you just come down here to flirt with me?” She cooed.

“I wish that it were... but sadly I’ve got a physical therapy appointment with Jenny. My backs been seizing up and my doctor says that I need to go see her about it so I can strengthen it back up.” He explained.

Erica chuckled.

“Well what a coincidence! I’ve got an appointment with my granddaughter this morning too... the old hips still healing and now I’ve got a hitch in my knee from keeping it stiff... I might need another surgery and oh! Did I show you the pictures from my last hip surgery?” Erica asked, now really into showing people pictures from her various hospital visits.

Trey shook his head.

“No you didn’t! Did you get the flowers Katie and I sent you? They were from the shop downstairs but we had to order them off of the website. Nobody takes

orders in person anymore it's all these computers! Everyone's got a website!" Trey grumbled.

Erica lifted her bifocals up and held her phone and her free hand far away from her face, squinting at the screen.

"I did get the flowers dear. They were lovely. Let me see if I can pull up these pictures from the surgery. I have them on my phone but I never know how to get them without one of my grandkids helping me..." She said as she stared at her phone with a puzzled look.

The 79-year-old woman leaned up against Trey and put her phone in his hand so that she could swipe at it.

"Is this it? No... that's not it. Maybe if I do the talk to type?... PHONE! FIND SURGERY PICTURES!" She hollered into the bottom of the cellphone.

"*BA-DING* I'm sorry... I don't understand." The phone chirped back.

"Oh for heaven's sake... PHONE! SHOW ME PICTURES FROM MY LAST HOSPITAL STAY!" She shouted again.

"*BA-DING* Here are some local hospitals in your area. Would you like anything else?" The phone asked as a list of addresses appeared on the screen.

"Yes! Oh forget it... Here, Chrissie's home. There must be someone over there that can figure out how to use this stupid thing... I don't know why we ever gave up on cameras." Erica grumbled as she began to hobble down the hallway with Trey in tow.

"I know! It was so easy! You snap the photo, you take it to the place to get it developed, you go back and pick up your photos a few days later and then you paste them into an album! Nothing could be simpler! Not like this nonsense. What's the point of taking a picture if you can't even find it afterward!" Trey ranted and then wheezed and coughed.

Erica nodded her wrinkled head causing her loose neck skin to dangle as she knocked on her eldest daughters apartment door. After a moment she opened it up and stepped inside.

“Knock knock! Guess who it is?” Erica called into the apartment.

“Gam Gam!!” A pair of 9-year-old twins called out as they ran down the hallway to hug their great-grandmother.

“Oh hello my little angels.” She said giving them kisses on the tops of their heads.

Trey shuffled down into the kitchen where 53-year-old Chrissie was sitting playing cards with her 12-year-old granddaughter Lucy. The older woman’s face had grown quite jowly and her blonde hair was starting to lighten to gray along the sides and throughout her bangs.

“Hope you’re taking your old grandma for all she’s worth!” The old man joked, mussying up the tweens hair as he came over.

“Hi Trey!... Don’t encourage her! She’ll take the shirt right off my back if she can!” Chrissie said with a chuckle.

Trey looked at the chubby blonde matron. She was wearing a t-shirt from some past trip with the family to Disneyland that seemed to be a bit snug on her. Her saggy gut seeped out from under it sagging over her pink yoga pants that hugged her wide ass and cellulite riddled thighs. Her breasts were hanging down toward her gut, even with the bra she was wearing (which Trey could see the outline of under her t-shirt.) On her swollen feet were a pair of cros.

She was a far cry from the svelte sexy teenager that had pranced around in front of Trey years and/or days ago. Now she was a frumpy 50-something that was caring less what she looked like. Still, in Trey’s eyes, she was young and still ‘quite the catch’.

“I’d like to see that!” The old man teased in reference to Chrissie losing the shirt off her back.

The 53-year-old blushed and shook her head, laughing.

“Trey! You old hornball! Quite it! Not in front of the kids!” Chrissie protested in embarrassment.

“I can’t help it gorgeous. You bring the dog out in me!” He said with a chuckle and a wink.

“Well I’ll take it. Lord knows it’s been a while since I had a man talk to me like that...” The fading blonde admitted.

“Like what?” Lucy asked wondering what the old people were talking about.

“Shhh! Never you mind about that. Play your next card and don’t listen to a word your kooky uncle Trey says!” Chrissie said with a chuckle.

“You babysit every day while their moms at work?” Trey asked taking a seat at the table.

Chrissie nodded.

“Yep. Every days that’s not a school day they take the bus down the hallway to grandma Chrissie’s... I don’t mind it as much now that they’re older. The twins usually watch cartoons all afternoon, and this one likes to beat me at cards.” Chrissie said pointing to the 12-year-old who grinned proudly. “And May just sulks around on her little device being moody...” The grandmother added.

As if on cue an ansty 14-year-old dressed in all black, with black lipstick and heavy eyeliner walking into the room glued to her Nintendo Switch.

“OH MY GOD GRANDMA! STOP TELLING PEOPLE I’M MOODY! I’M NOT MOODY!!!” May whined in an exasperated voice.

Chrissie just smirked at Trey as if her point was made.

“And Harper’s usually around on the weekend so if I need to pop out to the store or something there’s still an adult around... though I’m really counting down the days until she moves out.” Chrissie explained.

“I can’t imagine Harper’s that tough to live with. She’s such a sweet girl.” Trey replied.

“Oh she’s fine. It’s just... the girls over 30 now. It’s about time that she stopped living rent free with her mother! I moved out of the house when I was 21! Annie moved out when she was 24... You know what it is? It’s this entitlement that Millennials have... everything just gets handed to them. It’s all the participation prizes and safe space nonsense they’ve grown up with – they don’t challenge themselves... I think if Harper doesn’t move out soon we’ll both be living in this dingy apartment when I’m old and gray! Then she’ll have to cart me around in my wheel chair and feed me my dinners with a spoon.” Chrissie ranted.

Trey nodded in agreement that Millennials were too entitled, not realizing that both he and Erica had been Millennials less than 8 days ago.

“Heh well Katie and I never had to deal with any of that horsecrap. All we’ve got is her niece and she’s your age.” The old man said with a chuckle.

“Oh my goodness! Amy right? I haven’t seen her in years. We went to high school together down the block. How is she?” Chrissie asked, remembering her old friend, who in fact she had never met because Amy was really Katie’s 50-something mother and Chrissie had, until recently, been a toddler.

Harper came bopping out of her room wearing the same sports bra and leggings that her grandmother had been wearing earlier that week. She wasn’t as tall and busty as Erica had been in her prime but she was still toned, shapely and very attractive.

“Hey mom I’m going out for a run.” The 31-year-old said, temporarily taking her earbud out of her ear.

“Didn’t you wake me up at 6am this morning to ask me if I wanted to go on a run with you or did I just dream that?” Chrissie asked her daughter flippantly.

Harper smiled and rolled her eyes.

“Yeah and you threw a pillow at me! But I’m training for a marathon in two weeks.” The young woman explained, unaware of the fact that at their present rate of aging she’d be too old to *walk* a marathon *next* week, never mind run in one two weeks from now.

And as she turned to leave the apartment the grim example of that face reared its wrinkly head in the form of her once athletic grandmother who was hobbling over to Harper with the aid of a metal cane.

“Oh Harper dear! Just the sharp youngster I was looking for... I’m trying to access the photographs on my phone here. But it doesn’t seem to be working no matter what I do!” Erica explained to the younger woman, holding out her cellphone to her like it was something alien artifact.

Harper sighed and gave her elderly grandmother a kind smile. She patted the old woman’s bony shoulder and took the phone from her wrinkled hand.

“Sure Grammy. So you just tap this icon here. That’s your photos.” Harper explained pointing to the photo app.

“That flower looking thing there?” Erica asked in confusion.

“Uh huh. That’s where all of your photos are. And then once it’s open you just scroll through and tap on whatever one you want to look at like this.” Harper said, demonstrating.

“Oh my goodness! You did that so fast!... Now what if I want to look at a different photo?” Erica asked as if trying to stump her granddaughter.

“Then you can just swipe like this to go on to the next one or you can tap back and scroll through all of them until you find the one you want.” The 31-year-old said patiently, handing the phone back to the elderly woman.

“Oh thank you Harper. I know you were the lady to come to! Now... I’m going to forget all of that in about 5 seconds so would you mind writing it all down for me and I can put it up on my fridge so that I don’t have to keep pestering you every time I want to look at my pictures.” Erica said with a big smile that bunched up all of the wrinkles on her 79-year-old face.

Harper smiled apologetically.

“I will, I promise. As soon as I get back from my run okay?” Harper promised.

Erica beamed at the sound of that and proudly patted her granddaughter’s toned biceps.

“What’s your mile down to now, dear?” The old woman asked, talking shop.

“11:20.” Harper replied with a grin.

Erica smirked.

“My best time was 10:12 at your age... You’ll get there.” The old woman chuckled with a big smile as she supportively patted Harper on the back, unaware of the fact that earlier that week it had been *her* that was training for the marathon instead of her granddaughter.

Back in the kitchen Trey was listening to more of Chrissie’s woes.

“And the worst part about it is that I bump into him every other day in the halls and he always asks me the same question - ‘Uhhhh you seeing anyone?’ Like that’s any of his... Lucy cover your ears!” Chrissie commanded her granddaughter.

The 12-year-old rolled her eyes but followed her grandmothers instructions and cupped her hands over her ears.

“Like it’s any of his fucking business if I’m seeing anyone.” Chrissie finished once she was sure Lucy wouldn’t hear her swear.

“Who are you talking about?” A young man’s voice asked from the doorway.

Chrissie and Trey looked up to see the aging blonde’s youngest child, 29-year-old Grayson, standing there with a cute petite brunette girl hugging his waist and giggling.

“Your father.” Chrissie replied icily.

“Oh yeah - he asked if he could bring a plus one to the wedding... any idea who he’s planning to take?” The young man asked.

Greyson and his fiance Val had had a stark reversal from the previous day, when Val had been the mature self-assured woman nearing 30, engaged to the goofy young kid just out of college. But today Greyson was the mature stable adult engaged to a giggly, insecure young coed who happened to be BFFs with the teenagers on Trey’s floor. Both were preferable to their age difference two days ago when Greyson had been a young teenager and Val had been around the same age as his mother.

“Yeah... Ethel across the hall.” Chrissie hissed bitterly.

Greyson looked at his mother in surprise.

“Woah seriously? Ethel? Our neighbor Ethel? Go dad! She’s pretty hot!” The young man blurted out since their MILFY 44-year-old neighbor was only 15 years older than him, he had many fond memories of seeing a younger Ethel, back in the day, dressed in skimpy outfits on her way out clubbing in her 20s and 30s while he was going through puberty.

Chrissie shot her son a warning look.

“Errr I mean... she’s way out of dad’s league... ummm not that you were in his league mom... you were out of his league too! And uh I mean - I’m not going to say you’re hot, because your my mom and that’s gross but to like many guys your age or older you’re a total hottie...” Greyson rambled nervously trying to say the right thing.

Trey patted the young man on the shoulder.

“Nice try, sport.” The old man whispered.

“Hahaha Ethel’s like... an old ladies name...” Val giggled as she hung off of her boyfriend like a kid on the monkey bars.

Chrissie smirked at her soon-to-be daughter-in-law.

“It is an ugly name isn’t it... good girl. I knew there was something that I liked about you.” The middle-aged woman said dryly to the girl.

“Thanks ma’am.” Val said sheepishly.

“Hey! Watch it with who you call ‘ma’am’... The only ma’am around here is that gray haired woman leaning on her cane out there.” Chrissie warned.

Trey checked his watch and stood up abruptly.

“Oh! Speaking of that sweet woman and her cane. She and I have a date with your oldest daughter down the hall!” The old man announced, hiking his pants back up his stomach and shuffling down the hallway back to Erica.

He held out his arm to his aged friend.

“We better get a move on gorgeous. Don’t want to keep your granddaughter waiting.” Trey said with a grin.

Erica looked at him confused and scratched her grey haired head.

“My who?... Oh! Jenny! Yes our appointments! Of course. Yes we better head on over. It takes a lot longer to get down there are our age!” Erica said with a chuckle as she slipped a bony old hand around the old man’s wrinkled hairy arm.

The elderly couple made their way a few doors down to where Chrissie now lived with her kids and operated a physical therapy office out of. She had turned her living room into a little professional reception/waiting area and what had been a family/play room was now the main area that she worked with patients.

Erica and Trey got let in by Jenny's part time receptionist and hobbled over to take a seat in the waiting area where their neighbor Jack, now a white-bearded 65-year-old man was sitting and waiting for his appointment.

The three seniors all politely nodded and mumbled greetings to one another as they settled in. Erica considered reading one of the magazines spread out on the coffee table but decided it was too tough to read the small printing in the articles.

"So what are you in for?" She asked Jack, making small-talk.

The former high school athlete who was now a balding retiree sighed and smiled, gently rotating his arm in small slow circles to demonstrate his lack of range of motion.

"I was carrying boxes the other day and blew out my back and popped my shoulder." He explained with a self-deprecating chuckle.

"Oh my goodness! You poor man." Erica said sympathetically.

Jack nodded and smiled appreciatively.

"Thank you. My wife says that it's what I get for thinking I could lift all of those heavy boxes at my age. But now that she's retired we have all of the stuff from her office cluttering up the house and those boxes weren't going to move themselves!" Jack said gruffly.

"Your wife's Diane right? I chat with her sometimes when I go down to get the mail." Trey recalled.

"Yep! That old crusty battle axe is my Diane all right!" Jack joked.

“Lucky man! She’s a real looker!” Trey complimented with a bit of a whistle.

Erica playfully smacked Trey on the arm with the back of her wrinkled hand.

“Oh hush Trey! That’s the mans wife you’re talking about!” She chided with a smile and a shake of her head.

“What? I’m playing him a compliment! Diane’s a very lovely woman for her age!” Trey said defensively.

“You should have seen her back in her day though! Diane was the prettiest gal in our high school and captain of the cheer leading squad!... that was nearly 50 years and 60 pounds ago though!” Jack chuckled showing with his weathered hands what his wifes figure used to look like when she had been a young woman a few days ago.

“Oh thats sweet. I was a cheerleader when I was in school. I did that and track racing... believe it or not - and now here I am rehabbing my old busted out hip!” Erica said with a smirk.

Jack slipped on his glasses looking at the white haired woman, gripping her cane next to him trying to see if he recognized the young woman she used to be under all of her wrinkles.

“Did you go to school around here? Maybe we knew each other. I used to be captain of the football team - Jack MacNamara, class of ‘75!” Jack said proudly, slapping his doughey chest.

Erica laughed and shook her head.

“Oh no dear, I’m a few years older than that! Why I could have babysat you or your wife when you were small!” The older woman cackled, thrilled that the man had mistaken her for a woman in her mid-60s.

“Well you look terrific. I know it’s rude to ask but how old are you then?” Jack inquired.

Erica sat up proudly, grinning at the knowledge that her hard work an exercise in her younger years gave her moments like this.

“I’ll be 80 next year!” She revealed shockingly.

Jack gasped in disbelief and Trey nodded in confirmation, also agreeing that Erica could pass for a woman 10 or 15 years younger than that - though that would have been no consolation if Erica actually knew that she had only just turned 30 a few months ago.

“Well, I suppose we’re all around the same age now... young people look at us folks over 60 and just think ‘there are a bunch of old fogies!’” Trey joked.

“God, it feels like just yesterday that we were those young people.” Jack said shaking his head.

Jenny came out into the waiting area helping a 69-year-old Melanie who had a carpal tunnel brace on her hand. The older woman was, unlike Erica, looking every bit of her 69-years. The once fresh-faced teen was now a frail looking senior with an incredibly lined face and dirty blonde hair that was quickly fading to gray.

“Thank you dear. I’ll be sure to worth with the strength ball twice a day!” Melanie said with a wrinkled smile as she hobbled toward the door waving at her physical therapist.

Jenny smiled and waved back. The now 34-year-old mother of three had a tired look about her. Deep purple bags were forming under her eyes and her skin wasn’t as dewy and flawless as it had been the day before. Also, unlike her younger sister Jenny was holding a bit of extra weight in her ass and thighs.

“Mr. MacNamara?” The attractive professional woman called into her waiting area.

Jack got up from his chair with a groan and smiled politely to the other two seniors in the room.

“That’s me.” He said with a boyish grin that gave a glimpse of what the haggard old man must have looked like in his younger days.

Jenny smiled at him and then looked over Jack’s shoulder to see her Grandmother sitting in her reception area.

“Grandma! What are you doing here?” Jenny asked the older woman, surprised to see her.

“I’m here for my appointment dear... You know, I’m the one that’s supposed to have the bad memory. You young folks are supposed to be able to keep track of everything for us old fogies.” Erica said with a chuckle.

Jenny smirked and rolled her eyes.

“I do. Your appointment isn’t until tomorrow. You got the days mixed up again grandma.” Jenny said in amused exasperation.

“I did!?” Erica exclaimed in surprise.

Trey chuckled and looked over wryly at the old woman.

“Well there. Mixed up your appointment days huh? Pret-ty convenient. If I didn’t know better i’d say that you just came over here to spend more time with me...” Trey suggested with a wrinkly grin.

Jenny looked over at the bald old man and raised an eyebrow smirking at him as well.

“You know, your appointment is tomorrow too Mr. Robbins.” Jenny pointed out.

Trey took off his hat and looked at the young woman in shock.

“No it’s not. It can’t be... I wrote it down. Look - right here in my wallet...” He said pulling out a tiny piece of paper. “It says ‘PT appt - 10am Sunday.’” He read out loud and looked up proudly as if he had vindicated himself.

Jenny chuckled and shook her head.

“That’s great... but today is Saturday.” She pointed out.

Trey’s mouth hung open as he rubbed his stubbly chin and tried to figure out how he had gotten his days mixed up.

“Well how about that! Sorry darling... guess I just wanted to see your pretty face!” He said putting his hat back on.

Jenny chuckled and smiled at the old man.

“Aww thanks Mr. Robbins. Well I’ll see you both tomorrow.” She said as she turned around to show Jack down to her office.

Trey and Erica slowly made their way out the door and as soon as they were back in the hallway they turned and laughed at one another.

“Well... Now I’ve got to figure out what to do with all of this extra time on my hands!” Trey said with a shrug.

“Oh well, since you’re free why don’t you come over to my apartment and have a bit of tea and we can catch up.” Erica suggested.

Soon the seniors were sitting at Erica’s coffee table drinking some herbal tea and reminiscing about the ‘good old days’. After some half remembered stories and a good amount of laughs, Erica put down her tea cup and peered affectionately at the bald old man sitting across from her.

“Do you remember earlier when you said that if you didn’t know any better I might have just made up having a PT appointment today to spend some time with you?” The gray haired woman asked, a thin smile curling across her wrinkled lips.

Trey took the last sip of his tea and patted his old gut thinking that he might need to find a bathroom soon.

“Oh Erica, I was just teasing you - you know that.” He assured her.

A twinkle glinted in the dull tired eyes of the aged former fitness beauty.

“Well... what if I was?” She purred in a rattling voice.

Trey peared intensely at the old woman to try and tell if she was being serious or not. Erica responded by wagging her bushy gray eyebrow and tilted her head down toward her bedroom.

“Well I’d say I know how I’m spending my afternoon...” He replied smoothly.

“Then let’s get too it, handsome. We’re not getting any younger!” Erica declared.

The two seniors slowly got up from their chairs and hobbled toward one another carefully with their arms outstretched to hug. As they came together they began to give each other wet wrinkled kisses. It was like watching a pair of adults passionately lunge into a make-out session, only in slow motion with a lot more gray hair and dangling skin.

“Oooh Trey...” Erica rasped longingly as the old man ran his rough calloused hands up under her blouse.

Soon they were making their way down to Erica’s bedroom, taking a short pit stop by the bathroom so that Trey could relieve himself. But once he was back again they resumed their kissing and fondling as they hobbled towards Erica’s bed.

“I don’t have my little blue pills on me so we might just have to make do with hand and mouth stuff...” Trey groaned as the pair sat on the bed.

Erica reached down with her wrinkled veiny hand, massaging his crotch over his pants.

“Don’t worry dear. You don’t get very far with the men in this building at my age without keeping an extra stash of viagra handy.” She chuckled.

With that, the old woman opened her purse and took out a baggie of blue pills, shaking one out into her clammy palm and offering it to her lover.

“I remember back in my day girls would offer me a tab of something before sex but it was usually LSD...” He joked as he took the pill and downed it with a cup of water.

“Yes well, as much as times change, they stay the same don’t they?” She laughed.

As they waited for the effects of the viagra to kick in the elderly couple began to undress. Trey unbuttoned his shirt and dropped his pants down to his ankles. Erica opened her blouse to reveal the support bra she was wearing and turned around for Trey to help her unclasp it.

“I’m almost to the point when I might as well stop wearing a bra. No ones going to notice anyway and it’s just too tough to fuss with with my arthritis.” Erica grumbled as Trey undid her strap and let her sagging breasts flop out into the open air.

“Heh, well Katie always tells me that I should *start* wearing a bra these days!” The old man joked cupping his sagging pecs.

He reached down to remove Erica’s pants and she stopped him for a moment by gently grabbing his wrist.

“I should warn you ahead of time, because this freaked out a few of my previous gentleman callers... though they were both younger men in their 60s... but I have a pair of Depends on under my pants.” Erica said softly.

Trey looked up at his old flame in surprise.

“You mean like the undergarments?” He asked.

Erica nodded.

“I just didn’t want you to pull down my drawers and see that the sexy gal seducing you was wearing a diaper and the mood to be ruined.” She explained, blushing.

Trey smiled sympathetically, knowing that admitting it up front had to be embarrassing for a strong woman like Erica.

“Seducing me huh? Is that what you’re doing?” Trey grinned, kindly changing the subject.

Erica pulled the old man into another kiss with her saggy arm.

“Trying at least...” She purred.

“Well I’d say it’s working, baby!” He grinned as he pulled away from the kiss.

He helped the old woman scooch out of her pants revealing her pale veiny legs and the crinkly white diaper wrapped around her waist. He caressed her wrinkly inner thigh, pretending that he didn’t notice the puffy support undergarment.

“I don’t need it all of the time... I mostly wear it ‘just in case’, not to sound like the ad but it gives me the confidence to go about my day...” Erica said self-consciously.

Trey clasped her hand in his and squeezed it.

“Erica... it’s okay! There’s no shame in it. Hell, I had a little accident last night. I’m probably going to need to start wearing these soon!” He admitted.

Erica took a deep breath and smiled at him.

“You know what’s funny though? I just bought these last week and I’m already running out... I don’t know where my supply is disappearing off to!” She said with a chuckle, shaking her head.

Trey shrugged.

“Problem for another time I guess.” He said as he began to unclasp her diaper.

“Annie was over helping me clean my house the other day... but I don’t see what she would have done with them... unless she’s having some complications with menopause I suppose...” Erica rambled, scratching her gray haired head.

“Erica darling?” Trey asked as he pulled the diaper out from under her wrinkled bottom.

She looked up at him as he stood up beside her.

“What?” She asked curiously.

“We’re both naked...” He reminded her suggestively.

The viagra had kicked in and his erection was impressive for a man his age. His hairy gray ballsack was drooping pretty far down between his legs and dangled as he shuffled over to squirt some lube from Erica’s bottle on her nightstand.

“Oh! Right! Sorry... I get so scattered these days...” She said shaking her head and laughing.

She stood up with a groan, rubbing her back. Her tits swayed back and forth above her wrinkled gut as she moved.

“How about I lean over here. Is that good for you, dear?” She asked, standing up next to the bed and leaning on the mattress and her cane.

“Yeah that works for me!” Trey said as he lubed up his old cock and came around behind the 79-year-old woman.

He placed a hand on her shoulder. The bare sagging skin on her back looked like melting wax dotted with the occasional mole or skin tag. Her baggy ass bunched down over the backs of her frail thighs.

“Ready whenever you are.” She called back.

He spread her wrinkled butt cheeks and moved his dick into the loose dry opening of Erica’s aged pussy.

“Ooooh!” The old woman moaned to let him know that she could feel him inside of her.

Trey gently held onto Erica’s hips as he pumped into her from behind as she gripped her cane and leaned her other arm on the bed. The two seniors grunted and moaned with each thrust drowning out the sounds of Erica’s loose old vagina queefing. Her sagging tits dangled under her and slapped her belly as she rocked back and forth.

Both 70-somethings were in the throws of sex and both were also going a bit hard of hearing. So neither of them heard Erica’s door open or Harper call out for her grandmother.

In fact, it wasn’t until the sharp shrill scream of the 31-year-old walking into the bedroom and witnessing her elderly grandmother getting railed from behind by her equally elderly, married, upstairs neighbor that Erica and Trey turned around and realized that someone else was in the apartment with them.

“OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!” Harper kept screaming as she closed her eyes tightly and attempted to walk out of the room without opening them.

“Harper!” Erica gasped.

Trey quickly pulled out and reached down to pull up his underwear, still sporting his medically aided erection. He considered asking Harper if she wanted to join them - the young woman was very much his type, but decided that, judging by the fact that she was wrenching over a wastebasket by the

door, that being the meat in a geriatric sex sandwich wasn't something Harper would be interested in.

"What are you doing here?" Erica asked in surprise.

The old woman was in a bit of a predicament in terms of modesty. It would take a while to go get a new fresh pair of Depends and she needed to hold onto her cane to stand. So she had to choose between covering up her sagging breasts or covering up her gray haired pussy. She decided on the latter, bringing a wrinkled hand to cup her crotch and letting her tits dangle out in the open as she hobbled over to calm her granddaughter down.

"You told me to write down the instructions for looking at photos on your phone! I was putting them on your fridge when I heard noises coming from in here - I thought you were having a stroke!" Harper explained, still incredibly upset and trying not to look at either her grandmother or Trey.

Erica was sympathetic but still smirked at her granddaughter's assumption.

"Old people have sex lives too young lady..." The elderly woman chided.

"I know but-" Harper tried to argue.

"You won't find it so disgusting when you're our age! I'll tell you that for free!" Trey chimed in.

"Sorry! I'm not trying to be rude... I just wanted to get through the day without seeing my grandmother naked and having sex, all right!?" Harper insisted defensively.

Erica sighed and smiled sympathetically at her grown adult granddaughter.

"Well, that's fair I suppose. Why don't you go sit down in the living room and let Trey and I get dressed again and then I'll bake you some nice warm oatmeal cookies! Remember when we used to do those together when you were growing up?" Erica suggested.

Harper blanched again and dry heaved into the bucket. The thought of 'grandma's warm oatmeal cookie' took on a new meaning for her.

"Th-that's okay grandma. I should really get back home. Raincheck though!" The young woman said quickly and rushed out the door.

Erica turned to Trey and shrugged before the seniors both burst out laughing like they were teenagers playing a practical joke on some lame idiot.

"Did you see the look on her face?" Erica giggled.

"It's like she's never seen a naked body before!" Trey chuckled.

"Well, in her defense the ones she's seen are probably much younger than ours!" Erica pointed out still laughing.

Trey looked down at his erection and grinned.

"Want to pick back up where we left off?" He asked.

Erica gave a tired, apologetic smile to the old man.

"I would love to but I have to say... all of this excitement has really worn me out! I think I need to lay down and take a quick nap." She said honestly.

Trey nodded, not wanting to push his elderly lover if she was too tired to continue. He wasn't sure what to do with his current erection though. He could go back to his wife - but then she might ask how it was he ended up taking viagra when he was supposed to be in physical therapy, when he had specifically turned down taking some for her this morning because he didn't want to be stuck with an erection during his appointment.

He had a few hours to kill before his dick would grow soft again so he decided to spend it in style - hanging out poolside.

Trey kissed Erica goodbye as she fastened a new diaper on herself and climbed into bed. He then headed on down to the building's pool.

Upstairs in the apartment Katherine sat on the couch with her macrame, threading her needles through the canvas as she watched the long running daytime soap on the television.

On the TV two young lovers in their 20s were waking up in bed together and getting frisky with one another.

“Good morning.” The handsome young soap actor said as he laid barechested with a big perfect grin on his face.

He popped his head under the sheets and the flawless young brunette writhed in the bed grinning.

“That’s better than coffee!” She said breathlessly.

Katherine tsked and shook her head at the screen.

“This show is getting so bawdy! They would never show smut like this 20 years ago!” She griped but still sat glued to what was happening.

In the back of her mind she recalled how she and Trey used to have mornings like the young actors on the TV, and felt a tingling in her dry old crotch that caused her to wiggle her saggy rear into the couch cushion.

As the two lovers on the screen shared a passionate kiss, Katherine was running the cool round side out her knitting needles across her pruned cleavage. Her breath was heavy as she imagined herself as the young woman on the TV.

Her fantasies were interrupted by loud yelling and laughter outside of her door. The neighbor girls were at it again. They had been being giggly little bitches all morning and constantly interrupting Katherine’s ability to enjoy her ‘stories’.

By the time the old woman turned her attention back to the TV, the couple had already been discovered by the man’s twin brother who also happened to be the woman’s secret lover and possibly step-son?

Katherine grumbled at missing the rest of that passionate kissing and stood up with a groan, slipped her fuzzy slippers on her feet, pulled her robe around her squat saggy body and clomped angrily out into the hallway.

“What’s all of this racket!?” Katherine hollered.

The three young women all froze and turned around to face the older woman sheepishly.

“Sorry Mrs. Robbins... we’ll keep it down.” Trish said apologetically.

Katherine just folded her fluffy arms over her chest and frowned at the girls.

“You’re always prancing around the halls in next to nothing. Don’t you girls have jobs to go to?” The grey haired woman demanded.

“Um... we’re in school...” Sandy pointed out with a flippant tone.

“Then maybe you should go live there then! All of the banging and moaning and yelling and thumping coming from your apartment at all hours of the day and night! I have to take time out of my day to send in those noise complaints!” Katherine grumbled.

The young women all looked annoyed at the old woman. They had long suspected that all of the complaints against them were from the old biddies that lived on this floor and now one of them had just admitted it.

“Sounds like you’re just jealous ma’am.” Donna said with a smirk.

Katherine gritted her jaw and raised a grey eyebrow.

“What did you just say?” The old woman demanded.

“You heard me. You’re just jealous because you haven’t gotten laid since like the 70s! Your old ass husband can’t get it up anymore – and even if he could, we all know he’d rather fuck and young girl with perky titties and a firm round

booty like me than your shriveled old ass!” Donna said venomously, snapping her fingers at the old woman.

“Don’t you talk to me like that! When I was your age we respected our elders! I’m going to find your parents and give them a good talking to and then file another complaint with the building about your attitude missy!” Katherine sputtered.

Donna rolled her eyes.

“Whatever granny... come on girls, let’s go hang out by the pool...” The 21-year-old suggested.

Her two teenage friends giggled and followed her to the elevator as Katherine fumed in the hallway wishing that she could smack the smug look off that young brat’s face.

‘She’ll be old someday and I hope some young punk treats her just as poorly!’ Katherine thought bitterly, not realizing that they all had been old just a few days ago and it was in fact Katie and her boyfriend who had been disrespectful to them.

As she stood there outside of her apartment, the door at the end of the hallway opened and Jon, the grizzled 57-year-old man who lived there came out dressed in jeans and a tight muscle tee that showed off the impressive physique he still had for a man his age. Though his muscles were softening and his skin looked like it was made of wet leather, he looked incredibly strong and attractive.

Katherine spotted him and panicked, trying to figure out whether she should hurry back into her apartment or stay where she was and have a pleasant but awkward conversation with the man she often found to be the most attractive man in the building.

Her inaction while she debated the issue ended up making the decision for her as Jon approached her with his hand out and a warm smile.

“Katherine?” He asked waving at her and smiling warmly.

The old woman blushed and primed her wavy gray hair, flashing the younger man a wrinkled smile.

“Oh Jonathan! How are you?” She asked in a kindly voice.

The 57-year-old man walked down the hallway to his elderly neighbor to talk to her face to face. He was about a head taller than Katherine now because she had begun to shrink a bit as she aged past 70.

“Well the doctor says I need to stop eating red meat and keep my cholesterol down but other than that, I can’t complain!” He said with a smile as he rubbed the back of his thinning hair.

“Oh you poor thing!” She said with a chuckle as she impulsively reached out and rubbed his arm affectionately.

Katherine couldn’t help herself, she wanted and needed to give the middle-aged man’s bicep a squeeze. Jon felt so strong and manly. It had been years since Trey had that kind of firmness to any part of his body.

“How are you doing Katherine? Is there something I can give you a hand with?” He asked helpfully.

Katherine shook her head and also resisted the urge to run her veiny old hand across the younger man’s burly pecs.

“Oh no dear, I just came out here to have a word with those fresh girls!” Katherine explained.

Jon chuckled and shook his head.

“Ah, I see. There were making quite a racket out here weren’t they? Well, good for you!” He said with a supportive smile.

Katherine blushed and batted her sunken eyes at the handsome rugged middle-aged man. He made her feel like she was young again - not like those disrespectful teenagers that made her feel ancient and obsolete.

“You know, my shows over by now but theres another one coming on soon that I like to watch from time to time... if you’re not doing anything maybe you’d like to come in for a bit and I can make us some tea and a snack...” She suggested with a hopeful look in her dulling eyes.

Jon checked the time on his phone and then shrugged.

“Sure, that sounds nice. It’s my day off so I have some time.” He agreed.

She led him into the apartment and put some tea on.

“Those teenagers are a real menace! They’re running around the halls at all hours! Throwing parties, inviting non-residents to stay the night! They keep me up with all that banging and moaning!” She ranted as she got some cheese and crackers and some grapes.

Jon sat down on the couch and nodded to her as Katherine shuffled around the kitchen.

“How does anyone have the energy to be going at it as much as they are!” He joked.

Katherine laughed and blushed at discussing sex with her handsome male neighbor.

“I sure don’t!” She blurted out with a laugh as she brought the nosh over to the dining room table.

“Oh c’mon, a beautiful woman like you Katherine? I bet you used to make love at least as often as those girls.” Jon teased with a playful smile on his craggy face.

Katherine blushed harder and inadvertently flashed the younger man when she leaned down to put the try down on the table. Her robe opened up revealing her loose pale floppy breasts to Jon who definitely saw them but didn't say anything.

“Oh Jon! You're incorrigible!” She yelped as she tugged her bra back tight around her 72-year-old torso.

The tea timer went off and Katherine hurried over to pour them some cups. She shuffled back and handed Jon his tea. Then she eased herself down onto the chaise lounge with her own cup, kicking off her slippers and stretching out her wrinkled veiny legs.

“Thank you. This is great Katherine. I feel like I'm at a fancy dinner party.” Jon said with a smile as he sipped his tea and ate some cheese on a cracker.

Katherine smiled back at him and noticed that he was looking at her bare legs and feet. She squinted through her glasses down at her thick yellow unpolished toenails and the tops of her wrinkled feet that were beginning to get dotted with liver spots. She really wished that she had gone with her niece to get that pedicure yesterday instead of tomorrow. Or that she had the body she had had in her 20s again.

“Sorry I'm being so informal, If I walk around too much I loose circulation in my ankles so my doctor tells me to elevate my legs when I start to feel the tingles.” The older woman explained.

Jon just grinned and shook his head.

“No apology needed. You look like the queen of sheba laying out like that. It's very... captivating. I feel like I should be feeding you these grapes.” He joked.

She batted her aged eyes at him again and a mischievous smile formed on her lined face.

“I wouldn't complain if you did...” She purred.

Jon looked down at the bunch of grapes and then at the gray haired older woman laying on next to him and gave a half shrug, leaning over to grab the fruit. He raised it up above Katherine's head, lowering it down toward her mouth.

"Oh Jon! I was only joking! You don't have to- Oh well, all right..." Katherine protested before ultimately giving in as the grape lowered down to her.

She opened her mouth and wrapped her thin pruned lips around the grape and pulled it into her mouth with her tongue, watching Jon to see his reaction as she closed her lips slowly around the fruit and tugged it off of the vine.

"Expertly done! Like a true queen! A royal seductress!" Jon cheered her on.

Katherine smile, embarrassed.

"Oh Jon, my seducing days are long behind me..." She said waving away his flirtation as just humoring an old woman.

She turned the TV to the station of the soap she wanted to watch and raised the volume, too flustered to continue the current topic of conversation. Jon got the hint and eased up, sitting back in the couch and drinking his tea.

But shorting into the opening credits the two of them turned back to one another and immediately kissed.

"Jon! I'm so sorry! I don't know what came over me... these shows sometimes get me all hot an bothered. But I shouldn't assume you'd - I mean, you're a young man, closer to my nieces age than mine..." Katherine said positively beside herself.

Jon chuckled and shook his head.

"I'm not at young, Katherine. I'm 57 and there's no need to apologize. We both did it - and frankly I enjoyed it!" He told her honestly.

Katherine's heart fluttered as she tucked some of her gray hair back behind her ear.

"I-I liked it too. It's been quite a while since someones kissed me like that..." She admitted.

The two of them sat in silence for a few moments until Jon looked over with a grin.

"Hey, do you know what might be a hoot? If those girls were bothered by the sounds of banging and moaning coming from this side of the wall..." He suggested.

"Oooh Jonathan!" Katherine replied in a scandalized coo as she nervously giggled and blushed.

Down at the pool Trey was actually finding it hard to find a place to sit as the area was growing quite popular. It was definitely a grayer crowd as the former teens and children in the building were now flocking to the pool in their 50s and 60s making the place look like a retirement resort.

Trey found a pair of open deck chairs on the far end of the pool and eased himself into one. Nearby, a 63-year-old Bree and 64-year-old Hannah were lounging out under an umbrella holding hands and sharing in a few wet wrinkly kisses.

"Mmmm won't it be nice to spend every day like this when you retire in a few years darling?" Hannah asked.

The former redhead's hair was now lightened to orange-tinted white. Her face and body were growing very wrinkled. And her former freckles were now getting traded in for liver spots.

"Yes and then I'll have time to work on my next book..." Bree chirped in a reedy voice.

The Asian-America woman was less wrinkled than her wife but she was gaining a spindly look to her. Lines were creasing on her face where years of work-related stress had made their marks and her neck was growing looser and becoming crinkled.

“Oh my sweet work-a-holic.” Hannah said with a hoarse chuckle.

The 64-year-old reached out and wrapped a leathery arm around her wife and pulled her into a hug, kissing Bree on her lined forehead.

“You know... a new book means lots of hours of research...” The 63-year-old sex therapist pointed out with a grin.

The two women looked at each other’s aging saggy bodies lustfully for a moment until they were interrupted by their 35-year-old redheaded daughter Laura with her own 9-year-old daughter in toe.

“Moms! Can you watch Ina for me? I just got called in to work and there’s no way I can find a baby sitter this late.” Laura explained, sounding stressed.

“Of course honey! We love getting to spend some time with our precious granddaughter. She’s growing up so fast... you know, I remember when you were her age. We would take you down to-” Hannah began to reminisce.

“Thanks mom but I really got to run. Love you!” Laura said cutting her mother off as she hurried back to the building.

Ina stood there in a kids bathing suit and water wings. She smiled at her grandmothers revealing that she was missing her two front teeth.

“Oh my goodness! I hope the tooth fairy was good to you! Now come over here and give your grandma Bree a hug!” The graying dark-haired woman called holding out her bony arms.

The girl ran up and hugged the older woman around her crinkling neck and slumping shoulders. Hannah gently ran her knobby fingers through the girls silky hair affectionately.

“My look at how tall you are getting!” The former redhead remarked in amazement.

As Laura was rushing out, Destiny was making her way out to the pool. The now 67-year-old woman was sporting a big floppy hat and a matching one-piece bathing suit that hugged her sagging pear-shaped body.

Her heavy breasts swayed from side to side as she attempted to strut down the deck of the pool with her back knees. She took deliberate steps with her veiny feet in her designer sandals, her sarong covering her wide rear, and waved at any handsome man her tiring eyes gazed upon.

“Is this seat taken?” Destiny asked Trey in a husky voice as she arrived at the deck chairs.

The old bald man had been nodding off and stirred awake at the matronly woman’s question. He glanced up to see a pale blur blocking his sun. Patting around for his glasses he found them in his shirt pocket and put them on and got a better view of the former beauty in her late 60s.

Destiny had often considered getting plastic surgery to hide her wilting looks but coming into middle-age in the 20th century when there were so many horror stories of botched procedures scared her off from the practice and kept her on the path of natural aging. That’s what all of the Hollywood stars her age claimed to be demonstrating anyway, right? Even if there was plenty of visual evidence that they were secretly getting work done.

So in lieu of a face lift and chin tuck, the 67-year-old had a face caked with make-up to hide all of the creases and blemishes on her face. She dyed her hair the dark brunette of her youth and shaved her graying eyebrows only to draw them back on. It wasn’t fooling anyone. She just looked like a heavily dolled up woman in her late 60s. But Destiny thought that she could lie to people and say she was in her mid 40s... maybe late 30s in the right light.

“Taken by you, my dear!” Trey said with a whistle as he gestured toward the empty chair next to him.

Destiny smiled and unwrapped her sarong revealing some major camel toe between her veiny dimpled thighs and an ass that was drooping out of the back of her modest bathing suit.

The senior citizen grabbed the arm of the chair and slowly lowered her body into it with a grimace. But once her saggy body was settled, she posed her body in a position she remembered from her former modeling days and held out her cell phone above herself to take a picture.

She made a few wrinkly duck-faces into the camera and one demure smile. Once she was satisfied with the picture she put her glasses on and began to tap at the screen.

“These ‘smart’ phones are a wonder aren’t they? Look at this, one of the girls in the building was showing me this - You can take a photo of yourself and then you open it in this program here and you can put something called a ‘filter’ on and it clears up even the slightest imperfections!” Destiny marveled showing Trey the picture that she had just taken of herself that she had applied a glam filter to. It made her look like a cartoon princess version of the sad lonely old woman that she was.

“Eh I don’t fuss with that stuff. I got by most of my life without all of those doo-dads, I don’t need to start caring about them now!” Trey said dismissively.

Destiny rolled her eyes thinking what an old fogie Trey was, missing the irony that he was only 10 years older than her. She looked around to see if there were any younger men that she could show her ‘improved’ selfie to.

She got her wish in the form of the group of college-aged kids that had just loudly entered the pool area. Young Donna, Trish and Dee had come in with skimpy two-piece bathing suits and their guy friends, 22-year-old Harry and 21-year-old Tommy in tow.

Destiny looked over at the young, good-looking Harry who was strutting shirtless with his perfect hair and toned physique. Sure he was young enough

to be her grandson but that didn't make her want him any less. She glared jealously as Harry ran up behind Trish and wrapped his muscular arms around her slender waist, lifting the girl up in the air as she squealed and laughed.

“Harry! Put me down!!!” She cried in a fit of giggles.

“Oh you want me to put you down?” He asked with a grin.

“Yes!!!” She said, redfaced from laughing, and secretly enjoying having Harry's arms wrapped around her.

“Okay - here you go!” The young man said as he tossed her into the pool.

“EEEEEEEE!!” She screamed, still laughing as she fell into the pool and resurfaced with her blonde hair wet and stuck to her face.

“Whose next?” Harry growled with his arms out ready to scoop up another girl.

Both Donna and Dee squealed and playfully feigned trying to get away from Harry's grasp, but not too far. Dee jumped in herself beckoning the rest of her friends to join her while Donna got the drop on Harry and pushed him into the pool before hopping in after him.

Tommy stayed on the pool deck looking awkward. Ava's young son had grown into a thin attractive young man with sandy blonde hair like his granddad Jack had around his age.

“Oh Tommy! Yoo-Hoo!” A mature voice called to him from across the pool.

The young man looked up and saw 50-year-old Annie sunning herself on one of the deck chairs. He turned to say something to his friends but they were all busy slashing one another in the pool and flirting that he decided just to go off on his own.

He ran over to the middle-aged blonde woman. She was wearing a bright orange and green string bikini that looks like it had gotten quite a lot of use

and wear since the time she had purchases it in the early 90s when it must have fit her a lot better.

Annie's big round tits were flopped over on her chest showing a great deal of her deep freckled cleavage. Her puffy pooching belly was on full display along with the rolls of her waist. Her cellulite-riddle thighs were smooshing together and the string of her bikini bottom dug into the flab on her hips. She had a slight double chin and her cheeks were beginning to soften into jowls.

"H-hi Ms. Anne. What can I do for you?" He asked, trying not to stare at all of the exposed skin of the frumpy older woman's body.

Annie lifted her sunglasses off of her face revealing the crowsfeet around her older eyes. She flashed a lusty cougarish smile at the man less than half her age.

"Tommy dear, we're both grown ups. You don't have to be so formal with me. I know I'm one of your mother's oldest friends but... I'd like to this that you and I are friends too. So just call me Anne or Annie. M'kay?" She said licking her red pruning lips at him.

"Uh okay... Annie!" He said with a nod.

"Good boy, now be a sweetie and help me put some sunscreen on my back and the other side of my legs." The older woman instructed as she rolled over on the lounge revealing her pale back and chunky rear.

She handed the young man the bottle of sunscreen and then reached around and untied her bikini top to make her back completely bare.

"S-sure Mis-er, Annie!" He stammered as he awkwardly sat down on the seat next to the older woman's thicc thighs and began to nervously smear lotion on the soft flab of her lower back.

Over in the pool his friends had noticed his disappearance and scanned the area for him, only to find him massaging sunscreen into the wrinkling skin of a woman old enough to be his mother.

“OH MY GOD! GUYS! Check out Tommy with that cougar!” Donna screamed excitedly, pointing over at Tommy and Annie.

“Where? I LOVE MILFS! SHOW ME THE MILFS!!!” Harry screamed intensely, splashing the water around him like a horny monkey.

Destiny perked up at Harry’s declaration - she was in ‘MILF’ territory. She didn’t have any children of her own, and of course judging by how long ago she had gone through ‘the change’, even if she had given birth they would be adults by now, which might make her more of a ‘GILF’... but still, maybe Harry would consider her a MILF...

She began to get up and do a little walk-by to get the young man’s attention until she saw him swim over to a pair of 30-something twins on the other side of the pool and begin to flirt with them.

Twins Rachel and Rebecca were now both 38-years-old and working on their careers as a lawyer and a professor respectively. Today they were enjoying doing some work poolside to enjoy the nice weather. Neither of them were wearing bathing suits. Both having decided that they were a bit too old for bikinis now, but they wore matching fashionable summer dresses as Rachel sat with her laptop on her legs writing work e-mails while Rebecca laid out next to her grading end-of-semester papers.

“Yoooo! MILFs! Either of you want a little boy-toy? I’m ready and willing to try out some MATURE pussy!” He called out to the two women.

The two nearly 40-year-old professionals looked down at Harry, scoffing with disgust.

“Grow up kid, there’s no way in hell I’d slump to sleeping with a guy young enough to be one of my students.” Rebecca said bluntly.

“Why don’t you go back to playing with your little girlfriends and let us grown-ups get back to work you little prick.” Rachel added.

“Whatever you old hags - as if I really wanted to hook up with some saggy-titted, over-the-hill bitches with dry grey snatches anyway!” He shouted angrily back at them before splashing the twins.

The women screamed as their work papers and laptops got wet from the pool water along with their hair and clothing. They got up and ran into the building, threatening Harry with every repercussion they could think of as they left.

Destiny timidly decided not to approach the volatile young man after witnessing that interaction. Though she didn't fault the boy for his arrogance, temper or tom-foolery. In fact, as she closed her eyes and remembered back to when she was that age she thought that if she were a young girl in her teens again right now she would have been laughing right along with Harry as the two snooty middle-aged women ran inside to dry off.

“Do you think Tommy's mom knows that he's clearly hooking up with her friend?” Dee whispered as the girls all continued to watch their young friend rub lotion into the jiggling flash of Annie's 50-year-old thighs.

“Oh god, she couldn't possibly right? If I had a kid and he started banging one of you two I'd just die!” Trish groaned.

“What do you think he sees in her? He's got a real Oedipus thing going on huh?” Donna thought.

Annie turned her head and tilted her glasses down to squint at the young women gawking at her and her young helper.

“Mmm I think your friends might be a little jealous of one of us...” Annie purred with a chuckle.

Tommy looked over and the girls in the pool immediately began pretending like they were just talking amongst themselves.

“They're not really my friends. They're just like the only ones around here my own age... other than my ex girlfriend but... that's a whole other weird thing.” He replied.

“Well if they aren’t really your friends and they’re the only ones your own age... maybe its time to make some friends that aren’t your age...” Annie proposed.

“Yeah that’s a good idea. Honestly, I feel like I kind of just get along with people older than me better anyway. Like you, you have such interesting things to say and you’re not just on your phone or talking about some BS off of social media... It’s cool and like... I like all of that oldies music you recommended! Bon Jovi and Van Halen are so cool!” He said enthusiastically.

Annie rolled back over onto her back causing Tommy to lose his balance and fall forward, bracing himself on her flabby stomach and accidentally sliding his hands up to her sagging breasts. He scrambled to get off of her but she gently put a hand on his shoulder to keep him seated and calm.

“Hey, do you want to get out of here? We can go back to my apartment, maybe listen to some of my old cassettes and hang out for a bit...” She suggested.

Tommy nodded as Annie reached for his hand to help her out of the chair. The 50-year-old woman in the too-small bikini then led the nervously excited young man back into the building.

“Oh my goodness. I better go find the little girls room.” Destiny mumbled to no one in particular.

She grunted and grimaces as she stood up from her chair.

“Watch my stuff would you dear?” She asked Trey who was sound asleep.

The 60-something bottle brunette began to shuffle quickly toward the door, knowing that it would take a while to get out of her bathing suit in order to use the bathroom and didn’t want to have an accident in front of these nice young people.

Unfortunately as she hurried she was hit with a bit of vertigo and lost her balance, stumbling to the edge of the pool and falling in.

“Oh my god! That little old lady just had a heart attack!” Trish shouted incorrectly.

Harry swam quickly over to Destiny and put his arm around her saggy torso, lifting her up above the water. The still-alert but disoriented older woman spat up a little water and wiped her crinkled eyes gazing at the handsome young man that held her aged body in his arms.

“Thank you, sweet boy...” She mumbled breathlessly and reached over to give him an appreciative wrinkly kiss on his cheek.

The athletic young man helped her out of the pool and jumped up onto the deck to kneel beside her.

“Are you okay ma’am? Can you hear me? Do you know what year it is? How many fingers can you see?” He asked holding up two fingers in front of her face.

“Two fingers... I’m fine sweetie. Just lost my balance and slipped is all. But you saved me! My hero. Let me take you to lunch so that I can thank you.” She suggested pulling Harry into an unwanted hug and pressing his young face against her wet wrinkly cleavage.

“Uh that’s okay. Just happy to help.” Harry said coolly as he pulled himself away from the old woman.

He looked down frowning at the jowly sagging old woman whose make-up was now running down her wrinkly face.

“I really like to thank you. You know, when I first saw you I thought - that’s a nice young man! That’s the kind of gentleman that helps a lady in need! And sure enough I was right! You know, when I was your age... which wasn’t too long ago... I used to come out and sunbath by this pool every day! Sun-worshiping is what we called it. But it wasn’t a religious thing it was just that us young girls knew all of the boys like seeing us tan!” Destiny rambled with the nostalgic giggles of an old woman.

Harry rolled his eyes, tuning out what she was going on about.

“Yeah, whatever granny. That’s cool just uh... maybe stay away from the pool in case you have another heart attack?” Harry said curtly and then jumped back in the pool to join his friends.

“But it wasn’t a heart attack - I just... I get spells of Vertigo sometimes... like the movie? It makes me lose my balance.” Destiny tried to explain but the young people weren’t listening to her.

She felt a tap on her shoulder and looked up to see Trey standing above her holding his hand out.

“Let me help you up dear and then maybe you can help me find the nearest rest room!” He said with a chuckle, pulling Destiny back up onto her feet and holding on to her arm until she regained her bearings.

As the two seniors shuffled arm in arm out of the pool area, Destiny leaned over to Trey and whispered:

“I had to go to... but I’m afraid I already did while that young man was helping me out of the pool!” She said with a cringing laugh.

Back upstairs in Trey and Katherine’s apartment - Katherine had taken off Jon’s shirt and discarded her own robe so now she was sitting in just her granny panties while Jon sat in his jeans. After a few minutes of toplessly kissing the older couple were sitting on the couch catching their breath and admiring each other’s bare chest.

Jon’s salt and pepper chest hair covered the softening muscles of an aging physique that still looked fairly burly and strong. Katherine’s breasts hung onto her wrinkling belly like two large deflating water balloons.

“I like your tattoo.” Jon grunted with a smile pointing to a colorful patch of leathery skin above Katherine’s hip.

It was beginning to be hard to tell that the ink was in the form of a sexy blue fairy. The pretty tinkerbelle looked like she was aging and sagging as much as the body of the woman she was tattooed onto and the colors were faded and distorted.

“Oh this silly thing? I got it at woodstock when I was a teenager! My girlfriends all talked me into it. I was pretty free and wild in those days...” She said, chuckling and shaking her head.

“What about these days?” Jon asked with a grin that crinkled all of the lines on his face.

Katherine giggled and raised an eyebrow as Jon came over and wrapped his arms around her soft body and began to kiss her. A big strong hand reached up and cupped her saggy tit, fondling and caressing it as the old woman moaned softly and appreciatively.

“Suck on them...” She gasped in the heat of pleasure.

“Mmm?” He asked as he kissed his way down to the loose skin of her neck.

“I always loved the feeling of a warm mouth around my breast... your tongue circling my areola...” The 72-year-old explained breathlessly.

Jon was happy to oblige the older woman as he hefted her hanging breast into his hand and brought it up to his mouth. The loose sack of flesh was easy to bring up to Katherine’s chin level so that the middle-aged man could wrap his lips around it.

Katherine gasped as she felt her sagging tit being sucked by her younger lover. As he tongue danced around her pruned nipple, the old woman reached over and began to fumble with Jon’s belt buckle.

As she got his pants undone, Jon’s sweat hand slid out from under her breast and gravity worked its hold over it again, pulling the teet out of the man’s mouth with a loud wet pop as it slapped back down on the older woman’s belly.

Katherine winced and rubbed her soggy boob while Jon began to roll the wide cotten panties down the old woman's chunky thighs. He smiled down her gray bush as she kicked her underwear onto the ground, and then seductively ran his hand down the wrinkled skin of her leg, feeling the ripples of cellulite until he got to the calloused sole of her foot.

The rugged man playfully kissed the old woman's arthritic knobby toes causing her to chortle a giggle. He then kissed the top of her veiny old foot and then up to her wrinkled cankle. Katherine gasped in ecstasy but then quickly pulled her foot away and sat up on the couch.

"Oh shoot! I forgot to take my heart pills this morning!" She said, suddenly remembering.

She put her veiny hands down on the seat cushion and pushed herself up from the couch with a groan. Her bare aged ass jiggling in front of her younger lover as she stood.

"Uh do you need any help?" Jon asked, surprised at the sudden shift.

He watched the naked 72-year-old waddle across the room toward her bedroom. Her puckered old ass swayed with each heavy step as she held her flabby arms out to keep her balance.

"Oh no dear, I'm fine. I just need to take a lot of pills at my age and it's easy to lose track of them!" She said in a sing-songy voice.

"Okay." He said with a shrug as he sat in his boxers on the coach.

Katherine got to the doorway and leaned against it, pushing up her swaying breast up to her chin with her free hand.

"You could come join me in the bedroom though to pick up where we left off..." She purred seductively.

By the time Katherine had taken her pills and climbed under her bedsheets with Jon both were feeling a bit beat. Jon pulled off his boxers and climbed on top of the old woman, using two fingers to lube up her dry pussy.

He entered her with a grunt and Katherine gasped and moaned. The two of them began to gyrate slowly in bed. Katherine's sagging skin flopping and jiggling as Jon plowed into her as best as he could.

After a few minutes the bearded man slipped out of her hole accidentally and as he tried to stick it back in, Katherine held up a hand signalling for him to pause as she caught her breath.

"I think that may be all I'm up for today dear... maybe we can just cuddle for a while." She suggested feeling completely worn out.

Jon nodded, happy to take a break. It was getting hard for him to keep his own stamina up these days, though he could probably have managed at least one more go.

"Sure hon. Whatever's good for you." He said laying on his back and getting comfortable under the sheet.

Katherine rolled over and wrapped her bingo-wing arm around him, reaching up to stroke his head as she rested her wrinkled cheek on his chest and nuzzled her head into him.

"I wish we could have met in our 20s... You and I would have had a lot of fun together dearie..." Katherine rattled softly thinking back to how attractive she had been as a young woman.

Jon smirked quietly, avoiding telling her that when she had been in her 20s he had just been a kid.

"Your a real knockout now Katherine so I can only imagine that you must have been an absolute firecracker back then." He said as he gently stroked her gray hair.

She yawned and smiled.

“Let me just rest my eyes for a minute and then I’ll make you a nice snack for you to take on your way home.” She said sleepily as she began to nod off.

Downstairs in the lobby Trey had used the rest room and was shuffling through the lobby to head home. He saw Lilly, the 49-year-old daughter of his wife’s long-time friend Sabrina and waved at her but the middle-aged former goth girl turned aging librarian was too engrossed in her conversation with Ava, the 44-year-old daughter of Jack and mother of Tommy to notice the old man.

“And as the elevator door was closing... I think I saw them well... kiss.” Lilly was confiding to her middle-aged friend.

“What do you mean you saw my 21-year-old son cuddling up to Annie in the elevator!?” The blonde woman, who was now sporting a soccer-mom haircut asked with a bewildered look.

Lilly who, at nearly 50, was looking very tired with deep bags under her crinkling eyes and messy brunette hair that she most likely dyed every few weeks. She nodded and gave a sympathetic frown to her friend.

“I mean, if it wasn’t your son I would have said ‘You go girl!’ I mean - I wish I could get a gal half my age to look at me like that!” The older woman admitted honestly.

“He used to call her ‘Auntie Ann’ when he was a kid! She used to change his diapers when he was a baby!” Ava ranted.

“Well now he’ll be changing hers I guess.” Lilly blurted out with a laugh.

“What?” Ava asked.

“Nevermind... bad joke.” Lilly said, cringing.

“What could he possibly want with her - she’s old! She’s older than me! His own mother!” Ava exclaimed.

“Maybe he wanted a lady with more maturity to teach him the ropes? I don’t know! I mean – is it upsetting that your son may be dating one of your closest friends? Yes. But are they both consenting adults that are able to make their own bad choices? Also yes.” Lilly pointed out trying to calm her friend down.

Sabrina wandered into the lobby with her gray hair in curlers. She was dressed in a baggy t-shirt and shorts that showed off the pale varicose vein riddled legs she now possessed. She was shuffling barefoot with the aid of a cane and looked pretty bony in her old age now that she was 74.

“Mom! What are you doing? I told you to stay in the apartment until I came back.” Lilly said rushing over to help her elderly mother.

“I was just coming to check the mail...” Sabrina rattled pointing a gnarled finger over to the mailbox.

“You already checked the mail this morning.” Lilly said with an exasperated sigh.

“I did? I don’t remember that...” Sabrina replied sounding skeptical.

“You don’t remember much these days. That’s why we write everything down.” Lilly calmly reminded her mother as she put a hand on the woman’s frail back and ushered her back home.

“Goodnight Lilly! I’ll call you tomorrow and let you know if I find out anything more. Thanks for letting me know!” Ava called after her friend.

“No problem! Go easy on the kid! He’s not the first boy into cougars... remember that movie America Pie?” Lilly called back.

Ava sighed, thinking that her friend was right. That movie had come out when she was her sons age and she had thought that it was really weird for any of her guy friends to fall in love with a woman in her 40s or 50s. But now that she was a woman in her 40s, she thought that it was a bit romantic – if the couple in question weren’t her own son and one of her best friends!

She stormed over to the elevator and pressed the button. When it didn't immediately come she ran grumbled and decided to take the stairs instead.

Trey stood by the elevator door patiently waiting for them to open, thankful that today they seemed to be working. A building this old - everything seemed to be slowly crumbling and breaking down, including the longest tenured residents.

The elevator door opened and Melanie, the 69-year-old widow who lived down the hall from Erica walked out along with her granddaughter Jordyn who was holding a baby in her 21-year-old arms.

"Oh I don't know if I'm up for going out to dinner tonight honey... I have old boxes of files to go through and my hairs a mess... and I forgot my shawl." Melanie fussed as she hobbled off the elevator.

"Grandma, you don't need to go through old paperwork tonight and you look fine and I have an extra cardigan for you in my car." The young woman explained as she patted the baby against her shoulder.

"Still... maybe you should just go out with your sisters Rachel & Rebecca." Melanie suggested.

"Grandma, Rachel and Becky are my aunts - my mom's younger sisters and they'll both busy or else they'd be welcome to join us." Jordyn said patiently to the older woman.

"Oh that's right. Silly me - I still thinking of the twins as my little girls in college - and here you are looking so grown up that I get it mixed up a bit. But... what if we stayed in tonight and ordered some delivery? I hear there's a nice Thai food place that's not too spicy... that way we'll be home, just in case." Melanie said with a tired wrinkly smile.

"Just in case what grandma?" Jordyn asked warily.

"You know... in case your grandfather shows up." Melanie whispered.

Jordyn sighed and rolled her eyes, clearly having been over this a lot.

“Grandpa Conner’s been missing for years grandma. Remember that funeral we had for him a few years ago? He’s not coming back tonight.” Jordyn said, stopping herself from saying ‘or ever’ as a kindness to the old woman.

Melanie smiled sadly and nodded.

“Oh alright... I suppose it would be nice to get some fresh air for once... Is your boyfriend Tommy going to be joining us?” The old woman asked as they shuffled toward the door.

Jordyn took a deep breath and smile, not wanting to get into her break-up and who the father of her baby was with her grandmother again before dinner.

“No he’s very busy tonight too. It’s just the two of us.” The young woman said as the baby woke up and began to fuss.

Trey shuffled into the elevator and waited as the doors began to close when a fat hand reached out and stopped it. The doors opened back up letting the 54-year-old Matthew and his girlfriend Ethel, who was now an attractive 44-year-old nurse practitioner, onto the elevator.

The middle-aged couple stood in front of the elderly man, barely acknowledging his presence as Ethel pushed the button for the third floor.

“What do you want to watch tonight? Is there a football game tonight?” Ethel asked as she straightened her darkening hair and smiled at her older partner.

“Footballs tomorrow. I’m having some of the guys over so be prepared to cook for guests.” Matt grunted.

He had grown into a portly older man with a big hairy beer belly and a bald combover with a graying mustache. His girlfriend on the otherhand was growing more attractive each day and was beginning to regain the figure she had earlier in adulthood as her breasts began to fill out and raise a bit and her

own muffin top melted away. She now old had crows feet and a few creases along her nose and mouth on her once shriveled face.

“Don’t worry baby. I’ll take care of you...” She cooed as she leaned in to her fat middle-aged partner and gave him a kiss on his jowly cheek.

The door opened and the couple got off. Trey followed them, forgetting what floor he was on. As he walked down the hall he passed by Annie’s apartment where the May/December couple were in the midst of passionately making out in the doorway.

Tommy had his hands wrapped around the older woman’s flabby torso and Annie had a plump veiny leg tangled around his as the couple sucked one another’s faces.

“Th-this is all right? You’re uh, cool with this?” Tommy asked nervously as he stared down the deep cleavage of Annie’s bosom.

“Honey, this is hotter than a hot flash! You make me feel young and alive.” She gasped in exhilaration.

“You don’t mind the fact that I just turned 21?” He asked sheepishly.

Annie cackled thinking that she should be asking him if he’s sure he doesn’t mind that she’s half a century old.

“Baby, mind it? It’s one of the sexiest things about you. I’ve been wanting this since you were 18... if I’m honest, you remind me a bit of myself at your age. And I had a bit of a thing for older men back then. But now I think cute young college boys are just the kind of snack that mama needs in her diet...” The cougar purred.

Tommy raised his hand up and gently traced the puffy outline of Annie’s 50-year-old face. How her cheeks made her face wider but her chin was a small little knob. Her red lipstick brightened her thinning but still pouty lips, while also obscuring the pruned creases of them. He could see how beautiful she must have been when she was his age if he squinted his eyes, mentally

thinning her face back to it's youthful shape and lifting the lines she had gained in middle-aged. She definitely would have been pretty enough to be on TV or do amateur porn when she was in her 20s, he thought. But now she looked like an aging desperate MILF and that was what really got him going.

"You're soooo hot Miss - er, Annie..." He mumbled as he fantasized about her.

Annie chuckled and smirked at him, affectionately running her long fingered nail under his chin like she might a puppy.

"Well you're not too bad yourself little boy... why don't we go inside and you can show mama just how much you like her by rubbing baby oil on every inch of my body..." She purred into his ear as she opened the door and let him inside.

Trey only caught a little of that, shaking his head and thinking that Erica's daughter seemed a little too old for that kid, not realizing his own hypocrisy.

He continued to shuffle down the hallway and saw Erica attempting to get into her own apartment.

"Miss me that much dear that you're trying to break into my place? The wife won't take kindly to that I don't think..." Trey said with a whistle and a grin.

Erica smiled at him but looked confused.

"Your place? This is my apartment dear." She corrected.

Trey scratched his head.

"Your apartment? Since when do you live on the 5th floor?" He asked in befuddlement.

"5th floor? This is the 4th floor! Wait no... let's see what do I press when I'm coming home... 3! This is the 3rd floor dear." Erica explained.

“Miss Erica, do you need some help?” Ethel asked from her own apartment door across the hallway.

Erica shuffled around to see her younger neighbor.

“Oh no dear - I’m just talking to my friend. What floor is this again?” Erica double checked.

“The third floor ma’am.” Ethel said helpfully.

“She knows what floor this is! She’s been living on it a hell of a lot longer than you, you home wrecker!” Chrissie yelled as she opened her door up to shout across the hall.

“I was just asking your mother if she needed help.” Ethel said defensively.

“I don’t care what you were doing! Mind your own business!” Chrissie yelled at the younger woman.

“Now Chrissie, I know you’re upset that Matt and I are together. But it’s nothing personal. You two are divorced and we’re all adults-” Ethel tried to say.

“You think you’re so much better just because you’re younger and you’re not a grandmother - well guess what? I love my grandkids! Unlike that asshole deadbeat that you’re shaking up with! And by the way he owes me on alimony so I’ll see him in court and I’ll see you in hell!” Chrissie yelled before slamming the door.

Both of the old people in the hall decided to scramble away from the drama as quickly as they could, Erica retreating into her apartment and Trey rushing back to the elevator.

He picked the right floor this time and got back to his apartment, passing Jon on the way. The two men gave curt but polite nods of acknowledgement as they walked by one another.

Trey was greeted in his apartment to Katherine who seemed to be in a much better mood from the morning. They spent dinner complaining about young people and Trey informed her about the drama with Chrissie and her ex. He omitted getting his appointment date wrong, instead telling his wife that the physical therapist asked him to come by tomorrow as well.

As they climbed into bed that night. The two 70-somethings kissed each other good night, neither broaching the subject of some before bed intercourse. But as Trey laid down on his back, Katherine curled her saggy aged body up into his, resting her lined cheek on his soft man-boob. The old man smiled and gently stroked her gray hair as they fell asleep.

Downstairs in the basement of the building a still 64-year-old Conner put his hands on his hips and made a face like he was going to get all of these handymen fired.

“Well if none of you are going to help me with the elevator, then I want to speak to a manager!” The older man in the suit demanded to the blue collar workers.

“Buddy! I’m telling youse. We don’t know about no elevator. We got paid to do a job and that job is to work on the boilers!” Sully insisted.

“Hey don’t bullshit a bullshitter buddy! I’ve been around on this earth a bit longer than you have!” Conner said, unaware of the fact that he was really supposed to be about 25 years younger than the engineer standing in front of him.

“Believe me, don’t believe me. It don’t matter pal. Until we figure out how to fix this machine here we’re all SOL.” The worker replied.

“Hey Sully! I’m gonna turn it again!” The guy behind them called as he turned the wrench and another burst of light engulfed the building above.

And just like that, on the buildings fifth floor, 84-year-old Trey Robbins was waking up in the arms of his 79-year-old wife Katherine for the 9th Saturday in a row.