

THE APARTMENT COMPLEX

By ChronoEclipse

Day 3:

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

A second flash had aged the formerly brand new Millenium Gardens apartments another 7 years along with most of its residents inside. The high end apartment complex now seemed to cater to older professionals and a few families with mostly older teenage children as the calenders in the apartment flipped back to the previous day.

In apartment 513 a now 42-year-old Trey Robbins woke up with a groan on his third cool Saturday morning in a row and looked over to the side of the bed to see his 37-year-old wife Katie asleep and inexplicably dressed in a sexy cheerleaders outfit.

Her slightly flabby belly was forming a muffin top in the midriff displayed by the cropped cheer top and her breasts were practically spilling out of the plunging neckline without a bra to contain them. Her bare legs in the pleated skirt were showing some dimples of cellulite and looked much less toned than they had the night before. Her brown hair was comically bunched into two pony tails and makeup attempted to hide the laugh lines and creases forming on her face. What would have been very sexy on the once cute 23-year-old now bordered on sad and comical on the woman that was now pushing 40.

Still, Trey couldn't help but be turned on a bit by the sight of his wife dressed like a sexy teenage cheerleader. They had been married for over a decade now and the fire in the bedroom that they had once delighted in had simmered down to a bit of smoldering embers. So seeing her like this and remembering the bit of roleplay that they had tried last night before passing out by 11 was really getting him going.

He rubbed his scruffy chin that had a few white bits of stubble along with the brown and scratched at his beer belly. Then he rolled over to get closer to Katie and slid his hand up the soft inside of her thigh under her skirt. To his surprise and delight he found that she wasn't wearing any panties. His finger began to lightly tickle her labia as Katie snorted and wet her lips in her sleep.

“What time is it?” Katie asked in a groggy voice without opening her eyes.

“It's almost 9.” Trey replied as he continued to gently rub her pussy.

He tickled her clit and the sleeping woman stirred, squirming in the bed and rubbing her hand across her exposed belly.

“Mmm what are you doing?” She asked blearily.

“Just giving you a little morning treat...” Trey said, sounding really proud of himself.

As soon as he felt her get wet enough he slipped two fingers up into her hole causing the groggy woman to moan softly. She opened her eyes enough to see what he was doing and gently pushed his arm away.

“No baby... I haven't showered yet...” She groaned rubbing her temple.

“That's okay. I don't care...” Trey said as he wiggled his fingers around inside of her.

She gasped sharply and gave a tired smile but scooped up into a sitting position pulling his fingers out of her.

“But I do care.” Katie said stretching and yawning.

Trey shrugged.

“Okay then how about you do me then.” He said scooching his boxers down.

Katie smirked at the chubby cock being revealed to her.

“Maybe after I’ve had some coffee... god what am I wearing?” She asked looking down at her outfit and self-consciously covering her pooching tummy with her arms.

“I think you look sexy.” Trey said with a smile that crinkled the lines around his eyes.

Katie swung her legs off the side of the bed and stomped over to a mirror, grimacing at the sight of herself dressed like a girl half her age.

“God - this is my halloween costume from like 12 years ago. I forgot I even still had this. How much did I drink last night?” She groaned as she pulled her hair out of her pigtails.

Trey sat up on the bed hoping to coax her back into it.

“Hey isn’t it nice to know it still fits? You know... I think we might of crashed before anything really fun happened in that little roleplay we were doing last night... so if you want to pick up where we left off...” He purred, wiggling his eyebrows at her with a knowing grin.

Katie gave an exasperated sigh as she attempted to pull her skirt off only to discover that she wasn’t wearing any panties. She marched over to the dresser and pulled out some fresh panties and a shirt.

“Maybe tonight hun. It’s a busy day for me today, I’m on a tight deadline... do you need to use the bathroom before I hop in the shower?” She asked him matter-of-factly.

Trey opened his mouth to try and get his wife to come back to bed just for a quickie but could tell that it was a lost cause. He sighed.

“Yeah let me go take a piss really quick.” He said and then climbed out of bed with a winded grunt.

“We should reactivate our gym memberships. You didn’t used to groan so much just getting up out of bed.” Katie said frowning as she watched her middle-aged husband clomp across the room to the bathroom.

“You know what would be a good daily workout...” Trey replied from the bathroom.

Katie rolled her eyes and folder her arms across her chest.

“Don’t say it...” She warned.

“Sex!” Trey said with a chuckle as he shut the door and turned to pee.

When he was done he washed his hands and ran his hands through his receding hairline. Looking at himself in the mirror he reached down and pinched a bit of fat from his gut and sighed, mentally agreeing with his wife that he should probably start hitting the gym again. He opened the bottle of mens vitamins on the counter, popped one in his mouth and exited the bathroom.

“I’ll put some coffee on while you’re in the shower.” He said as he passed Katie on his way back into the bedroom.

“Thanks sweetie.” She said, leaning in to kiss him on the cheek.

Katie was in a hurry to get out of her ridiculous, ill-fitting costume and take a nice hot shower. She closed the bathroom door and struggled to peel the crop-top jersey off of her torso.

Once it was off she tossed it in the hamper and leaned on the sink to catch her breath. She looked at her naked chest in the mirror. Her breasts weren’t sagging but they were no longer as perky as they had been in her 20s. Instead they sloped on her chest into teardrop shapes. She cupped her tits in her hands and hefted them for a moment, feeling them bounce and wondering if she was too old to get a boob job.

Katie moved down to tug the skirt down from her expanding waist line. It took a bit of effort to scooch it down around her larger rear but once she did so it easily fell and pooled around her feet.

She looked in the mirror at her aging naked body. She still had the curves and figure to turn the heads of most men in her age bracket but there was no denying that she was standing on the cusp of middle age.

As she looked down at the stretch marks and cellulite that had crept up on her body in the past couple months she caught a glimpse of her triangle of pubic hair and gasped. Leaning over to get a closer look, she combed through the tangle of squiggly brown hair with her finger and confirmed her worst fear - she had a gray pube!

Katie immediately plucked it and held it up to the light to be sure. It was very clearly not brown but white. She made a disgusted face, sticking out her tongue and then immediately flushed the offending hair down the toilet.

The 37-year-old took a deep breath and turned on the water in the shower hoping to clear her mind of all of the stresses around getting older and her fading youth and beauty.

After a hot steamy shower she stepped out onto the bathmat and opened a jar of the anti-wrinkle cream on the kitchen sink. She applied it to the faint lines that were creeping up on the corners of her eyes and across her forehead. Then she moisturized her arms and legs to try and give her drying skin a bit of the dewy youthfulness she had enjoyed in her youth (or rather just two days ago).

As she was rubbing the tops of her feet she noted that her heels were looking a little rough and it was about time to paint her toenails again, since it was flip flop season.

She pulled the clean panties up around her ass and peaked one more time to make sure there weren't any other gray pubes that she had missed. Then she tugged down a t-shirt over her chest, figuring that she could get away with no putting on a bra today if she was just going to bum around on her computer working on an article all afternoon. Besides, Trey seemed a bit frustrated this

morning that she had cut his haphazard seduction short so he might appreciate seeing her prance around the apartment in just a shirt and panties like she used to back when they first got married.

A few minutes later she entered the kitchen as Trey was pouring coffee for the both of them. He did a double-take at the sight of his wife walking bare-legged into the room, her exposed thighs jiggling a bit as she strutted to a chair.

He was so distracted by his wife's lack of clothes that he accidentally over filled the mug he was holding and hot coffee spilled over onto his hand.

"GAH!" He exclaimed quickly bringing the mug to the counter so that he could put his scalded hand under water.

"Oh baby are you okay?" Katie asked him, hopping up to go help him with his hand.

"I'm fine! I'm fine! I just got distracted." He explained with a smirk as he turned the tap on.

She reached for his wrist in the sink and brought her husband's hand up to her face for a closer look. The skin by this thumb looked a bit pink but otherwise fine.

"Guess this old gal can still be distracting when I want to be huh?" She said with a grin as she brought his hand up to her lips and gave the tender spot a soft kiss.

Trey chuckled at his wife.

"I just wondered if you were going senile at 37 and forgot to put on pants..." He teased.

She smirked at him and playfully shoved his soft fleshy chest.

"Okay wise guy. Just for that you're not getting that handjob you wanted until tonight..." She said grabbing her coffee and taking a seat at the table.

She crossed her legs and looked down at her foot again, the beginnings of veins were creeping up around her ankle. She reached down to rub her bare foot feeling how calloused her heel and sole felt.

“Mmm I think it’s time for a pedicure. I’m going to schedule one tomorrow... I’m supposed to have lunch with my sister Amy, but I can just bring her along, make it a girls day.” She thought outloud.

In reality Katie didn’t have a sister. Her *mother* Amy, however, was only 51 years old. So, rather than think that she had been born to a 14-year-old, Katie now believed that her mother was instead her much older half-sibling.

“Cool - I’m going to have some guys from work over to watch the game.” Trey said leaning on the counter and taking a sip of his coffee.

Katie rubbed the side of her bare thigh as she sat at the kitchen table enjoying the morning sunlight.

“What are you going to do today? You said last weekend that you were going to take that box of old clothes down to the donation center.” She said in an expectant tone.

Trey scratched the back of his head and looked a bit sheepish.

“Uh yeah... I’ll do that today.” He offered.

Katie took another sip of her coffee and began to write out a list of things on a pad on the table.

“And while you’re out if you wouldn’t mind picking up a few things from the store.” She said, handing him the list.

Trey scanned the list and shook his head.

“I don’t know what half these things are.” He replied.

“They’re beauty care products dear. They’ve been in our bathroom on the sink or in the cabinet every day. But if you have trouble finding one you can just ask one of the store employees.” Katie said with a smirk.

“Hair dye?” Trey asked reading the item at the bottom of the list.

Katie blushed.

“Uh yeah... I was just thinking of giving myself some new highlights...” She lied.

Her phone vibrated on the table as she received a text message. She lifted the phone up and read it.

“Oh damnit. I completely forgot!” Katie cursed in frustration.

“Forgot what?” Trey asked.

Katie took a deep breath and shook her head.

“I promised Erica’s daughter Annie that she could interview me for a school project. I forgot that I had this deadline.” Katie explained.

“Erica?” Trey asked taking another sip of his coffee.

Katie smirked at her husband.

“Erica? In 314? The personal trainer? Don’t tell me you haven’t noticed the blonde woman that’s always riding the elevator in just like a sports bra and skintight shorts even though she’s clearly in her mid 40s...” Katie prompted.

Trey shrugged trying to play it cool.

“Oh right, yeah I might have seen her around...” He said non-committally.

“I mean – don’t get me wrong. If I was in the shape she’s in, for her age, I’d 100% strut around this building in just my underwear.” Katie admitted.

“But for now you’re just going to strut around our apartment like that.” Trey teased.

Katie narrowed her eyes at him and smiled.

“Ha. Ha.... okay - I’ll make a deal with you. You don’t have to drop off the donations or go to the store today if you go down and do this interview for me.” Katie offered.

Trey put his mug down and shook his head.

“Uh I don’t think that that’s a great idea...” He said sounding very uncomfortable.

“No it’s a great plan. It gets you out of the house for the afternoon so that I can stay here and finish my work and we won’t be letting down Annie with her school project.” Katie explained enthusiastically.

“Well, what’s the project?” Trey asked nervously.

“She just has to interview an adult who works in the field she wants to be in when she grows up. I guess she wants to be a journalist.” Katie explained.

“Uh, I’m not a journalist.” Trey pointed out.

Katie waved her hand in the air dismissively.

“So what? You’re a writer - same diff.” She replied.

“Yeah a *technical* writer. I write manuals Katie!” Trey corrected insistently.

The 37-year-old pouted at her husband and arched her back to thrust out her chest - a move that had always gotten what she had wanted from him when they were dating.

“Please can you just do this one tiny thing for me?” She pleaded in a sweet voice.

Trey sighed and nodded.

“Okay sure.” He said grunting.

Katie was already texting back Annie. When she was finished she hopped up from her chair and threw her arms around her husband.

“Thanks sweetie. You’re my hero.” She said giving him an appreciative kiss.

When she pulled away she gave him a firm pat on his rear.

“You better go shower. She’s expecting you downstairs.” Katie said with a giggle.

Trey smirked at his wife and shook his head as he headed off to the bathroom to shower and get dressed. When he came back out Katie was already at her computer working.

“Okay I’m heading downstairs. You owe me big for this.” He said to her.

She nodded, still focused on her computer.

“Yeah, yeah I said I’d give you a handjob tonight...” Katie replied dismissively.

Trey grunted a sigh and leaned in for a kiss. Katie glanced up quickly to give him a smooch on the lips and then went back to her work and Trey headed out of the apartment.

As he headed down the hall to the elevator he passed the trio of divorced women on his floor that were always hanging around gossiping with one another. There was Sandra the 53-year-old waitress who was dressed in mom jeans and a faded Pearl Jam T-Shirt; Patricia the 54-year-old office worker and aspiring cat lady with her fading blonde bobbed hair and a sleeveless pantsuit that showed off her leathery arms and freckled cleavage; and Donna the

56-year-old hispanic owner of the florist shop downstairs with her wrinkly neck and long straight graying hair. She was wearing a red skirt that showed off her cankles. The three Gen-X women did nothing but nose around in peoples business and hitting on the younger men in the building like a pack of desperate cougars.

“And I said - Honey, I think your little girlfriend needs her naptime or maybe a diaper change. Why don't you ditch the teeny bopper and get with a REAL woman!” Donna bragged to her friends as Trey walked by.

Patricia slapped her friends flabby arm.

“Oh Donna! You're so bad! You're old enough to be that boys mother!” The blonde 50-something said with a laugh.

The older Latina laughed with a shrug.

“So? I didn't give birth to him... but I'll breast feed that boy any night of the week!” Donna said with a cackle.

The other ladies all bursted out in laughter with her like a group of menopausal Hyenas.

“You know, a lot of these college boys really *want* a gal with a bit of maturity... did you know, I read somewhere that MILF porn is the most searched for term on the internet!” Sandra added.

Trey tried to sneak by the women to get to the elevator but Donna spotted him and gave him a seductive wave with her veiny hand.

“Hiiiiii Trey.....” She purred in a husky voice.

He forced a smile.

“Oh Hi Donna, hi ladies.” He said trying to make this interaction brief.

“I heard you and the wifey having an argument the other day... I hope everything is all right...” Patricia said with a look of mock sympathy shared by the other middle-aged women.

“Yeah I bet you do...” Trey mumbled and then forced a smile on his face as he backed away from the cougars.

“Katie and I are doing fine Patricia. I don’t even remember what that argument was about-” He replied.

“Well... not that it would ever come to this but all three of us know of some serviceable couples councilors and some very good divorce lawyers so... just food for thought...” Sandra added.

Trey rolled his eyes and sighed, shaking his head.

“No, no need for that. Katie and I are happily married. Now if you ladies will excuse me...” He said attempting to break away from the conversation.

“Mmmm where are you going in such a hurry? It’s your day off isn’t it... If your free later you and your better half should stop by my apartment. The girls and I are going to crack open a nice bottle of Shiraz and play some games. I’d love for you to be there... even if Katie’s too busy...” Donna said with a wink.

“Oh uh, I don’t think tonights good for us Ms. Pilar... but maybe another time. I’ve got to hurry downstairs to uh... help on of the neighbor kids with a school project.” He said quickly and turned to slip into the open elevator.

As the doors closed Donna turned and smirked to the other gals.

“He’s fucking the personal trainer downstairs. I’m sure of it.” She said matter-of-factly.

Trey rode down the elevator with a lesbian couple in their late 20s who looked like they were on their way down to the pool. The redheaded woman was hugging a bit of a baby bump as her Asian-America wife was holding her in an embrace. Trey thought it was really sweet.

“Baby on the way huh?” He said making conversation.

The women turned to look at him but didn’t say anything.

“My wife and I thought about having kids a few years ago but uh... never really got around to it.” He said awkwardly.

The women nodded politely at him and turned back to one another. The door opened for the third floor and Trey quickly stepped out. He hurried down the hall to Erica’s apartment and knocked on the door.

He could hear arguing from inside the apartment. A young woman screamed ‘God you’re such a bitch!!’ and the door swung open to reveal Erica who was dressed in her spandex workout clothes.

“Trey!” Erica said sounding surprised and flustered.

Behind her on the couch an 18-year-old Chrissie was sitting in a senior varsity cheerleaders outfit. How it fit on her slender young body was a stark contrast to what his wife looked like in a similar uniform this morning, considering that Katie had nearly 20 years on this girl. The disgruntled teenager was flipping her mother off behind her back.

“Uh... Katie sent me down to help Annie with a school project?” The man said, scratching the back of his head awkwardly.

Erica was still a very attractive, shapely woman but at 44 she was losing a bit of the battle with her body. Her spandex shorts dug into her thighs and wasteline a lot more than they had the previous day and her breasts were a good deal lower on her chest. Her older drier skin was also beginning to grow speckled from long term sun damage, especially the tanned freckled area around her crinkling cleavage.

“Oh okay. I thought maybe... right. Annie’s project. How great that you’re taking time out of your day to help with that- ANNIE! Mr. Robbin’s from

upstairs is here to help you with your school assignment!” Erica called back into the apartment.

She had deep crows feet on the side of her eyes and a crease under her chin where a double chin might have resided if she didn’t burn the fat off. Her blonde hair was cut shorter into a chin-length modern soccer-mom cut and it was tough to tell if she had any white hairs yet but the areas around her temples seemed lighter than the rest of her yellow mane.

“Hi Mr. Robbins...” A blonde 14-year-old girl clutching a notebook to her chest said as she came out to the entry way.

“Uh you can just call me Trey.” He told the 8th grader.

Erica was staring at Trey the whole time still looking very caught off guard.

“Mom? Can you let Trey in?” Annie asked looking back and forth at the two adults wondering what the hold up was.

“Oh ha! Of course come on in. I have to head out in a minute - I have a last minute client but... you know, it’s good that you stopped by because I actually needed to get your opinion on something...” Erica said with a smile, rubbing Trey’s arm affectionately.

“Uh sure... what do you need?” He asked as Annie set up for her interview at the table.

“It’s actually something I need to show you in the other room...” Erica said tilting her head toward her bedroom.

Trey scratched his balding head wondering what she could possibly need to show him in her bedroom but shrugged and followed her.

“Okay so what do you need my opinion on?” He asked as he entered the room.

Trey looked up at the middle-aged personal trainer and went-wide eyed as Erica stood in the middle of her room holding up her sports bra to her creased neck exposing her freckled, slightly saggy C-cup tits to him.

“These.” She said, giggling with a big grin on her face.

Trey cleared his throat and held up his hand to motion for her to slow down.

“Erica...” He started to say.

She rusted over to him pressing her bare breasts against him and kissing his lips passionately.

“Oh Trey!” She said breathlessly as she wrapped her strong arms around him and began to make-out. “I was wondering when you were going to come pay me a little visit again - it’s been months!” She moaned between kisses.

He gently pushed her back though his eyes were trained on her hard brown nipples.

“Erica - I didn’t... I really came down because Katie said your daughter needed to interview someone for her project.” He explained.

She smirked at him as she lightly ran a finger up and down his hairy arm.

“Come on... you expect me to believe that? You just coincidently offered to come down and help my daughter with her homework on your day off without any thought about helping Mommy with a little project...” Erica purred giving Trey a knowing look.

He shook his head, holding firm.

“I told you the last time that we can’t do this anymore. I’m trying to make things work with Katie...” He explained.

Erica rolled her eyes and tugged her sports bra down over her exposed chest.

“Oh you’re suuuuch a good husband.” Erica said sarcastically.

Trey shrugged.

“I mean – I’m not perfect. Nobody is. But Katie and Me... we’ve been married for over a decade, we’ve been dating for nearly 15 years – since we were both young kids in our 20s...” Trey retorted.

Erica folded her leathery arms and raised an eyebrow at him.

“You think Katie’s playing by the rules and being a sweet, loyal, wife? Because I heard from Ms. Pilar that she’s got a little boy-toy on the side...” She informed Trey.

Now it was his turn to scoff and roll his eyes.

“Oh yeah let’s definitely believe everything we hear from Donna the town gossip...” Trey replied sarcastically.

Erica flashed him a look of disappointment and then snorted and shrugged it off.

“Well when you come to your senses you’ll know where to find me. Whether she’s cheating or not in a few years that cute little ‘girl next door’ wife of yours is going to bloat up into a frumpy old cow and I’ll still be rocking this body because my ass-” Erica said, smacking her spandex clad buttcheek. “Never quits.” Though it did jiggle a bit more than it had the past two days.

She walked briskly out of the bedroom fixing her head and straightening her top. Trey followed her out of the room blushing and feeling really uncomfortable.

“Christina Elizabeth! Close your legs when you sit on the couch like that! I’m not going to tell you again. We have company over and you’re flashing everyone your panties!” Erica shouted at her daughter.

“Whatever!” Chrissie grumbled

“In fact - go change out of your uniform right now. You’ve been back from practice for an hour. Go put real clothes on.” Erica ordered pointing the teenager to her bedroom.

“Oh my god!! These are real clothes!” Chrissie screamed.

“And wash that lipstick off your face it makes you look like a whore!” Erica yelled.

“Are you seriously not even going to acknowledge the irony of telling me how to look right now? You’re running around in bright skin tight spandex! Everyone can see your gross wrinkly old belly!” Chrissie shouted back standing up and gesturing to her mothers outfit.

“This is my work attire!” Erica hollered.

“It’s embarrassing! You’re 44 fucking years old and you dress like you’re 20!” Chrissie screamed.

“One more word out of you young lady and you’re grounded!” Erica warned.

“You can’t ground me! I’m 18! I’m an adult! Think about that *Erica*, you have an ADULT daughter. You’re not young anymore!” Chrissie hissed at her mother.

“I can ground whoever I want if they live under my roof rent free. Now go to your room young lady and take off that GOD DAMN outfit!” Erica commanded, pointing toward the girls room.

Chrissie stormed off and slammed her bedroom door behind her. Erica took a deep breath and then went over to the kitchen table where Annie was sitting and gave her a quick hug and a kiss on the cheek.

“Mommy’s heading out for a bit, baby but I’ll be back in time for dinner.” Erica said in a calm reassuring voice.

Annie gave her mom an awkward smile as if to say ‘Oh we’re just going to pretend that that huge screaming fight didn’t just happen? Cool...’

“Sounds good mom. Have fun.” The 14-year-old said, squeezing her mom back in the hug.

Erica looked up at Trey who was standing there awkwardly wishing that he was anywhere else right now.

“Teenagers, amiright?...” She said with a forced laugh trying to diffuse an awkward situation. Finally she just nodded and said “Trey.” to the man curtly before heading out the door.

Once she was gone Trey turned to Annie looking to her for a sense of what he was supposed to be doing. The 14-year-old gave him a kind smile as if to say ‘yeah, I know my family’s kinda nuts’ and gestured for him to sit down at the table.

“Okay so you need to interview me for your school project?” He asked as he sat down in the chair.

Annie nodded.

“Yeah it’s like career day next week or something but instead of having people come in and talk about their jobs we’re supposed to ask someone questions about what they do and then write a report about it. You’re a journalist like your wife?” The blonde girl asked.

“Uh kind of... I mean, I’m a writer but what I do is write instructional manuals for car part installation.” Trey explained.

“Oh christ...” Annie said, shaking her head with her eyes wide, sounding incredibly disappointed.

“Yeah so... that’s what I do...” Trey trailed off, not knowing what else to say here.

Annie let out a deep sigh.

“Okay let’s go through the questions I guess...” She said frowning in disappointment.

“Yeah sure - shoot.” Trey said trying to sound upbeat.

“So how long have you been working in your job?” She asked as she began taking notes on her laptop.

“Uh let’s see... I started when I was 23 so... god almost 20 years now....” He said rubbing his salt and pepper scruff and wondering where all of the time went.

“Okay... and what is your typical day like?” Annie asked, her eyes glazing over a bit.

Trey walked her through a detailed description in the life of a technical writer. Annie spent half the time trying not to nod off and half the time texting on her phone.

“...Okay... and if someone, for some weird reason, wanted to do what you do how would they go about getting that job?” Annie asked.

“Uh well there are a few ways really - I guess first you’d need a bachelors degree in writing or engineering or... really any degree could work... and there are basically five major companies that you would want to apply to-” He began to explain.

Annie shut her laptop mid-sentence and looked at Trey like she was about to level with him.

“Yeah... let’s call it here.” She said honestly.

“Oh uh - is that all you need?” He asked the 8th grader.

She sighed and shook her head.

“I mean, there are more questions but honestly - your answers are all suuuuper boring. So I think I’m just going to make some stuff up and wing it. I promised my friend that I’d meet up at the pool in like 10 minutes and I would waaaaay rather go do that than listen to anything else about your job... no offense.” Annie explained.

Trey was taken aback but he had to admit as boring as it was to hear about his job it was just as boring for him to talk about it.

“Uh sure. That’s cool. Go have fun I guess?” He said shrugging.

Annie hopped up from the table and grabbed her laptop and notebook.

“Thanks for coming down though. That was super nice of you. But tell Katie that she owes me - big time!” Annie said before heading off to her room.

Trey sat at the table for a few moments wondering what he should do now. He had thought that this interview was going to take a lot longer. He was about to get up and leave the apartment when Chrissie suddenly strutted out of her room stark naked while talking on her cell phone.

“God yes! I’m so over it. I’m totally going to live on campus next year away from her bullshit - do you know she had the fucking balls to tell me to change what I was wearing? Like lady - look at your old-ass tits dragging down that flimsy ass sports bra and then come back and tell me that what I’m wearing isn’t appropriate...” Chrissie ranted into the phone as she walked into the living room past Trey.

She glanced over at him several times while she was on the phone, her perky B-cups jiggling as she moved across the room. She bent over to pick something up off of the coffee table giving Trey a front row seat to her tight little bubble butt. He could swear that as she stood back up again she squeezed her glute muscles to make her ass bounce for him teasingly.

“You know she almost found my weed stash the other day? She was like, snooping through my underwear drawer for some reason. I don’t know what’s worse - the idea that she was spying on me or that she’s so pathetic that she

was trying to discretely borrow one of my thongs...” Chrissie said giggling into the phone.

The 18-year-old then turned around, flashing Trey a close up look at her entirely clean-shaven pussy between her slender silky thighs, and strutted back toward her room. She paused right outside the door and made direct eye contact with Trey, reaching up to fondle her own pert boob and motioning with her head for him to come meet her in her room.

“Okay. Okay babe. I’ll catch you later - G2G. Latah!” She said hanging up the phone and disappearing behind the doorway to her bedroom.

Trey sat in the chair stunned for a minute wondering what the hell was going on. Had he just hallucinated that? Erica’s adult daughter had just exposed herself to him and invited him to come join her in her bedroom? Was this for real?

He hesitated trying to run through it all in his head, making sure he had read the signals right and asking himself if he actually wanted to follow through with this. He was honestly trying to keep things good with Katie - but Erica’s daughter was smoking hot! This kind of thing only happened to people in movies! Not 42-year-old men in apartment buildings. He had to check it out right? For the sake of all sexually frustrated middle aged men everywhere?

Trey nervously stood up from his chair and walked down the hallway to Chrissie’s room. Annie’s room at the end of the hall was blasting some sort of techno music that Trey assumed was popular with teenagers but couldn’t for the life of him understand why.

Chrissie’s door was partly open so he pushed it further and walked inside. The high school senior was turned around looking at something on her desk giving Trey another great view of the perfectly round little bum she had. He just wanted to reach out and squeeze it.

The naked 18-year-old turned around and looked at Trey in shock - screaming and covering her breasts and crotch.

“AHHHHH! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN HERE YOU PERVERT!?” Chrissie screamed.

Trey panicked and quickly brought his arm up to cover his eyes.

“Oh my god! Oh my god! I’m so sooooo so so sorry! I didn’t- I mean I wasn’t-” He began to sputter trying to think of the right way to explain himself.

Chrissie began to cackle with laughter. Trey dropped his arm to see the naked girl doubled over in a fit of giggles.

“Awww I’m just fucking with you dude! Wow! You should have seen your face! Priceless!” The teenager said pointing at him and laughing.

Trey gripped his hand to his chest catching his breath and looking at Chrissie in bewilderment. He felt like he nearly had a heart attack.

“What? You were joking?” He asked in confusion and disbelief.

Chrissie nodded patronizingly as she strutted past him and closed her bedroom door.

“Yeah dude... are you going to be all right or should I call 9-1-1?” She asked him putting a soft hand on his shoulder.

Trey shook his head.

“No I fine - that just... that really freaked me out.” He said honestly.

“Guess I should have checked your blood pressure before playing around with you...” Chrissie said with a giggle.

Trey took one more deep breath and straighted up. He started to stare at Chrissie’s amazing gravity-defying breasts and her puffy pink nipples. They were gorgeous. Katie’s hadn’t looked like these in a while...

“Why are you naked?” He asked her once he was able to focus again.

Chrissie smirked and shrugged, plopping down onto her bed and spreading her legs to show off the flower pedals of her labia.

“You heard my mom - she told me to take my cheer outfit off because we had company.” Chrissie said with a self-amused grin as she pointedly crossed her legs.

Trey swallowed hard and looked around the teenagers room. He still wasn't entirely sure what was happening. He felt like he was being Punk'd.

“Are you going to let me blow you or what?” Chrissie finally asked, piercing the silence.

Trey sputtered, looking at her young face again.

“Wh-what?” He asked making sure he heard her right.

“You know: A BJ, a little oral, one of these...” She motioned jerking an invisible cock into her mouth with her fist while sticking her tongue into the side of her cheek.

“You want to give me a blow job?” He asked in surprise.

She nodded slowly with a patronizing smile.

“Yes... preferably sometime in the next 30 years before I'm old and fat like you... no offense.” She said with a smirk.

Trey looked at the hot but bratty teenager and smirked back at her.

“No I think you meant to be offensive there... but, what the hell. Why the fuck not?” He said unbuckling his pants and letting them drop around his ankles.

Chrissie got down on her knees in front of him, biting her pouty lip and grabbing onto his boxers.

“Mmm let’s see what daddy’s packing...” She purred licking her lips as she pulled his underwear down his hairy legs.

Trey slapped his hand to his forehead.

“Oh god, please don’t call me that...” He groaned.

She looked up at him giggling as she wrapped her hand around his cock.

“Why? I thought all you old guys liked it when us nubile young girls call you ‘daddy’... unless... oh god - you’re not like, my ACTUAL dad are you!?” Chrissie exclaimed quickly letting go of his cock.

Trey shook his head ‘no’ vigorously.

“No. No way. Definitely not... I’m pretty sure. I mean... I think the first time with Erica was after you were born... at least... oh god, I hope not!” Trey responded in panic.

Chrissie broke into a fit of giggles again.

“God you are soooo gullible for an old guy... I see my dad like one weekend a month. We did a 23 and Me and everything... but thanks for the gross fact about you and my mom...” Chrissie said smirking up at him as she grabbed Treys now fairly flacid dick in her hand and began to stroke it.

It didn’t take much for the girl to get him fully erect.

“Why are you doing this?” Trey asked her honestly.

“Fucking with you? Because it’s sooo fun!” Chrissie giggled.

“No I mean - this... the whole like walking out naked and now offering to blow me. I mean - as we just established, I’m literally old enough to be your dad...” Trey pointed out.

The girl got quiet for the first time since he had entered her room. She shrugged hoping that that would be a sufficient answer but when he looked down at her for more she sighed.

“I guess... I know my mom really likes you - she talks about you like ALL the time the way my friends all talk about their deepest crushes. And I fucking HATE my mom. She’s a total C U Next Tuesday. So if she ever found out that I sucked off her crush - it would piss her off SO fucking much!” Chrissie said honestly with a bit of a maniacal cackle.

“You can NEVER tell your mom that we did this!” Trey warned very seriously.

Chrissie rolled her eyes.

“Duh, I would never ACTUALLY tell her. But after this I’ll have something to hold over her head forever. I’ll keep it a secret until she’s like old and decrepit in a nursing home somewhere and then I’ll whisper it right into her stupid wrinkly ear!” Chrissie proclaimed.

Trey took a deep breath. Clearly Erica and her daughter needed some serious family counseling. But that was their problem. Not his. So he just closed his eyes and tilted his head back to enjoy the sensation of the 18-year-old’s soft pouty lips wrapped around the shaft of his penis.

He reached down and stroked her blonde hair as the naked girl bobbed on his crotch. What Chrissie didn’t have in technical prowess she definitely made up for in energy and effort as she sucked and licked him with the rapid motions and enthusiasm of a high school cheerleader.

It took hardly any time for him to cum. When he shot his first load into her mouth the 18-year-old made an alarmed noise and puffed out her cheeks as he continued to ejaculate into her mouth. Once he was done she pulled herself off of him and bent over, spitting the contents of her mouth into the trash bucket next to her bed, making disgusted sounds as she did so.

“Gah, dude you’ve got to warn a girl before you spew your gross salty man-batter into her mouth!” She said wiping her tongue with the back of her arm to try and get the taste out.

Trey shrugged.

“How was I supposed to know that you didn’t want to swallow it?” He replied.

Chrissie made a disgusted face at him from the floor.

“Who would want to *swallow cum!*?” She exclaimed.

Trey chuckled.

“Man, you really *are* young.” He said with a smirk.

“I need to go brush my teeth...” She whimpered.

She moved to walk by him but he stopped her, putting his arms around her to give her a hug. She awkwardly hugged him back but then kind of smiled and hugged him for real.

“You really should try to work things out with your mom. She really loves you, she’s just having trouble expressing it.” Trey said, trying to sound like the wise neighbor on a family sitcom.

“Yeah yeah... You can reach down and squeeze my bum if you want... I know that you’ve been dying to.” Chrissie said with a smirk, trying to keep things from getting too sentimental.

Trey wasn’t going to look a gift-horse in the mouth so he slid his hands down her back and grabbed her two ass cheeks. They felt so smooth and tight as he gave them a squeeze causing Chrissie to squeeze and shiver in his arms.

“Right well... if you want to see any more of my cute little tush I’ll be in one of my skimpiest bikinis down at the pool...” She said with a smirk as she turned to go brush her teeth, smacking her ass the way her mom had as she walked out

of the room, however her bubble butt didn't jiggle even half as much as her middle-aged mom's had.

"You know - I was actually already planning on going down there..." He called after her.

"That doesn't make you sound like any less of a creep!" Chrissie called back with a giggle.

Trey sighed and shrugged. Shaking his head at what a bizarre day this was turning out to be. He pulled up his boxers and jeans and decided to head out of Erica's apartment and go down to the pool.

Meanwhile back in apartment 513, Katie sat at her computer in her panties and t-shirt. She was working on a new article for the news and culture site that she had been writing for for about 7 years now. "The Perimenopausal Millennial - What the original digital generation should prepare for as 40 approaches." She typed in bold letters next to an image of Mandy Moore in her 'This is Us' old age make-up.

She continued to type her article until she was interrupted by a knock on the back screen door. She paused typing and smirked, having an idea of who it might be. She got up, not bothering to cover her lower body and padded over to the door. She pulled back the curtain and opened the door, popping her face between the crack and grinning at the person waiting there. Standing outside the door was Jonny, the tall 22-year-old son of the couple who lived in the apartment two doors down. He was very handsome and muscular, having grown out of his gangly awkward teen phase and hit the gym a bit in college. His clean-shaven face had really cleared up from his teenage acne as well giving him a boyish but very good looking appearance.

"Hi... I was hoping you might stop by today..." The older woman purred.

"Is that why you texted me asking if I wanted to come over for a snack?" The young man grinned.

Katie opened the door and brought Jonny inside. As soon as the back door closed the two of them began to passionately kiss.

“I was looking for a bit of a distraction from writing this stupid article about aging Millennials.” She groaned as he kissed her neck and rubbed his hands up and down her cellulite dimpled thighs and ass.

“Aren’t you an aging Millennial?” He asked her with a smirk.

She playfully slapped him.

“Watch it kiddo or you might just get a spanking...” She said with a grin.

“Sorry ma’am.” He said pointedly with a wink.

Katie gritted her jaw and narrowed his eyes at him lustfully. She reached down and cupped his crotch over his jeans and pulled him into another passionate kiss, biting his lip.

“Did you bring pot?” She asked excitedly.

Jonny reached into his pocket and pulled out a baggie with a couple joints.

“I scored them off of a cheerleader on the 3rd floor.” He said with a grin.

Katie smiled and rolled her eyes.

“What is this world coming to...” She groaned, thinking that she and her friends were always such good girls back when they were that age.

They moved to the couch and Katie bent over the coffee table in front of Jonny looking for a lighter, giving the young man a perfect view of her widening ass encased in her cotton panties.

“I know I’ve seen a lighter around here somewhere... Neither of us smoke so it was weird that one was laying around but...” Katie mumbled to herself as she shifted the clutter on the table around.

Jonny reached up and smacked her on her rear causing the 37-year-old woman to jump and squeal with surprise.

“Eep! Jonny!” She said turning around to look at the handsome young man.

“It’s right there.” He said, rubbing her bare leg affectionately and pointing to a small black lighter sitting on the corner of a stack of books.

“Oh ha! Right in front of me. I swear I’m starting to need glasses.” She said shaking her head as she picked the lighter up from the table.

The older woman climbed onto the couch and curled up onto Jonny’s lap as she lit up the joints for both of them. Jonny reached up to stroked Katie’s soft brown hair and her cheeks observing the fine creases forming on the nearly 40 year old woman’s face.

“You’re really beautiful.” He said to her as he took the spliff out of his mouth and leaned over to kiss her.

Katie reached up and held the young man’s face in her free hand and shook it staring into his adoring eyes.

“And you’re so young!!” She cried almost like it was a frustration for her, unaware of the fact that he was merely a year younger than her rightful age.

“I’m only like what? 8 or 9 years younger than you?” He countered, not liking when Katie pointed out how much younger than her he was.

She took another drag of her joint and cuddled her head against his shoulder.

“Close enough...” Katie purred, not wanting to point out that she actually had a decade and a half on him as she slipped her hand up the college boy’s shirt and began to gently stroke his firm chest.

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 my boy! I saved you a seat. Just laying back on this fine Saturday afternoon and enjoying the talent!” The bald portly mustachiod man said patting the lawn chair next to him.

Harold was a long time real estate broker who was a good deal older than Trey at 57. But Harold was cool in Trey’s book, a laid back guy who enjoyed the finer things in life and wasn’t stingy about sharing them - even if he had made quite a few passes at Katie over the years.

Neither men knew that in reality Harold had been a 71-year-old invilid who only this morning on the third repeat of this Saturday, had become young enough to regain the use of his legs.

Trey settled into his chair and unbuttoned his shirt letting his gut hang out a bit as he popped a beer and scanned around the pool

The lesbian couple that he had run into in the elevator were over in the shallow end of the pool. The dark haired 28-year-old was filling out her bikini very nicely as she put her hands on her pregnant redheaded wife’s hips and helped her ease into the water.

“Eh I hope they aren’t plannin’ on doing a water birth right now!” Harold joked as he took a sip of his beer.

“No, Katie was telling me about this - it’s water therapy. It’s supposed to relieve back tension in pregnant women.” Trey said honestly.

“Heh well there’s no getting around the back problems that Christina Hendricks over there is going to be getting from those huge knockers!” Harold said with a wheezing laugh, nudging Trey with his elbow.

The younger women in the building all HATED Harold. Katie included. They called him a dirty old man and misogynist pig. The bald realtor defensively claimed he was just 'old school'.

“Eh you ever look up ‘preggo porn’ on the google?” Harold whispered to Trey loud enough to draw icy glares from Bree and Hannah.

Trey slapped his forehead laughing and shaking his head. ‘Classic Harold’. He thought to himself taking another sip of his beer.

“Not a lot of action out here today huh? Oh wait... maybe I spoke too soon...” Harold said as the door from the building opened.

Annie and Lilly came through the door dressed in bright girly bathing suits. The two 14-year-olds waved at Bree and Hannah who smiled back at the teen girls.

“Don’t even think about it bro. I know for a fact that those girls are only 14.” Trey said quickly before his older pal could say something gross.

Harold shrugged and snorted.

“Ah well, see you girls in 4 years I guess! Hah!” Harold said with another wheezing laugh.

“Come on man, that’s fucked up. They’re just kids.” Trey said with a chuckle trying to both call the guy out on his inappropriate behavior while keeping it light.

The portly man shrugged and took another sip of his drink.

“Whaaaat? All I’m saying is that in 4 years those girls will be legal adults and I’ll only be what? 61!... But I’ll say I’m only 50! Hahahah!” Harold snorted a laugh and wheezed into a coughing fit.

“You okay bro? Are you choking or something?” Trey asked in concern.

Harold waved the younger man off, still red faced and making noises of discomfort.

“I’m fine! I’m fine! Beer just went down the wrong pipe.” He explained with gasping breaths.

“You’re sure you’re okay?” Trey asked fearing that his older friend was having a heart attack and thinking ‘maybe I really should get back to the gym. I don’t want to look like Harold in a decade and a half.’

The door opened again and out strutted Destiny.

“If I wasn’t okay before – I am now! Awooooga!” Harold said, catching his breath as he stared out at the 33-year-old brunette as she swished her wide hips across the pool deck.

Destiny was fairly well known around the apartment complex. An aspiring social media influencer who had amassed 50K followers online for her make-up tutorials aimed at women in their 30s. Katie had made Trey unfollow her on social media after he was caught ‘liking’ too many pictures of the attractive woman in a bikini.

‘Can’t stop me from liking it now though...’ Trey thought to himself as he laid back in his chair and watched The 33-year-old run her hand through her straight, dark brown hair and pull off the towel wrapped around her well-tanned body in a smooth deliberate motion, revealing the shapely figure underneath.

Destiny tossed the towel aside and strutted to the deep end of the pool, one long leg extending in front of the other, her wide hips swishing from side to side. As she stood a few feet from the two beer guzzling middle aged men Trey noticed, thanks to the contacts that he now wore, that the sexy woman was getting some creases on her forehead and on the sides of her dark pouty lips. She also had some bags under her eyes – clearly her party life-style was running her a bit ragged now that she was in her 30s.

“Ehhh give us a kiss, sweetheart!” Harold called out to the woman as she stretched her limbs at the pools edge.

Destiny shot Harold a glare and rolled her eyes at the sad older man. Trey quickly shook his head to her to signal that he didn't share Harold's love of catcalling. The brunette just smirked at him and dived into the pool.

She swam under the surface for a stretch and then surfaced again, drawing her dark hair back with her fingers. She did a back stroke in the water, glancing up occasionally to bask in the looks she was getting from the two middle-aged men poolside.

Destiny climbed out of the pool and dried herself off, being sure to shake her assets enticingly. Trey thought Harold might have another heart attack as they watched the woman run a towel back and forth across her plump ass.

She sat down on a nearby pool chair and decided to put on a little show of sensually applying sunscreen to her tanned skin. The thought of teasing the oggling men by stretching out her thicc leg and rubbing lotion up and down it clearly appealed to the 33-year-old.

However as she glanced up from applying lotion to her right calf she realized that the mens attention was being drawn elsewhere. Chrissie had entered the pool area in a hot pink micro bikini and was prancing around the pool deck, causing her young perky tits to bounce up and down. The 18-year-old tossed her blonde hair from shoulder to shoulder like a lifeguard on Baywatch and then dipped her dainty toes into the water, biting her pouty lip like she wasn't sure if she wanted to swim or not.

Destiny narrowed her eyes and clenched her jaw as she glared jealously over at the teenager that had for all practical purposes been her only two days ago. She rolled her eyes at Chrissie's ditsy 'the waters too cold, it's going to make my perky nipples hard' routine.

The 18-year-old ultimately decided not to jump into the pool but instead sauntered around the pool looking for a good place to lay out and do some tanning.

“Hey sis, did you or your little emo friend bring down sunscreen?” Chrissie called into the pool to Annie and Lily.

“I’m not emo, I’m punk!” Lily shouted back.

Trey looked at the 14-year-old. She had a stud in her nose and dyed pink hair. She didn’t look like any punks that he had seen but he couldn’t really keep track of all the shit teens were doing these days or the different styles.

“No Chrissie! You said YOU would bring the sunscreen down!” Annie yelled in frustration.

“Where was I supposed to carry it Annie? In my pussy? My bikini doesn’t have any pockets!” Chrissie yelled back.

“Geez I like this one Trey - she’s got some piss and vinegar!” Harold said gaffawing as he backhanded Trey’s arm.

Chrissie rolled her eyes and walked around toward the pool chairs. She pranced swiftly by Trey and Harold with barely an acknowledgement. She just nodded and gave Trey a slight wink.

“Old guys.” She said by way of greeting.

The 18-year-old stopped in front of Destiny who was looking like she wanted to toss Chrissie into the pool.

“Um excuse me... Destiny right? Do you mind if I borrow some of your sunscreen?” Chrissie asked, giving a pouty face that worked on most guys.

Destiny just gave the girl a cheshire cat smile pouted back.

“Oh I’m sorry sweetie but this is an SPF that specifically doesn’t work for pale scrawny little bitches... I guess you’ll have to go back inside...” The 33-year-old said in a fakely sweet voice.

Chrissie gave a small gasp of offense, the smile wiping off her face and turning into a mean-girl grin.

“Oh it’s totally cool if you don’t have enough to share. I know that sunscreen is *super* important for older women. You don’t want that leathery lizard skin of yours to get a melanoma.” The teenager replied cuttingly.

Destiny opened her mouth to retort by they were both interrupted by a shrill rattling voice.

“Harold! What is gods name do you think you’re doing!?” A 79-year old Ethel Koenig hollered from behind the two men.

Harold looked up at the old woman and blustered.

“What? I’m just sitting out here on my day off getting some sun! Stop nosing into other peoples business Ethel!” Harold shouted defensively.

Ethel pointed to all the women around the pool with a crooked gnarled finger.

“You were out here drooling over all these young girls in their skimpy bikinis is what you were doing. But that’s not the point. What’s rule number 3 of the pool area? NO ALCOHOL!” The old woman called out, pointing to the printed rules posted on a sign on the fencing.

“Beers not alcohol!” Harold retorted.

“Oh yes it is! When building management finds out about this you’re going to pay a steep fine!” Ethel harped.

Trey subtly put his own beer down by Harold’s cooler, feeling like he got caught up in Harold’s shenanigans for one day. He got up and started to walk back toward the exit as Harold and Ethel continued to bicker behind him.

“Well I’ll let you go hang out with your bingo partner. Ma’am. Sorry to bother you.” Chrissie quipped to Destiny, pointing her thumb over to Ethel.

Destiny scoffed.

“You little brat.” The older woman hissed at the teen.

Chrissie smirked at the 33-year-old.

“Good one...” She replied sarcastically. “This place is lame. Why did I even come down here? Come on Annie - we’re going back to the apartment.” Chrissie called to her sister.

“What? But we just got here! Can’t we just stay for another hour?” Annie whined.

Lily turned to her friend and frowned.

“Actually, we probably should go... I sort of... forgot to tell my mom that I was coming down here... and if she find out someone brought beer down - which like, by tomorrow everyone will be gossiping about - she’ll ground me for life!” The pink-haired girl reasoned.

The two young teens climbed out of the pool and dried off, sadly following Annie’s huffy older sister out of the pool area.

Back at the apartment Katie was laying back on the couch smoking her joint as Jonny affectionately rubbed her feet in his lap.

“Mmmm, now this is how you take a break...” She purred, playfully rubbing her free foot against the young man’s crotch.

Jonny reached over and ashed out what was left of his joint.

“Now I’m kind of hungry though.” He said with a stoned smile.

Katie sat up, propping herself up on her elbows as she gave the 22-year-old a hazy affectionate look.

“Aww baby... want me to make you something to eat?” She asked honestly, though she wasn’t sure what she could cook up on short notice while high.

Jonny grinned at her.

“Actually I have a certain snack in mind...” He said in a mischievous voice.

He leaned over the older woman and slid his hands up her thighs, clutching her panties. He began to roll them down her legs, licking his lip and smiling at her. He glanced down and saw a tattoo of a sexy blue tinkerbelle shooting magic onto her triangle of brown pubes.

“Oh sweet... I didn’t know you had a tat.” Jonny said admiring it.

Katie blushed.

“Oh god, yeah I got that like... god, like 20 years ago. It’s supposed to be a cute little fairy but she probably looks more like a dowdy old fairy godmother now!” Katie said with a giggle.

Johnny leaned down and kissed the fairy causing Katie to shudder and flinch from the tickling sensation.

“Mmm Jonny, hun, what are you doing?” She asked with an amused smile.

The young man slipped his hands down under her bare ass cheeks, squeezing them as he kissed his way down her panty line to her slit.

“Eating my snack...” He said with a laugh.

“Oh no baby you don’t have to- OHHHH! OH GOD!!! OHHHH JONNY!!!” Katie moaned as she arched her back and put her hand on the top of the college boy’s messy hair feeling the intense pleasure of his tongue slipping inside of her.

“AHHH FUCK! GOD THAT FEELS SOOO FUCKING GOOD...” She groaned as she tucked her legs around his body and closed her eyes.

Jonny was treating the 37-year-old’s clit like chewing gum making her slightly-out-of-shape aging body shudder on the verge of orgasm when Katie reached down and grabbed him by the hair, tugging his face away from her crotch.

“Stop-” She panted.

The young man thought that she might be having second thoughts but instead she groaned in a deep erotic voice:

“I want you inside of me - right. Now!”

Jonny didn’t need to be told twice. He scrambled to pull down his jeans and Katie put out her joint, spreading her legs for the young man.

Soon the 22-year-old had entered her and was pumping into her with all of the energy and enthusiasm of a college kid. Katie was thinking about how it had been years since Trey had bothered to eat her out which was probably one of the reasons that it had been years since she had actually achieved climax.

“Oooooohh Mrs. Robbins...” Jonny groaned as he pumped into her.

Katie cringed.

“Ooo honey, no... call me Katie...” She insisted.

Jonny nodded as he continued to fuck her. He slipped a hand under her shirt and squeezed her soft breast.

“OOoohh Katie...” He grunted.

Katie bit her lip and looked down at the young man sheepishly.

“Actually... go back to calling me Mrs. Robbins...” She instructed, having to admit that there was something much hotter about Jonny calling her by her married name like she was his school teacher or something.

“Sure... I’ll call you whatever you want... I’ll call you goddess if you let me...” Jonny whispered leaning in to kiss her neck again.

That was all Katie needed. She began to loudly and intensely cum. Shuddering on the couch and lifting her legs in the air as she curled her toes from sexual ecstasy.

“AH! AHHH! AHHH! OHHHHHHH GODDD!!!! YESSS!!” She bellowed, rubbing her hands all up and down her body and she trembled and panted on the couch.

There was a thump outside the front door and Katie sat up abruptly, shoving Jonny out of her and back to the other side of the couch.

“Shit! What was that? Did you hear that? Oh fuck! I think my husbands home!” Katie said in a breathless panic.

She scrambled around looking for her panties, cum dripping down her leg and her bare ass jiggling every which way.

“I didn’t hear anything.” Jonny said honestly.

Katie finally saw her panties on the arm of the couch and snatched them up quickly, hopping on one leg to put them back on.

“Well I did and he seriously can NOT come in here and find me half naked with some frat boy.” She said rubbing her hand up and down her face wake herself up more.

“I’m not in a fraternity.” Jonny corrected her.

She looked at him wide-eyed.

“That’s not the point Jonny! Why are you just sitting there! You need to go! Vamos! Amskray! Beat it! This was fun but I need you gone like ASAP!” She insisted motioning for him to get up and head out the back door.

As Jonny got to the back entrance he paused and leaned in to kiss her.

“Can I call you?” He asked.

Katie made a face at him like ‘are you seriously asking me that right now?’

“No! Now go home and uh... don’t tell your parents about this!” The older woman said quickly as she shoved him out the door.

Down in the lobby Trey was waiting for his elevator back upstairs when all of the teens from the pool came up behind him. Chrissie was smirking at him, licking her lips seductively at the older man while Annie and Lily dripped pool water onto the marble floor and chattered their teeth.

“Lily!” A voice shouted from across the lobby.

“Ah crap. It’s my mom!” The 14-year-old groaned to her friend.

A 39-year-old Sabrina was marching across the room toward the group. She had a few strands of gray in her hair already. Trey figured it was probably from the stress of having a teenager. If there was any lesson from today it’s that he and Katie had certainly dodged a bullet by not having kids.

“Sneaking out without permission; LYING to me when I text you asking where you are and now you’re dripping wet... did you sneak off to the pool!?” Sabrina hollered.

Trey took a step back not wanting any part of this. He did note that the mom had put on a bit of weight and had a noticeable double chin and her haircut gave off a real ‘head of the PTA vibe.’

“God I’m glad Katie doesn’t look old and frumpy like that...” He thought to himself.

“Mom! I can explain!” Lily whined folding her arms over her towel and pouting.

“You’re going to have a lot of time to explain yourself your lady because you’re grounded! I swear - I don’t know what’s gotten into you these days. I blame that loud music you’re always listening to!” Sabrina scolded the girl.

Lily fumed as she stood there. Clearly this was an ongoing debate between the 14-year-old and her mother.

“Fine whatever... can Annie at least come over for dinner?” The girl asked through gritted teeth.

Sabrina looked at her daughters blonde friend and smiled politely.

“Oh hi Annie. Sorry I didn’t notice you there! Look at how much you’ve grown! You’re becoming a woman... of course it’s all right for Annie to come over for dinner if her mom says she doesn’t mind.” Sabrina replied.

“I can text her!” Annie said quickly.

“Come on, just come before she changes her mind. You can borrow some of my clothes to change into.” Lily whispered to her friend.

The elevator finally arrived as Annie and Lily ran off toward Sabrina’s apartment. They looked over to Chrissie realizing that it would just be the two of them in the elevator and felt a little nervous but also excited about what might happen once they were alone again.

But as he turned to walk in he discovered that it wasn’t just the two of them in the elevator. A 19-year-old Matt was standing at the back of the compartment leaning against the wall with a backwards hat and open shirt showing off his chiseled abs.

“Sup.” He said nodding to Chrissie.

The blonde teen twirled a strand of her blonde hair around her finger.

“Hey...” She said batting her eyes at the boy and biting the corner of her lip.

“Hey.” Trey said not to be rude but quickly realized that neither of the two teens in the elevator were even acknowledging his existence currently.

The moment that the elevator doors shut Chrissie tossed her arms around Matt and the two of them began to frantically make-out. Trey tried to clear his throat to bring their attention to the fact that he was still in there but they never paid him so much as a glance.

In fact, as they kissed and groped one another they began to bump into Trey and squish him into a corner. He managed to maneuver his way out but stood flush up against the door counting down the seconds for it to open and let him out of there.

He heard heavy panting and light high pitched moans behind him as they got to the second floor.

‘Is he finger banging her in the elevator right now?’ Trey thought to himself in disbelief

The middle-aged man quickly turned around to look and sure enough Matt had his hand between the girl’s thighs under her bikini bottoms.

‘Holy shit - he’s actually finger banging her!’ Trey thought as he stared wide-eyed back at the elevator door.

The elevator mercifully opened up and Matt pushed passed Trey with Chrissie wrapped around him.

“Oh dude, I think you left your keys on the floor in my room.” Chrissie called back to Trey as Matt carried her through the hallway.

Trey froze, patting his pockets to confirm that his keys were, in fact, missing. He reached out an arm to stop the elevator doors from closing just in the nick of time and stepped off the elevator.

He jogged down the hallway to catch up with the two horny teens. They were passing by Conner and Melanie, the 30-something couple that lived a few doors down. The proud parents were herding their brood back home from what looked like a trip out to an amusement park. Their 7-year-old daughter was wearing a hat shaped like a giraffe and holding a bag of kettle corn under her arm while the two little ones fought over a fluffy stuffed animal.

Chrissie was dry humping Matt with her bare legs wrapped around his waist as the two teens sucked each others faces. The two parents looked horrified as they passed.

“Hey! Knock it off you two! This isn’t the place for that!” The 36-year-old Conner shouted.

“Show some decency! There are children present!” His 34-year-old wife snapped indignantly to the horny teens.

Chrissie and Matt just laughed and continued on until they got to the door to her apartment.

“Want to come in and help me shower?” The 18-year-old purred.

Matt grunted affirmatively and set the girl down so that she could unlock the door and go inside. Trey caught up to them, panting and winded. He hadn’t jogged this much in a while.

“Okay so do you want to go get my keys and I wait out here or should I just-” Trey began to ask.

Chrissie and Matt didn’t acknowledge him they just pushed open the door and continued their make-out session.

“Oookay... I guess I’ll go get them myself...” Trey grumbled as he pushed open the door behind the teenagers and walking into the apartment.

He heard giggling and kissing sounds coming from the bathroom as he walked in. Trey shook his head and hurried down to Chrissie’s bedroom where his keys and a deli punch card were laying on the ground where he had dropped his pants. He picked them up and stuffed them back into his pockets and headed out to go home.

But as he moved to the apartment door Erica came in looking frazzled from her day at work.

“Oof I’m sore all over...” The 44-year-old groaned as she came in. She heard the sounds of giggling coming from the bathroom. “You better not have a boyfriend in that shower with you missy! I’m too young to become a grandmother in 9 months!”

Erica looked up and saw Trey standing there frozen in her entry way.

“Trey! What are you still doing here?” She asked, sub consciously fixing her messy fading blonde hair.

“Uh I forgot something at your house and came back to get it. Chrissie let me in.” He explained, mostly telling the truth.

Erica eyed the man, putting her stuff down on the table.

“Oh, I wondered if maybe you had decided to wait here for me to come home...” The aging physical trainer said with a smile that emphasized the laugh lines on her face.

Trey began to reply with some polite, non-committal brush off as Erica moved closer to him and put her hands on his arms affectionately.

“Okay, cards on the table Trey. It’s been a long day and I just want to let loose a little - even for just something quick. It doesn’t have to be a whole thing. Just

something to relieve a bit of tension... whaddaya say?" She said pressing her saggy breasts in her sweat-stained runners top against his chest.

Trey had to admit that that didn't seem all that bad. It had been a weird, awkward day and having a quickie before going home to his tired wife (who rarely seemed to be into sex these days) sounded kind of nice.

"Okay..." He relented.

Erica grinned from ear to ear and took Trey's hand as she led the middle-aged man into the bedroom.

"Mmmm you smell you smell like sweat, cologne and beer... I like it..." Erica purred as she peeled off her top revealing her slightly saggy 44-year-old tits.

She moved in and kissed Trey on the mouth reaching down to rub his crotch over his jeans. She pushed him back onto her bed and knelt down on the floor in front of him with a groan. Her knees made popping sounds as she bent them.

"Mmmm when was the last time that stuffy wife of yours bothered to suck your cock hmmm?" Erica asked with a chuckle.

She unbuckled his belt and pulled down his pants around his ankles.

"It's been a while... Honestly Katie even hated giving blow jobs back when we were dating..." Trey answered honestly.

"Well then I think it's time for you to get the best blow job you've had in 42 y-" Erica began to purr as she slid his boxers down his hairy legs.

She looked down at his erect cock and saw a perfect ring of lipstick around it. Trey looked down as well and grew wide-eyed realizing that Erica knew what it was from.

The 44-year-old mother of two recognized the shade of red from her daughters lips earlier that afternoon. She stood up and slapped Tray hard in the

face and then grabbed her robe from the back of the door and stormed out of the room.

“Christina Elizabeth!!!” Erica shouted at the top of her lungs.

Trey quickly pulled up his pants and boxers and scrambled to get out of the apartment as fast as possible. He ran out into the hallway and fumbled to try and fasten his belt. He heard an old lady chortling behind him.

He looked up, belt in hand as Ethel stood in her doorway shaking her head and chuckling at Trey.

“Boy you really know how to step in it don’t you, young man.” She said with a grin.

Trey froze, swallowing hard as he searched for what to say.

“It’s not what it looks like.” He mumbled at a loss.

Ethel just shook her head.

“Oh I’m not judging dearie, lord knows if I were 40 years younger I’d be right in the mix for ya myself!” She said with a tittering laugh and a wink of her sunken eye.

“Thanks Ms. Koenig...” Trey said rolling his eyes and sighing.

“Don’t forget to zip up your fly dear.” The old woman added before heading back into her apartment.

Trey looked down to see that his fly was, in fact, open. He zipped it up and hurried to go back upstairs.

He entered his apartment to see the place largely how he had left it that morning. Katie had finished and submitted her article but was nowhere in sight.

“Katie? Babe?” He asked wondering if she went out with friends or something.

“Yoooo Hooooo lover boy!!! I’m in the bedroom!!” He heard his wife call to him.

Trey walked cautiously to the bedroom. Katie didn’t usually do stuff like this unless it was Valentines day or their anniversary - and Trey knew that if it was one of those days and he had forgotten then he’d be dead meat.

He wracked his brain to confirm that it was neither Valentines Day nor their Anniversary. So with a bit less fear he walked into the bedroom to find his wife laying on the bed in a sheer nightie that she probably hadn’t worn in close to a decade.

“Katie?” He asked wondering what had gotten into her.

“Mmmm... come take me handsome. I’m yours and I’m soooo horny...” She purred as she rolled around on the bed.

“Uh... hold that thought!” He said quickly.

Trey ducked into the bathroom and quickly scrubbed the lipstick off of his dick, not wanting to have a repeat of what had just happened downstairs. He came out pantsless and erect.

“Okay babe! Let’s do this!” He declared excited his wife was initiating sex for once.

She spread her legs and opened her arms, writhing on the sheets. Trey attempted to run and jump onto the bed but a twinge in his back made him think twice before attempting it. Instead he climbed up with a groan and lumbered over to Katie, taking off his shirt so that by the time that he was on top of her he was completely naked.

Katie frowned at her husbands gut hanging down toward her abdomen. His doughy physique wasn’t nearly as enticing as the 22-year-old’s two doors

down. But he was her husband and she loved him. She pulled him into a kiss as he slipped his cock into her moist pussy.

Trey began to grunt and pump into his wife but paused for a moment when he sniffed her hair.

“Have you been smoking pot?” He asked more out of surprise and curiosity than anything else.

Katie got a whiff of her husbands breath.

“Have you been drinking?” She countered with a raised eyebrow.

Trey snorted and smiled at her.

“Touche.” He said and both of them dropped their line of questioning.

He continued to pump into her for another good 5 minutes before passing out from exhaustion. Katie rolled him off of her and then went into the bathroom to finish herself off.

Downstairs in the basement the handymen were all looking at one another waiting for the strange device to do something. They still seemed completely unaffected from the changes going on to the residents above them. Sully took off his helmet and scratched his head.

The bald sweaty worker next to him took the wrench from Sully’s hand.

“Here! Let me do it!” The man said as he gave the gauge another good turn and once again above them a light engulfed the building.

Upstairs 49-year-old Trey Robbins of apartment 513, was waking up with a groan on a cool Saturday morning and looked over to the side of the bed to see his 44-year-old wife Katherine, sleeping next to him.

To be continued...