

THE APARTMENT COMPLEX

By ChronoEclipse

Day 6 (+35 years):

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

The Millenium Gardens apartment complex, now a groaning monument to the waning days of the Regan era according to any of complex's resident historians, had been blasted with energy from the device in it's basement five times now. The building itself was now populated once again with a fair amount of young professionals in their 30s - many were the infants and children of the residents at the start of all this. Those formerly young adult residents however were swiftly approaching retirement age but in many cases were attempting to challenge the notion that being in your 50s and 60s meant 'slowing down'.

Case in point, in apartment 513, 58-year-old Katherine Robbins was rolling over in bed to embrace her 63-year-old husband only to become startled when her veiny hand touched smooth supple skin. The matronly woman glided her hand up the unfamiliar bodies torso, growing wide-eyed as her hand cupped itself around a perky breast.

"Mmm Mrs. Robbins, you're pretty frisky this morning aren't you..." A young voice called out with a giggle.

Katherine reached over to grab her glasses from the bedside table and quickly put them on her lined face and then peered over at the attractive redheaded 21-year-old laying naked in bed between her and her husband.

"Oh!" Katherine exclaimed remembering the threesome that they had had the night before.

Trey woke with a startled grunt.

“Katie? You alright?” He asked groggily looking over at the young redhead.

The young girl giggled and smirked at the old man.

“I’m not Katie, Mr. Robbins...” She corrected him.

“Over here hun...” Katherine said waving her hand in his bald husband’s direction.

Trey reached over to get his own glasses and put them on his haggard face. He turned back and looked at the lithe young girl next to him and then over at his wife who was still waving.

It was a stark contrast between the two women – the girl’s hair was vibrant reddish orange and flowed down around her shoulders while Katherine’s salt and pepper mane was flat and limp and daunted by split ends. Trey’s wife was also about 50 pounds heavier than the other woman and every bit of her body hung several inches farther south.

Trey tried not to frown at his wife’s aging naked body or spend too much time staring at the girl’s pert assets, remembering a time when Katherine’s had been like that. Instead he rubbed his hand up his lined forehead and bald head trying to remember why there was a college girl naked in bed with them.

“Oh right... last night we... did the thing... and you’re Bree and Hannah’s daughter... uh...” He said, trailing off when he blanked on the girl’s name.

“Laura!” The girl reminded him with a cheery giggle.

“Right. Laura! That was really something. I still can’t believe we did that.” Trey mumbled as he sat up in bed.

The 60-something man scratched his chest, now covered in graying chest hair and reached over to take his morning pills and drink some water.

“You know we haven’t done anything like that in... oh years! Not since my college days with my old roommate Ethel...” Katherine said with a chuckle to hide how uncomfortable she felt right then.

“Yeah you said that a few times last night.” Laura said with a polite smile as she reached over Katherine to grab her phone.

“Oh do you know Ethel? She lives down on the 3rd floor.” Katherine asked trying to make small talk to ease the awkwardness she was feeling.

Laura looked up from her phone.

“You mean old Ms. Koenig? Yeah I know her! She used to babysit me when my moms were at work.” The redhead said happily.

Katherine cringed.

“Well... I wouldn’t call Ethel ‘old’ Ms. Koenig... She’s the same age as I am!” The graying brunette pointed out.

Laura gave her a sympathetic smile keeping the fact that she’d also refer to Katherine as ‘Old Mrs. Robbins’ to herself.

“You should have seen Ethel back in her heyday - had a tush you could bounce a quarter off of... my wife too for that matter! Back when she was your age, and everything was still high and tight my Katie used to turn all the guys heads!” Trey chuckled in a raspy voice.

Katherine smiled, setting off the crinkles around her eyes and cheeks.

“Thanks dear.” She said sincerely, thinking that her husband was being sweet. She turned back to Laura who was only half listening to the older couple and texting away at her phone.

“We actually asked Ethel to do this with us again this time... but she’s still recovering from her knee surgery so she didn’t think she was up for it, poor thing... but then we got to chatting with you and... oh where are my manners?”

Do you need anything hun? I can put on some coffee and make you some breakfast... you're such a skinny little thing it probably wouldn't hurt to get some meat on those bones!" Katherine said turning to get up from the bed while still keeping the sheet over her flabby naked body.

"You know who else was a real looker back in her day? Erica, Ethel's neighbor across the hall - used to be an aerobics instructor back when we first moved in here - jogged around the corridors in skin tight spandex, heh!" Trey mumbled still stuck on reminiscing about the good ol' days.

Laura set down her phone and smiled at the older couple.

"I'm good... I actually have a little bit of time before I have to head off to class so how about we spend it having a little bit of fun this morning..." The redhead purred with a knowing grin.

She reached over and took Katherine's hand, gently pulling the woman back into bed. Laura laid down between the couple and slipped her hand down to both of their crotches, wrapping one hand around Trey's semi-erect cock and the other reaching down over Katherine's salt and pepper bush to rub her clit.

"Oh my! OOOHH!" Katherine moaned in surprise and pleasure.

The 58-year-old reached her leathery arm across Laura's stomach to take her husband's hand. Trey reached over as well but took a detour to fondle the redhead's round perky tit before sliding down to grasp his wife's hand.

As the couple groaned and shuddered, their young companion leaned over kissing Katherine and then Trey.

"Okay now that you're both warmed up let's have some real fun..." Laura declared with a giggle.

The young woman hopped up on her knees as Katherine turned to her husband and mouthed 'real fun?' to which Trey shrugged. Laura took the older man's hand and guided him to come behind her.

“Okay Mr. Robbins... why don't you fuck me doggie style while I eat out your wife...” The redhead purred with a giggle.

Trey adjusted his glasses as he sat up, unsure of what the young girl was directing him to do.

“Uh ‘doggie style’... is that like a rap thing?” He asked, clearing his throat.

Laura laughed and shook her head.

“Noooo. It's just having sex with me from behind. You know like doggies mounthing one another... Rrrruff! Ruff!” The girl said, barking like a dog playfully.

Trey braced his aching back and climbed over behind the college girl while his wife laid spread eagle on the bed, trying to hid her bunching double chin with her hand as she looked down at the graying bush the girl was preparing to bury her face in.

“Oh honey, you don't have to do that... it's an absolutel mess down there...” Katherine said feeling a bit self conscious of how old and unkempt her lady-parts looked compared to the clean shaven young pussy of the 21-year-old kneeling in front of her.

Laura just put a smooth hand on the 58-year-old's flabby stomach and grinned. She rubbed the older woman's body gently moving her hand down to the side of her abdomen.

“Mmm I like your tattoo. It's very cool.” The young woman purred, running her fingers over the faded ink depicting a fairy in a blue dress shooting fairy dust into Katherine's unshaven crotch.

Katherine looked down again not realizing at first what the girl was talking about. She saw her faded tattoo and chuckled.

“Oh that thing! Ha. I got that over 40 years ago after a Journey concert with my gal pals.” The older woman said remembering back to that summer when she

was a wild teenager - not realizing that it had actually only been a couple year ago.

“Still very cool. I wish my moms had been more daring like that when they were my age... they totally freak out anytime I come home with new ink...”
Laura purred.

Katherine was about to launch into a whole diatribe about using wisdom when getting a tattoo, to think about how silly these tattoos might look when she's older and her body isn't so slender and tight. Katherine was ready to tell the young woman that if she could go back in time she might not get her fairy tattoo - because, though it looked cute and sexy on her when she was a young woman in her teens and 20s, its a bit sad and embarrassing on her body now that she's approaching 60.

However as soon as Katherine opened her mouth to say her piece, a surge of intense pleasure washed over her matronly body as Laura plunged her face into the older woman's pussy and began to lap at her slit.

“Oooooohhhh gooodddd!” Katherine moaned as she reached down to run her fingers through Laura's silky red hair, remembering when hers used to feel like that.

Her husband was panting and wheezing as he did his best to stay upright and keep a steady rhythm pumping into Laura's tight wet vagina. His mind also drifted to fondly remembering the days when his wifes pussy used to feel like this before she went through menopause and her hole grew slack and dry. Little did he know that it had only been a few days since Katie had been just as tight and youthful as the college girl he was pounding into.

Katherine moaned and arched her back.

“OOOOHH AH! NO! AH HH OH GOD! I think I pulled something in my back!”
The older woman groaned sharply as she curled her body forward and winced in pain.

Laura raised her head and pulled off of Trey who sighed in relief, feeling really tired having to maintain that position for more than a couple minutes.

“Are you okay hun?” Trey mumbled, panting.

Katherine eased herself carefully back down, nodding and wincing. She took a deep breath wiped a stray piece of fuzz off of her saggy chest.

“I’m fine. I’m fine. I just moved wrong.” She explained.

“Moved wrong?” Laura asked, confused.

The graying woman nodded.

“Yeah honey - you know when you turn around to fast or you bend over the wrong way and you pull a muscle or your back spasms?” Katherine elaborated. She often complained to her other friend in their 50s and 60s about ‘moving wrong’ and they always knew what she meant.

Laura just shrugged and smiled sympathetically.

“Nope. Never had that happen before. Well... I guess if you guys need a rest then I’m going to hop into the shower if that’s cool and start getting ready for class... you’re both welcome to join me in there, of course, if you’re up for it!” The redheaded girl said with a wink.

She jumped out of the bed with ease and strutted seductively toward the bathroom wiggling her perfectly round firm behind at the older couple, giggling as she grabbed a towel and shut the door behind her.

Trey flopped down on the bed next to his aching wife who wrapped one of her flabby red arms around him, hugging him in solidarity.

“I think if we get in that shower with her right now one of us is going to end up in the hospital with a heart attack.” Katherine cautioned.

“Don’t look at me. I was going to pretend I fell asleep! How does she have so much energy?” Trey groaned rolling onto his back.

“What were we thinking - inviting a college girl up to our apartment for a three-way! She could practically be our daughter!” Katherine said admonishingly.

“At least!” Trey interjected since he was well aware of the fact that he was three times the girls age - since she had made a joke of it several times the night before.

Katherine slowly eased back up to a sitting position, seething through the discomfort in her back.

“I’m all for us experimenting and all but... maybe we should look for some people closer to our own age... Maybe Ethel will be up for it again when she’s recovered from her surgery.” Katherine said as she stood up from the bed with a groan.

Trey looked over at the dimpled cellulite puckered ass cheeks of his 58-year-old wife as she walked toward the closet.

“Where are you going? Shouldn’t you lay down - your back...” Trey said and then had a small coughing fit.

“My back is fine. I’ll put a heating pad on it out in the living room. We can’t send that poor girl off to class without making her some breakfast!” Kathrine insisted as she tugged a robe around her aging body and trudged out to the kitchen.

A few minutes later Laura was prancing out of the bathroom showered and naked, her supple young kin glistening as she flashed a pouty ‘come hither’ look over to Trey who was sitting in the bed in his boxers.

But the older man wasn’t able to appreciate how sexy the young woman standing before him was. He was too busy shuffling as fat as he could toward the bathroom, having held his pee in for the majority of her shower.

“Sorry kiddo, gotta use the john. The missus has some coffee and breakfast waiting for you in the kitchen though!” He grunted with a smile as he hurried into the bathroom and shut the door.

Laura smirked and shrugged as she heard the older man moaning in relief through the door. She got dressed and headed to the kitchen.

In the bathroom Trey was washing his hands after taking a piss and looked at his lined face and grey stubble on his craggy cheeks and chin. Then he looked down at his saggy man-boobs and gut, sprinkled with a liberal amount of graying chest hair. At his age he was lucky to get a chance to still see a college girl naked. Most women under 40 didn't pay him a passing glance any more.

He sighed as he rubbed his bald head. Where had the time gone? He lifted a pair of nose clippers up and began to trim his nose hairs before getting into the shower.

Out in the kitchen the ladies sat with their bare legs crossed, drinking their coffee and chatting.

“Have you picked out a major yet? I remember back when I was in school - waaaaay back when I was changing majors every five seconds!” Katherine said with a big hearty laugh.

“Yeah I'm studying game theory... I considered going into psychology, you know, kind of follow in my mom's footsteps but this is a much better fit.” Laura said as she texted on her phone.

“Oh fun! Game theory... now what is that? I know it has to do with video games but... how is it something you can major in?” Katherine asked having no idea what she was talking about.

Laura giggled and politely smiled at the older woman. She had had to explain this to her moms too when she first chose it.

“Yeah so it’s actually not about video games – It’s more about the mathematics behind choices?” Laura tried to explain.

Katherine nodded, not following at all. She looked down at the redheads smooth bare foot as it dangled in front of her. Her pink toenails wiggled as she sipped her coffee.

“Ooo I love your pedicure. So cute!” Katherine said, changing the subject. “I’ve been planning on going out for a spa day with my younger sister Amy one of these days...”

“Cool yeah – gotta get those feet on fleek for the summer!” Laura giggled with a wink.

“Yeah...” Katherine nodded, only understanding what the younger woman was saying from context. “They are nowhere near ‘on fleet’ right now – my heels get so chalky and I’m really hoping they can do something to hide these unsightly veins... I swear decades of wearing heels have led my body to ruin.” Katherine said shaking her head.

“That’s why I’ve got my trusty flats!” Laura said with a giggle, slipping her shoes on.

“I used to have such pretty legs and feet when I was your age.” The 58-year-old sighed, frowning at her middle-aged veiny feet.

Trey shuffled out of the bedroom wearing a pair of brown slacks and buttoning a well-worn flannel shirt.

“Someone say something about legs? They’re the nicest legs around! Sturdy, dependable and curved in just the right places!” He said with a grin.

“Awww thanks dear.” Katherine said smiling appreciatively at her husband.

The bald man feigned a look of surprise.

“Oh wait, you thought I meant your legs sweetie? I was talking about the table’s legs!” He said with a chuckle and a wink.

Laura finished her coffee and slipped her phone into her shorts pocket and stood up.

“You guys are super cute. I’ve got to run to class but mom wanted me to let you guys know about a little session she’s doing this evening in her apartment about like, sex tips for older couples. Just uh let her know if you want to attend, I guess!” The 21-year-old said with a shrug and then waved bye to the older couple as she practically skipped out of the door.

Trey and Katherine looked at one another and then burst out laughing.

“Okay hard rule - If we’re going to do anything like this again, 35 is the cut-off. Anything under that I just can’t handle!” Katherine said tossing her hands in the air.

“Oh I know it! I used to think we had a lot of energy for our age and then she came bouncing in! She’s like that bunny from the battery commercials.” Trey said with his head in his hand.

“It’s not even the sex for me - it’s the conversations. What is she talking about? She’s going on about these letters - NFT, RTW, PSI, LOL - I didn’t get a word that she was saying. Are those all pokemon? I’m afraid to look them up on the google in case they’re weird sex stuff!” Katherine ranted.

Trey’s phone began to buzz. He adjusted his glasses and lifted the phone up to his eyeline to read the screen.

“Oh this is Chrissie downstairs. I better get this.” He said.

“What’s she calling about now? If she needs help moving furniture again tell her about your back problems!” Katherine insisted.

Trey waved his wife away and swiped the phone to answer it.

“Hello. This is Trey.” He said loudly into the phone.

He nodded listening to the woman on the other end.

“Uh huh. Uh huh. How’s your mother doing? Uh huh. Oh that’s good... yeah that’s no problem. I can come on down. Okay. See you in a bit. Bye bye.” He said hanging up the phone.

“Well?” Katherine asked looking at him expectantly to tell her what the call was about.

“She wants me to come down and talk to her daughter.” He said with a shrug.

“Jenny?” Katherine asked.

“No the younger one, Harper. I guess she’s going through a phase and Chrissie just doesn’t know what to do with her anymore.” Trey explained.

“Well If anyone can talk some sense into one of those kids its you dear, you’ve been more of a father or grandfather to them then they’ve gotten elsewhere.” Katherine said with a warm smile.

Trey shrugged and nodded modestly.

“Welp, I don’t have much else going on so I’ll head on down there no and maybe we’ll meet up later and go to that thing Bree invited us to.” He said putting his shoes on.

“I’d come with you but I’ve got to finish an article.” Katherine said as she stood up and gave her husband a peck on the lips.

“All right then. See you in a bit!” He said as he headed out the door.

As he walked down the hall he passed by a group of attractive 30-somethings chatting with each other making brunch plans by the elevator. A lot of young women lived on Trey and Katherine’s floor, where they often gathered in the hall laughing and gossiping. Katherine often found it annoying how loud the

30-somethings would get but Trey didn't mind too much, especially when he got to check them out on his way downstairs.

There was Sandy, the 32-year-old hip trendy bartender who wore a lot of skinny jeans and t-shirts with bands that Trey and Katherine had never heard of. She had tattoos up and down her arms and a nose piercing, sunglasses in her wavy red hair.

Next to Sandy was Patty, the 33-year-old blonde office worker. She was petite and curvy with big eyes and a button nose - features that often led men to think of her as 'cute and adorable' instead of sexy. She had just adopted a kitten which was arguably as adorable as she was and joked that the kitty was the only 'boyfriend she needed.

Then there was Donna, the 35-year-old sultry latina who worked at the flower shop downstairs. She was definitely in the 'sexy' category and Trey had often gone to sleep fantasizing about Donna climbing over the counter at the flowershop naked with a rose clenched in her teeth. He looked at her in her flowy sheer top that showed off her bra underneath and the flirty skirt she was wearing that showcased her tanned shapely legs and sighed thinking about how 10 or 20 years ago he used to be able to bed women like that.

And finally the fourth member of their group, Annie, the 36-year-old physical therapist. She was a tall curvy blonde with a bit of extra junk in her trunk. She was much more the 'blonde bombshell' type than Patty and was the younger sister of Chrissie who Trey was on his way down to visit.

"Ladies." He said with a warm smile, tipping his cap to them.

"Good morning Mr. Robbins." The younger women replied in cheery polite voices.

They didn't pay him much more than a passing smile before turning back to their conversation.

“Sooooo Sandy... I heard from a little bird called your social media account that you were out all night with Harry from down the hall...” Donna said to her redheaded friend with a grin.

“Oooo he’s a snack.” Annie purred with a wink.

“You’re so lucky! I can’t find a decent available guy in the whole city and you find one literally in the same building!” Patty added.

“It was nothing guys. We’re just like... hanging out.” Sandy said with a shrug.

“Boring!... So are we doing brunch or what?” Patty asked with a chuckle.

“Seriously guys! I need like SIX mimosas stat.” Donna agreed.

“Yes! I’ll text Ava and Lilly.” Annie said pulling out her phone.

“And maybe after a couple bloody mary’s I’ll tell you just what Harold and I got up to while we were ‘hanging out’.” Sandy added with a wink.

The ladies all laughed and cheered. The elevator opened and Trey got on it. As soon as the doors began closing Donna leaned in to her friends.

“Want to hear something crazy? I saw that little redhead college girl? The sex therapists daughter, coming out of their apartment this morning!” Donna whispered to her friends.

“Maybe she was helping them with their computer or something. Boomers always need tech help.” Sandy said with a shrug.

“I don’t think they’re boomers Sandy - they’re both younger than my mom. I think they’re gen-X.” Annie pointed out.

“Well, whatever generation they are - I think they get up to some kinky shit sometimes!” Donna said with a grin.

Annie blushed hoping that her friends never found out about the kinky stuff she was into.

“Yeah okay - so brunch! Place on the corner or the place down the block?” She asked quickly changing the subject.

They all agreed cheering for their brunch plans, feeling an odd sense of ‘enjoy it while we can’, even though none of them had any idea that in a few more repeated Saturdays they would all (one way or another) no longer have teeth to chew the food they were about to have.

Downstairs Trey was shuffling down the 3rd floor hallway towards the middle-aged blonde woman who was trying to show her 65-year-old mother something on her phone.

“Mom! Mom! Just watch what I’m doing. You tap this and then you select the folder and you can scroll through all of your photos.” Chrissie said sounding exasperated.

The 39-year-old was standing there in a shimmery cocktail dress that looked like it she had purchased over a decade ago that had seen better days. Her dulling blonde hair was styled like she had had recently been to the hair salon and she had a good deal of make-up on her face - dark red lipstick, smokey eyeshadow and a fair amount of concealer over her aging face that attempted to hide the deep bags under her eyes and the lines that were beginning to appear on her face from the stress of raising three kids.

“I don’t know how you got here. This is all Greek to me. I just want to know how I can put a nice picture of my grandbabies on the background of my phone like you have!” Erica grumbled in frustration, holding her iphone toward her daughter like it was radioactive.

In contrast to her daughter’s appearance, the 65-year-old Erica was standing in the hallway in a baggy t-shirt, lavender sweatpants and sneakers. She had a sweatband around her short white hair and was holding a pair of small weights in her other hand. Her craggy face was completely make-up free and she had a pair of glasses dangling around her neck from a beaded chain.

The women turned and saw the distinguished older man strutting toward them and both stopped their arguing to give him a warm smile.

“Oh hello Trey! How are you?” Erica said looking pleasantly surprised.

Trey tipped his hat.

“Erica, you’re looking gorgeous as always!” He grunted with a wry grin.

The older woman fluttered her tired eyes at him and her wrinkle cheeks blushed.

“Oh you old charmer! I look like a wreck! I just got back from getting my steps in.” She told him.

“Well sure you’re not all dolled up like this lovely lady over here. Give me a hug gorgeous, what are you on your way to a date?” He asked giving Chrissie a hug.

The younger of the two women wrapped her chubby arms around the older man and hugged him tightly, letting her big breasts push into his chest as she craned up on her tiptoes and gave him a kiss on his stubly cheek.

“Haha no. I was planning on meeting up with my sister and the girls for brunch - Annie told me that there are a lot of handsome available men at the place they’re going to so I thought I’d just look my best...” She said with a chuckle and a wink.

Erica rolled her eyes at her daughter but Trey smiled and gave the young woman a kiss back on her round cheek.

“Well you’re certainly going to be turning heads wherever you go. You look like a million bucks!” He told her.

“Awww thanks Trey! And thank you so much for coming down. Harper is - I don’t even know where to begin! She’s got this new boyfriend and her room smells like pot... I just don’t know what to do. Her older sister isn’t speaking to

me and her father is a complete waste of a human being, so I thought if there's anyone that can talk some sense into the girl it's you." Chrissie said with a deep vexed sigh.

Trey moved to follow the 39-year-old back to her apartment but her mother grabbed his bicep with her veiny hand and tugged him toward her. She was surprisingly strong for a woman in her mid-60s.

"Wait - before you head over there, come visit with me for a bit. It's been too long since we've caught up..." Erica said in a reedy voice.

Trey shrugged and nodded.

"Chrissie I'll head over in a bit, let me just chat with your mom for a bit." He informed the younger woman as he followed her mother into the apartment.

Erica put her weights down on a shelf by the door and took her sneakers and socks off revealing pale veiny feet with thick yellowing nails.

"Sorry for the mess. I've been so busy I haven't had a chance to tidy up around here. Isn't that funny? I retire and I have no time." She said as she padded into the kitchen to put some tea on.

"Heh isn't that always the way?" Trey said with a chuckle glancing around the single woman's apartment. The walls were not decorated with pictures of her family over the years dating back to the early 80s. The shelves were dusty and cluttered with old nicknames and heirlooms.

"And today's no different. I have to head out in a bit to drive my Greyson, my grandson to soccer practice and then I was thinking of catching a seniors spin class down at the Y." She said as she power walked her way to the bedroom.

Trey followed her so that they wouldn't have to shout to one another across her apartment.

"Old age isn't slowing you down I see." He joked with a chuckle.

Erica smirked at him as she sat down on the edge of her bed and rubbed the back of her creased neck.

“Hey who are you calling old? You’re only two years younger than me bucko!” She said with a chuckle.

“That’s right I have two whole years before I get the honor of being a ‘senior citizen.’” He laughed taking off his hat and setting it on the dresser.

“Well, enjoy ‘em while you can. I want to keep going at 100%, keep my heart rate up and my bones healthy until I finally kick the bucket... did you hear about Ethel across the hall? Fell down at work and had to get her hip replaced! And she’s a few years younger than both of us!” Erica exclaimed.

“Yeah I know. She’s actually a good friend of Katherine’s from their college days... Poor dear – she used to be so spunky when she was younger too!” Trey sighed.

Erica tugged her t-shirt off of her torso revealing a sweaty well-worn support bra and a pale wrinkled stomach that was fairly flat but puffy – her former six pack having melted away in her 60s. Skin bunched around her belly button really giving away the retired fitness instructor’s current age and making her think twice about wearing a two piece.

Trey gasped, startled by the disrobing and instinctively brought his hand to cover his eyes and turned his head away to preserve Erica’s modesty.

“Sorry! I didn’t realize you were going to change... I can wait out in the dining room.” He mumbled, embarrassed.

Erica smirked at him as she reached her veiny hands around to unclasp her bra and let her sagging tits flop out.

“We’re all adults here. You’re welcome to stay. I’m just changing out of my sweaty clothes darling.” She said with a chuckle.

“I don’t want to be impolite.” He insisted.

“Oh come on Trey! It’s nothing you haven’t seen before.” She said with a chuckle.

“Sure Erica but... it’s been years since then.” He pointed out, turning his head back toward her but keeping his own weathered hand up in front of his glasses.

The half naked 65-year-old peeled her sweatpants down off her veiny aged legs and walked up to the 63-year-old man in just her white cotton panties.

“Have I changed very much since then?” She asked, her wrinkled face pouting seductively as she gently pushed his hand away from his eyes.

Trey focused his eyes on the mostly nude woman standing in front of him. Her breasts were half-filled sacks hanging halfway down toward her stomach and the dull skin of her shoulders and chest were dotted with age spots. Her once toned shapely legs looked leathery and had dimples of cellulite rippling her thighs and the skin around her knees bunched.

In the mans mind he had had an affair with this woman back when she was a statuesque blonde in her early 30s and the stark contrast of her toned, tight body back then to the pale wrinkled body in front of him now - a body on the cusp of shiveling and stooping into old age - left Trey temporarily speechless.

“Uh you look amazing for your age Erica.” He said after a moment, clearing his throat.

The gray haired woman frowned.

“For my age, huh? Well that’s disappointing.” She said with a smirk as she went over and sat next to her beside table in just her panties.

“Well I mean, we can’t stay young forever right? But you really do look incredible. You should see some of the gals that I went to high school with. I look them up on the face book and they’ve all just resigned themselves to becoming fat old hens!” He said with a chuckle.

The older woman reached over to grab her pill case from the nightstand, opening it up and then slipping her glasses on her lined face and counting out the tablets in the compartment. She looked up at him midcount.

“Sorry, what did you say?... I can’t remember if I took the pill I was supposed to take this morning or not... It’s getting to the point where I have to take so many pills that I can’t even keep track of them all.” Erica said with a chuckle and a shrug.

“Don’t get me started it feels like every time I got to the doctors I walk away with a new prescription!” Trey laughed.

Erica smiled warmly at the man and covered her chest with her leathery arms.

“I was just having a little fun with you dear. I didn’t mean to make you uncomfortable.” Erica apologized.

“Oh no – it’s not... I didn’t mind! You know I’ve always enjoyed getting a little sneak peak. It’s just... I wasn’t sure if you wanted to... you know...” He explained, blushing a little.

“Heh. Trey, if I was hoping to have sex with you I’d just ask you if you wanted to have sex. I wouldn’t drop trow to try and trick you. I’m not that desperate for a bit of male companionship ... not like a certain daughter of mine... did you see that little number she was wearing?” Erica said chuckling and shaking her head.

“Yeah it seems like a lot for brunch...” He nodded.

“She’s always been like that – throwing herself at this guy or that. When she was a teenager she was always trying to sneak out the door in practically nothing – her panties showing and her breasts spilling out of those little tube tops that used to be the style back then...” Erica groaned shaking her head as she walked over to her dresser and picked out clothes to wear.

“As much as things change... amiright?” He said with a chuckle, taking another long look at the retired fitness instructors exposed body.

“You said it! I’m watching her make all the same mistakes I did! She ran Jenny out of the house and we haven’t heard from the poor girl since around the holidays - I swear, what mother goes half a year without speaking to her oldest daughter? And now she’s having troubles with the younger one... I try to put in my two cents but neither of them want to hear from an old relic like me. ‘Okay Boomer’, my granddaughter says... You ever hear that? This generation just doesn’t have any respect for older people.” Erica grumbled as she pulled out some clothes from her drawer.

As she moved to turn around she found Trey standing beside her looking whistfully at her. The aging man reached up with leathery hands and grabbed Erica’s jowly, gray-haired head and pulled her into a kiss. The older woman gasped for a moment but then cooed and leaned into it, pressing her thinning pruned lips against the mans and dropping her clothes to slip her arms around his pudgy waist.

“Sorry. I just was watching you and got to remembering some good times we had together and I don’t know what came over me...” Trey mumbled pulling away.

Erica caught her breath, her wrinkled face flushed as she moved some gray locks of hair out of her face and smiled at the man.

“Don’t apologize... I’ve been wanting you to do that since I saw you in the hall... if I knew nostalgia made for such a good aphrodisiac I would have brought down the old photo albums...” She said with a chuckle.

She moved in and kissed him again, slipping her veiny hand under his shirt and rubbing his hairy chest. The two sexogenarians stumbled their way back toward the bed and sat down with a few creaks and groans then proceeded to fondle and make-out like a pair of teenagers.

“If this is going to go further than just kissing though I should probably take my blood pressure pill and dig out my vaginal cream... it’s a lot dryer down there than the last time we did this.” Erica said with an embarrassed smile.

Trey sighed and shook his head.

“As much as I’d like to, my dear, I think it’s better if we don’t... I’ve been working really hard to recultivate the trust in my marriage and well... I did promise your daughter I’d go help her out.” Trey admitted reluctantly.

“I understand.” Erica nodded sounding a little disappointed.

Trey stood up with a groan and began to button his shirt back up and Erica pulled a pair of pants on.

“But... you know... that is, if you’re interested... Katie and I have been... experimenting a bit... trying to keep that spark alive, you know. And we were looking for someone to join us for a three-some, someone closer to our own age...” Trey proposed hesitantly.

Erica began putting up her own blouse when she did a double-take at the man in front of her and what he was offering.

“Oh Trey... I mean, I can’t say that i’m not interested. But I can’t imagine your wife would be thrilled to share a bed with me of all people...” The older woman replied honestly.

Trey shook his head.

“She doesn’t have anything against you dear... she doesn’t know...” He admitted.

Erica gasped.

“It’s been 30 years and you haven’t told her!?” She exclaimed.

Trey blushed.

“Well she knows that it was going on... but not *who* it was going on with... She thinks I was sleeping around with some waitress at the old diner downtown.” He said with a grin.

“Trey you scowdrel!” Erica said chuckling and shaking her head.

She got up and walked back over to Trey, rubbing the exposed skin on the top of his head.

“You know, I always loved running my fingers through your hairs but... you look very distinguished and handsome as a bald man.” She said giving him one more kiss.

“Thank you... you’re as sexy as a silver-haired siren as you ever were as a blonde bombshell.” He said with a wink.

“Go help my daughter deal with her mid-life crisis and let me know what day you want to do that menage a trois... my schedule is flexible as long as it doesn’t conflict with one of my grandkids birthdays or the AARP 5K I’m running in next month.” She said as she walked him to the door.

Trey knocked on Chrissie’s door one apartment over. The harried 39-year-old blonde answered, looking tired with puffy bags under her eyes and her hair a mess.

“Greyson turn the video games off and go get dressed! You’re going to be late for soccer practice!” The middle-aged mom yelled back into the apartment as she swung open the door.

“I’ve got plenty of time mom! Just let me finish this match!” An adolescent boy yelled back.

In the background a teenage girl was screaming at Chrissie about how unfair she is and how she sucks. Chrissie just rolled her eyes and ignored her daughter, instead giving Trey an exhausted smile.

“Hi Trey. Come on in - sorry its a little messy. I keep telling my kids I’M NOT THE MAID! But it doesn’t seem to sink in!” Chrissie said, raising her voice for the part that she wanted her kids to hear.

She reached down with a groan and picked up a t-shirt off the ground and brought it into the living room, tossing it onto her 15-year-old son's head as he sat on the couch tapping at his Playstation controller. The boy quickly pulled the shirt off of him so that he could see his game just in time for a message to flash on the screen informing him that his character had been killed.

"Mom! You just made me die!!" The boy cried in frustration.

"You look pretty lively to me!" Chrissie said with a 'mom joke' chuckle.

She reached over and affectionately pinched her son's face that was beginning to grow a bit of peach fuzz. He swatted her hand away, squirming from his mother's affection.

"In my game!" Greyson grumbled in a 'a-duh' tone of voice.

Chrissie put her hands on her soft doughy hips.

"Well maybe if you remembered where the laundry basket was every once in a while then your Fork Knife character would still be alive!" The 39-year-old said with a motherly smirk.

"God you're so old! It's called Fortnite!" Greyson exclaimed with a whiny groan.

Chrissie rolled her eyes and leaned over to Trey as the two adults walked back to the kitchen.

"I know it's called Fortnite. I just enjoy seeing how worked up he gets whenever I call it Fork Knife." She confided with a snicker.

Trey shrugged.

"I honestly don't know what any of those games are about... when I was his age we had to all fight over Pong at the local arcade!" The older man replied with a chuckle, shaking his head.

Chrissie's teenage daughter was still screaming from her bedroom as the 39-year-old mom poured some coffee for herself and her guest.

"You hear her right? She's on a rampage because I told her that she has a 9pm curfew this summer." The middle-aged blonde said smirking and rolling her eyes.

Trey shook his head and chuckled, sipping his coffee.

"How old is she now?" He asked trying to do the math himself.

"She'll be 18 next February and god help us all then!" Chrissie wailed dramatically.

Trey rubbed his grey stubble in amazement.

"17! My god time flies... I remember when she and Jenny would be playing with their toys under the table here while we'd chat over coffee!" He said shaking his head.

"Yeah well now Harpers hiding weed she doesn't think I know about behind her old childrens books and Jenny's off god knows where - she dropped out of college and was traveling around with some band - She hasn't even bothered to call home in a months!" Chrissie said as she felt around her out-of-shape body looking for her cigarettes before remembering that she had quit smoking.

Trey shook his head about Jenny, clearly picking up that Chrissie was worried about her oldest daughter.

"Everyone does crazy stuff when they're young... your mom, back before you were born used to get high of uppers and go streaking around the disco rink in nothing but her roller skates! I mean heck - your dad was probably a DJ in one of those joints." Trey said with a chuckle.

Chrissie cringed and held up her pasty hands to her ears.

“Ew! I don’t want to hear about my mom getting naked in a disco back in the 70s!” The blonde woman exclaimed.

“I’m just saying...” Trey said with a shrug.

“Don’t ever tell me about that again and definitely don’t tell Harper. You’re supposed to be here to help straighten her out, not scar her for life – HARPER! Get your little butt out here!” Chrissie whispered to Trey before yelling across the apartment for her daughter.

The teenager stomped into the kitchen in short jean shorts and a bikini top. Her hair was dyed blue and purple and she had a ring piercing on her bottom lip.

“What!?” Harper yelled, sounding annoyed. Her slender arms crossed over her chest and her jaw clenched in annoyance.

“Oh is that how we greet guests in this house?” Chrissie asked, giving her daughter a warning look.

The 17-year-old softened and gave a forced smile to the old man sitting at the table. She lifted her arm up half briefly into a wave and then let it flop back down to her side again.

“Hi Uncle Trey.” She mumbled and skulked over to an empty chair at the table and plopped down with an exaggerated sigh.

“Hey kiddo. Hows school going?” He asked with a kind smile.

Harper shrugged.

“Sucks. I’m glad its summer but now I can’t even do anything because my mom is being a freaking *tyrant!*” The girl exclaimed.

Chrissie rolled her eyes.

“You can have fun this summer - you just need to be home by 9! It’s very reasonable. I was talking to some of the other moms in the building and they make their kids come home by 7 or 8!” Chrissie defended herself.

“Yeah, like, little kids mom! I’m practically an adult! And like what I’m going to come home and we’re just going to like, have some big dinner together like we’re some family from a painting or something?” The teen mocked.

“Maybe! If your friends are all so mature that they’re allowed to stay out later how about you invite them to come hang out with you here after 9?” Chrissie suggested.

“That’s so lame! When I’m old like you and I have kids I’m never going to care about how late they stay out as long as they’re having fun!” Harper declared.

Chrissie smirked and rolled her eyes.

“That’s crazy... you crazy girl...” She deadpanned to her daughter.

The older woman looked over at the man she had recruited to back her up with this. Trey cleared his throat and thought about what a helpful thing to say here might be, never having had kids of his own.

“You know, your moms got a point - there’s plenty of fun things to do in the building with your friends. And it’s much safer than being out downtown after dark. You should just invite your galpals to all come do a sleepover here or something!” Trey suggested, not realizing that he might have just doomed a group of local high school girls to early menopause by suggesting they come spend a night at the Millenium Gardens.

“Of course you’d take her side...” Harper huffed.

Chrissie turned and tapped on her phone.

“You know why she’s so resistant to having her friends over right? Because she’s not interested in hanging out with her other girl friends. She’s wanting to go out at all hours of the night with her scumbag drug dealer boyfriend!”

Chrissie declared, showing Trey a picture of a tatted up young man with a soul patch.

“OMG Mom! You’re spying on me!?” Harper screamed.

“Your Instagram account in public babygirl!” Chrissie replied with a ‘thems the breaks’ kind of tone.

“Harper hun... this guy he looks a lot older than you... he’s like a grown man and you’re still... well, a kid!” Trey said with concern.

“Whatever - Max is only like 7 years older than me! That’s like, not even a big age difference.” Harper countered.

“Harper, guys like this that date cute little high school girls like you are only interested in one thing and you’re not mature enough to be smart about it and I’m too young to be a grandma! I’m not even 40 yet!” Chrissie said bluntly.

“Oh my god! This is so unfair! When Jenny was my age she could basically do whatever she wanted and go out with whoever she wanted but I can’t because you don’t trust me!?” Harper shouted, flailing her slender arms in the air dramatically.

Chrissie took a deep breath to shore up her patience with her daughter.

“Yeah I was a lot less involved in what Jenny was doing when she was a teenager and look what good that’s got us? You’re sisters out god knows where doing god knows what! I promised myself that I’m going to do better with you and your brother!” Chrissie shouted getting emotional.

“I wish I was living with dad!” Harper hissed back.

Chrissie snorted, taken aback by her daughters declaration.

“By all means - giving him a call! Have fun living in his shitty studio apartment and sharing a bathroom with whatever stripper your sister’s age that he’s currently dating!” Chrissie snapped tossing her flabby arms in the air.

Before the mother and daughter could shout at one another further there was a knock at the door.

“God what now?... It’s probably one of the neighbors tells us to keep it down... Trey could you go talk to them? I don’t have the patience right now.” Chrissie groaned.

The older man nodded and stood up from the table. He walked over to the front door and opened it expecting to see a disgruntled neighbor or maybe Erica popping in to pick her grandson up and take him to soccer practice.

Instead he opened the door to reveal a young blonde woman who looked to be the spitting image of Erica from 45 years ago (Or actually 10 years ago).

“Jenny!” Trey gasped in surprise.

The young woman had Erica’s athletic body and long golden hair like many of the women in her family. She was standing in her door nervously biting her lip and holding on to her muscular bicep with her opposite hand.

“Hi Trey... Is my mom home?” The young woman asked sheepishly.

Trey nodded, still wide-eyed as he stared at the young woman who looked so much like her grandmother had in his memories of her - with the exception of the large round bulge in her stomach, rounding out like a flesh-colored beach ball under her arm.

“Jenny? Oh my god! Is that Jenny!?” Chrissie yelled from the other room.

The kitchen chairs screeched as Jenny’s mother and sister jumped up from the table and ran to the doorway. Trey moved aside to let them greet the young woman in the door.

As soon as Chrissie’s eyes traveled from her daughter’s nervous eyes to her daughter’s pregnant belly the color in the 39-year-olds face drained.

“Mom... I uh don't know how to tell you this but... you're going to be a grandma!” Jenny blurted out with a cringing smile.

Chrissie's let out a soft moan and fell back into Trey's arms, fainting from the shock of it.

“Mom!?” Harper cried in concern.

Trey motioned for the young woman to give their mother some space as he waved some air at Chrissie's face to bring her conscious again.

“Yeah... I don't think you're going to be making brunch today...” Trey said with an apologetic smile as Chrissie's eyes fluttered open.

Upstairs back in his own apartment, Trey's wife Katherine had finished showering and was laying on her bed trying to get her jeans to button. She pressed in her flabby crinkling stomach with one hand while using her other to tug the loop of her jeans over to the fastener.

“Stupid jeans must have shrunk in the wash - damn things fit fine last week!” She grumbled to herself as she struggled.

This statement was both true and a lie. True in the sense that quite literally last week she had been 35 years younger with a much slimmer, flatter waist and dainty thighs that would have fit into these jeans with plenty of room to spare. And a lie in the sense that, in her current 58-year-old reality, the last time she was able to comfortably fit into these jeans the show ER was still coming out with new episodes.

The matronly woman took a deep breath and sucked in her middle-aged gut, grunting as she finally managed to button her pants. She exhaled deeply as laid on the bed for a few moments. She sat up and looked at her veiny bare feet and the socks laying neatly on the bed next to her. Bending over felt too strenuous at the moment so instead she strapped her underwire bra around her heavy sagging breasts and slipped on a t-shirt then headed to her workspace to start her day.

Katherine sat in her computer chair and adjusted in it for a few moments until the lumbar support pillow pressed into her lower back just right. Then she slipped on her reading glasses and turned on her computer. On the wall in her workspace were now a number of certificates of recognition from her nearly 40 years of journalism and culture writing. She had written about everything from grunge fashion to Iraq war protests, from Kevin Smith films to Y2K. She had published a best-selling book about the importance of Generation X and a more recent one on how the media treats women after 40. Now she mostly spent her professional time working on a third book - "Swinging Seniors" about her and her husbands adventures in sex as they approach retirement; and a blog that her literary agent told her that she needs to keep up with in order to stay relevant.

She fumbled around trying to remember how to set up a new blog post, getting frustrated as she clicked the wrong place a few times and then finally opening up a black template and typing 'When Did Everyone Get So Pasty? 10 Takeaways From Attending my 40th High School Reunion'.

"I walked past the sign stating Reunited & It Feels So Good. Forty Years but if I closed my crows-foot-adorned eyes for a moment it felt more like 40 hours since I had sitting with my friends in the cafeteria humming Physical by Olivia Newton John while us girls gossiped about who Ron Powers was going to ask out to the senior prom.

Now as I looked around the event room of the Four Season searching for the bright, perky, bold, ambitious young people that I had gone to school with all I saw were pasty, round, dowdy middle-aged men and women plodding around looking for a place to sit.

The girls had turned in their wavy moussed up hair and bright hair bows for short sensible bobs and a hefty amount of hair dye to hide their grays, most of the boys had traded in their hair for nothing at all! My old friends all dressed conservatively with ankle-length dresses that hid and covered their sagging asses and all of their newfound veins and rolls. They now looked less like Madonna the singer and more like Madonna the lawn statue. And everyone had puffed up like overfilled balloons!

I saw-" Katherine typed.

A pop-up message appeared telling her that her XLS scan drive was out of date and that her computer needed to restart.

“No! No! No! Not before I save what I just wrote you stupid machine!” She hissed at the computer, slapping her monitor in its side.

As she watched helplessly the programs on her computer began to close as her computer restarted. She let out a frustrated groan and wracked her brain for what to do. Then she remembered that handsome man that lived down the hallway that worked with computers. She quickly called him.

“Hello? Jon? It’s Katherine over in 513. Listen I’m having some computer trouble and I was wondering if you had some time to come over and help me out...” She explained hopefully into the phone. “You can? Right now! Oh my goodness. Yes, yes that would be great. See you soon!” She said excitedly and hung up the phone.

Katherine considered changing into something that didn’t make her look so dumpy or putting on make-up and doing something with her hair. She blushed feeling a bit like a school girl with a crush since the handsome younger man that she had shared many flirtatious interactions with over the past 20 years was going to be here in her apartment!

She fanned herself feeling hot from a mini-hotflash. They were fewer and farther between these days but she still got them, especially when she was feeling flustered.

“Great now i’m going to look sweaty on top of looking like a wreck!” She groaned.

There was a knock at her door and she hurried over to answer it. She opened the door, a bit out of breath and her face flushed.

“Jon! You got here so fast! I’m an absolute mess... I was just getting in a little workout.” She lied, wiping some of the sweat beading on her lined forehead onto her t-shirt sleeve.

The tall 43-year-old man still had his boyish features but his face was looking more rugged and lined himself, with a bushy blonde beard and a receding hairline. Still, he was in much better shape than Katherine's husband and the older woman found herself staring at the younger man's firm chest in his tight shirt and his sinewy biceps.

"Oh sorry if I'm interrupting. From how you sounded on the phone I thought you needed my help right away." He said sincerely.

Katherine nodded, wrapping her arm around his bicep and leading him into the apartment.

"Yes! Yes! I'm thrilled that you're here. Thank you so much... how do you take your coffee I can put on a pot and I'll fix you up a nice snack." She said quickly, turning to head to the kitchen.

"Oh uh cream, no sugar... So, Katherine, what seems to be the problem with your computer?" He asked walking over to her office area.

"Please! Call me Katie!" She corrected him.

No one called Katherine 'Katie' anymore except for friends she grew up with and her husband. She hadn't gone by that in year from her perspective. But she had an intense urge to appear younger to Jon and 'Katie' made her sound younger. She would have put her hair up in pigtails and begun blowing bubbles with some pink chewing gum if she had thought of it.

"Okay Katie, so what's the problem?" Jon said with a friendly smile.

Katherine sighed and waved her hand in the air, shaking her head as if the question was overwhelming.

"I'm not sure I can even describe it! Something about a missing driver? Whatever that means! And then it restarted my computer before I could save what I was working on! If you were able to get what I wrote before the stupid

thing shut off I'd be eternally grateful. I'd give anything to get those few paragraphs back!" Katherine told her guest.

"Anything huh? Let's see what we can do!" Jon said with a sly grin as he cracked his knuckles and sat down at Katherine's computer.

A few minutes later Katherine walked over with two coffees, setting Jon's down on the desk. He took a sip and smiled up at her.

"All set!" The younger man said with a smile causing the crinkles around his eyes to bunch, showing some cracks in his boyish good looks.

"You're done? Were you able to get my work back?" She asked in astonishment.

"Yep! The form autosaved it so - you may be missing a word or your last sentence but it looks like it's all still there!... As for that driver - it's nothing that you really needed so I just fixed it so that your computer wouldn't miss it. I also updated your browsers and optimized your network so that things would run a little faster." Jon informed her proudly.

"Oh Jon you're a miracle worker!" Katherine exclaimed tossing her flabby arms around the man's neck and leaning over to give him a hug.

Her pillowy tits smooshed against the man's face as he patted her on the back.

"It was my pleasure." He said honestly.

"Honestly - I used to be so good with computers. When I first started out I had one of those Apple II's while all of my colleagues were still typing on type-writers but then with the internet and all of this hi-speed 10G fibro-whatever... I can't keep up!" Katherine sighed.

"Oh you're not that bad! Sabrina downstairs calls me once a week insisting that her computer has a virus! One time she had me come down there because she swore the laptop her daughter had gotten her was broken and it turned out that she just hadn't turned it on." Jon said with a chuckle.

Katherine laughed and shook her head.

“Okay well I’m not that bad! But what do I owe you. Please – name your price!”
The older woman insisted, grabbing her checkbook.

Jon thought for a moment and grinned.

“How about... a few minutes of your company?” He suggested.

Katherine blushed and batted her heavy eyelids at the 43-year-old.

“Oh Jon, you can have that any time you want!” She said with a nervous giggle, smiling warmly at him.

They moved over to the couch where Katherine had put out a cheese and cracker dish. They sat chatting and laughing about life and the world – giving each other tv show recommendations and talking about books they’d read. Jon had read Katherine’s last two books and was excited to hear about her new one.

When she had finished her coffee she jumped up and rumaged in her closet to dig out a copy of her first book to sign for Jon. When she came back with it she wrote: ‘To the handsome man that updated my browser and optimized my circuit board.’ with a winking smiley face next to it.

She handed the book over to the grateful man who took it and read the message. Katherine leaned in to reach it with him and their hands brushed against one another. Jon looked over at her smiling at him and moved in to kiss her. Katherine gasped and pulled away quickly, her heart fluttering.

“Oh!” She yelped blushing.

Jon panicked that he had upset her.

“Oh my god, I’m so sorry I just thought... Sorry! Did I read this all wrong?” He asked, embarrassed.

“No it’s not that... I’ve been wanting to kiss you since you came to the door but-” She began to explain.

“But your husband.” Jon said nodding solemnly in realization.

Katherine quickly shook her head.

“No it’s not that either. Trey and I have an understanding. He won’t mind. It’s just... I’m quite a bit older than you.” She admitted.

“What? I wouldn’t say ‘quite a bit’... and didn’t you tell me that you and your husband just went to bed with a 21-year-old last night?” He asked confused.

Katherine thought about waking up next to Laura this morning. That was uncomfortable in itself – just for the stark juxtaposition of how much older her body looked in comparison. But this was different.

“I know... I just worry that its different since you’re a man... I frankly don’t care what a girl thinks when she looks at me and when Trey or older men see my body they see a younger woman but to a young man like yourself I probably seem like an old crone!” Katherine explained.

Jon laughed and shook his head.

“Katherine- Katie. I don’t know how old you are but as far as I can tell, we’re both under 60 and over 40. In my book that makes us the same age.” He assured her.

Her face lit up at that notion and she leaned in to kiss him again. After a moment she pulled away briefly and smirked at him.

“You know, I was just writing about my 40th high school reunion... I don’t even want to ask how old you were 40 years ago!” She said.

Jon shrugged.

“Then don’t! We’re both healthy middle-aged adults now...” He growled seductively as he moved in to kiss her loose crinkling neck.

Soon Katherine was panting and moaning as she laid down on the couch with Jon on top of her. They had taken off their shirts and he was reaching down to unbutton her pants.

“Don’t!” She quickly stopped him remembering what an ordeal it had been to get the pants undone.

But in the heat of the moment, rubbing Jon’s chest with her veiny hands and feeling her own saggy breasts getting cupped by him she had a change of heart.

“Ah fuck it. Help me take them off!” She groaned as she popped the pants button and began to struggle to peel off her jeans.

Back in Chrissie’s apartment, the 39-year-old grandmother-to-be was conscious again and sitting at the table drinking water flanked by Trey and her mother as her three children sat in front of her. All eyes were on the very pregnant Jenny who was in the middle of explaining herself.

“So once it became too hard to do my aerial routine every night I decided to come back here.” The 20-year-old explained to everyone.

“Well we’re just so delighted to have you back home dear...” Erica said as she walked around the table to kiss her eldest grandchild on the head.

It hadn’t fully sunk in yet that in a few months she would become a GREAT grandmother. As much as she adored her grandkids, the aging former athlete was still getting the hang of being a grandmother.

“Thanks Grammy. You would have love the group of performers I was traveling with - everyone was super chill and we would do yoga and strength training together every morning and everyone ate super clean all of the time!” Jenny informed her grandmother.

Erica gave the young woman a warm smile.

“That’s wonderful dear! I can’t wait to hear all about them! I know you young people take hundreds of photos on your phones so when I get back home this evening I want to see pictures. Now I’ve got to rush off to get your little brother to his soccer practice but i’ll be back in a bit honey.” Erica said giving the young woman another hug and a kiss.

“I can’t wait to tell my team that I’m going to be an uncle!” Greyson said excitedly as he hopped up from the table.

Chrissie who had been very quite and hard to read throughout this whole exchange took another big sip of water and gave her eldest daughter another long stare as if wondering if this was all a bad dream.

“When... when is your due date?” The middle-aged woman asked.

Jenny ran her fingers through her long hair pulling it back into a pony tail. She had a henna tattoo up and down her right arm.

“Ummm in like, 2 months I think?” The pregnant woman replied.

“Well what does the paperwork from your doctor say?” Chrissie asked.

Jenny giggled and shook her head.

“I don’t really have any. I was traveling pretty light and the doctor at the circus was more of a hollistic practitioiner? Actually I mostly just knew him as the guy who hooked all of the performers up with pot any time we needed some but... I’m pretty sure he has a medical liscense - at least he totally sounded like he knew what he was talking about whenever he examined me.” The 20-year-old said with a shrug.

“Oh my god.” Chrissie mumbled under her breath in disbelief.

She placed her palms over both of her both of her eyes and took a deep breath looking like she was on the verge of screaming.

“Okay. Okay. I’ll set up an appointment to see an OBGYN in the morning and then we’ll get an actual due date and we can start planning a baby shower.” Chrissie said getting up from the table to get her phone.

“That’s so rad mom. Thanks.” Jenny said, focused more on texting on her phone.

Harper pushed her chair back from the table causing the wooden legs to loudly scrape across the tile.

“OMG are you guys serious right now?” The teenager screamed.

The adults all looked at her.

“What’s wrong sweetie?” Erica asked her younger granddaughter.

“What’s wrong!?! I’m like constantly in trouble for just like being alive. It’s all ‘Harper don’t do that!’ ‘You can’t do this!’ ‘You’re going to fuck up your whole life if you do that!’ but then Jenny disappears for MONTHS and shows up about to lay a fucking egg - reaking of pot and telling you she’s just being bumming around with a bunch of sketchy hippy circus creeps as a fucking AERIAL SILK DANCER and you’re all ‘Oh we miss you so much Jenny!’ ‘Can we get you anything?’ ‘We love you so much!’ ‘Let’s throw you a big fucking party!’.” Harper screamed.

“Language young lady.” Erica scolded.

Harper folded her arms and sulked in her chair. The elder woman walked over and gave the teen a sympathetic kiss on her dyed purple hair and then flashed her middle-aged daughter a stern look.

“Come on Greyson, let’s get going. You’re going to be late for practice.” The gray-haired woman said as she ushered her grandson out of the apartment.

Once they left the tension between Chrissie and her two daughters was palpable and Trey felt that he had given his fair share of support to the

middle-aged mom. Now it was time for him to think of a good thing to say to excuse himself.

“Well?” Harper asked pointedly, glaring at her mother.

Chrissie was leaning over the counter feeling her hair turn pre-maturely gray. Some of her friends from high school were still living up the last of their young adulthood - having recently gotten married or engaged or just starting to raise small children - and here she was on the cusp of becoming a grandmother at 40!

“What Harper?” She asked, sounding exhausted.

“Are you going to even say anything about the double standard when it comes to me and Jenny?” Harper challenged with her arms crossed tightly across her chest.

Chrissie tossed up her meaty arms in the air.

“What do you want to do Harper? Do you want me to ground your pregnant 20-year-old sister? Send her to the room she hasn’t lived in in almost a year? Take away her TV privileges? What?” The older woman snapped at the teen.

Harper sulked in her chair.

“No...” She mumbled.

“Your sister needs me right now and as much as this sucks for all of us - there’s going to be a new person in the house, your little niece or nephew who is going to be a literal baby Harper. So if you could stop being a baby for 5 seconds and act like the young adult you SOOOOO want me to treat you as - that would be great...!” Chrissie ranted looking frazzled.

“Yeah so you ladies obviously have a lot to talk about... so I think I’m going to head down to the pool for a bit...” Trey said softly after an awkward moment of silence.

“Wicked. The pool sounds so good right now. Let’s go uncle Trey.” Harper said jumping up from her chair.

She grabbed her stuff and a towel and then dragged the older man toward the door.

“Wait no you should really be talking with your-” Trey insisted as he found himself getting pulled out of the apartment by the disgruntled teen.

Chrissie snorted in frustration with her softening jawline clenched as she watched her youngest daughter storm out. As soon as they were gone Jenny looked up from her phone at her mother and her ridiculous flashy cocktail dress.

“Why are you dressed like that? Were you going on a date with uncle Trey?” Jenny asked her mother.

Upstairs in Trey’s apartment Katherine and Jon had moved to the bedroom and the 58-year-old woman was laying on her back getting fucked by the 43-year-old man.

“Urrggh! UUUHHHGG!! URRGHH!” Katherine grunted in exhausted pleasure as Jon thrust into her.

The matronly woman’s body jiggled and trembled with each gyration causing her pillowy tits to flop up and down as they sloped off the sides of her chest.

Katherine felt a bit self conscious at having her saggy boobs tossing about like a pair of googly eyes as her handsome neighbor plowed her, so she did her best to shore up her breast high on her chest, attemptiont to hold the soft funbags at where they had resided back when she was in her 20s - either 30 years or 5 days ago depending on how you were counting.

She looked a bit ridiculous laying there bellowing out husky moans with her double chins bunching up and her veiny hands mushing her boobs toward the high center of her chest. Jon gently moved one of her hands away so that he could squeeze her big floppy tit with his own hand.

The middle-aged man was losing a bit of stamina as he slumped down lower onto her flabby body, slowing his pace and breathing heavily. His own physique wasn't what it once was and his stomach was growing softer and rounder but Katherine still found it to be firm and muscular compared to men her own age or older like Trey who just had doughy beer bellies.

She attempted to rub her calloused foot up and down Jon's hairy leg affectionately as they continued to fuck but moving her body like that wasn't easy at her age anymore and she winced painfully.

"What's the matter? Do you need some more lube?" Jon asked helpfully.

Katherine cringed and shook her head.

"No I'm fine - it's just... my back hip. I need to go back to my physical therapist sometime because it's really been acting up... I used to be able to lift and twist my legs any which way. Now it feels like if I even take too big of a step my body protests!" She explained with a husky laugh.

Jon pulled out of her carefully and flopped onto the bed next to her catching his breath.

"That was great. How was it for you?" He asked looking over and smiling at her.

Katherine sat up with a groan and swung her varicose veined legs off the bed.

"Oh it was very good dear. You were wonderful! Now if you'll excuse me, I have to use the little girls room... I don't know why but Every since I turned 55 I've had to pee every few minutes!" She said as she stood up and plodded quickly to the bathroom.

Jon enjoyed the sight of Katherine's wide dimpled ass cheeks as they jiggled and wobbled behind her as she hurried off to the restroom. He laid there wondering what it would have been like having sex with her back when she was

in her 20s. Judging from the photos of her back in the mid-80s laying around the dresser, the gray haired journalist had been a real cutie back in her day!

Katherine came back into the bedroom with a robe wrapped around her over-the-hill body. She smiled at Jon who was in the process of putting his pants and boxers back on.

“Can I get you anything before you go dear? A snack?” She suggested.

The middle-aged man chuckled.

“A snack? I might be a few years younger than you Katie, but I’m not *that* young!” He insisted.

“Sorry I’m becoming my mother! I won’t be happy until everyone around me is properly fed!” She said with a chuckle, actually meaning her grandmother.

Jon grinned as he came around to kiss her on her pruning lips, affectionately.

“Well, if it means that much to you. But, as the kids might say you’re the only ‘snack’ I need.” He said seductively to her as he softly kissed her again.

Katherine’s lined cheeks blushed and her eyes fluttered in appreciation and embarrassment.

“Oh Jon, you’re so sweet...” She cooed.

She headed out to the kitchen and Katherine cut up an apple for her guest, as she did so an idea popped into her head.

“You know... this may sound a bit strange but... you remember how I mentioned that my husband and I have a bit of an open relationship?” She said feeling nervous at popping this question.

“Uh huh...” Jon said as he buttoned his shirt back up.

“Well, I was wondering if you would ever be interested in maybe coming over one evening and... joining us for a bit of adult fun?” She offered with a hopeful smile.

Jon looked at her inquisitively with a slight smile that kept his feeling on the matter ambiguous as far as Katherine could tell.

“Your husband wouldn’t mind having another man join in for a night or two?” He asked.

Katherine’s heart fluttered at the ‘or two’. Jon was already making this a recurring thing. She thought about of Trey would feel and smirked.

“Well, I think regardless of how he might feel about it, it’s only fair that since I’ve indulged him bringing over girls half my age he could indulge me by allowing me a second male suitor in the bed from time to time...” She pointed out.

Jon nodded in agreement.

“You know back during my freshman year of college I experimented with several men at one - I got down on all fours and one boy got behind me to fuck me from the back while my mouth was around another boys... you-know-what and I was using both of my hands on two other guys... it was a very fun experience and I wouldn’t mind trying something like that again some time before I’m too old to!” She said in an airy, reflective voice as if describing a day dream she had had.

“You’re never too old!” Jon assured her with a chuckle, blushing and imagining again what a wildcat Katherine must have been in her college days.

Katherine smiled warmly at him looking more like a woman who spends her Saturdays antiquing and doing the New York Times crossword puzzle rather than participating in gang-bangs.

“Yes well, that might be true but I think progressing arthritis in my knuckles might make those hand jobs a bit impossible...” She said with a chuckle.

With that she handed Jon his apple slices in a little baggy and walked him to the door.

In the elevator ride down to the pool Trey stood silently next to Harper who was dressed in just her bikini and a beach towel wrapped around her waist. Her slender arms were waving around as she vented to the older man.

“And-it’s-just-so-unfair-like-it’s-always-a-total-double-standard-like-all-the-time-Jenny-is-the-favorite-and-Grayson-is-the-baby-so-I-get-shit-no-matter-who-i’m-compared-to-and-she-just-totally-judges-me-for-every-thing-I-do-I-swear-she’s-never-even-been-a-teenager-before-she-was-just-born-a-frumpy-miserable-old-woman-so-how-am-I-supposed-to-listen-to-her-give-me-advice-on-dating-and-life-and-my-friends-or-watever-if-she-doesn’t-even-get-what-it’s-like-to-be-my-age!” The girl ranted without stopping for air.

Trey smirked.

“Your mom was a teenager too once and she drove your grandmother nuts with all kinds of stuff.” The older man chuckled once he was able to get a word in edgewise.

Harper looked at him skeptically.

“I guess I’ll just like, have to take your word on it because I can’t even picture that!” The girl said as they entered the pool area.

As soon as they got out into the sun Harper quickly broke away from Trey and ran over to the 24-year-old twins who were hanging out sunning themselves on the deck. The teenager clearly was embarrassed to be seen with an old guy like Trey who was friends with her mom and grandmother.

She laid out her towel on the deck and began to chat and giggle with the two attractive sisters. Trey shrugged and shook his head as he walked down the deck to the pool chairs. In the shallow end of the pool a 30-year-old Ava was

watching her 7-year-old son Tommy play with a little girl around the same age.

Trey plopped down with a groan next to a 36-year-old Harold who now had a full head of sandy-colored hair and had shed much of the weight he had put on in middle age. The younger man was reclining in his chair with a beer in his hand and shades on.

“Hey! Mr. Robbins! How are you doing man?” The 36-year-old real estate bro asked the older man, raising his beer to him.

“Harry, my boy! Doing all right! Backs a little stiff but I can’t complain.” Trey replied with a smile.

“Well - the view today’s bound to make some other things stiff if you know what I mean! The twins are out in full bloom today.” Harold replied gesturing across the pool deck.

“What’s that now?” Trey asked wondering if there was some new slang that he didn’t know about... which was most new slang. Basically until a phrase was used on one of the prime-time sitcoms he and Katherine watched in the evening he had no idea how young people talked.

“The twins? Rachel and Rebecca?” Harold replied as if it was obvious.

“Oh! Conner and Melanie’s daughters! Yes I remember now. How are they doing. They must be getting pretty big!” Trey said rubbing his silver stubble and trying to remember the last time he and Katherine had gone over to Conner and Melanies - it had to have been a few years now, back when their kids were still little.

“You can see for yourself - they’re definitely getting big in the chestal region, if you know what I mean...” Harold said laughing.

Trey put on his glasses and peered over to where Harper was sitting on her towel applying sunscreen and saw the two brunette 24-year-olds laying out

next to her. They were wearing contrasting solid colored string bikinis that did show off there womanly bodies.

“I love the weekends down here man. This place used to be pretty dead – or just like a place for little kids but then the twins started showing up and sunbathing man... if you get here early enough they apply suntan lotion to one another in a way that makes you just like wanna scream ‘C’mon! Kiss...!’” Harold said in his typical hornball voice.

“Heh heh that’s uh, certainly something.” Trey said shaking his head and chuckling.

“Sorry man! I’m really wired on this Red Bull beer I’ve gotten totally hooked on... and I just get so worked up seeing these chicks out here man. Plus now some of the older babes in the building are coming and hanging out here too. I think they’re all out at brunch right now or some shit – Sandy, this chick I totally BONED last night tried to invite me... so like you should come chill down here with the H-Dog and we can totally just babe-watch all fucking day long bro... you’re retired right?” Harold said while staring over at Rachel and Rebecca the whole time.

“Uh nope still have a few more years left... I actually don’t even know if I’m going to retire at 65 or not... I’ve been doing this for so long that’s it’s kind of all I know and I don’t mind it so...” Trey began to reply.

“You’re sooo lucky bro. I wish I could retire. The real estate market is garbage right now and I’ve got to kill to eat, you know.” Harold said not really paying attention to what Trey was saying.

“Yeah that’s... hard.” Trey replied.

“Hey! Shit! I totally just realized! You’re the ‘old couple in 513’ right?” Harold exclaimed looking over at Trey in all seriousness.

Trey looked back at Harold like ‘are you serious right now?’

“Uh I wouldn’t call us ‘old’... ‘older’ perhaps but I mean - my wife’s only 58!” Trey replied defensively.

“Yeah yeah sure - but like... A little bird told me a rumor that you had a threesome with that smoking hot redheaded coed that lives with her moms on the 4th floor!” Harold whispered excitedly.

Trey’s wrinkled face blushed.

“Well... I um, well first of her name is *Laura*... and you have to understand, my wife and I were working some things out in our relation-” Trey tried to explain the nuances of what they had done last night out of fear of being labeled hedonistic freaks.

“Dude you’re a fucking LEGEND!!” Harold declared making bowing motions in Trey’s direction.

“Uh... thanks.” Trey replied in surprise.

“Serious dude - I hope I have half the balls to pull something like that off when I’m your age - I’ll be all old and bald and shit and plowing like... that chicks granddaughter!” Harold said pointing over to Harper.

Trey cringed at the idea and shook his head.

“I don’t know that the math really works out on that.” Trey interjected.

The door from the apartments swung open and the two men turned to see 54-year-old Destiny saunter into the pool area wearing a sleek-black one-piece bathing suit that hid the bit of tummy she was getting, but her wide cellulite riddled ass and her cottage cheese thighs were still on full display.

“Yeah just to warn you, a lot of cougars come down here too, to like try to show off that they’ve still got it... oh but you don’t mind that! They’re all young and hot compared to you right pal?” Harold joked, playfully backhanding Trey on his leathery arm.

Trey chuckled and shook his head trying not to get too offended by the younger man's agism.

"Well to be fair - I think Destiny looks amazing for a woman over 50." He pointed out as he squinted through his glasses to check out the chique matronly woman.

Destiny's hourglass figure was now a distant memory as her midsection gained the dreaded mid-life spread giving her a more boxy/lumpy figure on its slow decent toward a pear-shaped body. Her breasts were still large and in charge but hung halfway down her chest, pressed down the padding of her bathingsuit. Her cleavage was impressive but deep and freckled with brown spots from decades of sun worship.

Her pedicured feet were veiny and her ankles were puffy, purple varicose veins snaked there way up her once flawless legs, divots of cellulite creased her heavy thighs and the fat on her legs jiggled with every step. Her bum was hanging out the back of her swimsuit and a mole had even started to grow toward the bottom of her left ass cheek.

Destiny's neck was beginning to crease and loosen and though her face didn't have as many lines and creases as Katie's did, it was still a bit puffy and becoming jowly. But perhaps the most significant change was that the crown of her hair was completely gray while the rest of her straight shoulder length locks from her ears down was still dark brunette.

All of this would have been a nightmare for her a few days ago when she was 18 but at 53 it was all 'manageable' and just part of being a woman her age. Destiny strutted her aging body around the pool with the same confidence and vanity of a woman half her age.

She eyed Trey and Harold looking over at her and flashed them fetching flirtatious looks, pursing her thinning lips into a seductive pouty smile. The young women on the other side of the pool began giggling and pointing at the graying cougar.

“Oh my god, that’s soooo sad! Do you see that frumpy soccer mom trying to look sexy for that old guy?” Rachel asked laughing.

Harper blushed not wanting to admit that the ‘old guy’ was her ‘Uncle Trey’. So instead she just joined in with the twins mocking them.

“Yeah because bald dudes with gross saggy balls are probably all she can get at her age!” Harper said giggling.

“Oh no way, Rach that’s Destiny. Our mom talks about her all the time - she was like some hot-shit model way back in the 90s...” Rebecca said, pushing up her sunglasses onto her head to get a better look at the older woman.

“Now she’s like doing belly flops in the pool in a designer one-pieces showing off all her stretch marks and loose gross flabby rolls like some sad Courtney Cox wannabe!” Rachel said giggling and cringing.

“Isn’t she like some kind of 50 plus influencer?” Harper asked, remembering that her mom had also talked about Destiny, with a tinge of jealousy. Though, as the teen watched the middle-aged woman attempt to look seductive and enticing with her bathing suit clinging tightly around her big saggy tits and the rolls of her lower back fat, Harper couldn’t understand why her mother would ever be jealous of this desperate older woman.

“She’s a grayfluencer. She like just post all about the ‘beauty’ and ‘virtue’ of being old and having gray hair. It’s like - the cringiest thing ever.” Rebecca clarified.

Destiny held her phone up in front of her face looking for the best angle and then selecting a filter to hide the wrinkle and blemishes she had on her face.

“Hey there cuties! It’s day 96 of my Grey Journey! It’s been nearly 100 days since I tossed my hair dyes in the trash and let my natural beauty shine! Post your own Grey Journey down in the comments and don’t forget to like and subscribe!” The graying 53-year-old said into the camera of her phone before making a kissy face with her pruning lips.

She tapped on the phone attempting to post the video that she had just made but had trouble seeing the text on the screen so she dug into her purse for her reading glasses and put them on, squinting down at her phone as she hen pecked the buttons with her manicured finger.

The young women across the pool with in a fit of giggles watching her. Rebecca had pulled up Destiny's tiktok account on her phone called 'GrayDestiny'. The girls were cackling as they watched the frumpy older woman in one of the videos shaking her head 'no' and gesturing to text that said "Myth: Having Gray Hair Makes You Look Old!" The twins and Harper all nodded that they believed that sentiment to be true. Destiny in the video then pointed at herself with the text above her reading "Do I look old to you?" And again shaking her head 'no'. The young women nodded harder in agreement that she did, in fact, look old to them.

"God, old people should be banned from social media." Harper laughed, rolling her eyes.

"Old people should be banned from wearing bathing suits - like I know she's not rocking a bikini or anything, thank god, but seriously do we need to see that much of her thunder thighs?" Rachel asked cringing at the sight of Destiny's pale dimpled legs.

"And her ass! I swear when we're old like her we'll just wear those track suits with the adjustable waist bands to be kind of the young people in the future so they can't see the contour of our fat lumpy asses!" Rebecca added acidically.

"Ew sis! Don't wish oldness on us!... Personally I'm hoping that like a meteor hits the earth the day before our 30th birthday." Rachel admitted to Harper.

The punkish teen shrugged.

"Yeah my mom told me that she had hoped that that whole Mayan apocalypse in 2012 was real for the same reason - but it didn't so now a decade later she gets to turn 40 and become a grandmother. Womp womp... but like, growing old doesn't have to be terrible right? I mean my gran is super old and is a total bad-ass that runs marathons and shit..." Harper pointed out.

The twins shrugged agreeing to disagree. They turned their attention back to Destiny who was setting her purse down by the deck chairs and chatting up the two men.

“Hey there boys.” She greeted them in a breathy, husky mature voice.

“Hello ma’am.” Harold said back politely.

“Hello dear. Enjoying the nice weather?” Trey said making small talk.

Destiny had tucked her reading glasses away and now pulled her sunglasses back down over her aging eyes and smiled glancing up at the sun.

“It’s beautiful out but I’m worried about getting roasted. I have such fair skin. Would one of you kind gentlemen help me put on some sunscreen?” Destiny asked in a voice that would have gotten any man in earshot to drop what they were doing and beg for a chance to slather lotion on her exposed skin 20 years ago (or rather 3 days ago).

“I’m sorry hun, my shoulder’s been acting up. I don’t have my range of motion in this arm - but this handsome young fella I’m sure would be happy to help you out!” Trey said slapping Harold on the knee, thinking that he was being a good wingman to the young guy.

“Oh uh... sure.” Harold said, forcing his cringe into a smile as he seethed at the fact that he was about to massage lotion into the back of a woman nearly old enough to be his mother.

“You’re so sweet! Don’t be shy, get all the nooks and crannies. Can’t be too careful!” The frumpy woman insisted with a chuckle as she sat her wide rear down on the end of the deck chair between Harold’s legs.

“Right...” Harold gulped as he looked sadly over at the twins who were crying with laughter over what they had just witnessed.

He wondered what kind of monkeys paw wish he had made to end up here with this graying cow instead of one of the young beauties that was currently giggling and pointing at him. Neither he nor Destiny had any idea that only a few days ago it would have been Harold who would have thoroughly enjoyed this while Destiny would have been disgusted.

“What are you drinking? It smells delicious.” The older woman purred.

“It uh, a half-beer-half-energy-drink.” Harold replied as he squirted suntan lotion on his hands and then warily rubbed it into Destiny’s shoulders.

“Mmm I can’t have beer – it makes me too gassy. But I could really go for a Sex On The Beach right now...” The 53-year-old purred suggestively.

That reminded Trey of his plans for the evening.

“Oh shoot! What time is it? I’ve got to run! It’s been good catching up with you Harry... you kids have fun! Don’t do anything I wouldn’t do!” Trey said with a wink as he put his fedora back on and hurried to leave.

Harold shook his head trying to think of a reason to keep the old man around just so he could pawn Destiny off on him once he was down with her sunscreen but it was too late and Trey was gone.

The older woman reached her veiny hand over to Harold’s hairy leg and playfully ran her fingernails up and down it.

“I guess it’s just the two of us then. I took my thyroid pill a little late today so I should wait a bit before going for a swim. So we can keep each other company until then...” She purred leaning her graying head back to the younger man.

She extended her tongue out and licked his earlobe as she laid back into his chest.

“Or maybe we can do something that will shut those giggly little bitches up.” She whispered into his ear before nibbling on it.

In the lobby the 30-something ladies were all on there way back from brunch, laughing and chatting - a bit tipsy as they stumbled happily to the elevator.

“Lilly!” A sour-faced 60-year-old Sabrina called as she plodded across from the mailboxes to where her 36-year-old daughter was.

“Mom what’s up? I’m just going up to Annie’s for a bit but i’ll be back to make you some dinner.” The adult woman explained.

“I just heard that Chrissie’s daughter is pregnant!” Sabrina snapped sounding annoyed.

“Yeah I know - we were all talking about it at brunch. I mean she’s pretty young in my opinion but Jenny is 20, so it’s not like a teen pregnancy or anything... And you were what? Only 25 when you had me?” Lilly said with a shrug.

“24! And you’re 36 and you don’t even have a boyfriend! My friends are all becoming GREAT grandparents Lilly and when can I expect my first grandbaby? When I’m 90 and too senile to enjoy it?” Sabrina wailed dramatically.

Lilly rolled her eyes and sighed deeply.

“God, this again? Most of my friends my age are unmarried with no kids right now mom. Things are just different than they were back in your day!” The younger woman insisted.

Over by the elevators, Ava had come in ahead of Trey from the pool area, drying off her little boy as she bumped into her friends. Annie smiled at them.

“Looks like someone had a fun time at the pool!” The blonde woman said looking at the little boy.

The kid nodded with a big grin.

“Mom let me swim out to the middle! And I made some big splashes with my arms!” Ava’s son bragged excitedly.

“Wow! Very cool!” Annie said with a grin to his mother.

“Yeah sorry I had to skip out on brunch... I couldn’t find a sitter for Tommy that last minute...” The 30-year-old slender blonde woman explained.

“Oh you should have told me! My sister bailed too - a whole family drama thing but I bet she would have watched him - or her younger daughter Harper... or even next time you should just bring him. He can come hang out and share some hot goss with Auntie Annie! Would you like that little guy?” Annie ask with a bright grin.

“Yeah!!” The little boy shouted enthusiastically.

“Good answer. Come here and give me a big hug!” Annie said kneeling down to him.

“Oh Annie I wouldn’t - he’s soaking wet.” Ava warned.

“Ah it’s okay. I’m not wearing a white shirt!” Annie giggled and winked at the boys mom.

Tommy reached one arm around Annie’s neck to hug her but struggled to figure out where to put his other arm around the busty woman and ended up pressing his hand into her breast.

“Woops thats my boob kiddo. You’ve got to wait a few more years before pulling that move on the ladies!” Annie said with a laugh.

Tommy had no idea what she meant and instead just ran excitedly into the elevator once it opened.

“Several hours at the pool and he’s still got so much energy! I don’t know how to keep up!” His mom admitted with a bewildered smile.

Annie laughed.

“Yeah that’s why I like being ‘aunty’ and not ‘mommy’.” Annie replied with a grin.

The ladies all got on the elevator and the doors shut. Trey arrived a minute later and pressed the button for the elevator to find Matt standing there looking nervous and agitated. He was 40 now, still dressed like a 13 year old with baggy shorts, a t-shirt and a backwards hat. Clearly he had gotten the news about his eldest daughter.

The two men stood in awkward silence as the elevator ascended, neither looking at the other and neither attempting to strike up a conversation. The silence was finally broken when Matt got a call on his cell.

“Yeah babe, I’m on my way up now to see her.” He said into the phone. A high pitched voice said something on the other end. “No I don’t know... well she’s my daughter so the bitch can’t stop me from seeing her...no babe... yeah babe... I don’t know I guess I’ll see what she needs.... No babe, this doesn’t make you a grandmother... no I know you’re not old enough to be a mom yourself yet... no we don’t have to tell anyone... Yeah we can just tell people that Jenny’s my niece or some shit. I don’t know!” Matt said.

The door opened and Trey exited quickly in relief and headed down the hall only to realize that he had gotten off at the wrong floor and turned the corner to see Erica coming home from her senior yoga class and Ethel who was getting home from her shift at the hospital.

The older of the two women was dressed in yoga pants and a t-shirt while the younger woman was wearing her nurses scrubs. Some of the natural chesnut brown was returning to Ethel’s hair giving her a short, cropped salt-and-pepper do. She had a lot fewer wrinkles on her face than the day before and her posture was better, despite still limping a bit from her hip surgery.

But Trey wasn’t thinking about what Ethel looked like when she was older, he

was remembering Ethel when she was his wife's spunky young college roommate.

"Hey Ethel how's the hip?" Erica asked.

"Oh it's doing better. I'm lucky I'm young enough now that my body can bounce back from the surgery. If I had waited a few years I might have been stuck using a cane for the rest of my days!" The younger of the two women explained with a bit of a chuckle.

"Well I'm glad. I imagine it wouldn't be easy to do your rounds like that!" Erica offered.

"No it wouldn't! It's hard enough to get around now as it is! Harder than it used to be when I was younger anyway!... Speaking of, how is retired life treating you?" Ethel asked the older woman.

Erica gave a hoarse laugh.

"Oh you know me! I can't keep still! Now I have all of this time on my hands and I don't know what to do with it!" The former fitness instructor cackled with a wrinkled grin.

"Well I'm jealous! But I've just got a few more years to go before I join you!" Ethel said crossing her fingers.

"I'm sure I'll be busy enough now with Jenny's new baby on the way!" Erica said working in her big news.

Ethel gasped in excitement.

"Jenny's pregnant! Oh my gosh! I remember when she was just a little one herself! My how time flies! In the blink of an eye babies grow up and have babies themselves and us perky young girls turn around and here we are chatting about retirement!" The woman who had grown 35 years younger over the course of the past few days said in awe.

Matt pushed passed Trey and marched down the hall to Chrissie's door. Erica and Ethel glared at him as he passed. The soon-to-be grandfather pounded on the door gearing up for a fight with Chrissie. Trey took that as his cue to slip back to the elevator before Erica recruited him to run interference between the divorced couple.

He went one floor up and made his way to Bree and Hannah's apartment. The 50-year-old fading redhead Hannah invited him in where his wife was already inside dressed in a sleeveless floral dress. There were a few other couples there as well, Conner who was now 57 and his wife Melanie, 55 - the parents of the bodacious twins hanging out down by the pool; and Jack and Diane, Ava's parents and Tommy's grandparents who had been a pair of high school sweethearts a few days ago and were now a boring 51-year-old couple.

Trey looked at his wife curiously as he eased himself down into a beanbag chair on the floor next to his wife.

"I haven't seen you wear that dress in years!" He whispered to her.

She smirked at him.

"I had a little fun this afternoon with a nice young man who helped me with some computer trouble and I didn't want to go through all of the trouble of getting my jeans back on. I need to start joining Erica on her morning runs again so I can fit back into my clothes... I usually don't like this dress because it shows off my bingo wings but... well I figured it would be good to come to this thing in something easy to get in and out of." Katherine replied with a grin.

Bree and Hannah sat down on cushions in front of the three couples gathered in a circle in their living room. Both of the married women were wearing white robes over their middle-aged body and smiling serenely at the rest of the group.

"Welcome! Thank you all for attending this first in what I hope to be regular gatherings. The purpose of this evening is to learn how to have deep intimacy and a vibrant active sex life in your 50s and beyond... and for those of you thinking that I'm not qualified to speak about the sex life of a 50+ person, I'll

have you know that I'm turning the big 5-0 in 3 weeks! And my 50-year-old wife here and taught me enough to be an expert on the subject!" Bree said with a warm grin that emphasized the creases in her cheeks and around her eyes.

She was gaining some silver streaks in her dark black hair. Her Asian heritage though made her look much younger than her 49-years and noticeably more youthful than her aging redheaded spouse who had put on a bit of weight and whose freckled skin was getting a bit leathery.

The group chuckled politely at Bree's wry comment and listened as she explained the rules and guidelines for the evening in the interest of keeping things safe and fun for all involved.

"So now that we've got all of that out of the way, let's loosen up a bit - I have some wine for everyone, drink as much as you like and once you're comfortable you may remove your clothing so that we can all look around and see that even though our bodies are older, things may sag or pucker, we may have gray hairs or moles, hairs where we think that there shouldn't be or no hair where we think it should be - we're all beautiful, vibrant, mature adults - and that can be sexy too!" Bree announced raising a wine glass to the group.

She took a big sip along with Hannah and then the two middle-aged women let their robes fall to the ground revealing that they were completely naked underneath. Bree's naked body was thin with some folds of wrinkled skin puckering and bunching around her belly and around her upper arms and thighs. She had dark beauty marks and moles dotting her naked body and a neatly trimmed black bush over her vagina that had two stray grays nestled in it. Her modest breasts were sagging into teardrops on her chest and her nipples were puffy.

Her 50-year-old wife Hannah on the otherhand had the body of a school lunch lady, bottom-heavy and rippled with a fair amount of cellulite. Her pubic hair was still fully orange and her leathery skin was pale and showed visible veins. Her larged breasts hung down like two pale freckled pillows sloping down her chest.

The group chuckled nervously as they looked around wondering who would take the plunge next. Katherine and Trey drank some of their wine and looked knowingly at one another deciding that they would be bold enough to join in first. Trey unbuckled his pants and pulled his shirt off revealing his saggy gut and graying chest hair. Then he helped his wife peel her dress off and unhooked her bra for her letting her heavy breasts flop out.

As Katherine slipped her panties down her chunky leg, Diane eye the fading fairy on her hip.

“Oh my goodness! What a darling tattoo!” The former teenager turned grandma said with an earnest smile to the naked middle-aged woman next to her.

Katherine blushed and looked down at it.

“Ah this old thing! It gets a comment every time it’s visible... what can I say? It was the 80s!” The graying 58-year-old chuckled.

It didn’t take long or much more wine for Conner and Melanie to join in and shortly there after Jack and Diane followed suit. The formerly athletic young man now had a bit of a doughy physique in his 50s and a pair of man boobs that rivaled his wives saggy tits. The former cheerleader herself had clearly fallen victim to the middle-aged spread and softening waist line. Her breasts flopped down on her ribcage looking like they were flattening as her big pink nipples pointed down toward the other women’s veiny feet. All of them were rocking tan lines over their breasts and abdomens.

Melanie had a belly button piercing that she had rocked since the initial Saturday June 11th when she was only 19 but now it looked very out of place on her puffy wrinkling 50-something stomach.

“Oh look at you! Some bling bling!” Katherine said, noticing. She was happy not to be the only older woman here with some wild remnants from her youth.

Melanie blushed as the glittering piercing.

“Ah gosh! My daughters Rachel and Rebecca pressured me into getting one! I hardly ever show it off... it’s too embarrassing at my age.” The graying blonde confided.

Her hairy out-of-shape husband put a meaty arm around his wife’s naked body and pulled her into him.

“I like it!” Conner said with a hearty chuckle.

The group laughed as they politely tried not to stare too hard at one another’s exposed bodies while also trying to keep with the spirit of celebrating the beauty of their aging forms. They looked around at his wife and then the other frumpy naked women there and their graying middle-aged bushes and sagging tits figuring that they all must have been hot when they were younger.

He had no idea that if the effects of the machine in the building’s basement were to suddenly reverse that he would be a man in his late 20s again surrounded by naked teens and college-aged girls and boys.

“Okay now I just want to point out that all of the men are getting erections. This is good! No need to feel weird or nervous about it. This is the normal reaction to stimulae. We should all feel good that our aging bodies are eliciting such a happy response from their genitals and men you should all be glad that you can still get it up!” Bree teased causing the group to heartily laugh.

“Now that we’re all undressed please get comfortable - drink some more wine. You can watch Hannah and I as we go through our affirmation ritual and you’re welcome to do the same with your partner as we do so. Then you can watch my wife and I make love to explore if you would like to make love with your spouse or another interested party here.” The sex therapist explained.

Hannah and Bree then embraced one another in a passionate kiss. They held hands and lowered themselves back down to the cushions on the floor where they sat facing one another.

“My love.” Bree said seriously as she held Hannah’s veiny hands.

“My love.” Hannah replied back.

“You are more beautiful today than yesterday.” Bree recited.

“Today you are beautiful and tomorrow you will grow more beautiful still.” Hannah responded.

“Every new gray on your head brings a wisdom and every new crease on your face is a testament to the life we have built together.” Bree said reaching up to gently trace a line on her wife’s cheek.

“As your breasts sag lower and your back stoops over you still fill me with the same fire you did when you were pert and young.” Hannah said with a grin.

“I honor your body and your mind and your whole being as we age and grow old together.” Bree said and took a deep breath.

“I honor your body and your mind and your whole being as I experience you mature and wizen.” Hannah responded.

“Maidens to Mothers to Crones you get sexier with age.” The women recited together simultaneously as they cupped one another’s breasts.

They finished with another passionate kiss, still groping each other’s tits. Diane raised her hand nervously.

“Yes Diane?” Bree asked.

“That wasn’t witchcraft right? Because I’m a Sunday School teacher at church...” The matronly woman asked nervously.

Hannah and Bree broke into a fit of laughter shaking their heads.

“Nooo! Of course not! It’s just something Hannah and I made up to say to one another to reassure each other that we’re still hot and heavy no matter how old we get!” Hannah said with a laugh.

Diane blushed, embarrassed.

“Oh okay!” She said. Her husband smirked at her causing the 51-year-old woman to shrug sheepishly. “What? I didn’t know!” She insisted.

The group watched as Bree and Hannah repositioned themselves onto the cushions in a 69 position with Bree on top as they proceeded to eat one another out. Soon the rest of the guests were getting excited themselves watching their middle-aged lesbian hosts lap at one another’s drying graying pussies.

There was a fair amount of grunting and groaning happening as the three pairs of 50 and 60-somethings moved around trying to find viable spots on the couches and bean bags to fuck. Soon Conner had Melanie bent over the couch, the grandparents slowly began to bang causing Melanie’s saggy tits to flap back and forth above her belly button ring.

Katherine suggested that Trey lay down with the bean bag chair supporting his upper body since she knew that the older man had some back issues. She grunted as she stretched her flabby thigh over his lap to straddle him. Diane and Jack were taking a similar position beside them.

Soon the sounds of matronly women moaning echoed throughout the apartment and saggy flesh slapping against saggy flesh punctuated the quiet moments.

Katherine was doing her best to keep her energy up since this was more sex in one day than she had had in over a decade. Her knees were throbbing as she rode Trey from on top. She closed her eyes and took a few deep breaths to focus on the pleasure and not the discomfort.

She felt a hand gently cup around her breast and moaned softly but then quickly realized that it was a much smaller hand than Trey had. She flinched and opened her eyes to find Diane fondling her tit as she gyrated on top of her own husband who appeared to be nodding off.

“Sorry! Sorry! I know I should have asked for permission first but... they’re still so round! I was curious if they were real... most women are age they... well feel

mine!” Diane explained as she guided Katherine’s hand to her own sadly collapsing tit.

“Yeah they’re real... just good genes I guess! Would love for the girls to keep there shape as long as possible!” Katherine said with an uncomfortable chuckle as she reached over and knocked on some wood trimming on the couch.

“I... Could we... no sorry, never mind. It’s silly.” Diane said shaking her head.

Katherine looked at her curiously.

“No what? It’s okay - it’s a safe space, remember?” She pointed out.

Diane blushed and bit her thinning lip, glancing over at the older naked woman beside her.

“Well... back when I was a cheerleader - years and YEARS ago, I was at a party with my husband Jack - he was my boyfriend at the time. And we were hooking up next to this other couple kind of like we’re doing now and... the girl kissed me and then we started making out while we were doing our boyfriends and...” Diane explained sheepishly.

“You want to kiss?” Katherine asked in surprise.

Diane nodded with a cringing hopeful smile.

“If you wouldn’t mind.” The middle-aged grandmother said in the same tone she might ask a neighbor to borrow some flour.

Katherine smirked and shrugged leaning over and kissing the other woman who immediately began to coo and moan in approval. Trey looked over to Jack to see if he was enjoying the sight of this as much as he was but the former jock was sound asleep.

Later that night Katherine and Trey got back up to their apartment and took a shower together helping one another wash up while complaining about how sore they felt after all of that action.

“You would think for a sex therapist that specializes in older couples that she’d have some sort of memory foam orgy mats or something!” Katherine groaned with a chuckle.

“Therapeutic seniors sex harnesses!” Trey joked as he brushed his teeth.

The couple made their way into bed and cuddled together both feel far too worn out to attempt another round of sex that night. Trey reached up and cupped his nearly 60-year-old wife’s cheek.

“My love.” He said in the same tone that Bree had used earlier that night.

“My love.” Katherine said back with a giggle.

“You’re as beautiful today as you were yesterday.” Trey said trying to remember the words.

“Today you’re pretty good yourself.” Katherine said with a smirk.

“Every new gray... what was that line? Oh! Every new gray on your head brings... something, wisdom maybe? And the wrinkles on your face bring joy? Or something like that.” He said to her with a grin.

She laughed and rolled her eyes.

“Yeah well how about this? You’re pretty debonair with your wrinkles and your bald head but if you ever lose control of your bladder then you’re out of here mister!” Katherine teased.

“Well same goes for you if you lose your teeth!” He teased back.

“Oh is that so? You wouldn’t be begging me for gumjobs?” Katherine smirked.

Trey chuckled.

“What’s a gum job!?” He asked.

“Google it!... wait on second thought don’t google it!” Katherine warned with a laugh.

Their crinkled eyes began to grow heavy and soon the older couple nodded off to sleep.

Downstairs in the basement the handymen were all still gathered around the machine trying to get a sense of how the guage worked.

“Someone try googling this thing?” Sully asked.

“Where’s the make and serial number?” One of them asked as he shined a flashlight down at the bottom of it.

“Well while youse do that I’m going to turn this again and see if it does anything this time!” the bald worker with the wrench called out and turned his wrench again causing the apartment above them to become engulfed with another flash of light.

And upstairs in apartment 513 a 70-year-old Trey was waking up in bed next to his 65-year-old wife Katie and their 72-year-old long time friend Erica. The bald old man looked over at the two naked senior women snoozing on either side of him and then looked down at his crotch with a frown realizing that his member was uncharacteristically limp.

To Be Continued...