

# THE APARTMENT COMPLEX

By ChronoEclipse

Day ?:

**What even is time? It's just, like, a construct man...**

Millenium Gardens, once a brand new, high end, apartment complex located in the heart of the city had been transformed into a surreal dreamscape with futuristic crystalline walls and outdated orange shag carpeting. The water from the sinks flowed upwards and the light fixtures appeared to be humming with the sounds of radio transmissions from various 20th century radio stations. It would have been a trippy experience for anyone to experience but no one outside the building was able to enter any longer and the once young, fresh faced residents didn't seem to be aware that anything was amiss...

One of these residents, 28-year-old Trey Robbins of apartment 513, was waking up on what he believed to be a cool Saturday morning on June 11th. He looked over to the side of the bed to see his ~~angelic~~ elderly 93-year-old girlfriend Katie soundly asleep.

The two of them had been dating for the past six months after meeting in the coffee shop downstairs and Katie had moved in about a month ago once she had graduated from college. Trey still wasn't over how awesome it felt to wake up next to this ~~gorgeous~~ frail ~~auburn~~ white-haired goddess every morning. Even fast asleep she was stunning. He watched her (shriveled) D-cup breast flutter up and down with her (wheezing) breath and her ~~long-toned~~ brittle, bony, wrinkled old legs rubbed against one another as shifted in her sleep.

Trey decided that that he would make her morning extra enjoyable. He slowly pulled back the covers to reveal Katie's ~~perky~~ wrinkled ~~tanned~~ pale naked body underneath. Her (sunken) eyes opened a crack as she blearily began to wake up. He leaned over and kissed her soft ~~flat~~ puffy stomach right beside her ~~eute~~ little sunken belly button. Katie made a sleepy moan of appreciation. Trey then kissed his way down her (wrinkly) belly to her waist, to the bare area where her

~~brown~~ white pubes had been before she had shaved and waxed them away. He continued kissing down her exposed (elderly) crotch until his head was nestled between the withered folds of her ~~creamy~~ thighs and he extended his tongue into the opening between her ~~pink~~ brown dangling labia. Katie's eyes opened for a moment in surprise then shut tight again as a huge grin covered her ~~young~~ elderly face. She cooed softly and wiggled her body over to Treys, thrusting her vagina against his mouth as Trey continued to pleasure her. She bit her ~~pouty~~ thin bottom lip and shuddered with pleasure as she felt an orgasm building. Katie grabbed her ~~pert~~ dangling breast with her (shaky) left hand and began to caress it while balling up the bedsheet tightly in her (shaky) right hand. She was ~~squealing~~ quavering with delight as she felt the ~~vaginal~~ juices urine begin pouring out of her and onto Trey's face. Her toes curled in (old age) and ecstasy as she rubbed her (gnarled) feet up and down Trey's muscular body. Trey sucked on her clit and lapped vigorously at her pussy as Katie began to cry out in a ~~soft lyrical~~ frail trembling voice. "Oh god, oh god, oh god, OH GOD! Aiiiiiiiiiiii!" She squealed as she had a series of climaxes causing her whole (decrepit) body to convulse on the bed. Trey stood up and wiped his mouth off smiling at the ~~pretty young~~ shriveled elderly ~~brunette~~ white-haired biddy cupping her wet (aged) pussy and breathing heavily in front of him.

"Good morning." He said with a smirk running his hands through his full head of dark hair.

Katie looked up at him with a huge (gummy) smile and a look of bewilderment. "Woah. That's better than coffee." She said with a (rattling) giggle and pulled the sheets back up over her. She bit her (wrinkled) lip with a look of mischievous lust. "Soooo i'm going to hop in the shower and get cleaned up... want to join me?" She asked excitedly.

Trey loved Katie's (toothless) smile. When she grinned she looked so ~~pretty~~ ~~and full of life~~ decrepit and aged. Her ~~rosy~~ wrinkled cheeks and big (sunken, milky) green eyes gave him as much of a stiffy as her ~~generous~~ sagging breasts and ~~round~~ ass did.

“Uh yes. That sounds awesome.” He said as she hopped out of bed and ~~sauntered~~ hobbled toward the shower letting the sheet fall away from her (elderly) nude body once more.

Once the two of them were in the shower and the water was on Katie pressed her (frail) body against Trey’s. She enjoyed the feeling of her ~~soft~~ wrinkly skin against his muscular frame. She liked that he was a bit older (???) than her and had his own apartment and knew a lot about adulting that Katie was still getting the hang of. Plus his cock was impressively large. She wrapped her ~~smooth~~ crooked, thin, long fingers around it and began giving it a gentle rub as he leaned down and began kissing her ~~soft~~ pruned lips. He reached behind her and cupped her ~~perfectly round plump~~ loose baggy ass cheeks giving them a firm squeeze. Katie felt herself ~~getting wet again~~ wetting herself again as Trey’s dick got even harder in her (withered) hand.

Before long Trey was holding her ~~petite~~ fluffy waist and guiding her to turn around and bend over. Katie did so, steadying herself by placing her hands on the back wall of the shower. She wiggled her ~~tight~~ saggy booty at Trey flirtatiously. She closed her eyes and let out a gasp of pleasure as she felt Trey’s dick enter her ~~moist~~ dry loose pussy smoothly. He pumped back and forth holding onto Katie’s (brittle) hips as the warm water sprinkled onto both of them. He began slowly and gently but began to pick up speed and intensity as Katie rocked her (frail) body back and forth, feeling her ~~large~~ empty breasts sway to and fro beneath her. He was now pounding her pretty vigorously as she loudly moaned and shuddered at the bliss of feeling him inside of her.

“Is it okay to cum?” Trey asked. Katie quickly racked her brain to check if she had taken her birth control consistently. (Unaware of the fact that her body was now decades past being menopausal.)

“Yes!” She moaned quickly, not wanting to spoil the moment. She felt Trey spurt inside of her. Each spasm of his dick caused ripples of pleasure to pour through her body.

Trey pulled out and Katie turned around and kissed him aggressively. Grinning up at him with lust and attraction. The ~~young~~ couple finished washing up and then got out of the shower and dried themselves off.

As Katie blow dried her hair Trey playfully smacked her exposed (wrinkly) behind causing her to giggle and squeal. “Cut it out! I have to finish getting ready!”

“I’m going to go make us some breakfast.” Trey said and pulled on some jeans and walked back into the rest of the apartment without a shirt on.

A few minutes later as Trey was setting out two plates of eggs and bacon, Katie came ~~sauntering~~ hobbling out of the bathroom wearing only a t-shirt. Trey instantly got hard again looking at his 93 year old girlfriend walking over to him, seductively extending one (veiny) bare leg in front of the other, giving him a knowing look with her big (sunken) eyes.

Trey walked over and lifted her up into a kiss, holding her by the backs of her ~~smooth~~ wrinkled thighs and (shriveled) bare ass. She swooshed her ~~wavy~~ thinning ~~light brown~~ white hair aside and proceeded to make out with him (toothlessly) as he carried her into the kitchen and set her down on the counter edge. Trey took a few steps back to enjoy the sight of Katie’s ~~beautiful~~ withered body in his XL t-shirt. Katie smirked playfully and kicked her (frail) legs up into the air flashing him her (sad, elderly) clean-shaven pussy. He grinned and moved forward but Katie stopped him pressing her ~~pretty~~ liver-spotted bare feet into his abs.

“Do you think it’s time for a pedicure?” She asked, knowingly stalling him.

Trey looked down at her ~~eute-smooth~~ gnarled feet with red painted (thick, crusty, yellowed) toenails as she wiggled her (bent) toes against his stomach. “Nah babe. Your feet are very sexy.” He said and lifted her (bony) right foot up to suck on her (arthritic) big toe. Katie ~~squealed~~ quavered from the sensation.

“It was a rhetorical question. I’m going with my mom tomorrow to get one.” She said with a (rattling) giggle and then dropped her (brittle) legs and spread her (wrinkled) thighs wide, inviting Trey closer.

She ran her (shaky) hands up and down his firm chest and kissed him, sucking on his lips while reaching down to unbutton his jeans. Soon Trey was fucking

Katie again on the edge of the counter. The recent college graduate was arching her (stooped) back and moaning as Trey squeezed her (sagging) breasts and gyrated into her. They were close to climax again when Katie's phone began buzzing on the counter. The half naked ~~girl~~ old woman picked it up to see who was calling while her boyfriend continued to pump into her.

"It's Erica." She said between panting moans.

"Who's Erica?" Trey grunted as he continued to thrust.

He leaned in and put his mouth around Katie's hardened ~~pink~~ ashy brown nipple and sucked on her (pendulous) right breast as they continued to fuck. The ~~young~~ old woman gasped in pleasure.

"The personal trainer in 314. The one with the two ~~little girls~~ **daughters in their 70s** - the one you always say looks hot in her spandex shorts and has a booty that looks like ~~it's chiseled from marble~~ **a sack of dried raisins dangling from a sandbag ...**" Katie replied, her voice glitching throughout her sentences like it had been poorly recorded over.

The young man nodded, picturing the athletic woman downstairs. The thought of her ~~toned~~ shriveled ass in those skin tight shorts got him even harder and Katie let out a (quavering) squeal of delight.

"I'm going to answer it." Katie said swiping her phone screen with her thumb.

Trey shook his head.

"No don't. I'm almost fini-" The young man protested but it was too late and his girlfriend had already picked up the call.

"Hi! Erica!" The mostly naked (elderly) woman said in a ~~cheerful~~ shaky voice into the phone as she sat on the kitchen counter with her (jowly) cheeks flush red.

Trey pulled out of Katie, figuring it would be rude to continue having sex while she was on the phone with one of their neighbors. Even if he was really close to finishing.

“No I’m not in the middle of anything...” Katie giggled, winking at Trey.

“Uh huh. Uh huh. Uh huh... oh I’m so sorry hun but I’m actually swamped all afternoon - I have a 6pm deadline for the article i’m working on.” Katie said into the phone.

She had gotten a job recently working as a free lance writer for a trendy Gen-Z culture site writing articles about fashion, music, celebrities and social media.

“...But my boyfriend Trey is free this afternoon. He could come down and watch the ~~girls~~ **ladies** for you!” The ~~young~~ old woman suggested. There was the sound of a million ‘thank yous’ in response. “On don’t worry about it! Happy to help and Trey loves ~~kids~~ **elderly women!**” Katie said with a big grin.

Trey pulled up his pants and looked at his (aged) girlfriend warily as she hung up the phone.

“Uh what did you just volunteer me for?” He asked her, folding his arms across his muscular chest.

“Oh just a little ~~baby~~ **granny**-sitting. I guess Erica’s ex was supposed to pick up her kids for the day but totally bailed on her and now she has to run out and see some clients and doesn’t have anyone to watch the girls while she’s gone.” Katie explained.

“...So you said *I* could do it!?” Trey asked.

“Yeah well, Erica’s really in a jam and you’re a nice guy and it’s an excuse to get you out of the house so that I can actually meet my deadline. Because if you hung around all day I have a feeling we’d just fuck in every room of this apartment and I’d get nothing else done...” She purred as she pulled him close to her again and gave him a passionate (toothless) kiss.

“But...” Trey attempted to protest being volunteered for babysitting duty.

“If you just do this one little nice thing for fitness hottie Erica downstairs I promise I’ll make it up to you when you come home...” Katie said with a seductive grin on her ~~pretty~~ wrinkled face.

Trey sighed and kissed his (elderly) girlfriend. He couldn’t say no to her when she smiled at him like that.

“Oh fine...” He said snorting a laugh.

“Cool. You’d better hurry down then. She needs to head out in like 5 minutes.” Katie replied as she hopped off the counter (her nearly 100-year-old body surprisingly agile) and gave Trey a playful smack on his ass.

The young man gave her a smirk that said that she owed him big for this and then hurried to finish getting dress and headed out the door.

As he hurried down the hall to the elevator he passed the trio of gossiping ~~biddies~~ teens on his floor that drove him and Katie nuts. There was Sandra the 16-year-old retired diner waitress with ~~flabby~~ ~~binge~~ slender tattooed arms and ~~frizzy~~ spiky ~~gray~~ purple hair; Patty the 17-year-old retired former office worker turned ~~nosy~~ perky ~~eat-lady~~ influencer with her ~~fading~~ pixie-cut blonde hair and her ~~saggy~~ ~~gut~~ flat, pierced belly ~~pushing~~ peaking out of her pastel blouse and Donna the 18-year-old hispanic former florist with her ~~wrinkly~~ ~~double-chin~~ beautiful young face and ~~gray~~ ravishing dark hair pulled into a ~~dowdy~~ ~~up-do~~ pony-tail. The three ~~baby-boomer~~ Gen-Z women did nothing but ~~snoop-around-on-their-neighbors~~ hang out in the halls and ~~file-complaints~~ with the building management shoot tik-tok videos.

“Mr. Robbins. I couldn’t help overhearing the other day that your ~~little~~ **gross old** girlfriend that’s always prancing around the halls in next to nothing is working from home... you know ~~the-rental-agreement-forbids-using-your-unit-as-a-commercial-space~~ **she be making that bread...**” Donna said to him as he approached. Her disapproving frown not matching the enthusiastic teen slang coming out of her mouth.

“Your little **gross old** girlfriend who isn’t even on your lease **should be in a nursing home...**” Patty added with a judgmental look to the young man dating a woman over 6 decades his senior without even realizing it.

“Mrs. Pilar. That part of the rental agreement is just talking about turning your apartment into a storefront or having employees - they can’t enforce against people just working from home on their computers...” Trey said like he was having a completely different conversation.

“Well - it’s not just that! ~~What about all of the noise complaints!~~ **What about the sex noises?** There’s all sort of banging and moaning and yelling and thumping coming from your apartment at all hours of the day and night! **We can hear the two of you boning and it’s kind of hot..**” Sandra replied in a cranky voice that sounded absurd when paired with the words she was saying. Her two friends nodded and murmured in agreement.

Trey grinned at the ~~boomers~~ teenagers.

“It sounds like you ladies are just jealous because you haven’t been getting any since like the 70s...” He retorted unaware of how silly he sounded since the girls he was talking to all looked like they were born in the 2000s. The ~~older women~~ teen girls scoffed and blustered in exaggerated offense. “And I wonder who filed all of those complaints huh? Maybe it’s time for someone to file some complaints about the improper recycling or the excessive amount of pets or the fact that i’m pretty sure someone is selling unlicensed marijuana out of one of these apartments.” He added pointing to the ~~ladies~~ girls units.

The women immediately zipped their ~~wrinkly~~ pouty lips and glowered at him as he stepped onto the elevator and waved at them with a grin.

“~~Hoodlum~~ **Zaddy!**” Donna grumbled to her friends as the elevator doors closed.



Trey got off on the third floor and hurried down the hall to Erica's apartment. As he turned the corner he saw a very anxious looking ~~statuesque blonde~~ decrepit, white-haired 100-year old woman standing in a doorway at the end of the hall. She was miraculously holding a 70-year-old topless woman dressed in a infant's pink frilly princess skirt, her gray hair pulled into two infantile pig tails while a 74 year old woman stood next to them dressed in an ill-fitting varsity cheerleaders uniform, boredly swiping at her iphone with a gnarled finger. The (elderly) mother was dressed in spandex workout close that hugged the ~~shapely~~ sagging curves of her body and left little of her ~~physique~~ frail old body to the imagination. Her ~~well-defined~~ wrinkled puffy abs ~~glistened in the light~~ sagged over her waistband. Her ~~dirty blonde~~ thinning white hair was pulled back in a (limp) pony tail. She smiled in relief at Trey as he quickly waved and walked toward them.

"Oh my god, thank you so much! I can't tell you how much of a lifesaver you are!" Erica ~~exclaimed~~ mumbled toothlessly as she handed the ~~baby~~ 70-year-old woman to the young man.

The topless old woman sagged into Trey's chest as he wrapped his arms under her saggy diapered butt to support her girth. The elderly woman with the mind of an infant began to cry as the younger man held her so Trey quickly started to rock her wrinkled body in his arms to calm her down.

"Uh no problem I guess..." He said following the ~~sexy-athletic~~ shriveled feeble mom into her apartment.

"So there's a box of ~~cherios~~ **fiber one** on the counter if they want a ~~snack~~ **something to keep them regular. Adult** diapers are in the closet here-" Erica explained as she pointed to the items around the abode, which now looked like a bizarre mash-up of a single 30-year-old mother's apartment and an assisted living suite for three old women - there was denture adhesives next to barbie dolls and a treadmill with an old lady's walker resting on top of it.

"Diapers?" Trey asked with a gulp. No one had said anything about changing any diapers.

“Yeah Annie actually might need one now – she’s being a little fussy. I’d do it myself but I’m really running late! Someones got to help these soccer moms get rid of their muffin tops! Haha!” Erica joked, unaware of the fact that she currently looked like she could be those soccer moms great-grandmother nor of the fact that her own stomach was a puffy wrinkly bunch of loose skin.

The older of the two daughters hobbled over to the couch and flopped down onto it still staring at her phone and chewing gum as her wrinkled veiny legs hung off the side of the furniture.

“You know, I actually need to get your opinion on something before I go...” Erica rattled, shuffling her stooped body around to face Trey. Her incredibly low dangling neck skin waddled as she moved.

The 74-year-old woman with the mind of a disgruntled teenager flipped her 100-year-old mother off with a gnarled middle finger when her back was turned.

“Uh sure... what do you need?” Trey asked setting Annie down into a chair at the kitchen table.

The 70-year-old began to suck on her arthritic thumb as she sat at the table pawing at her sagging chest without proper motor skills.

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

Trey shrugged and followed the elderly woman as she hobbled into her bedroom.

“Okay so what do you need my opinion on?” He asked obliviously.

Trey looked up at the 100-year-old personal trainer and went-wide eyed as Erica stood in the middle of her room holding up her sports bra to her turkey waddle neck exposing her dangling fried-egg tits to him.

“These.” She said, giggling with a big (tootless) grin on her (wrinkled) 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 (shriveled, empty) bare breasts against him and kissed his lips passionately.

“Oh Trey!” She said breathlessly as she wrapped her ~~strong~~ frail 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~~ **decades!**” She moaned between kisses.

He was speechless as he stared at her hard (shriveled, ashy) brown nipples.

“Erica - I... need to babysit your kids?” He replied with a gulp, sounding confused like he was witnessing a fellow actor go off-script.

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

“Come on... you expect me to believe that? You just coincidentally offered to come down and **granny-sit** on your day off without any thought about taking care of Mommy as well ...?” Erica purred giving Trey a knowing look.

He shook his head slowly, unsure.

“I’m... dating Katie...” He said still staring at Erica’s withered tits as they swayed back and forth.

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

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

“I mean - we just started dating a few months ago.... She’s great... and you’re uh, great... and I’m only in my 20s... and wait... how old are you again?” He asked like someone becoming aware that they are in a dream.

“I just turned ~~30~~ **100**.” She replied, her toothless lips mouthing ‘30’ as the glitchy sound of ‘100’ sounded from her wrinkly throat.

Erica folded her (bony trembling) arms and raised a (bushy gray) eyebrow at him.

“You think Katie’s playing by the rules and being a sweet, loyal, girlfriend? Because I heard from ~~Ms. Pilar~~ **that gossipy girl Donna** that she’s got a little boy-toy on the side...” Erica rattled smugly to Trey.

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

Erica pouted her wrinkled face and then shrugged.

“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’~~ **haggard old** girlfriend of yours is going to ~~bloat up into a frumpy old cow~~ **become too frail and infirm to fuck** and I’ll still be rocking this body because my ass-” Erica said, smacking her (shriveled) spandex clad buttcheek. “Never quits.” The wrinkly sagging ass cheek wobbled unattractively and the old woman farted, undermining her own point.

She ~~walked~~ hobbled briskly out of the bedroom fixing her (white) hair and pulling her top down over her sagging empty breasts. 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 (74-year-old) daughter.

“Whatever!” Chrissie rattled.

“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~~ senior citizen to her bedroom.

“Oh my god!! These are real clothes!” Chrissie screamed, unaware of how poorly the high school uniform fit her wrinkled aged body.

“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.

Trey blinked as he looked at Erica – she DID have a gross, wrinkly old belly!... What was going on?

“I do not have a gross wrinkly old belly! I’m only ~~30~~ **100**! And these are my work clothes!” Erica hollered.

“It’s embarrassing! You’re ~~30~~ **100** fucking years old and you dress like you’re 20!” Chrissie screamed, missing the irony of the fact that she was a 74 year old woman dressing like a 18 year old.

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

“You can’t ground me! I’m ~~18~~ **74**! I’m an adult! Think about that *Erica*, you have an ADULT daughter, **who’s old enough for senior citizen discounts**! 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~~ **old** lady and take off that GOD DAMN outfit!” Erica comanded, pointing toward the elderly woman’s 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 gurgling and making a mess, giving the 70-year-old baby a quick hug and a kiss on her wrinkled cheek.

Annie clapped her gnarled hand happily. Erica mussed the 70-year-olds gray hair and look back up, smiling at Trey.

“Seriously. I can’t thank you enough for this! I’d love to show you just how much I appreciate you helping me out so last minute... so just think about it.” Erica purred with a wink of her sunken eye and then leaned over to him to give him a weak hug and a toothless kiss.

Trey watched the (centenarian) personal trainer’s ~~toned~~ collapsed ass ~~swished~~ slosh up and down as she ran out the door. He wondered how hard it would be to convince her and Katie into having a three-way some night. His fantasy was interrupted by the wails of the elderly woman at the table.

“I need a new diapaw...” Annie cried sounding like an old woman pretending to talk like a toddler.

Trey stood blinking at the grandmotherly woman for a moment as she sobbed and flailed her wrinkly arms in his direction for him to pick her up again. He then cleared his throat and walked over grabbing her by her puffy sagging waist and hefting her back up into his arms as he felt her soft saggy breasts press against his chest while he carried her.

“Yay!!!” Annie cried as she wrapped her aged arms around Trey’s neck and let him carry her into the nursery.

He slowly walked into the elderly baby’s room and rested the ~~toe~~headed gray pigtailed 70-year-old on her back in the center of the changing table. Annie kicked her veiny legs in the air and sucked on her thumb with her wrinkled lips.

Annie reached down and pulled up her frilly skirt to reveal the big puffy white diaper wrapped around her flabby waist and sagging ass. Trey looked at the senior woman on the changing table and the decore of the room - which was a

mix of cutesy baby decorations and Baby Boomer chic. Paw Patrol meets The New Yorker. He shook off the weird vibes he was getting, reminding himself that this was just his friend's baby who he was taking care of... Everything was completely normal... He grabbed a pair of Depends from the package and laid it on the changing table between Annie's veiny swollen ankles. The old woman made happy cooing baby sounds as he reached over and unfascinated the diaper she had on. He cringed as he pulled the front flap down to reveal Annie's scraggly gray bush and her 70-year-old vagina.

"I wet myself...But it's okay, I'm just a baby." The old woman explained, blushing.

Trey gulped awkwardly and nodded, once again thinking that there was something seriously wrong about this situation. He pulled the damp diaper out from between her legs and spread the clean diaper out. He reached over and grabbed the gurgling ~~baby~~ senior citizen by her (puffy) waist, lifting her up and plopping her ~~tiny bottom~~ fat saggy ass down onto the dry Depends.

Trey went to close the diaper back up but Annie reached out a veiny hand to stop him.

"Wait! Not yet. You gotta use the wipes first." The old woman explained.

She pointed to the box of wet naps on the table.

"Uh okay..." He said reached out and grabbing one out of the box.

He wiped down the ~~infants~~ granny's (cellulite riddled) thighs and (old, gray) crotch with thorough clinicalness while thinking about how weird it is that this baby looked like a woman in her 70s. Once he was done with the wipe he threw it and the soiled diaper into the waste bin and turned to find Annie thrusting a bottle of talc at him.

"You shake it over my woo-woo." She explained in a throaty voice that didn't sound young or cute at all.

Trey tapped the bottle around her puffy dry crotch and lumpy thighs and the old woman let out an approving husky sigh.

“You need to put it on my bum bum too.” Annie insisted, rolling over on the table and wiggling her baggy wrinkled ass at him. It wobbled like two lumpy jello molds.

Trey sighed again and powered her little wide baby granny bum. Annie giggled happily as Trey turned her over again and finally strapped the clean diaper back onto her. Wiping some sweat from his forehead with his arm in release at successfully changing an elderly woman’s diaper.

He tugged down the infant’s senior citizen’s dress back over the puffy diaper and brought the girl woman over to her crib, gently rubbing the peach fuzz gray hair on the top of the baby’s granny’s soft wrinkled head. He worried for a minute about word of how good he was at this would get back to Katie and that she’d begin suggesting that they start making kids of their own... unaware that his currently 93-year-old girlfriend was well past child-bearing age, but then paused and did a double take at the 70-year-old woman laying on her back bringing her big saggy breast up to her mouth and happily sucking on her wrinkly brown nipple - this wasn’t what babies that were just born a year ago look like...

He shook it off once again, blinking and finding himself reaching into the cupboard and filling a baby bottle with metamucil.

“Here you go Annie! This will be a lot better for you.” He said handing the bottle down to the baby old lady as she gurgled happily at him while she sat on her freshly diapered bottom.

Annie brought the bottle up to her pruned lips and began to suck on it eagerly. Trey smiled down at the infantile 70-year-old and headed out of the room. He felt disoriented for a moment as he walked out of the room and needed to sit down at the table to get his bearings. Flashes of Annie from infancy through her teen years to young adulthood, middle age and finally her senior years played out in spurts and flashes in his head. Like he had just watched her grow up and grow old over the course of several day.



He thought of Katie - picturing the sweet 23-year-old girl he started dating a few months ago. His brain was filled with conflicting memories from the past few days of her being an incredibly sexy coed and being an incredibly old frail woman in her 90s and every age in between. He looked down at his hand and saw the imprint of a band on his ring finger but couldn't remember ever being married.

He was about to get up and leave the apartment when Chrissie suddenly ~~strutted~~ hobbled 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~~ **in a retirement community** 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 falling out of 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~~ floppy ~~B-cups~~ D-cups jiggling (and swaying) as she moved across the room. She bent over to pick something up off of the coffee table (causing her swollen old knees to pop and crackle) and giving Trey a front row seat to her ~~tight little~~ dimpled saggy ~~bubble~~ granny butt. He could swear that as she stood back up again she squeezed her (flabby) glute muscles to make her ass ~~bounce~~ wobble for him teasingly. (Even though the resulting move caused a small toot from her aged rear.)

“You know she almost found my ~~weed-stash~~ **arthritis medicine** 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~~ cackling into the phone.

The 74-year-old then turned around, flashing Trey a close up look at her entirely bald (wrinkly) pussy between her ~~slender-silky~~ lumpy wrinkled thighs, and ~~strutted~~ shuffled back toward her room. She paused right outside the door and made direct eye contact with Trey, reaching up to fondle her own ~~pert~~

dangling 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 daughter had just exposed herself to him and invited him to come join her in her bedroom?... And she looked old enough to be his grandmother! Was this for real?

Trey nervously stood up from his chair and walked down the hallway to Chrissie’s room. The hallway smelled like a mix of watermelon lip gloss and vape-o-rub.

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

The naked 74-year-old turned around and looked at Trey in shock - screaming and covering her (sagging) breasts and (graying) 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~~ old woman doubled over in a fit of giggles.

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

Trey stood there stunned, looking at Chrissie in bewilderment. He felt like there was something definitely off about the situation but couldn't quite put his finger on it.

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

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

“Yeah dude... are you going to be all right or should I call ~~9-1-1~~ **use my moms life alert?**” She asked him putting a soft weathered 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, seemingly oblivious to the fact that she was the older woman in this situation by several decades.

Trey started to stare at Chrissie's ~~amazing~~ sad ~~gravity-defying~~ low-hanging breasts and her ~~puffy~~ wrinkled ~~pink~~ brown nipples. They were ~~gorgeous~~ pathetic. He blinked his eyes and saw a flash of the girls body as it truly looked at 18 with perky round tits and flinched for a moment, backing up into the door.

“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 (veiny) legs to show off the ~~flower-petals~~ slack brown folds of her (aged) 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 (wrinkled) legs.

Trey swallowed hard and looked around the ~~teenagers~~ old woman's room. There were posters on the wall of modern pop singers grotesquely aged into old women like he was catching a glimpse of what Olivia Rodrigo, Dua Lipa and Lana Del Rey looked like on tour in the 2080s. Stuffed animals and electronics that a typical teenager would have in her room shared shelves with ceramic figurines and commemorative plates that a woman in her 70s might cherish. Rick rubbed the back of his head trying to make sense of it all. He still wasn't entirely sure what was happening. He felt like he was being Punk'd.

"Are you going to let me ~~blow~~ **gum** you or what?" Chrissie finally asked, piercing the silence.

Trey sputtered, looking at her ~~young~~ aged face again.

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

"You know: A ~~BJ~~ **gum job**, a little oral, one of these..." She motioned jerking an invisible cock into her (pruned) mouth with her (veiny) fist while sticking her tongue into the side of her (jowly) 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 ~~I'm~~ **you're** old and fat like ~~you~~ **me**... no offense." She said with a smirk.

Trey looked at the ~~hot~~ old but ~~bratty~~ horny ~~teenager~~ senior and smirked back at her.

"Why the fuck not?" He said unbuckling his pants and letting them drop around his ankles.

Chrissie got down on her (swollen, aching) knees in front of him, biting her ~~pouty~~ thin wrinkled lip and grabbing onto his boxers.

“Mmm let’s see what ~~daddy’s~~ **sonny boy** is packing...” She purred licking her (pruned) 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 (aged) hand around his cock.

“Why? I thought all you ~~old~~ **young** guys liked it when us ~~nubile~~ **grandmotherly** ~~young girls~~ **old ladies** call you ‘~~daddy~~’ **‘Sonny’**... unless... oh god - you’re not like, my ACTUAL ~~dad~~ **grandson** 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... 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~~ **young** guy... Of course you’re not my ~~dad~~ **grandson**...” 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~~ old woman 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.... Acting like some bratty sexed-up teenager when you’re really old enough to be my grandmother...” Trey pointed out.

Chrissie looked up at him, blinking her crinkled eyes in confusion at his last statement with an heir of nervousness like a performer whose scene partner has just started going off script.

“What are you talking about? I’m only ~~18~~ **74**.” She said clutching her creased neck after she said the wrong age.

She shook her gray head and tried again.

“No I don’t know why I just said that... I’m not 74, I’m ~~18~~ **74!** ~~18~~ **74!** No I’m ~~18~~ **74!** Not 74 damnit! I’m only a ~~teenager~~ **an old lady!** I’m a ~~high school~~ senior **citizen!!**”

Trey looked down at her in fearful concern at the aged woman seemed to struggle to get out what she was really trying to say. As if reality itself was censoring her.

“What the fuck is happening...?” He whispered taking a step back.

Chrissie seemed to calm down after a minute and flashed a (wrinkly) smile up at him.

“Whatever, you’re stalling. Back to the task at hand...” She said in an upbeat quavering voice as she pulled her gray hair back into a neat pony tail and then reached up to take her dentures out of her mouth.

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

Chrissie rolled her (sunken) eyes.

“Duh, I would never tell her. ~~But after this I’ll have something to hold over her head forever~~ **at her age she’d probably keel right over!**” Chrissie proclaimed.

Trey took a deep breath and closed his eyes trying to shut out all of the nagging feelings of concern in his brain as he tilted his head back to enjoy the sensation

of the 74-year-old's soft (gums) and (thin) ~~pouty~~ pruned lips wrapped around the shaft of his penis.

He reached down and stroked her ~~blonde~~ gray hair as the naked ~~girl~~ granny bobbed on his crotch. What Chrissie didn't have in ~~technical prowess~~ youth she definitely made up for in ~~energy and effort~~ experience and skill as she sucked and licked him with the ~~rapid motions~~ slow methodical motions and ~~enthusiasm~~ expertise of a ~~high school cheerleader~~ woman that had been sucking guys off for over half a century.

It took hardly any time for him to cum. When he shot his first load into her mouth the 74-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.

The two of them stopped and looked at one another in realization.

“Oh my god - I'm ~~young~~ **old!** I'm ~~young~~ **old!** I'm supposed to be ~~young~~ **old!** How did I get so wrinkly and old!?” Chrissie cried looked down at her dangling

chest and puffy wrinkled belly as Trey's cum dripped down the corner of her pruned lips.

"I-I don't know... this is so messed up! You were 18 right? Like really 18?" He asked her in disbelief, being able to picture the old woman much more young and nubile than she currently appeared.

She nodded her gray head.

"Yes! I'm only 18 74! But I can't even say 18 74 without it coming out 74!" She exclaimed in distress.

"I... this is going to sound weird but... I think you're actually supposed to be even younger than that - like, I remember when you were a little girl..." He said with a gulp.

"Ew!!" She blanched at the thought, grabbing her sheet to cover her shriveled naked body.

"Yeah, ew is right... how are you so much older than me? How is your mom so old!?" Trey said in bewilderment holding his hands to his forehead.

"I need to check on Annie!" Chrissie exclaimed, remembering her little sister.

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.

"I-I remember having grandkids... and great-grandkids... how weird is that?" She asked as she rested her gray head softly on his shoulder.

He nodded agreeing that that was weird as he gently held her wrinkled body against him. The room around them started to glitch some more as the posters changed into images of teenage girls dressed up like old women with hair curlers, clutching walkers. Chrissie's four-post bed turned into a hospital bed with a guard rail and her dentures turned into a retainer.



“Don’t worry Chrissie, we’ll find a way to fix this...” He assured her.

“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, no longer sounding upset about her lost youth.

It was immediately clear why, as Trey found himself now hugging a girl who was now younger than him by nearly a decade. The old woman’s wrinkled face looked up and smiled at him as it youthened into the pretty fresh face of an 18-year-old girl.

“I’m gonna go brush my teeth and rinse the cum taste off of my tongue... unless you want to go again...” Chrissie purred as if nothing strange had happened.

Trey paused with his mouth open looking at her now perky tits and slender body.

“Chrissie...?” He asked in disbelief.

She giggled and shrugged.

“Whatevs... suit yourself!” She said dropping her sheet playfully and giving him a full look at how her sagging ass had become a tight bubble butt once again.

Chrissie laughed as she pranced flirtatiously out of the bedroom naked. But her laughter came to an abrupt halt when she found herself standing naked in front of a living room of 3 generations of her offspring.

“Mom?” A 50-something aging blonde woman asked peering at the naked teenager through a pair of bifocals.

“Grandma!?” A pair of twin in their 30s gasped.

“I- oh my god... how are you? How am I...No- no- way! You can’t be my kids! I’m only 18 ~~74~~! I’m ~~too young to be~~ a grandma!” Chrissie cried out in her now perky youthful voice.

Trey rushed out of the room, once again shell shocked by why was going on. Sneaking past the sudden gaggle of future generations that had suddenly appeared in the apartment he went to checked on the ~~baby~~ old lady in her crib.

Annie was rolling on her back with her veiny hands clasped around her swollen ankle trying to get her knobby toes into her mouth.

Trey sighed and shrugged. Shaking his head at what a bizarre day this was turning out to be. He scooped up the ~~baby~~ old lady and hurried out of the apartment while 18-year-old Chrissie argued with her 50-something year old daughters about why they shouldn’t be born yet.

In the hallway he passed a graying, 57-year-old Val who was dressed in the cut off jean shorts and tank top of a woman less than half her age.

“Grayson?... Gray baby?... Has anyone seen my fiance?” She called out down the hall.

Meanwhile back in apartment 513, Katie sat at her computer in her panties and Trey’s oversized t-shirt. She was working on the same listicle for the Gen-Z celebrity gossip site that she had been working on over a week ago. “Sorry millenials, if you don’t recognize Charli D’Amelio for the artist that she is then that means you’re old!” She hen-pecked on the keyboard with her trembling gnarled fingers.

She was about to type more when there was a knock on the back screen door. She paused trying to think of who that would be and she cautiously got up and grabbed a brightly colored sarong that she had tossed over the back of the couch. She wrapped it around her (creaky) hips and (melting) thighs and then ~~tip-toed~~ shuffled barefoot over to the back door to see who it could be. She pulled back the curtain and opened the door, popping her (wrinkled) face between the crack and grinning at the person waiting there. Standing outside

the door was Jonny, the tall 22-year-old neighbor who Katie believed to be her old classmate from university.

“Hi... I was hoping you might stop by today...” The old 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 **that noise you young people listen to!**” She groaned as he kissed her (loose, crepey) neck and rubbed his hands up and down her (wrinkly old) thighs and (shriveled) ass.

“Aren’t you a young person too?” He asked her with a smile that dropped to a confused look.

She playfully slapped him.

“I’m a whole ~~year~~ **70 years** your senior so watch it little boy or this older lady might give you 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 (with a shaky hand) and cupped his crotch over his jeans and pulled him into another passionate kiss, ~~biting~~ gumming his lip.

“Did you bring ~~pet~~ **arthritis medication?**” She asked excitedly.

Jonny reached into his pocket and pulled out a baggie with a ~~couple joints~~ with a bunch of pills.

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

Katie smiled and rolled her eyes.

“What is this world coming to...” She groaned, wondering for a moment why she was so excited to be getting high off of old peoples medication.

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

“I know I’ve seen a ~~lighter~~ **my glasses** around here somewhere... ~~Neither of us smoke~~ **I was working on the computer** so it was weird that it 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 (wrinkled) rear causing the 93-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 (withered) bare leg affectionately and pointing to a ~~small black lighter~~ pair of bifocals sitting on the corner of a stack of books.

“Oh ha! Right in front of me. I swear I’m getting old.” She said shaking her head as she picked the ~~lighter~~ glasses 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~~ popped some old people meds into both of their mouths. Jonny reached up to stroked Katie’s ~~soft~~ thinning ~~brown~~ white hair and her (wrinkled, jowly) cheeks observing the deep creases forming on the nearly 100 year old woman’s face.

“You’re really beautiful.” He said to her as he leaned over to kiss her.

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

"And you're so cute!!" She cooed nuzzling her shriveled sunken body into his.

She linked her bony hand into his young one and rested her wrinkled white-haired head on his shoulder.

"I'm so glad we're the same age Jonny..." She rattled, oblivious to the fact that she now appeared to be 70 years older than her young lover.

"Me too..." He agreed, nuzzling his face into her wrinkled puffy cheek.

"Maybe we should run away together..." She sighed as she casually rubbed the tent pitched in his jeans with her gnarled trembling hand.

"What about your ~~boyfriend~~ **husband**?" Jonny asked.

"Trey? He's not my husband. And besides, I'm thinking he's a little old for me... I mean, he's nearly 30!" The nearly 100 year old woman said sticking out her tongue in disgust.

Katie slipped her hand up the college boy's shirt and began to gently stroke his firm chest.

"You know, I think I got some ~~molly~~ **viagra** off of that ~~cheerleader~~ **granny**..." Jonny said with a grin staring at Katie's shriveled dangling breasts hanging loose under her t-shirt.

The two of them looked each other in the eyes and began to laugh excitedly.

Downstairs Trey had wandered into the pool carrying 70-year-old Annie in his arms. It was pretty empty except for two ~~young old teenage girls~~ grandmotherly women that looked to be maybe ~~high school freshmen~~ in their mid 80s, treading water in the pool, splashing one another and giggling. When Trey and the elderly baby walked over the two ~~girls~~ grannys in the pool swam over to the edge to greet them.

“Hiya! I’m Hannah.” The ~~thin~~ puffy freckle-faced liver-spotted (faded) redhead said to them waving a (wrinkly) wet hand.

“And i’m Bree!” The ~~raven~~ white haired ~~girl~~ woman with (leathery) olive skin and vaguely Asian features next to Hannah said with a smile.

Trey smiled politely at the two ~~girls~~ ladies. “Hi girls, i’m Trey and this is baby Annie.” He said patting the ~~infant~~ elderly woman he was holding. Annie sucked on her gnarled fingers shyly as she clung to Trey.

“Annie hun, do you want to say hi to the girls?” He asked the old woman as she sucked her thumb debating whether she did.

“We don’t bite.” Hannah said. “Promise.” Bree added giggling.

Annie finally waved a veiny hand at the elderly women dressed in teensy brightly colored youthful bikinis.

“Hi!” She stated bravely. “I’m just a baby. How old are you?” She asked them now excited to be talking to the ‘big girls’.

“I just turned ~~15~~ **85!**” Hannah told the topless senior. “And i’m going to be ~~15~~ **85** this summer!” Bree explained wiping the clumps of wet (white) hair off of her (wrinkled, liver-spotted) forehead and smiling.

Annie looked suitably impressed with their answers. “Can I pway with you?” She asked them and then looked to Trey for approval.

“Sure!” The two ~~teens~~ old ladies said in unison.

The 70-year-old giggled happily as Trey set her down on her bare veiny feet, she ~~toddled~~ hobbled to the shallow end of the pool where the older ~~girls~~ women helped her into the water. Trey sat in a nearby lounge chair tried to remember what it was he had gotten so upset and frightened about upstairs.

The two ~~slim~~ shrunken ~~teens~~ octogenarians in brightly colored bikinis waded into the shallow end holding their ~~gangly~~ flabby wrinkled arms together to form a bridge that Annie happily doggie paddled under.

“Are you sisters?” The 70 year old asked. Bree and Hannah looked at each other and giggled.

“No. We’re ~~best friends~~ **life-long romantic partners.**” Bree explained.

“We’ve been BFFs ~~since we were practically your age~~ **for nearly 80 years...**” Hannah added in a hoarse raspy voice.

Bree looked over at her wrinkled companion, seemingly confused as to how they could have known each other that long - she was pretty positive that they were still only in high school.

“What do ~~best friends~~ **life-long romantic partners** do?” Annie asked as she struggled to doggy paddled back to the stairs.

Hannah helped the ~~little girl~~ senior citizen back and then sat on the bottom step on the pool and let Annie sit on her (big diapered butt) on her (bony) lap as Bree sprawled out on the shallow floor of the pool.

“Well we ~~hang out all the time~~ **sleep together.** And like talk and **take slow drives down the country side** and share secrets **intimate moments...**” Hannah explained.

“We, like, ~~style each other’s hair~~ **do knitting and needle point** and ~~paint~~ **suck on** each other’s toenails.” Bree added kicking her (wrinkled, veiny) foot out of the water to present her brightly orange painted (crooked) toes as evidence.

“And we, like, share each other’s clothes **struggles and desires** and ~~practice kissing~~ **we kiss...**” Hannah said and then blushed looking at her elderly parner.

Annie's eyes went wide and she covered her mouth with her ~~tiny~~ wrinkled hands in shock.

"You've done KISSING!?" The ~~little girl~~ infantile old woman asked in disbelief and amusement.

The two ~~teens~~ grannys smirked and nodded.

"Yep. ~~So that you don't embarrass yourself when you kiss a boy.~~ **This old gal's wrinkly lips are the nicest things to feel against mine.**" Hannah explained.

Bree blushed at the compliment and felt a little funny being so forward about their feelings... and wait, did Hannah just say her lips were 'wrinkly'?

"Show me!" Annie demanded.

Bree and Hannah looked at each other nervously and giggled, then shook their heads.

"You'll have plenty of time to see people kiss and do some kissing of your own when you're our age. But i'll show you how to.... Splash!" Bree said mischievously and kicked up a bit of water at Hannah. Annie screamed with excitement and giggled.

"Do it again! Do it again!" The 70-year-old cheered as she slapped the water with her veiny hands.

Hannah slid the ~~girl~~ girthy old woman off of her lap and then kicked water back at her ~~friend~~ partner - who squealed and giggled. Soon the three ~~girls~~ old women were kicking slapping their (veiny, gnarled) feet together in the air and splashing water in each others direction with their (withered) hands. Hannah wrapped her ~~thin~~ frail ~~freckled~~ varicose-veined legs around Brees as they twisted around in the water playfully. Annie sat on the steps of the pool in the water clapping and splashing herself.



Trey watched the two ~~teens~~ grannys tussle in the water in front of Annie. He stared at them wondering how women in their 80s could move like that... they were acting like teenager... weren't they teenagers? The more he stared at them the more they seemed to grow younger in the water until he was watching a pair of high school girls groping and embracing one another, until they stopped and looked over at him.

“Look Hannah dear, it's that bald geezer that slept with our daughter!” The chipmunk-cheeked teen with straight raven black hair said pointing a finger at Trey.

“Oh he's much too old for Laura... even if she IS in her 50s now...” The perky ginger girl replied with a giggle.

Trey gasped and reached up to feel the top of his head to confirm there was still a thick amount of hair on it. He blink and looked back to see the two octogenarians in bright string bikinis were now wading in the pool doing a patty-cake game with Annie with their wrinkled old hands.

“Miss susie had a steamboat - the steamboat had a bell. Miss Susie went to heaven and the steamboat went to Hello operator, please give me number nine and if you disconnect me I'll kick you in your behind the frigerator...” They sang with quavering old voices as they slapped their arthritic hands.

They all looked up as the door opened and one of the ~~hottest~~ wrinkiest women he had even seen came ~~sauntering~~ hobbling out.

Trey's mouth went dry and his tongue practically rolled out as he gawked at the ~~knockout~~ shrunken old biddy ~~strutting~~ shuffling toward the pool. He knew who she was, of course - Destiny, the youngest daughter of the Fleishmens in apartment 401.

The ~~19-year-old~~ 89-year-old with long-~~straight~~ wispy ~~dark brown~~ white hair and ~~supple~~ shriveled, leathery tanned skin looked like she was one of the ~~Jenner sisters~~ Gabor sisters or some ~~Malibu~~ Venice Beach ~~influencer~~ retiree. She pulled of the towel wrapped around her ~~sexy~~ withered body in a ~~smooth~~ shaky deliberate motion, revealing the ~~hourglass-figure~~ sagging rolls

underneath. Her fashionable skimpy bikini barely contained her ~~perfect~~ pendulous (Double) D-cup breasts and left little of the rest of her (~~shriveled~~) body to the imagination.

Destiny tossed the towel aside and ~~strutted~~ hobbled to the deep end of the pool, one ~~long~~ puffy, varicose-veined leg extending in front of the other, her (puffy) hips swishing from side to side as she tossed her long-~~silky~~ white scraggly hair in the sun. Trey felt like the world was almost moving in slow motion while he watched this ~~teen-goddess~~ withered old bag approach him.

Trey wasn't the only one watching Destiny seductively ~~saunter~~ shamble over to the pool. Both Hannah and Bree had stopped their splash fight and gawked at the older ~~girl~~ woman as she passed.

"Wow she's sooo cool..." Hannah whispered as she stared.

"I wish I looked like that..." Bree lamented, biting her thin wrinkled lip, unaware of the fact that she actually looked much better for her current age than Destiny did, who had aged pretty poorly in the later half of her life.

Destiny didn't acknowledge the small audience she had gathered, instead she just smiled and took a deep breath before ~~gracefully~~ creekily diving into the pool. She swam under the surface for a stretch and then surfaced again, drawing her ~~dark~~ thinning white hair back with her (crooked) fingers like a (elderly) model in a shampoo commercial.

She glanced up at Trey who quickly looked away, trying to pretend that he hadn't been intensely admiring her since the moment she came into the area. Destiny swam over to the side of the pool in front of him and rested her ~~slender~~ saggy arms on the tiles.

"Cute baby." She said with a fetching grin nodding over to Annie who was still sitting in the pool in just her diaper and was once again attempting to get her soft saggy 70-year-old breast into her mouth.

"Uh she's not mine!" He said quickly.

“You stole a baby?” Destiny smirked at him.

Trey shook his head, looking embarrassed.

“No, no I’m uh babysitting - for a friend.” He explained.

Destiny smiled like that was very obvious.

“Yeah I know. She’s Erica in 314’s baby right? We do yoga together sometimes... I would totally kill for her ass!” The 89-year-old giggled.

Trey paused feeling a strong sense of déjà vu.

“I don’t know. She’s 100-years-old now and her ass is looking more like a bunch of chewed up wads of bubble gum... but I guess at nearly 90 yours isn’t holding up much better.” He blurted out without even realizing what he was saying.

Destiny’s denture-filled mouth opened in an offended scoff for a moment. She was about to tell Trey that he was a weird loser that didn’t know what the hell he was talking about - she was young and hot and soooo out of his league! But before she could say anything the door to the pool opened again and ~~an old~~ young woman ~~hobbled~~ dashed into the entryway.

“Tik tok! Tik tok! Tik tok!” She ~~mumbled incoherently~~ said in a sing-songy as she entered.

~~93-year-old~~ 23-year-old Ethel Koenig ~~hobbled~~ strutted out toward them, pushing her walker, wearing a ratty robe loosely tied around her (trim) waist and a pair of fuzzy slippers on her ~~arthritic~~ cute feet. She squinted a glare at the ~~young~~ old people (and Trey) around the pool, wetting her ~~thin~~ full ~~wrinkled~~ pouty lips ~~mumbling nonsense to herself~~ seemingly singing about Tik Tok.

Trey found the ~~old woman~~ college-aged girl really unsettling. She was ~~suffering from dementia or alzheimers or something~~ seemed to know something that the others didn’t. She was easily the ~~oldest~~ youngest (female)

resident in the building, rumor was that she was the decrepit mother of the building owner who neglected her.

She ~~hobbled~~ sauntered around the deck, shaking her head disapprovingly at the ~~teenagers~~ grannys in the pool. Hannah and Bree noticed her staring at them and scoffed in disgust at the ~~elderly~~ young woman.

“Ewwww ~~old bag~~ **young slut** alert!” Bree said callously as the girls giggled to one another.

“Why is she starring at us? ~~Old~~ **young** people are so ~~gross~~ **rude!**” Hannah added.

“Wait Hannah... Aren’t WE the ~~young~~ **old** people?” Bree asked in a moment of confusion.

“Yeah... what the hell? We’re not ~~shriveled~~ **supple** ~~old~~ **young** ~~hags~~ **girls** like Ethel! We’re ~~young~~ **old** ~~pretty~~ **wrinkly** ~~teenagers~~ **grannies!**” Hannah insisted and immediately covered her mouth with her liver-spotted hand when the words came out wrong.

“Maybe she gave us Grannyitus! We’re all wrinkly now and our hair is gray!” Bree cried grabbing locks of her and Hannah’s hair.

“That can’t be real!” Hannah shook her head.

She hugged Bree for assurance and the two octogenarians held one another in the pool and Ethel kept singing ‘tik tok’. They looked at one another in terror, tracing the wrinkles on one anothers face and then... they pulled away blushing and looking around to see who ‘caught them’.

“Tag! Now you have Grannyitus!” Bree giggled slapping her elderly friend on her bony shoulder.

Hannah laughed and pretended to act old (which wasn't hard considering what she currently looked like) as Bree squirmed away and swam off to tag her back both proceeded the game of chase around the pool.

Ethel ~~hobbled~~ stepped closer to the edge of the pool, looking around ~~confused and disoriented~~ with a knowing smile. Her robe flapped open a bit revealing the ~~wrinkled liverspotted~~ smooth supple skin of her ~~shriveled~~ pert chest, her ~~sagging pendulous~~ perky round tits ~~swaying~~ bouncing just inside the hem of the robe. Causing Destiny and Trey to blanch in horror.

“Brrr! God I hope I never get old!” The ~~19-year-old~~ 89-year-old whispered, shivering to herself, unaware of the absurd irony of her statement.

“Hopefully by the time you're Miss Ethel's age they'll have medical procedures to keep you young and hot.” Trey said even though Destiny clearly looked like she was looooong past the 23-year-old Ethel's age.

He was worried that the ~~old bag~~ young woman was either going to stumble into the pool or seriously freak out Annie so he decided to spring into action.

“Miss Koenig? Ethel? Are you alright? Do you need me to call someone?” Trey asked in a loud slow voice. Not the voice you use on a woman who looked like she had barely graduated college.

Trey swooped in and picked the 70-year-old Annie up out of the water and held the ~~baby~~ old woman in his arms while approaching the ~~senile elderly woman~~ attractive young brunette who from his perspective was frail and in need of assistance.

Ethel wet her (pouty) lips as she gave Trey a once-over with her ~~sunken old~~ big, pretty eyes, ~~showing no sign of recognizing him or being aware of where she was~~ Smirking at him slowly. Finally she ~~rasped~~ replied:

“Hey cutie, have you seen my pussy?” She asked ~~shuffling closer with a clump of her walker~~ sauntering toward him and looking at Trey expectantly.

Trey took a sharp breath looking at her sympathetically. To his knowledge Miss Koenig did not own a cat. Destiny and the ~~girls~~ other old ladies in the pool were giggling at the question.

“N-no Miss Koenig, I haven’t. Maybe it’s inside. Why don’t you head on back to your apartment.” He said motioning toward the building.

The ~~old~~ woman ~~eraned~~ craned her head toward the door, the ~~loose~~ smooth skin of her neck ~~dangled as she did so~~ glistened in the sunlight.

“Mmmm maybe...” She ~~quavered~~ said simply, looking back at him.

“Home! You should head back home!” He said louder.

The ~~old~~ woman nodded, smirking harder at the guy treating her like a dementia patient.

“Best get back. It’s almost over. Thanks cutie.... Before I go, you should get a treat.” She replied ~~shuffling~~ edging closer to Trey so that she was face to face with him and then leaned forward and puckered her ~~thin~~ supple red lips.

Trey’s eyes widened but decided to humor the ~~old lady~~ girl and leaned in with his cheek. But when he did so he felt ~~clammy trembling~~ soft delicate hands reach up to his face as Ethel turned his head and planted a ~~wet wrinkled~~ hot steamy kiss on his lips. She even slipped her tongue between her ~~toothless gums~~ pouty lips and straight white teeth into his mouth.

“Eeeeeewwwwwww!!” The girls in the pool yelled, giggling profusely and Trey pulled away in shock and wiped his mouth.

The ~~93-year old~~ 23-year-old woman giggled to herself as she ~~shuffled~~ strutted away.

“Hahaha you’re going to kick yourself for not taking advantage of that one later...70 years young and-” She called back as she left the area but he couldn’t hear the rest of her sentence as it trailed off when the door closed behind her.

“Wow. You’re good with babys and grannies! I’d totally say ‘text me’ but it looks like you’re more into older women!” Destiny teased, again not aware of the irony.

“Older... old! Oh my god you’re all old!” Trey yelled looking around at all the wrinkled saggy bodies around him.

“I am not!” Destiny gasped but reached around her backside and grabbed two handfuls of shriveled old lady ass where her round heart-shaped bum should be. “AHHHH!” She wailed.

Trey, with the 70-year-old infant in his arms rushed out of the pool area to go find help.

Back upstairs in his apartment Katie and Jonny were high on old people meds and fooling around on the couch. The 93-year-old was rubbing her shriveled age-spotted feet into the 22-year-olds crotch while he leaned over and kissed her toothless lips.

Suddenly Katie became young again, her skin smoothing out and her body firming up in Jonny’s arms. They both paused looking at one another.

“Did I just- Was I um, like REALLY old a minute ago?” Katie asked touching her smooth young body to confirm that it was no longer wrinkled and decrepit.

“Old? Like a little shriveled granny? You’re totally high right now...” Jonny giggled as he kissed Katie’s smooth neck.

The young woman squirmed and writhed on the couch.

“I’m serious though... I feel like something really weird is going on... were we always the same age?” She asked looking at the handsome college kid.

He grinned and shook his head.

“Nah, you’re the sexy older woman...” He said to her as he pulled off her t-shirt exposing her perky bare chest.

“I am?” Katie asked breathlessly, thinking that that sounded right somehow as she pulled his shirt off as well.

“Yeah... you’re a whole year older than me, remember?” He said with a laugh.

Katie laughed too, caught off guard by his teasing. Jonny leaned down and filled his mouth with her pert round right breast. The young woman gasped and moaned as she felt his mouth sucking on her tender pink nipple and licking her areola.

“Ooooh Jonny...” She called out reaching out to clutch his arms in ecstasy.

But as Jonny sucked and licked at her boob she began to age again, soon she was 2, no 4, no 5, no 6 years older than him. Then she was 9, 10, 12, 15 years older – she entered middle-aged again becoming the same age difference she naturally had with him. But she continued to age 20, 30, 40 years older than the boy. The tit in his mouth dropping lower and lower and becoming soft, losing its shape and mass, emptying as Katie entered her senior years again. Soon she was 50, 55, 60, 65 and then 70 and finally 71 years older than him once more.

Jonny felt the nipple shriveling under his tongue and found the sagging sack of flesh he was sucking on stretched and dangled between his lips and Katie’s frail chest.

“What the fu...?” He asked opening his mouth and letting the elderly woman’s withered boob flop back down onto her shrunken frame.

“Oh you fresh young lad... help an old woman off the couch so I can go to the kitchen and bake you some nice warm cookies...” Katie rattled holding up a shaking hand.

Jonny swallowed hard and helped the ancient woman up onto her wrinkly feet and watched her shuffle slowly to the kitchen, her wrinkly ass jiggling in her youthful panties as she hobbled.



“What is going on!?” He cried in disbelief.

Katie stopped halfway to the kitchen and turned around pulling down her panties and letting them slip down her wrinkly old legs. She let out a trembling moan and brought a shaking gnarled hand down to her gray crotch.

“Mmm I’m so horny baby... I just want you to come snack on mama’s hot fresh cookie...” She purred in a quavering voice as she framed her droopy clit for him with her gnarled fingers.

Jonny closed his eyes and rocked on the couch wishing for Katie to grow young again.

“Would you like to see my tattoo dearie? I got it when I was your age...” Katie rattled hobbling back over to him.

Downstairs Trey was carrying Annie to the lobby elevator as they passed Sabrina, one of Katie’s friends in the building, as the ~~25-year-old~~ 95-year-old ~~young woman~~ shriveled old bag breastfed her ~~newborn baby~~ own 70-year-old daughter on one of the benches.

“Hi Trey! Let Katie know she can come by and see the baby any day this week!” Sabrina told him as ~~the infant~~ her elderly daughter sucked at her (shriveled) breast.

“Awww the baby!” Annie said pointing.

“Yeah she’s even smaller than you Annie, huh?” He said to the old woman in his arms.

“This is Lilly. When she’s a little bigger I’ll let your mommy know that you can come over and play with her okay?” Sabrina said smiling at the ~~girl~~ old woman.

“Otay!” Annie said happily.

Trey was looking nervous again as something about 70-year-old babies seemed wrong.

If Sabrina noticed she didn't seem to care. She just non-chalantly shifted the ~~infant~~ matronly woman from one (empty) breast to the other, pulling up her modesty cloth but not being especially concerned about exposing her ~~swollen~~ shriveled nipples to Trey.

Trey gave the 100-year-old woman a weak smile, amazed that she was even able to support her elderly daughter on her knee like that. The elevator button wrang and Trey hurried onto it with Annie.

As he walked back with Annie to her apartment he heard the familiar sounds of wet kisses, lustful panting and satisfied purrs. Turning the corner, Trey stopped abruptly at the sight of a pair of ~~young~~ residents engaging in a make-out session in the middle of the hall.

"Ohhh Connor..." ~~20-year-old~~ 90-year-old Melanie called breathily as her ~~22-year-old~~ 92-year-old boyfriend ~~sucking~~ gummed on her ~~young~~ turkey waddle neck.

The ~~girls~~ elderly woman's back was pressed up against her apartment door and one of her (frail) legs was wrapped around Connor's (wizened) body as she gripped his back and the two passionately kissed. Melanie's (trembling) hand was clearly down the front of Connor's jeans giving him a bit of a not-so-secret handjob and between kisses the ~~young~~ old man was burying his (wrinkled) face into the ~~girls~~ grannys ~~per~~ ~~round~~ shriveled breasts while squeezing her ~~round~~ saggy ass with both hands.

Trey would normally have found this incredibly hot to witness but the fact that the young couple was 7 decades older than they should be! Didn't they know how old and wrinkled they had become!? But he didn't want to cause a panic like he had in the pool. So he kept his mouth shut and just carried Annie to her apartment.

He saw Erica's shrunken shriveled form at the end of the hallway looking around confused. As Trey approached his 100-year-old friend she looked at him warily.

“I-I just had the strangest day... I was going to the gym to go work with some clients and the next thing I knew I was stuck in a wheelchair getting fed pea soup by a guy I’ve never met...” Erica mumbled airily looking up at Trey hoping he had some explanation.

“Something seriously strange is happening Erica... I think we’ve got to get the girls and I’ll go get Katie and we need to get the hell out of here...” He said seriously, suddenly noticing the creepy music emanating from the overhead lights.

“It’s so strange... I just went inside my apartment and met a woman my age claiming to be my great-granddaughter... she told me it was time to take my pills... I just turned ~~30~~ **100**, Trey... I ~~don’t~~ take ~~any~~ **a lot** of pills.” She said in a daze.

“I know... it’s weird... everyone seems to be a lot older than they should be... like we’re trapped in the future? But also the past? And- I don’t know, but I think it’s this building. I think we need to get out of here like now!” Trey insisted, trying to think clearly.

Erica opened her mouth to respond but then looked to Annie who had her wrinkly legs wrapped around Trey’s waist as she sucked her thumb and played with her gray ponytail.

“There’s my sweet girl! Mommy’s home!” The 100-year-old woman said holding out her arms and taking the saggy woman from Trey.

“Mommy!” Annie cooed in a rattling voice.

“Oh my little angel. Did you have fun with Trey?” Erica asked kissing her daughter on her wrinkled cheek.

“I did! We went to the pool!” Annie declared.

Erica turned and gave Trey a toothless smile.

“Thank you so much for taking care of her on short notice... Do you... want to come in? I would love to repay you some more for all your help...” Erica said with a knowing wink of her sunken eye.

Trey admired her ~~rock hard~~ puffy wrinkled ~~abs~~ belly and ~~toned~~ shriveled, shrunken body while nervously trying to be a gentleman. Erica could see that he was trying to be polite and sighed with a chuckle before reaching up and pulling Trey down into a passionate kiss.

The 28-year-old man could feel Erica’s thin pruned lips smashing against his and knew that it felt off... everything about her felt *old* her body, her mouth, her lack of teeth, even her smell...

He was about to pull away and say something but when he opened her eyes he saw something that distracted him further.

“What the hell?” He asked looking down the hall. Erica turned around and gasped as she saw what he was looking at.

“Oh my god!” She exclaimed.

They both gasped in shock as a completely naked Ethel Koenig ~~shuffled~~ strutted her ~~93-year-old~~ 23-year-old body toward them while clutching her walker. Her ratty housecoat was crumpled on the ground a few feet behind her.

“Have you seen... have you seen...” She ~~mumbled~~ cooed as she ~~shuffled~~ sauntered closer.

“Sweet Christ....” Trey gasped as he witness the ~~elderly~~ young woman’s ~~pickle~~ perky tits ~~dangle~~ jiggle and ~~sway back and forth~~ bounce above her (flat stomach) and ~~seraggly gray~~ sexy auburn bush.

Trey gulped knowing what he needed to do.

“Here, you get back inside with Annie. I’ll um, i’ll help Ethel...” He offered.

Erica smiled sympathetically and leaned over to give the young man an appreciative kiss on the cheek.

“You’re awesome Trey.” She told him and then looked back and shivered at the sight of the naked ~~old~~ young woman whose bare flesh was ~~dangling down toward the ground in loose folds~~ smooth and supple, ~~jiggling with each step~~ glistening in the hallway light.

“Someone needs to put her in a home!” Erica said with certainty before shaking her head and going back into her apartment.

“Someone needs to put her in a home! Someone needs to put her in a home! **Someone needs to put her in a home!** HAHAHA!” Ethel giggled as she began to nakedly dance down the hall to her apartment.

Trey slowly approached the ~~senile~~ sexy ~~old~~ young lady. “Um, miss Koenig? How are you doing ma’am?” He asked warily.

Ethel grinned.

“Oh Trey! I’m doing really wonderful. Thanks for asking... but, I seem to have forgotten something!” She said to him.

Trey put his hand on her ~~crooked~~ smooth back, feeling the ~~folds of pale~~ silky skin and ~~hairy moles on~~ of her body. He looked down and saw that she was also missing one of her fuzzy slippers as she only had one on now and the other ~~gnarled arthritic~~ dainty foot was bare.

“Yeah it looks like you might have forgotten a few things.” He said loudly and then decided it might be a good idea to go retrieve them for her.

He rushed back down the hall and grabbed the housecoat and then back a little further where he found her other slipper.

He turned and rushed back getting a ~~gruesome~~ gorgeous view of Miss Koenig's ~~pale shriveled~~ tight round ass that looked like ~~melting hot dog buns~~ two sides of a heart ~~sagging~~ floating over her ~~veiny stick thin~~ well-toned thighs. He

caught back up to her and held her discarded clothes as he helped her shuffle prance back to her apartment.

As they got inside Ethel tossed her walker aside and spun around to face Trey, gliding a smooth hand up his arms to snake around his neck.

“Strong arms. I used to like to meet boys like you when I was a young thing.” She purred with a grin. “Still do.” She added with a soft cackle giggle and a knowing look.

Trey swallowed hard not knowing what to say... this elderly sexy woman was coming on to him!

“Mmm my foot is cold... want to warm it up for me?” Ethel asked lifting her bare foot up and wiggling her crooked cute toes at Trey

Trey nodded and knelt down to slip the missing slipper over her gnarled liver-spotted soft pretty foot. Once he got down on his knee he looked up and was greeted to a view of Ethel's shriveled-wrinkled pert bouncy tits dangling hovering above his head and the scraggly neat triangle of grey and white chestnut brown pubic hair above her loose low hanging blushing, moist vagina.

“Do you know what I did for work when I was your age?” She asked as he attempted to stand as she put a hand on his shoulder to force him to continue kneeling in front of her.

“Uh... yeah... you were like a nurse, right?” He replied.

Ethel knelt down in front of him with a cheshire smile as she put her hands on both of Trey's cheeks.

“No, dear boy. Not a nurse... I was a scientist.” She whispered as she leaned in and kissed Trey's lips.

Trey felt the pouty soft lips pressing against his and... he was surprised at how good it felt. It was nothing like the kiss with 100-year-old Erica in the hallway. He felt weird getting so turned on suddenly by 'crazy old Ethel Koenig'.

“Uh okay... cool.” Trey said with a shrug, not sure what to do with that information.

“You see... I paid to have this building built... and I stored some of my more volatile experiments in the basement... they were safe there... for a while. But see my mind started to go... a drawback of getting to be as old as I was... you experienced that a bit yourself didn't you?... anyway, some idiots disturb one of my old projects and well...” She explained as Trey stared at her thinking that she was completely off her rocker.

“Are you all right Miss Koenig? Do you need me to do anything else for you?” Trey asked with a polite smile.

“Just one thing, dear boy. Tell me... *have* you seen my pussy?”

She stood up abruptly and grabbed the back of Trey's head thrusting it into her crotch. The young man squirmed for a moment but her vagina seemed to glow like a rip in the fabric of time and space... he could see galaxies and a sea of stars in the opening which seemed to grow wider and wider until it swallowed him whole.

### **Sunday June 12th, This year.**

The next thing Trey Robbins of apartment 513 knew, he was waking up in bed on a rainy overcast Sunday morning. He quickly looked over to the side of his bed to see his pretty 23-year-old girlfriend Katie laying there. She shot up awake and immediately felt her perky bare breasts, sighing in relief. Trey and Katie looked at one another in stunned disbelief - they remembered everything that had happened over the past 12 days. ALL of it.

So did everyone else in the building. Dozens of awkward conversations, tearful reunions, loud arguments and celebratory dances occurred on every floor of Millenium Gardens as the residents once again found themselves back to their rightful ages with the memories of their compacted 70 years worth of Saturdays fresh in their minds.

The first thing 18-year-old Destiny did was take a long hot shower she scrubbed every inch of her smooth young skin to get the old lady stench off of her. Then she went into damage control mode opening up her social media and shooting a series of explanation videos.

“Hey Baes! Yeah so I was totally hacked... I don’t know who those gross old ladies were that pretended to be me this past week but like, clearly, as you can see - I’m still young and beautiful! So... oh! And for the commenters out there who are saying that those shriveled old biddies look like me and are like my grandmother or something? Get your head checked! I look nothing like those wrinkled hags!” Destiny said into her phone using extra filters to make her 18-year-old face look especially young.

Jack and Diane found themselves back in Diane’s bedroom and immediately broke up with one another - getting married, having kids and grandkids and watching each other grow old was just too much strain on a high school relationship.

Conner and Melanie on the otherhand woke up and felt more in love than ever. The young couple spent the morning making love and talking about their future kids, and grandkids and great-grandkids. By the afternoon they had posted an engagement announcement.

Bree and Hannah met back up at the pool, shy about the fact that their secret feelings had been outed to everyone in the building. But the two teenagers also felt kind of relieved that they didn’t have to hide it anymore. Bree tried to talk about her therapy practice or the books she had written but her adult knowledge was fading like smoke on the air and she shrugged it off, excited to learn it all again when she went to college in a few years.

“You were so wrinkly!” Bree teased Hannah as she splashed her in the pool.

“Was not!... well fine, but your hair turned gray first!” Hannah insisted.

The two playfully splashed one another again which quickly turned into a quick kiss that then became a longer kiss as the two BFFs beamed with a lifetime of affection for one another.



Sabrina walked by with her newborn baby in her arms, she gasped at the two girls making out in the pool and was about to tell them that they were too young to be doing that... but then looked down and smiled at her infant daughter, promising herself that she wouldn't be such a tough mom to deal with this time around. She smiled and waved at the girls politely and then went inside to shop for some punk baby clothes for her little girl.

Back in apartment 513 Trey and Katie were talking through everything they had experienced the past few days, the ups and downs of their relationship and whether that was the life they really saw themselves having.

"I just... I guess if we had to work so hard for all of that, are we really happy? I mean - I just turned 23 and by my 30s you were cheating on me and like even when we got back together we were so just... miserable in our old age. I like you Trey I really do but I think this whole experience has really illuminated some truths about us and maybe we should lean into that..." Katie explained.

Trey looked at her and suddenly had an epiphany.

"You're right! Like if there was a common thread its that we kept going back to the same people over and over again but like 'settling' with each other... so what if this whole lifetime of experiences actually showed us... who our soulmate is!" He said jumping up out of the bed and putting pants on.

"Wait Trey, where are you going?" Katie asked in surprise.

"I have to go see Erica!" Trey said anxiously as he reached to grab the hat he had worn in his later years, only to find that it didn't exist yet. He chuckled rubbing his hands across his full head of hair and rushed out the door.

"Wait! Trey! TREY! That's bullshit! My soulmate can't be an 8-year-old boy!!" She shouted after him.

As she stood there in her panties and t-shirt trying to think of what she was going to do now that her boyfriend essentially just broke up with her there was a knock at the screen door. Katie's eyes went wide in panic as she opened the

curtain to see little Jonny standing out there dressed in his superhero cape. She closed the blinds quickly, not wanting to face the child who would grow up to be her lover. But then sighed, thinking that being scared of a kid was no way to live and it wasn't fair to Jonny, after all he probably had a lot of complicated memories to unpack as well.

She relented and opened the door. The little boy looked up at her with a look of curiosity on his face.

“Hi Jonny... what's up? Trey just stepped out so maybe you can come back another time?” She suggested suddenly wishing she was wearing pants.

“...I touched your booby.” Jonny said pointing to Katie's chest.

The young woman went wide-eyed and slammed the door on him.

“EEK!... We were both REALLY old when that happened sooooo it doesn't count!... I'll see you in 10 years okay?” She said shutting the blinds and taking a deep breath as she sunk into a kitchen chair and called her mom.

Trey meanwhile was rushing down the hallway, he passed Donna, Patty and Sandra who were whispering conspiratorially to one another about who hooked up or did what while everyone's ages were going crazy. They stopped as Trey approached and all perked up, looking at him in a new light now that they had the memories of their younger selves. Trey frowned at the flirtatious retirees batting their eyes at him but then remembered how attractive they had gotten in their younger years - especially Donna. But then the women remembered how bald and lecherous Trey had gotten when he grew to be their age and everyone moved on.

He rode the elevator down with Harold, who was once again a mustachioed old man in a wheelchair from a pair of heart attacks.

“Trey, m'boy! Hows it hanging?” The old man said with a whistling laugh.

“Harold!... sorry, you know, about your getting old again.” Trey replied.

Harold jovially shirked it off.

“Ah it is what it is... but it put the bug in me to get out more! I’m heading down to the pool to see if my old lady love is down there...” The old man said happily.

“Old lady love... Donna? Or Patty? I just passed them up in the hallway.” Trey said.

“Those old birds? Nah! They’re got wrinkles and ankle tits again, no use to a pair of ladies men like us eh! No I’m talking about my soulmate – Destiny!” Harold proclaimed.

“Uh but you’re like, no offense, old enough to be her grandfather.” Trey pointed out.

“And she was old enough to be my great grandmother a day or two ago! If this experience has taught us anything it’s that time is relative, my man!” Harold said giving Trey a big pat on the back as the younger man walked off the elevator.

“Well... good luck!” Trey said skeptically.

Harold gave him two thumbs up as the doors closed and Trey didn’t want to worry about the poor old guy creeping on a college girl right now. He just wanted to go find Erica and tell her how he feels.

He ran down the hallway to Erica’s door and knocked on it. The 30-year-old physical trainer opened the door and her face lit up at the sight of Trey.

“Oh my god. Trey! I-I don’t know what to say. I feel like I just woke up from a nightmare! Chrissie’s been a complete wreck since we woke up and I’ve been just staring at myself in the mirror making sure that everything is where it should be and I don’t have like any secret wrinkles or sags...” Erica gasped.

Trey nodded.

“I know it’s completely insane... but all I keep thinking about is us and how no matter how old or fat or decrepit we got, you and I kept coming back to one another... I love you baby! I see it now. Over the course of a lifetime - we’re destined to be together. You’re the one Erica.” He said as he pulled her into a passionate kiss.

They stood kissing in the doorway for several moments until Erica pulled away and slapped Trey hard across the face.

“Are you insane Trey Robbins!?!... You *slept* with *both* of my daughters! You were probably getting gum jobs from me and then going and banging my great-grandkids while I took a nap!! You’re disgusting!” She screamed backing into the apartment and slamming the door in his face.

“But - Erica! Come on... I... I didn’t mean it. I’m a good guy! That was the OLD me - like literally the old me... Erica! Come on, just open the door and let’s talk about this...” Trey called out from the hallway.

A door behind him opened and an attractive young brunette slinked out.

“Girl trouble? Maybe I could help...” The young woman asked with a giggle.

Trey turned around to see a very hot 23-year-old Ethel Koenig posing in the doorway dressed in a mini-skirt and fuck-me crop top.

“E-Ethel?... but how... you’re-” He gasped.

“Not ready to get shipped off to a nursing home? Nope. Not for a loooooong time now. And I don’t go by ‘Ethel’ anymore. It’s such an old lady name. Call me Emma.” She said with a wink as she sauntered closer to him and rested her delicate arms on his shoulders.

“Wow... okay. Emma.” He said staring down at her amazing cleavage.

“Why don’t you come inside for a bit and we can pick back up where we left off... It might not last 70 years but I’ll make you wish it did...” She purred as she pulled him into a kiss.

This is one possible way this story ends but there are a few others...