

# THE APARTMENT COMPLEX

By ChronoEclipse

Day 4:

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

The Millenium Gardens apartment complex was engulfed in light a third time causing reality to shift for it and its inhabittance. As far as anyone inside the building was concerned, the complex had been finished around the turn of the millennium rather than originally conceived. Now it housed quite a few 40-somethings who believed themselves to have been living in the building for about 2 decades - having originally moved in back when they were young vibrant 20-somethings.

Two such residents were waking up in apartment 513. Trey Robbins sat up with a groan and grabbed a bottle of antacids and a glass of water from his bedside table, popping a tablet in his mouth to curb his upset gut. He looked over at his wife of nearly 20 years and sighed.

The 44-year-old Katherine still resembled the cute, spunky girl that he had fallen for two decades ago but her looks were getting worn by age. She had crows feet in the corners of her eyes and a slight double chin was developing under her pretty (for her age) face. Her neck was beginning to crease and her breasts no longer stayed pert and high on her chest. In fact as she laid on her back lightly snoring her tits were sliding toward either side of her chest resting in the crooks of her arms.

Her body was a bit out of shape, her once trim figure was a fading memory as her waist line had grown and softened and her thighs and ass had expanded giving the middle-aged woman a more bottom heavy pear-shaped appearance.

Trey frowned thinking about what two decades had done to his once sexy, spunky brunette wife. Not that he looked any better, at a year shy of 50 he was

a balding, hairy middle-aged man with his own expanding waistline and quite a few creases on his face.

Thinking about Katherine back when she was 'Katie', his cute 20-something girlfriend and fiancée had gotten Trey a bit worked up that morning. He couldn't remember the last time he and his wife had had sex. It had been months - maybe even over a year. He leaned over to her side of the bed and moved his hand around her body to cuddle her when he felt a dampness in the sheets on Katherine's side.

"Oh god, why is it all wet?" He groaned quickly pulling his arm back and wiping it on the comforter.

Katherine woke up and felt the bed around her, letting out a deep sigh.

"It's just my night sweats hun." She explained scooching herself in in the bed and wiping some of the perspiration from her face and neck with a tissue.

"You never used to sweat this much in your sleep." Trey said frowning.

Katherine smirked at him. Trey hadn't picked up on any of the signs in the past year or so that she had started going through menopause. And if he wasn't going to realize it she certainly wasn't going to enlighten him.

"Yeah well... you never used to pass so much gas before either. What were you doing on my side of the bed anyway?" She asked him with a raised eyebrow.

Trey looked over at his 44-year-old wife and gave her a sheepish grin.

"I was just saying good morning..." He said in a low, throaty seductive voice.

The 49-year-old man reached over and put his hand on his wife's sloping breast and leaned in to give her a kiss. Katherine kissed him back for a moment but when it was clear that her husband wanted to do more than a quick 'good morning' kiss she pulled away, pushing his hand off of her breast.

"Mmm, honey it's too early for that." She said shutting it down.

Katherine then grabbed her reading glasses from the bedside table and put them on to check her phone. Trey grumbled at his frigid middle-aged wife who looked so dowdy wearing her glasses over her crinkled eyes.

He gave a pointed sigh of disappointment (which Katherine pointedly ignored) and then got up from the bed, rubbing his sore back as he stood up. He stomped over to the bathroom.

“I’m going to go take a shower.” He grumbled.

In the bathroom Trey took off his boxers and looked at his lined face in the mirror. He ran his hands across the thin, graying hair on his head that was receding quickly toward the back of his scalp. He rubbed his scruffy salt-and-pepper speckled 5 o’clock shadow and patted his hairy chest. Trey had slight man boobs and a sizable beer gut but ‘dad bods’ were *in*, he reminded himself.

He took a quick shower, peeing down the drain because he couldn’t be bothered to step out of the tub to pee in the toilet. When he was done he slapped some Brut onto his leathery neck, slipped his robe over his hairy body and headed back into the bedroom where Katherine was doing some yoga stretches on the bed.

“What is this? Bedarobics?” He joked as he went over to the closet and pulled out some jeans and a button up shirt - the kind of outfit that made a man his age look sharp and put together.

“It’s just a yoga video on youtube. Doing this for 5 or 10 minutes every day helps with my balance and flexibility.” Katherine replied.

Trey threaded a belt around his pants as he watched his wife lean forward and her soft breasts smooch against her thicc thighs.

“That’d be nice! Remember when you used to be able to bring your leg up behind your head...” He asked giving her a knowing look recalling the wild contorting sex they used to have in their 20s.

She smirked at him.

“I meant more like - these exercises will help me be able to touch my toes again... speaking of toes, I’m going out for a pedicure tomorrow.” Katherine informed her husband, wiggling her boxy toes and noticing the visible veins that were creeping up on the tops of her once cute young feet.

“What’s the special occasion?” Trey asked knowing that his middle-aged wife never did anything like that unless she was going to an event or a friend was in town.

“I’m meeting up with my sister Amy tomorrow. We’re going to make it a girls day.” Katherine explained as she finished up her yoga routine.

Trey thought about Katherine’s older sister Amy who, (now) at only 7 years older than his wife, was just a year older than him.

“You sure it isn’t because an ex-boyfriend is in town or something?” He asked trying not to sound jealous. He didn’t actually know if one of his wife’s old flames was around but figured that’s the kind of thing she’d get all dolled up about and try to pass off as a ‘girls day’ with her older sister.

Katherine smirked and raised an eyebrow at Trey.

“No... you’re the one who has exes all around. I swear I could throw a rock out the window and find some frumpy cow you used to fuck.” She quipped acidically.

Trey furrowed his brow.

“Hey that’s not fair - A lot of us grew up around here together and I’m just a naturally friendly guy...” He began to argue.

But Katherine wasn’t just referring to ladies that he had dated *before* she and him got together.

The 44-year-old brunette got up out of bed and padded grumpily to the bathroom.

“I’m taking a shower.” She said coolly and shut the door behind her.

Katie sighed deeply as she looked at the puffy purple bags under her eyes. She reached up and let her wavy brown hair down, growing as she noticed some of her graying roots were showing. Maybe tomorrow when she was out with Amy she could stop by her hair dresser and get a quick touch up.

She looked down past her soft pooching belly to her crotch and grimaced at the face that a few more greys had popped up in her bush as well. Fortunately she had a quick at-home remedy for that in the form of a brush-in hair coloring solution. She took the dye comb and gently brought it down across her pubes, watching them turn the vibrant shade of auburn that they had been when she was a college girl.

Katherine glanced over at her thigh and wished that there was as easy a solution for her cellulite dimples and the spidery veins that were beginning to creep up on her calves. She had banished most of her short skirts into a box in the back of her closet but missed all of the compliments and catcalls that she used to get about her legs.

She turned on the shower and stepped into it. As the water poured over her aging body she did her daily breast check and then reached back behind her and felt her soft middle-aged ass cheeks. Katherine sighed remembering how tight and firm her ass used to be. Maybe she should ask Erica downstairs if she has any routines to trim and tighten her butt.

‘Erica’s got to be in her 50s now, judging by the age of her daughters and she perpetually has the body of a 30-year-old!’ Katherine thought in admiration.

She imagined herself working out regularly and miraculously looking 25 again, rubbing it in the face of her shlubby, bald asshole of a husband.

‘God Trey is such a jackass. “Oh I’m just a friendly guy...” She thought bitterly. ‘Like I don’t notice the way he looks at the ladies when we go down to the pool... or the way he checks out their daughters right in front of me...’

Katherine began to feel hot and let out a moan of discomfort as she pressed her hands against the tiled wall of the shower to brace herself and keep from falling in the tub. She panted and pushed through the heat and dizziness as the waters poured down onto her aging naked body.

“Great another hotflash...” She groaned.

When she finally finished up her shower she put on a baggy oversized t-shirt and some yoga pants that weren’t too tight on her, wrapped her wet hair up into a towel and padded out to the kitchen.

“Coffee’s on the counter.” Trey said as he grabbed his keys and wallet and headed toward the door.

“Where are you rushing off to?” Katherine asked with a hint of suspicion in her tone.

“I’m just heading out to run a few errands. I’ll be back later.” He said non-committally.

Katherine snorted and rolled her eyes as she poured herself some coffee.

“Well I suppose that’s just as well... I have a lot of work that I need to get done today, I’m behind on a deadline...” She explained trying to make the point that she wasn’t just pining around for him while he was out doing whatever he was doing.

“Uh huh. That’s great dear. I’ll see you tonight then.” He said dismissively as he quickly gave her a peck on her lined forehead and then hurried out of the apartment.

As Trey strutted down the hall, casually winking and flirting with all of the middle-aged women he passed in the halls (who had all been young women in

their 20s/30s just 3 days ago), he passed a trio of women who were close friends of his and Katies.

There was Sandra, the 46-year-old manager of a trendy hipster restaurant downtown. She was Katherine's 'show and concert' buddy. They had been going to live music events since they were both half their ages and weathered the awkward waters of now being the 'old ladies' at a show filled with college kids together. She still dressed pretty youthful for her age - wearing black jeans and an artsy top with sunglasses in her red wavy hair; Patricia, the blonde 47-year-old office manager who Trey and Katherine usually cat sat for whenever she was out of town and who Katherine was helping get through a divorce with a lot of late night emotional phone conversations

And Donna, the curvy 49-year-old latina who ran the flower shop downstairs. She and Trey used to date back in college, which was probably partially what Katherine had been referring to in regards to 'exes' running around. But the three of them had been close friends for years now - Donna had even been a bridesmaid at their wedding!

But as Trey looked at his curvy old flame standing in the hallway in a tight pair of jeans and a low cut top, a lone gray streak in her dark brown hair; he couldn't help but wonder why they had ever broken up. He looked at her large caramel-toned breasts and her lightly saggy cleavage and wondered what the nearly 50-year-old woman was like in bed after all of these years.

"Oh Trey hun. I was going to call you - I found something in an old drawer as I was doing some spring cleaning. A bit of a blast from the past!" Donna said with a grin.

The ladies giggled. Trey shrugged and smiled at them. He knew Sandra and Patricia were off limits because they were close with Katie but he couldn't help but be curious about what the hipster redhead and the sweet blonde cat-lover looked like naked.

"What do you got babe? I'd love a stroll down memory lane..." He said with a handsome grin.

Donna paused, making flirtatious eye-contact with her married ex and then sighing and smiling at him.

“Come to my apartment and I’ll show you...” She said in a suggestive voice.

“Ooooo...” Her friends cooed laughing.

Donna smirked at Patricia and Sandra.

“Oh please ladies! You know Katie would kill me if I tried anything.” Donna told them.

The women all laughed and headed back into their respective apartments. Trey followed Donna into hers. He enjoyed watching her ass sway from side to side. It was bigger and wider than his wife’s and much MUCH larger than Donna’s ass had been back in college - but something about it made Trey really tempted to spank it.

She sat her large rear down on the couch and put on her own reading glasses, frowning and squinting at an envelop on her coffee table. Between the glasses and the dimpling jowls of her face it was apparent that this attractive latina woman was on the brink of 50.

But Trey couldn’t help but still think of the sexy firecracker he knew back in college when he looked at her and those heaving breasts in her low cut top. She patted the cushion next to her, inviting Trey to sit down.

“Here they are hun. Check these out...” She said with a smile.

Trey sat down next to his ex-girlfriend and watched as her veiny hands pulled out a stack of old photographs. She picked the top of out of the pile and handed it over to Trey. He looked down and saw that it was a picture of him as a fresh-faced 21-year-old giving a piggy-back ride to a sexy 21-year-old Donna. Both were dressed in early 90s teen fashion - Trey had a flannel tied around his waist, Donna’s flat stomach was exposed under her high cut sweater-top. The year written on the back said 1994 - which, before time and reality had shifted due to the machine in the basement, had been the year that Trey was

born and Donna had turned 42! Now their realities had been rearranged so that they were both college sweet hearts back in the early 90s that had grown into old friends in middle-age.

“Were we ever that young?” Donna asked with a smile as she casually placed a hand on Trey’s leg.

Trey flipped through the photos and laughed about the time that he still had hair and Donna still had her hourglass figure. Katie would have been 16 back then - a cute perky teenage cheerleader.

He ran his fingers through his receding hair again and shook his head.

“Where does the time go huh?” He asked with a chuckle.

Donna was affectionately rubbing his hairy arm and grinning at him as he looked through the photos.

“Do you know what I thought of when I found these?” She asked with a twinkle in her creased eye?

“I know what this makes *me* think of... but what did you think of?” He said with a grin.

She pursed her pruning lips and eyed him, debating whether she wanted to share what she was thinking. Finally she smiled, turning her whole body toward him and pressing her plump leg against his as she confided her thought.

“I was thinking about that first night in your dorm... when we had to keep quiet so that we didn’t wake your roommate...” She said with a mischievous grin.

Trey burst out a laugh and slapped his leg, recalling that night for the first time in years.

“I remember that - and I had my laundry at the foot of the bed so we were crammed together in that tight space...” He remembered.

Donna grinned and nodded.

“That’s right. You had your arm around my waist and we were trying to make-out without making a sound...” She purred.

She took Trey’s arm and slipped it around her soft flabby waist to demonstrate and then leaned toward him. He leaned toward her as well, caught up in the moment.

“Yeah and I kept making you moan and you tried to whisper moan!” he added.

“Oooohh! Ahhhhhh!” Donna gave an example of her whisper-moans with a chuckle.

Trey found his other hand on Donna’s lap slowly sliding up her body to her chest as they pair of 49-year-olds moved together and began to kiss. Trey squeezed at her big pillowy tit and hugged her soft waist as she pressed her aging body against him and rubbed the top of his balding head.

“Ohhh Trey...” She said softly.

“You kiss just like I remember.” He said with a grin.

She blushed.

“It’s all I’ve been thinking about since I dug those pictures of us up...” She admitted.

Trey grinned at her and helped the matronly latina out of her top. Underneath she was wearing a leopard print support bra. He leaned down and buried his lined face into her saggy cleavage causing the woman to moan softly.

“What are we doing? Is this a mistake...?” She whispered as she moved to unbuckle his pants.

Trey reached around to squeeze her large booty as she leaned over him and grinned at her.

“We’re just taking a stroll down memory lane baby...” He said with a cocky smile.

Both of them had gotten their pants undone and were about to make-out again when Trey’s cell vibrated in his back pocket. He reached around to pull it out and looked at what the message was.

“Aww damnit! I’ve got to go. I’m running late. Sorry baby... maybe another time we can have this little... blast from the past.” He said as he gently pushed her off of his lap and stood up.

He buckled his pants again and tossed Donna her shirt. The middle-aged woman held it over her exposed torso and looked at her ex sheepishly as he hurried out the door.

“Call me!” She yelled after him and then winced at how lonely and desperate that made her sound.

Trey hurried down to the third floor and as he turned the corner to Erica’s apartment he saw the athletic middle-aged woman standing outside her door in sweatpants and a sportsbra with her muscular arms folded across her saggy chest.

“You said you were coming down a half hour ago!” Erica said in exasperation. Her voice was much huskier than it had been a couple days ago.

Her hair was cut short in a bit of a fading blonde ‘soccer mom’ cut and though her body was in fantastic shape compared to other women her age, the lines on her face and neck clearly stated her 51 years.

“Sorry I got side-tracked with something.” Trey said, huffing and puffing as he jogged down the hall toward her.

Erica pursed her thin lips at him and tapped her fingers on her defined bicep.

“I have places to be this afternoon and better things to do that wait around for your sorry ass...” She said by eyed him lustfully and grinned while she said it, implying that she was happy to see him.

Trey scratched the back of his graying head and smiled back at the athletic older woman sheepishly.

“Sorry about that baby.” He replied sweetly.

“Oh just come here!” She sighed and grabbed him by the shirt, looking around to see if the hallways were clear before pulling him into a passionate kiss.

The 51-year-old blonde opened the door to her apartment and back up into it keeping her embrace with Trey as she did so. In the living room two college girls were dancing around in short and bikini tops with their phones held out above them recording their moves. The abruptly stopped when they noticed the middle-aged couple come in.

“Oh my god mom! What are you wearing?!” A 21-year-old Annie exclaimed in embarrassment.

Lily, also now 21, giggled and cover her eyes.

“What? These are my workout clothes. I just got back from a run - which you could have joined me on *missy* if you hadn’t decided to sleep in!” Erica replied putting her hands on her toned waist.

“Mom! You can’t just run around the building showing everyone your wrinkly old belly!” Annie responded sounding mortified.

Erica raised and eyebrow at her daughter.

“And why the hell not? People seem to find my midriff pretty darn hot, what do you think Trey?” She asked the man behind her.

He looked at the 51-year-old’s exposed belly. It was very flat and trim - something most of the middle-aged women in their building couldn’t say

about their own flabby tummies. But it was looking a bit wrinkled around her belly button and even her muscles looked a lot softer than they had when she was 30.

“Oh yeah – your mom’s got a sexy belly.” He confirmed and Erica grinned proudly.

“Ewwww!” The two young women replied, making faces at the older couple.

“Grow up girls. Women can be sexy at any age. We don’t all resign ourselves to walking around in ankle-length robes and shawls the moment that we turn 40... you’ll understand that when you’re my age.” Erica said to the college girls with a smirk.

“You’re a grandmother for gods sake mom! You should dress like it!” Annie retorted.

Erica smirked at her daughter, knowing that Annie pointed out the ‘g-word’ in order to embarrass her in front of Trey. She instead pivoted her hip and spanked her still-rounded ass.

“I don’t have the bum of a grandmother though... so until I do I think I’ll wear what I want young lady. Thank you very much. Come on Trey.” Erica retorted as she lead her middle-aged lover to her bedroom.

Annie and Lily just looked at one another and rolled their eyes, giggling as they went back to shooting a tiktok.

In Erica’s bedroom she brought Trey to her bed and peeled her runners top off of her saggy chest as the balding 49-year-old man fumbled to unbutton his own shirt.

“We have to be quick about this now because I really do have things to do today.” She insisted as she took off her sneakers and socks revealing very veiny pale feet.

Trey nodded as he hurried to unbuckle his belt. He looked up at his athletic mistress as she peeled her jogging pants down her thighs. Erica's body was very shapely for a woman in her 50s but her skin was beginning to look pretty leathery. Her chest and shoulders were speckled with dark sunspots and some wrinkling and bunching of the skin was occurring on her arms, legs and stomach. As she stepped out of her pants he could see purple and red veins webbed around her well-toned calves and thighs.

"Oh before I forget - I need to take my blood pressure medication!" Erica said, snapping her fingers as she padded over to her nightstand in just her panties.

She opened one of the orange bottles on her bedside table and popped a pill into her mouth before taking a drink of water.

"I swear to god - I never needed to take so many pills and vitamins! Then I turned 50 and suddenly the doctor is giving me a stack of prescriptions a mile long!" She joked with a chuckle after she swallowed her pill.

"Don't I know it. Katie had me taking these uh what do you call 'em? Fish oil capsules..." He commiserated.

Erica climbed into the bed and wrapped her arms around Trey's shoulders, reaching down to stroke his hairy chest while affectionately kissing his neck.

"Now... what is our one rule while you're down here? No bringing up the wife..." She purred, tilting his scruffy face to the side so that she could kiss his lips.

"Fair! Fair!" Trey replied nodding.

"I'm a grown woman and I don't have any misassumptions that you're going to leave her for me one of these days but... I enjoy playing house with you from time to time baby and it kills the fantasy if you say her name..." Erica explained as she nibbled Trey's bottom lips and pushed her saggy tits against his arm and shoulder.

“I enjoy this too...” He agreed as he shifted around in the bed to put one of his sweaty mitts around her droopy tit.

“I’m sure you want me to spare you the details about the 28-year-old that ravaged me in my office at the gym on Wednesday...” She teased with a grin.

She wasn’t aware of the fact that the memory she had of fucking a boy nearly half her age earlier that week had actually been between her and a fellow trainer who, in reality, was only 2 years younger than her.

“You fucked a kid in his 20s?” Trey asked unaware that Trey had been the same age as this ‘kid’ at the time.

Erica gave a husky laugh and smiled with pride.

“Of course I did honey, I’m what the kids call a ‘GILF’!” She declared in a sultry voice, fluffing her short graying blonde hair and then cupping her sagging breasts in her veiny hands.

Trey scooted back on the bed and pulled the self proclaimed GILF on top of him while laughing at the term. The couple kissed naked in bed for a few moments until they were interrupted by the sounds of thumping and yelling coming through the wall.

“God... Chrissie and her husband at it again...” Erica groaned rolling her eyes.

The 51-year old lifted her hand and pounded back against the wall with an open palm.

“HEY! PIPE DOWN OVER THERE!!” The middle-aged gym manager yelled into her bedroom wall.

She looked back down at the man with the salt and pepper stumble laying in the bed beneath her.

“Now then... where were we? You’re going to have to be on top baby... cowgirl position isn’t good for my knees anymore. It cuts off circulation.” Erica explained.

Trey nodded and sat up with a grunt as he moved around to climb on top of the aging blonde woman. Erica meanwhile laid down on her back and pulled her panties down her legs revealing a neatly trimmed bush of blonde hair and some loose dangling dark pink labia dangling between her thighs.

“Do you want to do a condom?” Trey asked as he removed his boxers. He was fully erect and ready to go.

Erica chuckled and shook her head.

“Condoms are for teenagers!” She replied, not considering safe sex practices for older adults.

Trey shrugged.

“Works for me!” He said.

“Oh but that reminds me...” Erica said as she reached over to her bedside table and grabbed a bottle of something called ‘vagisil’.

She popped the cap and squirted some out onto her fingers and then reached down and began to smear the lubricants all around her pussy inside and out.

“I’ve been getting a bit dry lately...” She explained while she wiped her fingers off.

Trey nodded and leaned over her as he inserted his fat cock inside of her. Erica moaned, closing her crinkling eyes and pursing her thinner lips. She tucked her veiny feet up around his hairy thighs and stroked her back with her bony hands.

“Oh god Trey that feel amazing...” She gasped as the middle-aged couple slowly rocked and gyrated on the bed.

“You... too!” Trey gasped already a bit out of breath after just a few minutes of steady sex.

The couple continued to go at it a bit until Trey collapsed onto Erica, a sweaty breathless mess. Erica kissed his lined balding forehead and rolled the flabby man off of her.

“Well I did say we needed to be quick... I have to head off to work and train some new young staff members.” She said as she got up from the bed and pulled her panties back up around her aging ass.

“Heh - training trainers!” Trey chuckled from the bed as he caught his breath.

“We’ll just need to pick this up again another time you’re able to sneak down here or ‘stay later at the office’...” Erica said with a wink as she pulled out a bra from her drawer and slipped it around her chest.

“Shouldn’t be too hard to find another time this week.” Trey said rolling over onto his side and grabbing his boxers.

Erica put a professional blouse on and some flowy suit pants and then slipped a pair of sensible heels onto her veiny feet. She quickly applied some make-up to her lined aging face and clipped some pearl and gold earrings to her earlobes.

“If you need a few minutes, you’re welcome to stay here hun. Annie can let you out. I’m sure she won’t mind.” The 51-year-old told her lover.

Trey nodded appreciatively.

“Yeah that would be good. Just to catch my breath and cool off a bit...” He replied.

The shouting next door picked up again and Erica sighed shaking her head.

“Would you do me a favor and pop over there? I just want to make sure Chrissie and the kids are doing all right and she’ll get mad at me if I go over there to check up on them.” Erica requested.

Trey shrugged and nodded.

“Sure I can pop in and say hello.” He agreed.

“Thanks Trey. You’re a my knight in shining armor.” She said with a smile.

Erica leaned over him and give him a kiss and then clomped off out of the room. In the living room her daughter and her daughter’s friend had their hair in pig tails and were recording a sincronized dance that involved sucking their thumbs.

“Awww I remember when you used to look like that... mommy’s little angel...” Erica beamed at her adult daughter.

“Mom! You ruined our take!” Annie grumbled.

Erica rolled her eyes.

“Well I just wanted to tell you that I’m off to work for a bit. Trey is still here but he’s going to be heading over next door to say hi to your sister and the kids in a bit... and see? I dressed in something modest just for you...” Erica teased gesturing at her professional attire.

Annie smirked.

“Thanks mom... you look very nice. Like a very good looking woman in your 50s...” She replied.

Erica narrowed her eyes but smiled at her daughter, leaning over to kiss the young woman on the head before heading out the door.

A few minutes later Trey came out to find the two 21-year-olds flopped onto one another on the couch scrolling on their phones. Annie was a really

beautiful young woman with silky blonde hair still bunched into two pigtails and round perky breasts encased in her skimpy bikini top. Her stomach was flat and toned but while she didn't have the defined abs that her mother had, her skin looked very smooth, young and well-moisturized. Her long legs extended down the couch across her friend's lap with her dainty flawless feet hanging off the arm rest and her pink-painted toes wiggling.

Lily had also grown into a sexy young woman, though a little more counter-culture than the blonde coed laying across her. She had half-black, half-green dyed hair and some tattoos of anime characters on her upper arms, legs and waist line. The outline of a nipple piercing was apparent under the flimsy bikini fabric covering her left breast to match the piercing on her bottom lip.

"Hey Trey. Want to be in a Tik Tok?" Annie asked the older man with a playful grin.

Trey chuckled and shook his head.

"That's not really my scene..." He replied.

Annie shrugged and flipped her blond pony tail flirtatiously and then turned to Lily.

"Want to go down to the pool for a bit?" She asked her friend.

"Sure - whatever. It's kind of fun getting glared at by all of the frumpy moms that hangout down there..." Lily said with a grin.

The two college girls jumped up to go get ready to head down to the pool while Trey exited the apartment and went one apartment over and knocked on the door.

From the hallway he could hear kids running around and screaming inside along with adults shouting. He knocked louder.

“Who the hell could that be? Another delivery guy bringing you some bullshit beauty product that we can’t afford!?” Matt growled from inside the apartment.

“Maybe it’s someone coming to give you a job so you could get off your ass and do something for once!” Chrissie hissed back.

The door opened and a 25-year-old Chrissie stood in the doorway with a forced smile on her face as she held a crying baby in her arms.

“Hiiii Trey! What a surprise!... honey? It’s my moms friend Trey from upstairs!” Chrissie said in a strained ‘cheery’ voice clearly trying to pretend like she wasn’t just having a screaming match with her husband.

The young woman’s blonde hair was messy and uncombed, she had some pudding or baby formula stuck to a tangle of it. She was still young and pretty but had deep purple bags under her eyes and hadn’t yet lost the baby weight from her last pregnancy giving her some flushed chubby cheeks and a slight double chin.

She was wearing stained pajama shorts and a t-shirt covered in baby spittle. In the kitchen behind her two girls – a 6 and a 3-year-old ran around screaming and playing.

“Uh come in, come in! Sorry the place is a wreck – I wasn’t really expecting company...” The young mother said to the older man with a tired smile as she quickly attempted to fix her hair.

She led Trey down the hall to the kitchen. He glanced into the living room to see 26-year old Matt sitting in a armchair in a football jersey and backwards baseball cap watching the game that was on the TV. The young man didn’t bother to look over and greet the older man as they passed.

“Have a seat. Do you want something to drink? I think we have some soda, beer juice or water.” Chrissie said setting the baby in her arms down into a high chair.

“Uh water is fine.” Trey said trying to think straight with all the noise and chaos going on around him.

The two little girls were coloring on the floor and bickering with one another.

“Stoooooop!!! I wanted to use purple!!!” The 3-year-old whined.

“It’s not your turn! I want to use it!” The 6-year-old snapped at her little sister.

“But that’s not faaaaaaiiiiiirrrr! You got to use it alot!!” The younger one cried.

“You’re such a little baby!!” The older one retorted.

“Oooowwww!!!” The little one shouted.

“Owwwww!!!” The older one cried louder.

“Mooooommmmm!!!” They both shouted running up to their exhausted mother.

“Jenny pulled my hair!” The 3-year-old exclaimed, demonstrating by tugging on her long blond tresses.

“Harper slapped me on the arm!!” The 6-year-old countered.

Chrissie sat a glass of water down on the table in front of Trey and then looked down at her two daughters with her hands on her soft pasty waist.

“I want both of you to cut it out right now! Harper! There is no hitting in this household. And Jenny - apologize to your sister!” The 25-year-old mom insisted sounding exasperated.

“Why am I the one that has to apologize!?” The oldest of the kids pouted.

“Because I said so! And because you’re the oldest and you have to set a good example for your younger siblings!” Chrissie said sternly to the girl.

“Sorry.” Jenny mumbled, still pouting and crossing her arms.

“Sorry.” Harper parroted back.

“See? Now both of you hug and make up... what was all of this about? Over a crayon? Give it to me.” Chrissie said holding out her hand.

The girls reluctantly hugged and then dragged themselves over to where they were coloring and retrieved the purple crayon and brought it to their mother. Chrissie immediately snapped it in half and handed one half to both of them.

“There! Now you can both use it. Now grab your stuff and go play in your room. Mommy has a friend over and the kitchen is for adults.” Chrissie insisted.

The girls both grabbed their coloring supplies and begrudgingly ran off into the other room.

“God - it’s all the time with those two! They just can’t get along. I never treated Annie like that when we were kids.” Chrissie said shaking her head as she sat down and let out a deep sigh.

Trey chuckled.

“I don’t know about that. Your moms told me that she needed to literally send you girls to opposite ends of the apartment some days to keep world war three from breaking out...” He said with a smile that caused the lines on his middle-aged face to crease.

Chrissie giggled and shook her head smiling back at Trey warmly. The baby boy in the high chair began to fuss again and Chrissie turned and picked him up again, patting him on his back as she held the baby against her chest. She got up and began to fix a bottle for the infant.

“So what brings you by? It can’t just be for the free water and entertainment.” Chrissie said with a smirk.

Trey rubbed his balding head, feeling awkward. He hadn't thought of a real reason to stop by that didn't involve checking up on her.

"Uh well... I was down here and... I thought I'd say hi. See the kids and uh... your mom kind of asked me to stop in." He admitted.

Chrissie rolled her tired eyes and tossed her blonde head back letting out an exasperated groaned.

"Ooooh my god. Of course she did! I could have gotten an apartment anywhere else in the building but I had to get the one that shares a wall with that nosy bitch's bedroom." The young woman groaned.

The young mother fed the bottle to her infant son on her lap and shook her head at her mother's actions.

"You know she just cares about you and her grandkids. I mean, how are you doing Chrissie? Are you happy?" Trey asked thoughtfully.

Chrissie closed her eyes and sighed as she brought the baby back up to her shoulder and began to burp him.

"I mean - I have 3 kids under 7 so like, naturally my life is a little chaotic right now. But if she's really worried about me she could come over herself rather than sending over her hush-hush secret boyfriend that she's been having an affair with for like my whole life... no offense..." Chrissie replied.

Trey blushed but smiled.

"None taken. I mean - I get it. I wouldn't want me to be the person someone sends to check in on me either! But I think it's also important for you to know that it's not just your mom and your sister that care about you around here Chrissie - it's everyone in this building that have seen you grow into this amazing, strong woman that doesn't take any crap... so... I guess what I mean to say is... if you need any help with baby sitting or money or anything - I'm just a call away." Trey said slipping the young woman \$50 across the table.

Chrissie took the money and frowned, tearing up a little bit. She set the baby back down into the high chair and stood up giving Trey a bit hug.

“Thanks Trey. You’re the best.” She whispered in his ear.

Matt walked into the kitchen as they were hugging and rolled his eyes smirking at his wife and Trey.

“I’m going down to the vape shop so you can wait until I’m out of the house before you try and suck this old guys dick.” The young man said with a snide tone.

Chrissie and Trey pulled apart. Trey looked really embarrassed that that’s what her husband thought was going on but Chrissie looked furious.

“OH MY GOD! FUCK YOU MATT! YOU’RE SUCH A LITTLE BITCH! I can’t have a nice conversation with a guy for more than two seconds without you pissing yourself with jealousy! You’re so pathetic!” She screamed at him.

“Whatever! I see the way you look at him! Every time you hear him railing your mom you probably wish that it was you under his old hairy ass! You’re like a bitch in heat when it comes to guys old enough to be your dad! You just lust after that old grey cock!” Matt shouted back.

“Hey dude, there are kids around...” Trey said softly and not particularly effectively.

“Oh I lust after old cock huh? Like you lust after *MY LITTLE SISTER!*? Don’t think for a fucking second that I don’t know the way you look at her and her college friends. You’re like undressing them with your eyes every chance you get! You’re disgusting!” Chrissie said throwing the spittle towel at him.

“Okay let’s all just calm down. There’s nothing going on here to fight about...” Trey said a little louder trying to keep the peace.

“Shut the fuck up dude! What the fuck are you even doing here anyway? Go home to your wife old man!” Matt shouted at him.

“Don’t you DARE talk to Trey like that you fucking asshole!!” Chrissie growled marching around the table and getting up into Matt’s face.

“Fuck this. I don’t need to take this shit... I’m going down the vape shop!” Matt yelled and then turned around and stomped to the door mumbling ‘fat skank’ as he slammed it behind him.

Chrissie collapsed back in her chair and took a deep breath looking too angry to cry. Trey came over and rubbed her supportively on the shoulder.

“I hate him so much... I don’t even know why I married that asshole.” She said in a shaking voice through clenched teeth.

Trey nodded.

“Yeah he shouldn’t talk to you that way... especially not in front of the kids...” Trey said shaking his head.

He brought Chrissie a glass of water and the two sat at the table in silence for a little while until Chrissie’s nerves had calmed down.

“Thanks Trey, sincerely. You’re a good guy.” She said giving him a smile.

Trey rubbed the back of his head again and grinned at her.

“Ahh I’ve got my flaws but... I’m not a total jackass like Matt!” He said with a chuckle.

Chrissie burst out into a fit of giggles, snorting as she laughed. Trey laughed too and as the two of them were laughing together they made eye contact with one another.

“Would you want to... I go put Greyson down for his nap and then you and I could... slip into my room and...” Chrissie suggested, finishing off her sentence with miming a blow job by bobbing her chubby fist in front of her pouty lips and pressing her tongue into her cheek.

Trey blushed. His head swirled with a number of conflicting thoughts and feelings but ultimately he choose to do what he felt was the decent thing.

“I should probably get going...” He said standing up from the table.

Chrissie blushed, a bit flustered and embarrassed.

“Right totally... um... thank again! For stopping by, I mean.” She said standing up as well.

“Any time and I meant what I said - if you need anything I’m just a call or a text away.” He reiterated.

She nodded and they did a little awkward jig in the hallway trying to figure out if they should hug or not. They did hug and it lingered for maybe a moment longer than it should have before they broke a part and Trey quickly hurried out of the apartment taking a deep breath.

He slapped his hand over her eyes and dragged it down his face shaking his head as he wondered if he had made the right decisions in there. Trey took a deep breath and decided to clear his head down by the pool.

Meanwhile back in apartment 513, Katherine sat at her computer in her yoga pants and t-shirt panting through another hotflash as she tried to work on a new article for the news and culture site that she wrote for. She remembered starting out as an intern at a pop-culture magazine back in the early 2000s when she was first out of college but now magazines had largely migrated to the internet and she was now stuck free-lancing with a bunch of Gen-Z kids half her age.

“5 Lessons I learned attending a music festival in my 40s...” She typed in bold letters next to a stock image of a middle-aged woman clutching her graying hair and screaming next to a concert stage. She continued on for a few paragraphs about all of the boy bands and pop concerts of her favorite artists she had seen live back in the late 90s - Britney Spears, Christina Aguilera, NSync, Brandy, Destiny’s Child, and how much better shows had been back in

those days compared to being the one of the oldest people at a concert for The Weeknd along with her BFF Sandra.

Katherine sighed began typing a list of things she felt concert venues needed: More comfortable seating; Better food and more bathrooms (BATHROOMS, NOT PORT-O-JOHNS!). She paused for a moment looking down at her hands on her keyboard, bluish veins were becoming visible and her skin crinkled when she flexed her fingers.

‘Am I just becoming out of touch? Am I getting too old to enjoy going to concerts?’ She asked herself.

Her phone buzzed with a text. It was from Patricia inviting her over for book club on Wednesday. ‘We’re going a little wild this week! I bought 4 types of wine and it’s going to be a pot luck!’ the rest of the text read.

Katherine sighed and texted back a ‘thumbs up’ emoji before getting up from her desk and going over to the bathroom to pee for her fourth time so far that day. When she was done she washed her hands and looked at her aging face in the mirror, looking at her cheeks and how they were drooping a bit on her once beautiful face.

‘When did drinking wine at a book club become my idea of ‘fun’? When did I stop going by Katie and started going by Katherine?’ She wondered. Here she was - in her 40s, in a sexless marriage, childless and with little excitement in her life. ‘Next thing I know i’ll be spending my time sitting in a wheelchair by the window of a nursing home thinking whistfully back to the time I crowd-surfed at a Blink-182 concert back in ‘99 and then got double-stuffed by a couple of roadies...’ She thought to herself with dread.

Katherine quickly splashed water on herself to help herself get a grip and then shook her head in the mirror.

“No, I’m not going to just give up and be some boring old biddy at the age of 44... I just need some younger friends.” She declared out loud.

And she knew just who to reach out to – Jonny, the young guy who lived at the end of their hall. He was in his 20s and very sweet and polite. She had even pumped into him at the Weeknd concert and he hadn't treated her like she was some sad soccer mom who didn't belong there.

Her 40-something friends in the building all thought Jonny was incredibly cute and fanned themselves whenever he walked through the hallway without a shirt on like a pack of menopausal cougars. But Katherine was right there along with them in thinking that the young man was definitely 'easy on the eyes'.

"Oh what's the harm in a little text right?" She said to herself as she pulled out her phone and searched for him in her contacts.

'Hi! Is this Jonny?' She texted. Her hands were sweating and not just from the hotflashes. She could barely hold her phone steady as she waited for a reply.

It came surprisingly quickly.

"Ya, who dis?" He texted back.

"Katherine, down the hall." She typed and then went back and deleted 'Katherine' and instead typed 'Katie'.

She sent it and watched the three dots bounce for what seemed like forever and then her heart skipped a beat when his message appeared.

"Cool, whats up wit u?" She read on her phone.

She paused biting her lip. She wanted to sound hip and young as she texted back. Being middle-aged and a writer she had conditioned herself to type everything in full, grammatically correct sentences but now she wracked the recesses of her brain to remember text-speak.

"N2m u?" She typed cringing, wondering if it would sounds a bit forced and desperate. She took a breath and sent it.

“Chillin’. Talkin 2 u.” He messaged back immediately.

Katie was tugging at her t-shirt trying to air out her sweaty breasts as she sat cross-legged on the couch staring at her phone like some school girl talking to her crush. She wished that she had one of her girlfriends over to coach her through what to say or do next but she knew they’d all be insanely jealous of her for this - they might tell Trey, or worse: try to hang out with Jonny themselves! They were all practically old enough to be the boys mothers! Katie at least had the benefit of being the youngest member of her friend group and therefore was only 15 years older than the young man! It would be frowned on by society if she was his mother!

In a moment of impulse she quickly texted: “Want to come over?”

She sent it and her mouth immediately went dry. Katherine couldn’t believe she had just invited her 20-something year old neighbor over to her house while he husband was out. She braced herself for the inevitable humiliating brush off.

Her phone buzzed in her hands and she shut her eyes tightly causing all of the crinkles to accentuate. Then she opened one eye and looked down and her jaw dropped.

“Sounds good. Be there in a sec.” His text message read.

She must have blacked out for a few minute because the next thing she knew there was a knock at her door. Katherine looked through the peephole and saw the handsome young man in jeans and a tight shirt standing outside of her apartment.

The 44-year-old had a mild panic attach in her entryway as her mind exploded with a million different thoughts and concerns. She realized that she wasn’t wearing any make-up on her tired face and she was wearing effectively the dumpiest clothes she could imagine. But it was too late to change or fix anything because he was knocking again.

“Yooooo hello...? Mrs. Robbins?” He called out in the hallway.

She couldn't risk any of her neighbors hearing him and checking to see what was going on. If this got back to her husband - as much as he sucked, this would kill him. Katherine quickly opened the door, fussing with her hair and smiling, trying not to look anxious.

"Jonny...!" She said trying to sound casual.

The young man strutted into her apartment and sat down on the couch making himself comfortable.

"Cool. Cool." He said looking around.

"Um sorry I must look like such a wreck... I was just working and thought I'd take a little break..." She said with a nervous laugh as she came over and sat on the opposite side of the couch from him.

"You're good... so you invited me over. What did you have in mind?" He asked her.

The young man's attractive face was clean-shave and his arms were very muscular. Katherine found her eyes wandering to his muscular body wanting to put her hands on it and remembering back when Trey used to have a body like that.

"Oh um, I don't know. My husband's out for the afternoon and I was feeling a bit lonely... I could make us a snack and we could chat for a bit... I know you like the Weeknd! I'm actually writing an article about them-him! I could play some of their music..." She said, quickly hopping up and going over to her computer to show that she had the artists latest album on CD.

Jonny looked at the plastic case in the middle-aged woman's hand.

"Woah! Retro!" He laughed.

She put the disc into the tray and began to play it and then came back over to the couch.

“Yeah I loooove retro stuff. Haha!” She said awkwardly.

He moved a bit closer to her on the couch. Her mouth was feeling dry again. She wasn't sure if it was nervousness or another side effect of 'the change'.

“Sooo what kind of snack would you like? I have lots of different fruits or vegetables... or I could cook something...” She suggested.

Jonny looked at her lined neck and the bit of exposed chest from her loose t-shirt.

“Wow you're really sweaty. Are you hot?” He asked her.

Katherine would rather die than admit to the 29-year-old man that she had invited over under nebulous pretenses that she was starting to go through menopause and it was making her sweat a lot so instead she just nodded slowly.

“Uh huh...” She confirmed.

“Yeah... I'm kind of hot too...” He said with a grin.

Jonny then peeled off his tight shirt to reveal his slender muscular chest with definid abs and tight pecs. He had a Star Wars tattoo on his chest and Katherine resisted the urge to tell him that her mother was pregnant with her back when her parents saw the first movie in '77.

“I...” She stood there gawking at the shirtless young man in front of her.

“So... what do you want to do?” He asked with a grin.

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Down at the pool, Trey arrived to see only a few people hanging out down there. He quickly spotted his buddy Harold who was camped out on the pool deck with a cooler of beer.

“Trey, bud! How’s it going?” The 50-year-old man asked passing Trey a cold one.

Trey slapped his hand into Harold’s chubby mitt and bent over the chair to give his pal a hug. In his mind he and Harold now went back 35 years together having gone to high school together in the late 80s/early 90s.

“Harry, my man. You really know how to spend your Saturday huh?” Trey said grinning at the cooler.

He plopped down on a deck chair next to his friend and took a sip of beer.

“Just trying to scope out my next ex wife! Preferably from among the few women in this brick box that you haven’t banged yet!” Harold replied with a wheezing laugh.

“Well that explains why the pool is so empty - you scared away all of the girls!” Trey teased.

“Not at all! Not at all! It’s just a slow day... but check it out. We’ve got a pair of prime MILFs at your 5 o’clock.” Harold said gesturing with his beer hand to 35-year-old Bree and 36-year-old Hannah who were laying out on the other side of the pool in bikinis watchin their 7-year-old red-headed, freckle-faced daughter splash around in the shallow end of the pool.

Trey squinted as he looked over at them. He thought to himself that he may need to get his contact prescription updated. But even with a bit of blurriness he could see that Bree was a beautiful, mature Asian-American woman with long straight raven colored hair, a flat stomach and long sexy legs. Her wife was also a very attractive Irish-looking woman with redhead that was dulling a bit to brown, thicc hips and thighs and a wide ass that was stretching out her bikini bottoms a bit.

The two 30-something women laid out in the sun holding hands while their daughter played, only occasionally glancing over at the gawking middle-aged men and rolling their eyes.

“Speaking of exes... how are you and the ol’ ball and chain doing, pal-o?” Harold asked slapping Trey on his leg.

Trey took a sip of his beer and shrugged.

“Eh you know how it is... It feels like the only time we ever speak to one another is when she’s complaining about something or yelling at me about something I forgot or did the wrong way or whatever... we never have sex anymore and honestly- I’m not sure I even miss it.” Trey admitted with a shrug.

Harold nodded sipping his beer.

“Well of course you don’t - because you’re getting what you need from eh... whatsherface that hot old blonde broad with that killer body for a woman her age...” Harold said snapping his fingers in recollection.

“Old blonde broad? Harold! She’s like only a year older than you!” Trey said chuckling.

“Yeah but I’m like a 20-year-old in spirit.” Harold retorted.

“More like 13...” Trey said with a smirk then he remembered something. “Oh! Want to hear something crazy? You’ll never guess who made a pass at me this morning. Donna! Remember Donna?” He informed his friend.

“You didn’t let me guess! Donna... Donna... oh! The spicy latina the runs the flower shop?” Harold asked.

Trey nodded.

“It was so weird one minute she’s inviting me into her apartment and then next she’s kissing me.” Trey recounted.

“See there’s another old broad that doesn’t look half bad for her age. This building is full of them... say, didn’t you use to date her back when she still had her figure?” Harold asked scratching his bald head.

Trey nodded.

“Yeah back in college. She was... a total wildcat. I’m not going to lie. I wonder if she’s still like that or if she’s slowed down a bit – at our age.” Trey mused as he took another sip of his drink.

Harold shook his head.

“See I can’t condone that. You never want to get stuck in the past. You go down that rabbit hole and you’re both comparing each other to your younger selves and everyones disappointed. Look to the future man! Brighter horizons!” The chubby 50-year-old insisted.

Trey chuckled and tossed back more of his beer and then swung the bottle around to clink it with Harold’s.

“Here’s to that my friend.” The balding 49-year-old declared.

The door to the pool area opened and the two men turned to see who was coming in.

“Okay here we go... what do we have here?” Harold grinned, rubbing his hands together as a curvy 40-year-old with wavy dark brown hair sauntered into the space.

Destiny was quickly aging into a woman that looked like she could be on the Real Desperate Housewives of Millenium Gardens. Though she was much more of the ‘desperate’ and much less of the ‘real’ or ‘housewife’ part.

The former teen beauty had woken up this morning in her 4th decade of life with no husband, no job and no family. All she had was a dwindling social media presence; some at-home botox and a heaping amount of resentment

toward her mother and aunts (who she believed to be her siblings now) and their attractive, wealthy husbands.

She needed to land a man herself before her amazing body gave out on her. Her tits were already riding a bit lower than she liked and her skin wasn't as pristine as it had been 20 or even 10 years ago.

The 40-year-old woman strutted down the pool deck, flashing glances at the two 'silver foxes' over on the deck chairs. She didn't mind their pudgy guts or their thin receding hairlines, all she was focused on was whether or not their were rings on their fingers and if they were checking her out.

Destiny was pretty sure that the better looking guy of the two was married to that culture blogger that lived in the building. But she had heard rumors that they were going through a rocky patch and judging by the fact that Trey didn't have a wedding band on, it seemed to be more than just rumors.

Destiny grinned and pulled off the Hawaiian-printed sarong she had wrapped around her tanned body, revealing a mature, olive-green two-piece. She didn't mind bagging a handsome divorcee on the rebound. She was 40, she didn't have time to be especially picky.

"Nice. I knew my day wasn't going to be complete without a glimpse at the goddess herself... hey, you friends with her on whatchamacall it? Insta-something... twitter but for pictures!" Harold asked trying to remember the name of the social media platform.

Trey shook his head.

"No I don't really do a lot of that stuff. I go on facebook a bit but-" He responded while watching Destiny adjust her bathing suit top over her sloping, freckled breasts.

"Oh you should get this one! Destiny's got like 25,000 followers on the damn thing. She mostly posts photos of herself in bathing suits and little slinky outfits... it's glorious!" Harold informed his friend.

“But nothing beats seeing the real thing in person - am I right?” Trey said with a grin, holding up his beer.

“No truer words said, my friend.” Harold agreed clinking bottles with him.

Destiny tossed her long dark hair from side to side and tilted her head back to let the sunlight shine down on her face. However this close up and in the light the men she was trying to seduce could see the subtle flaws on the aging beauty. The creases that were forming down the sides of her nose and mouth were illuminated in the sun as was the crinkling around her eyes. Her forehead was unnaturally smooth and her eyebrows were clearly thickened with make-up.

She opened her eyes and flashed the men a wink before taking a breath and diving into the pool. It wasn't as graceful a dive as she had imagined, at the last moment one of her back muscles spasmed causing her to do a bit of a side flop. She swam through the deep end of the pool and surfaced over at the side of it, trying to subtly rub her back and making a mental note to schedule an appointment with her chiropractor.

“Woooo! God damn you're hot!” Harold yelled.

Destiny smiled appreciatively and slicked back her wet hair behind her ear trying to appear modest. But when she glanced up to look at the two men that she assumed were cat-calling her she realized that their attention was actually drawn to the other end of the pool where Annie and Lily had just pranced in wearing skimpy neon pink and green bikinis.

The two 21-year-olds had perky, flawless bodies. Annie was the epitome of 'blonde bombshell' and Lily was the kind of sexy young alternative girl with tattoos and piercings that drove guys wild.

“God their tops look way too small for their chests, don't they? Like they're just going to pop out any minute.” Trey observed.

“Here’s hoping, my friend, here’s hoping…” Harold said with a grin practically wagging his tongue at the two college girls as they laughed and splashed one another in the pool.

Destiny turned from the two middle-aged men to the two flirty 21-year-old scoffing in jealousy and disbelief. Those girls were less than half these mens age! They could be their father’s for christ’s sake! Here she was, a beautiful age appropriate single woman literally strutting her stuff in front of them and they would rather be drooling over these… these… immature coeds!

“Hey sweetheart… got any tattoos that we can’t see?” Harold called to Lily.

She flipped him off and then she and Annie giggled and whispered to one another. Destiny climbed out of the pool and decided to get a little bit more forward.

“See, now that’s the kind of side piece you ought to be going for. A cute little college girl with daddy issues that’s just in it for the fun and security!” Harold leaned in and whispered to Trey.

“I don’t know man. Those girls feel way too young for me. I mean - one of them is Erica’s daughter!” Trey replied shaking his head.

Harold squinted out at them and looked back at Trey in surprise.

“Seriously? No shit! Well you already know that finding you attractive runs in the family…” Harold said with a chuckle.

A shadow fell over them as a figure blocked them from the sun. They looked up to see Destiny holding her purse against her soft exposed stomach and giving them both a fetching smile.

“Hey boys… would one of you handsome guys give me a hand putting on some more sunscreen?” Destiny purred in a sultry voice.

The two men looked at one another, smirking and nodded.

“Yeah sure!” Trey offered.

A smile curled on Destiny’s mature face as she sat down between Trey’s legs on the deck chair, stretching her back and showing off her good posture as well as thrusting out her sizable breasts for Harold’s benefit.

“You’re a godsend.” She purred as she lightly brushed her hand along his arm.

The 40-year-old reached down into her purse and pulled out a bottle of sunscreen, squirting some into her hand and passing it back to Trey. She then stretched her leg out on the pool deck and began to rub the lotion up and down it.

“Mmm nice day to spend by the pool...” Destiny commented to make small talk.

“Yeah...” Harold replied, his attention being town between the thick tanned leg stretched out before him and watching the two college girl’s boobs bounce every time they jumped in the pool.

He noticed a bit of dimpling cellulite along her thighs and a bit of jiggle to them as she rubbed the sunscreen in. It made Harold wonder what her legs had looked like 20-years ago.

Trey rubbed some of the sunscreen on his hand and was now applying it to Destiny’s tanned back. He figured that she had probably spent a fair amount of time out in the sun over the years because her skin was beginning to look a bit leathery and her shoulders with freckling with sun damage.

“Mmm that feels really nice. Like a mini-massage...” She commented with a giggle, wrinkling her nose which caused the lines on her face to bunch.

“Oh I don’t know about that. My wife says I’m no good at massages I just end up either tickling her or jabbing at her shoulder blades.” Trey pointed out as he worked his way down her back to where her waist was pooching.

Destiny's hour glass figure had gone the way of the polar ice caps as she aged through her 30s and her mid-section softened and spread. Now she had a bit of a waist but when she sat, obvious rolls of lower back fat pooched together unflatteringly.

"Your wife... you naughty boy... you didn't tell me you were married... and here you are rubbing lotion all over me..." Destiny said in a flirtatious voice, giving Trey a playful slap on the hand and feigning being scandalized.

She was attempting to prompt him to defend himself by explaining that he and his wife weren't on good terms anymore - maybe heading for a divorce, leaving her open to swoop in. But instead Trey shrugged.

"Yep. Married for about 20 years now... forgot to put my ring on this morning before I left the apartment." He explained.

"I'm single!" Harold chimed in.

Destiny gave the portly man a quick once over and decided that he was acceptable.

"Oh you don't say... what do you do for work handsome?" Destiny asked as she stood up and moved closer to Harold.

"I'm in real estate." He replied.

"That is sooo interesting. I've always wanted to hear about that. Is it hard?" She asked him, tossing her hair over her shoulder and wetting her lips as she smiled at him.

"Ha! I could tell you stories!... Want a beer?" He asked her.

She frowned and shook her head.

"I don't do anything with gluten - it would ruin my figure..." She said to him.

Harold scratched his head and shrugged but then his face lit up as he remembered something.

“Oh I think I have a hard seltzer in here...” He said bending over with a winded grunt to rummage through his cooler.

The 50-year-old’s ass crack was peaking out from above his swim trunks as he leaned over. His pale, pudgy back dotted with moles and patches of hair. Destiny sighed and smiled graciously as he came back up holding a can of hard black cherry spritzer.

“You’re such a sweetheart. Who says chivalry is dead!” She thanked him.

“Not at all, not at all! You know, I opened a door for a lady the other day and all she did was scream at me... I mean, it was the airplane door and we were mid flight but still...” Harold said with a wry grin.

Destiny laughed very loud and hard at his joke, knowingly slapping at his hairy arm.

“Oh you’re soo bad!” She said cracking open her hard seltzer.

“You can’t drink here!” Bree yelled from across the pool.

Destiny turned to see who was yelling. Harold also looked across at the two 30-something women.

“What?” Destiny asked tapping at her ear. She could barely make out what they were saying.

“You aren’t supposed to drink here! It’s a family area!” Hannah yelled louder pointing at the sign with the rules on it.

Destiny rolled her eyes and smirked at Harold.

“God, some people. Am I right? They get to a certain age, have kids and just forget how to let loose every once in a while...” The 40-year-old purred with a laugh as she sat her plump rear onto the older man's deck chair.

“You're telling me! I'm probably a lot older than those women but unlike them I'm young at heart.” Harold agreed.

Destiny reached a lightly veined hand and rubbed the older man's hairy man boob over where his heart was.

“Age is just a number, right?” She said with a flirtatious giggle.

Trey had been distracted during this whole exchange as he watched Annie swim and prance around the pool with her friend. She kept glancing back over at him and flashing him smiles that reminded him of her mother in her younger days.

“Oh Mr. Robbins...” A warbling voice called breaking him out of his daydream.

He turned around to see Ethel wheeling a cart of groceries on the other side of the fence adjacent to the parking lot.

“Oh hi Ms. Koenig. How are you today?” He asked the 72-year-old.

She smiled at him through the chain link fence.

“Can't complain... but would you be a dear and help me bring my groceries in. My darn arthritis makes it hard to hold the handle of my cart here for too long.” The old woman asked.

Trey jumped up from his chair and began buttoning up his shirt.

“Yeah no problem. I'll meet you around in the lobby.” He replied.

He turned to see Annie and Lily drying off and heading inside themselves.

“Laura honey, 5 more minutes and then we’re going to go back home okay?” Bree called to their young daughter in the pool.

“Okay mommy-Bree!” The redheaded girl called back.

Trey glanced down at Harold and Destiny who were in the middle of some intense conversation and flirtatiou body language. His buddy just gave him the thumbs up and a wink.

“See you around pal!” Harold called after Trey as he exited the pool area.

Back at the apartment Katherine was completely naked with her hands gripping the arm of the couch as Jonny fucked her from behind.

“Oh god! OH GOD! OH YESSSS!!!” She moaned breathlessly as the young man pounded her pussy.

Her tits swayed below her, slapping her chest with each thrust as she knelt over the side of the couch, sweaty and panting. The Weeknd played in the background through her computer speakers.

“AHHH! OH JONNY THAT FEELS SOOOOO GOOD!” She cooed as her body filled with sexual pleasure that she hadn’t felt in years.

The young man gripped the middle-aged womans flabby hips as he continued to fuck her, smash her ass against his firm abs and thrusting deep into her vagina.

“I’m going to cum, is that cool?” He asked her casually.

Katherine nodded, sweaty and out of breath.

“M-me too...” She whimpered with a tired smile.

“Oh! OH! OHHH!! FUCKKKK YESSSS!” She exclaimed as she felt him cum inside of her and began to orgasm herself.

“Mmm yeah!” Jonny chuckled, affectionately giving Katherine’s bare ass an affectionate squeeze before pulling out of her.

The 44-year-old slumped down onto the couch in exhaustion, grinning from ear to ear. She had been a little nervous at first that, since she didn’t know where Trey had gone, that he might show up at any more and catch them in the act. But the more she thought about it the more she thought that it would serve her husband right for going so long without making her feel this way! Besides, there was also something very arousing about the threat of getting caught...

“Mmmm ‘yeah’ yourself cutie...” She purred as she rolled over onto her back, rubbing her veiny feet up Jonny’s thighs as she cupped her tender pussy to keep his jizz from spilling out onto the cushions.

She bit her lip and looked up at the younger man, sweat was running down the slopes of her breasts to her belly button. Her naked body was still spasming and trembling from climaxing causing her flabby thighs to jiggle. She seductively slid the sole of her right foot up Jonny’s leg to his chest, feeling his firm muscular physique with her toes.

“Next time we should bang like this. I like seeing that beautiful face of your and plus these toes are making me hard all over again.” The 29-year-old said as he lifted her leg up and wrapped his mouth around her big toe.

“Oh yeah? I was thinking that it might be time for a pedicure soon...” She purred back at him and then gasped in pleasure at the sensation of the young man sucking on her toes.

“Nah Mrs. Robbins... your feet are perfect.” He said with a grin.

The older woman gasped sharply, aroused by the compliment and the mans hands rubbing up her soles and legs.

“Mrs. Robbins? Now you’re getting *me* all worked up...” Katherine said with a grin.

He grinned back at her knowingly and ran his hand up her leg to the inside of her thigh while glancing up at the tattoo at the top of her leg by her hip of a sexy blue tinkerbelle shooting magic down onto her bush.

“Oh sweet tattoo.” He observed.

Katherine blushed.

“Oh this? Good lord I got this over a quarter of a century ago! I was... really into fairies when I was a teenager. She’s looking pretty faded now... I like yours though.” She said gesturing to the one on his chest and the few on his arms.

“Heh these are just the start. I’m saving up to get a full sleeve.” He said flexing his arm to give her a better look.

The naked couple eyed each other lustfully.

“Okay... I have to shower and get back to work... but if you want to come join me in the bathroom we could shower off together and then I’ll make you a quick snack before sending you on your way...” She purred with a wink.

Jonny smirked at her.

“What’s up with you and this snack obsession?” He asked with a laugh.

Katherine sat up and ran her hands across the young man’s pec and biceps.

“You’re a growing boy and I just want to make sure you’re eating well...” She explained with a grin before leaning over and kissing him.

Katherine stood up from the couch with a grown and took the young man’s hand leading him naked through the apartment to her bathroom.

“Growing boy? I’m 29!” Jonny said as he followed her.

The two of them fucked thrice more in the shower. By the end of it Katherine's legs felt weak and rubbery and she had to blast them with cold water to combat a sudden hotflash.

She got dressed into a pair of fresh panties, pants and a t-shirt and limped out to her kitchen barefoot. She pulled out some carrot sticks and put them into a plastic baggy and then met Jonny by the back door.

"Here you go sweetie. A little potassium to replenition you for your travels..." She said giggling at what a 'mom' she was being.

She reached into the bag and took out a carrot stick and shoved half of it into the younger man's mouth and leaned up, standing on her tip toes to kiss him, biting off the other half of the carrot in the process.

"You'll text me soon right?" He asked her.

"Maybe if you're a good boy..." She cooed with a wink.

He turned to go back to his apartment and Katherine shut the door behind him, slumping against it and fanning herself and what they had just done. Her friends were never going to believe this! It was like something out of the travel romance novels they joked about in their reading circle!

Downstairs in the lobby Trey was helping Ethel carry her groceries to the elevator. Annie and Lily were already standing there waiting with their towels wrapped around their waists and their perky round breasts wet and barely contained in their skimpy tops.

The two coeds were attempting to take a selfie when Lily's 46-year-old mother Sabrina came waddling across the lobby. The middle-aged mother was already beginning to go a bit gray and her body had gotten very bottom heavy as her wide flabby ass and thick chubby legs stretched her mom jeans to the max but her stomach and breasts weren't fat, just a bit saggy and her face was as thin as it had been in her 20s, just with more lines and bags under her eyes.

“Lily! What are you doing here!? You come home from college for the weekend and you don’t even bother to inform your mother!” Sabrina shouted across the lobby sounding very hurt and annoyed.

Lily and Annie shared a look with one another, sighing as they turned around sheepishly to confront the mom on the warpath.

“Mom, I just got here a little early and I was hanging out with Annie for the afternoon before I surprised you this evening...” Lily explained.

Sabrina put her pasty hands on her wide hips and furrowed her lined brow at her adult daughter.

“You see Annie every day at school! You can spend ONE whole day with your boring old mom!?” Sabrina guilted her.

“Sorry...” Lily mumbled.

She turned around to Annie and was about to tell her that she should go catch up with her mom for a bit but Annie was already well aware.

“It’s cool. Go hang out with your mom. I’ll text you in a bit.” The blonde girl reassured her friend.

The two 21-year-olds gave each other a damp hug that definitely stirred some feelings in Trey. His gawking was interrupted by the sound of a middle-aged woman clearing her throat.

He looked over to see his wife’s friend Sabrina glaring at him.

“Trey, tell Katherine to call me and that we’re all hoping to see her at book club this week!” Sabrina said coolly.

Trey nodded.

“Sure thing Sabrina - will do.” He gave her a sarcastic salute as the matronly 46-year-old waddled away with her daughter in tow.

Annie giggled at the salut and Trey flashed her a grin. The elevator arrived and they both, along with Ethel got in.

As they all stood in the tight elevator compartment Trey and Annie played a game of trying not to get caught looking at one another as Ethel stood there obliviously humming to herself.

“You know, I remember when I was your age - my girlfriends and I were always sneaking out to go see Elton John or David Bowie... Oh we drove our mothers crazy with our shenanigans... One time when I was 19 my best friend Bernice and I hitch hiked to woodstock without a penny to our name! We had to give so much road head that summer...” Ethel remembered fondly.

Annie’s eyes went wide with shock unaware that the old lady that lived across from her had lived such a cool, wild past.

“That’s soooo awesome.” The young blonde woman said under her breath.

Even Trey was looking at Ethel in a new light wondering what kind of wildcat was under those wrinkles and sags. She must have been a total babe back in her ‘flower child’ days.

The elevator opened to the third floor and the trio all got out. As they all made their way down the hall they passed middle-aged couple Conner and Melanie. 43-year-old Conner was dressed in khakis and a sweater vest while 41-year-old Melanie was dressed in an ankle-length floral dress with a cardigan and a bunch of chonky necklaces around her aging neck.

“Oh hello you two! Where are you both off to dressed so sharply?” Ethel asked with a tittering laugh.

“It’s parent-teachers conference night! And as head of the PTA, I want to look my best!” Melanie explained in a cheery voice.

“Trey pal, good to see you. We should make plans one of these days to get out to the green and get our golf on!” Conner said slapping Trey on the shoulder.

“Name the time and I’ll bring my clubs!” Trey said, gesturing finger-guns over to the other man.

Only a few days ago both men had been in their 20s and had never played golf.

“Oh and when you see that lovely wife of yours tell her that I’m planning on bringing homemade cranberry bars to the next book club get-together!”  
Melanie called out to them as the couple hurried to catch the elevator.

Trey blushed at the mention of his wife in front of his mistress’s daughter but Annie was more giggling at how lame all of the 40-somethings sounded. She skipped ahead down the hall to her apartment and then realized that she hadn’t brought her key with her.

She hopped one door down and pounded on the door.

“Chrissie! I forgot my keys! Can you let me in until mom gets home? I want to take a looooong hoooooot shower!” Annie called through the door, looking over at Trey as she said the shower part.

Chrissie opened the door looking harrowed.

“Shhh will you shut up! I just got the baby down to bed! Yes you can come in and shower but make sure you’re completely dried off. I don’t want you dripping pool water all over the floors!” The chubby 25-year-old mom hissed to her younger sister.

Trey wheeled Ethel’s groceries into her apartment and she made him a quick cup of tea.

“I don’t know Ethel... It feels like after all of this time marriage shouldn’t be this hard...” He said shaking his head.

The old woman reached across the table and squeezed his arm with her bony hand.

“It’s hard because of all of the lies and sneaking around dear. You just have to decide what you want. You’re a good man and Katherine is a very sweet young woman, I’m sure that the two of you could work it out if that’s what you both want... but if not... well I think there are plenty of beds in this building hoping for you to warm them...” She said with a wink.

“Wow Ethel...” Trey chuckled, shaking his head.

The old woman shrugged and grinned.

“What? I just call it like I see it... My bed’s pretty comfortable if you want to give it a try...” She teased with a chortling laugh.

Trey smirked and rolled his eyes, leaning over to give the old lady a hug.

“Okay on that note I better get going.” He said.

“I’ll walk you out dear.” Ethel offered.

When they got back out in the hall Matt was coming down the hallway smoking his vape and looking pissed off. He and Trey glared at one another as they passed by each other.

“You can’t smoke cigarettes in the building!” Ethel shrieked at the young man in the backwards baseball cap.

“It ain’t a cigarette, it’s a vape you old bat!” The young man grunted.

“I don’t care what it is. It sticks up the whole hallway!” Ethel shouted back.

“So do you you old bitch. Your wrinkly ancient ass smells like rotting flower petals and piss.” Matt mumble with his vape pen hanging out of his mouth as he fumbled around for his keys.

“What was that, young man?” Ethel asked cupping her bony hand to her ear.

Matt cursed to himself as he realized he had left without his keys.

“Goddamnit. Chrissie let me in!” He said pounding on the door.

There was silence for a moment and then Ethel interjected.

“She went out – took the kids and went somewhere with her sister for the evening.” The old woman lied.

Matt turned around and looked at the elderly woman in disbelief trying to think about what to do.

“Fuck!” He growled.

He began to stomp off back down the hall.

“I hope she kicks you out on your ass one of these days you fresh young punk.” Ethel called after him.

“Yeah yeah – someone should toss you in a home you senile old hag.” Matt mumbled back.

A minute after Matt had left Chrissie opened the door with a crying baby in her arms and looked at Ethel standing in her doorway looking very pleased with herself.

“Did you see where Matt went I could have sworn I just heard him.” The blonde young mom asked her elderly neighbor.

“Oh he was dear. But he left, said he was going to stay over a friends for the night... if you don’t mind me saying dear, he’s really not worth the trouble. He’s a very attractive fellow – I’ll give him that, but when you get older you begin to learn – personality is everything!” Ethel said with a wink and then popped back into her home.

Upstairs Katherine had finished and sent in her article as Trey was coming back inside. She gave him a smile of acknowledgement as he came in and then went to the kitchen to make dinner.

“So what did you do today?” She asked him as they ate.

“Oh not much, hung out with Harold for a bit - helped Ethel with some errands... nothing too exciting. I ran into a lot of folks hoping to see you back at book club this week.” Trey said with a smile.

Katherine nodded and grinned thinking about the stories she had to share with her middle-aged lady friends.

“Yeah that’ll be fun.” She replied vaguely.

They continued to eat in relative silence, the clinking of silverware on their plates and the sound of the wooden chairs scraping around the floor were palpable.

“Did you finish that article you were working on?” Trey asked after a while.

“Uh huh.” Katherine said nodding.

When they were finished they washed the dishes and both got ready for bed. Trey looked at the CD case laying on the coffee table.

“The Weekend? What a dumb name for a band.” He said with a chuckle.

Katherine pursed her lips and rolled her eyes.

“God, you act so old sometimes.” She said cuttingly.

Trey chuckled and shrugged.

“What? Don’t give me that! You’re old too! You know half of the names these modern rock bands have don’t even make sense! 21 Pilots? C’mon!” He said defensively.

Katherine bristled at being called old as she tossed her nightgown on and climbed into bed.

“First of all he’s a man. Not a band and second of all you sound embarrassing. You should be embarrassed. Anyone under the age of 35 would completely write you off if they heard you talk like that.” She informed him.

Trey got down to his boxers and climbed into bed with his wife.

“Well maybe I don’t want to waste my time with kids under 35 either!” He said with a smirk.

The 49-year-old reached over and put his hand on his wife’s flabby arm, rubbing it as he sat up in the bed trying to give her that ‘bedroom look’ that signals that he was good to go. When she ignored it, he got down behind her, wrapping his arm around her body and sliding his hand between her legs as he leaned in and began to kiss her neck.

Katherine sighed and pushed him back off of her.

“I’m really tired Trey.” She said making it clear that there was no room for negotiation.

She pulled the sheet up over her and closed her eyes thinking about the way Jonny handled her body on the couch that afternoon. On the other side of the bed Trey sighed and thought back to when he and Katie had first started dating.

Down in the basement the handymen all stood back looking at the machine waiting for something to happen.

“I thought I saw it do something that time!” One of them said.

“It didn’t do a damn thing!” Sully replied.

“Okay well I’ll give it another turn!” The bald worked with the wrench said with a shrug.

He turned the gauge another time and above them the building was engulfed in light.

Upstairs in apartment 314 a 56-year-old Trey Robbins was waking up with a groan on a cool Saturday morning to look over and see his young, beautiful, 29-year-old girlfriend Annie smiling over at him.

To be continued...