

THE APARTMENT COMPLEX

By ChronoEclipse

Day 2:

Saturday June 11th (Again), This year.

In the blink of an eye to anyone outside of the building it suddenly appeared as if the brand new Millenium Gardens was now nearly a decade old. The high end apartment complex now seemed to cater to young professionals and families as the residents inside the building (mostly) all woke up 7 years older while the date on the calendar refreshed back to the same day that they had all just lived through.

A now 35-year-old Trey Robbins of apartment 513, woke up once again on that cool Saturday morning and looked over to the side of the bed to see his attractive 30-year-old wife Katie soundly asleep.

The two of them had been married for a couple years now and were currently trying for a baby. Katie had been fretting about turning 30 a few months ago and leaving her 20s behind but Trey constantly assured her that she was a hot now as the day they first met. He looked over at his sleeping wife. Sure she had a few extra pounds on her thighs and little creases around her piercing green eyes but she was still gorgeous with her long auburn hair and still-perky D-cup breasts . Her long toned legs just showed the vaguest hints of cellulite as they rubbed against one another in her sleep.

Trey ran his fingers through his thinning hair and rubbed the hairy beer gut he was beginning to develop. He suddenly had the urge to do something that he hadn't done in quite a while. He slowly pulled back the covers to reveal Katie's tanned naked body. Her eyes opened a crack as she blearily began to wake up. He leaned over and kissed her soft tummy right below her cute belly button and worked his way south. Katie made a sleepy moan of appreciation. Trey then kissed his way down past her wider waist, to the neatly trimmed triangle of brown pubes. He continued kissing down her exposed crotch until his head was

nestled between her womanly thighs and he extended his tongue into the opening between her pink labia. Katie's eyes opened for a moment in surprise as she looked down at her husband's head buried in her crotch.

"Trey!" The naked woman called out, her voice a bit more mature and less girly and high pitched than it had been when they had gone to bed.

"What? I thought you'd like a little tongue action... remember how I used to wake you up like this when we were dating?" Trey asked wiping his mouth off.

Katie bit her lip remembering those days but quickly shook it off.

"As much as I would love a little 'tongue' action, we have to put all our energy into making a baby if we're serious about having one. I don't want you to get a cramp in your jaw and then be too worn out to do the main event! So unless you can shoot sperm out of your tongue..." Katie said sitting up in the bed and putting her hands on her hips.

"Well there's a disturbing image..." Trey grumbled.

"Sorry hun, it's just... my biological clock, it's ticking." Katie said frowning at her husband.

"Well let's see what we can do about that then..." He replied with a grin as he pulled his boxers down and climbed on top of her.

The slightly out-of-shape 35-year-old man grunted as he positioned himself over his young wife. He hovered above her nude body, reaching down to guide his cock into her awaiting pussy.

Trey looked down at Katie as she layed beneath him looking up at him expectantly.

"Good morning." He said with a smile.

Katie smiled back at him and raised her eyebrow, glancing down at their crotches.

“Good morning. Ready to get this show on the road? I need to get up and get myself some coffee.” She replied.

Trey inserted his dick and she gasped in pleasure feeling him inside of her. Katie wrapped her slender arms around her husband's broad chest and hugged him against her naked body as he pumped into her.

They kissed bearing through their morning breath as they continued to gyrate into one another. Katie lifted her long silky legs and tucked them up around Trey's waist, rubbing her soft soles along the backs of his hairy thighs.

The couple was growing sweaty as they fucked in missionary position for several minutes. Trey was a bit out of breath as he propped his body up with one hand and ran the other through his thinning brown hair.

“Are you close?” He asked wondering how much longer he had to keep going.

She shook her head confused as she looked up at his rugged face.

“Close to what?” She asked.

“Orgasm.” He responded.

She snorted a laugh and smirked at her husband. She wasn't anywhere close to cumming. That wasn't the goal for her here.

“Just cum when you're ready, baby.” She informed him.

Trey shrugged and a few pumps later he was grunting and making his cum face for her. Katie smiled at him and kissed his cheek before rolling him off of her and dabbing her pussy with a fresh tissue from the nightstand.

“Okay I'm going to go hop in the shower. I'm all sweaty and gross.” She informed him.

He looked at his 30-year-old wife stand up from the bed. Her ass was plump and heart shaped and she only had the hint of some cellulite on the backs of her smooth thighs. Trey usually wasn't ready to go again this quickly after sex - not since his 20s anyway, but something about seeing his sexy wife with the sun shining in on her naked body from the window like this was really getting him worked up.

"I'll join you!" He offered.

Katie smiled and tilted her head.

"You sure babe? You want to go again this soon after the first time?" She asked sounding pleasantly surprised.

"Yeah sure! I can rally. I can't get enough of that hot bod of yours..." He said growling in arousal.

He ran over and grabbed her by the waist and lifted her up, spinning her around in his arms, when he brought her back down she passionately wrapped her arms and legs around his body and kissed him.

When she pulled back to take a breath she smiled at him, her face flushed but beaming.

"What's gotten into you this morning? I like it..." She purred.

Trey loved Katie's smile. When she grinned she looked so pretty and full of life. Her rosy cheeks and big green eyes gave him as much of a stiffy as her generous breasts and round ass did.

"I dunno. I'm just a lucky guy, I have such a hot wife." He replied.

She grabbed his hand with a twinkle in her eye and led him to the bathroom. Once the two of them were in the shower Katie began to passionately kiss her husband again. She felt really happy to be married to Trey. Sure, sometimes he was like an overgrown kid and he wasn't making the big bucks or as in shape as he had been when they first started dating but he was the man for her. She had

been feeling less attractive since turning 30. She had noticed recently that the young guys at the coffee shop she typically did work out of, which she had been going to since she had graduated college, no longer all fell over themselves at the sight of her anymore. Sure she still got glances and was even occasionally hit on by some of them but it wasn't the same. So her husband's enthusiasm about her body really meant a lot to her.

"This is good - the more times we can do it the better our chances of hitting the jackpot." She whispered to him before turning around in the shower and leaning over.

Katie wiggled her heart-shaped rear at him as she pressed her hands against the tile at the back of the shower stall.

"You uh... want to do it in the ass?" Trey asked, surprised but kind of thrilled.

Katie turned to look at him over her shoulder and gave him a bewildered glance.

"No dummy. We're trying to make a baby remember? You can't get me pregnant if you stick it in my bum." She told him in a 'I can't believe I even have to tell you this' voice.

Trey nodded giving her a look of understanding.

"Oh cool, right, doggie-style. I got you babe." He said and then placed his hand on the small of her back and guided his dick between her thighs up to her pussy which was much wetter than it had been in the bed.

Before long Trey was holding her petite waist and pumping into her as Katie closed her eyes and gasped in pleasure. The warm water sprinkled onto the two 30-somethings as they fucked. He began slowly and gently but began to pick up speed and intensity as Katie rocked her body back and forth, feeling her large breasts sway to and fro beneath her. He was now pounding her pretty vigorously as she loudly moaned and shuddered at the bliss of feeling him inside of her.

“Is it okay to cum?” Trey asked.

Katie opened her eyes and tilted back her head to him.

“Yes!” She moaned quickly. “That’s the whole point!” She reiterated.

“Oh right!” He said and let loose inside of her.

Trey pulled out and Katie straighted up, stretching to keep her back muscles limber. She turned around and gave him a kiss on the lips, shaking her head at how dense he was being. He was older than her but in a lot of ways she was the ‘adult’ of the house, having to keep things on track and focused on the goals at hand.

“That was nice - now I have to finish my shower.” She said as she goodnaturedly pushed him out of the stall.

A few minutes later Katie stepped out of the shower and wrapped a towel around her naked body. Trey came up behind her as she was blow drying her hair in the mirror. He leaned in and kissed Katie on her neck and she smiled at him.

“I’m going to go make us some coffee.” Trey said and pulled on some jeans and a button up and walked back into the rest of the apartment.

A few minutes later as Trey was pouring some coffee into mugs as Katie came out of the bathroom wearing only a t-shirt and panties. Trey handed her a mug and she took a sip.

“Do you think my ass is getting big?” She asked lifting the shirt up to show her booty in the powder blue panties that she was wearing.

Trey had enough sense to know how to handle this.

“No babe. You’ve got a nice tight ass. It looked exactly like it did when we met.” He said, playfully smacking her on her butt cheek causing it to satisfyingly jiggle.

Katie laughed and then frowned, sitting down on at the kitchen table.

“I just feel so blah lately.” She admitted.

“Is this about turning 30? Because I told you babe. It’s just a number. It’s like just another part of your 20s with a 3 in front of it.” He assured her.

“So you’re not like, planning on leaving me for one of those college babes that hang around the pool downstairs?” She asked with a smirk.

“Ha! No way, you’re way hotter plus you like know how to do real life shit like taxes and trip planning!” He said kissing her on the top of her head.

Katie nodded, appreciating the sentiment, she extended her bare leg out in front of her and examined her dainty foot.

“Hmmm maybe it’s time for a pedicure. Having pretty painted toes might make me feel young and sexy again.” She mused with a grin.

“Yeah babe! Treat yourself! You’ve been working really hard this year.” Trey agreed.

“I should call mom and see if she wants me to pick her up and treat her to one too. We can make it a gals day out... speaking of working hard, I have a lot to get done today for my end of the week deadline.” She informed her husband.

“That’s cool. I’m sure I’ll find ways to occupy myself while you’re working...” Trey said with a grin.

Katie pressed her palm to her face.

“You’re not just going to spend the afternoon playing Call of Duty on the big screen TV while i’m trying to work - you’re way too distracting!” She said with a laugh.

Her phone began to buzz and she picked it up to look at the caller ID.

“It’s Erica.” She said, shrugging and wondering what their neighbor downstairs wanted.

“Oh she’s probably wondering why I fell off from our morning runs lately... she just gets up so early!” Trey explained.

“But why would she be calling me about that?” Katie asked scratching her brunette head.

Trey shrugged and Katie swiped to answer the phone.

“Hello? Hi, Erica!” She said in a friendly voice into the phone as she sat and sipped her coffee.

Trey gave his wife an inquisitive look wondering what the call was about Katie didn’t give him any clues as she nodded through the phone conversation.

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

Katie was a freelance writer for one of the major news and pop culture websites. She had been doing it for about seven years now.

She moved the phone away from her mouth and looked over at Trey.

“She needs someone to babysit her kids for the afternoon. She got called in for a client at the last minute.” Katie explained.

Trey shrugged.

“I can do it. Whatever. I like kids.” He said helpfully.

Katie brought the phone back up to her face.

“Erica? Yeah Trey said he could do it. He’s free this afternoon and he’d be happy to keep an eye on the girls.” Katie said into the phone. There was the sound of a million ‘thank yous’ in response. “On don’t worry about it! Happy to help!” Katie said and hung up.

“Cool they’re in apartment 314 right?” Trey asked once she was off the phone.

“Yeah. That’s so nice of you to volunteer babe. She sounded desperate. And it’ll give me some quiet time in here to get some work done.” Katie said walking over and kissing Trey on the cheek before bringing her coffee mug to the sink.

“Well I’m a really nice guy.” Trey said with a big grin.

“Yes you are. You’re my nice guy. Now you’d better hurry down. She needs to head out in like 5 minutes.” Katie informed him as she gave him another kiss on the cheek.

Trey nodded and buttoned up his shirt, put socks and shoes on, kissed his wife on the lips and headed out the door.

As he hurried down the hall to the elevator he passed the trio of gossiping biddies on his floor that drove him and Katie nuts. There was Sandra the 60-year-old diner waitress with flabby bingo arms and frizzy graying hair; Patty the 61-year-old office worker and resident nosy cat-lady with her fading short blonde hair and ugly pastel blouses that covered her saggy chest and puffy gut; and Donna the 63-year-old hispanic owner of the florist shop downstairs with her wrinkly double-chin and gray hair pulled into a dowdy up-do. The three baby-boomer women did nothing but get into other peoples business and file complaints about the residents they didn’t like - typically the young 20-somethings in the building.

“Mr. Robbins. I couldn’t help overhearing the other day that you and your wife are trying for a baby...” Donna said to him in a sing-songy voice.

“Tell Katie to let us know when a good time to stop by is and we’ll give her some helpful tips from our years of experience.” Patty added as if it were non-optional.

“Mrs. Pilar, ladies - thank you for your concern but we are doing just great. Definitely have this handled and we would definitely appreciate you not eaves dropping on our conversations through the walls...” Trey said trying to be reasonable.

“I don’t know why you would welcome a little advice. You know I gave birth to five very healthy children - all boys!” Sandra said in a nudging tone. Her two friends nodded and murmured in agreement.

Trey sighed at the boomers.

“That’s... great but Katie’s really busy right now with work so uh... how about if you have anything you want to pass on to her why don’t you just write it down and stick it in our mailbox.” Trey suggested, wanting to get out of this conversation as the 60-something women all looked at him up and down like a pack of hungry hyenas.

The women murmured vague acknowledgement of his suggestion while continuing to undress the young man with their eyes and subtly unbuttoning some buttons on their blouses to reveal a bit of wrinkly freckled cleavage.

“Okay well, I’ve got to run. Have a nice day - and remember, anything you want to pass along just stick it in the mailbox!” Trey said waving to them as he ran to the elevator.

“I’d like him to stick something in my mailbox!” Donna said licking her pruned lips as she stared at Trey’s ass in his jeans.

“Donna! You’re so bad! That young man’s half your age!” Patty admonished her thirsty friend.

Trey got off on the third floor and hurried down the hall to Erica’s apartment. As he turned the corner he saw a very anxious tall blonde 37-year old woman standing in a doorway at the end of the hall dressed in spandex.

The nearly 40-year-old woman still had a physique that most women would kill for. The spandex shorts hugged thighly around her toned thighs and her well defined abs were on full display under her spandex sports bra which was also holding tight her impressive breasts. Sure there were some subtle hints betraying her age - creases in the corners of her eyes; some wrinkling around her exposed belly button; the skin of her arms and shoulders looking a bit dry and less supple than that of a woman in her 20s. But she was by any reasonable measure - a stunning MILF.

Her dishwater blonde hair was pulled back in a pony tail and her attractive face looked thrilled and relieved to see Trey walking toward her down the hall. She breathed a sigh of relief and held out her femininely muscular arms out to give him a hug.

“Oh thank you! Thank you! Thank you! I can’t tell you how much of a lifesaver you are!” Erica said as she held him against her firm body.

“Oh it’s no problem. What are friends for?” He said patting the athletic woman on the back.

Erica pulled back from their embrace and gave Trey the kind of look that said that if he wasn’t a married man she’d want to give him something more than just a tight hug.

“I just got called in to go train a really important client. I shouldn’t be gone too long though - a few hours max.” She explained.

They walked into her apartment when Erica’s 7-year-old daughter Annie was coloring on the floor in a sundress and Erica’s 11-year-old daughter Chrissie was sitting on the couch watching TV.

“It’s cool I’m sure we’ll have a fun time until whenever you get back!” Trey said enthusiastically.

Erica looked at her two daughters in the living room who hadn’t glanced up since the adults had come in.

“Girls, mommy needs to head out to an appointment so Mr. Trey from upstairs is going to watch you okay?” Erica called into the room.

“Okay...” The girls replied still focused on their own stuff.

Trey walked into the living room and waved at the kids.

“Hey guys, remember me? I’m your moms friend Trey!” He said enthusiastically.

“Hi.” Chrissie said in a dismissive voice.

“Hi!” Annie said, still focused on her coloring.

“Chrissie! Come on, turn the TV off and come say hello to Trey and give me a hug goodbye. You too Annie!” Erica said in a motherly voice.

The 11-year-old sighed and turned the TV off and then dragged herself over to the door and gave her mom a reluctant hug.

“I don’t understand why I can’t just watch Annie while you’re gone. I’m old enough!” Chrissie pouted.

“Baby we talked about this. It’s fine for you to watch your sister if I’m just doing something quick like running down to the store but if I’m going to be gone for over an hour you need an adult around.” Erica explained, mussing up her daughters blonde hair.

The younger of the two girls came and gave Erica a big hug and smiled and waved at Trey.

“Mommy can we go to the pool while you’re gone?” The first-grader asked.

Erica looked down at the hopeful little girl and smirked.

“I guess that’s all right if Trey doesn’t mind.” Erica replied.

Annie turned around and looked to Trey excitedly. He shrugged and nodded.

“Yeah sure, if that’s what you girls want to do!” He said hoping to win some points with the kids.

“Yay!!!” Annie squealed and then ran off to go change into her bathing suit.

“Okay awesome. Be good for Trey girls, I’ll be back this evening!” Erica called out to her daughters as she waved to everyone and headed out the door.

Trey turned and watched the 37-year-old grab her stuff and leave wondering how a woman her age keeps her ass so perfectly toned and round. When the door shut behind her he walked over to the couch and sat down next to Chrissie who was sitting upside down with her legs up over the back of the couch and her head tilted off the edge of the seat - like she was hanging upside down on a jungle gym.

“Hey, Chrissie right? What are you watching?” He asked trying to break the ice a bit.

“Owl house.” The 5th grader informed him.

“Oh cool is that like a nature show or...?” Trey asked.

He honestly had no idea what kids watched these days. He hadn’t been a kid in like 25 years but figured that if he and Katie were trying for a baby it would be good to learn what kids are into.

“No it’s a show about Luz who’s this girl who discovers a portal to a magic realm and they hate humans there and Luz meets a witch named Eda and her helped named King who used to be a king but...” Chrissie explained flipping around on the couch to look Trey in the eyes as she summerized the show in enthusiastic detail.

As the girl was continuing to describe every single part of the show her little sister came running in wearing her bathing suit.

“Okay I’m ready for the pool. I just want to finish coloring my picture first and then we can go!” Annie declared.

“Sure - whenever you’re ready to go.” Trey told the little girl.

“I already have my bathing suit on because I was going to go down to the pool later anyway. Mom says I’m old enough to go by myself.” Chrissie bragged proudly.

She lifted her t-shirt up to show the bathing suit top underneath. Trey grimaced, feeling like she didn’t need to prove it to him.

“That’s cool. You’re what? 12?” He asked her.

Chrissie beamed at being mistaken for being older.

“I’m actually 11 but I’ll be 12 in 9 months!” She informed him.

“I’m 7!” Annie said holding up 7 fingers to Trey.

He could see that she was missing her front teeth.

“Cool! And it looks like you’ve gotten some visits from the tooth fairy!” He replied to her.

The little girl nodded.

“I got 6 quarters!” She replied.

Trey chuckled.

“Wow well the tooth fairy’s rates have definitely gone up since I was a kid!” He said.

The little girls blinked at him, not knowing what that meant.

“So are you married?” Chrissie asked him.

Trey nodded.

“Yeah, my wifes name is Katie - you’ve met her before.” He told her showing the girl his wedding band.

“Cool... do you have any kids?” She asked.

“Uh no, not yet.” He said with a shrug feeling like he was being interrogated.

“Do you want kids?” Chrissie pressed.

Trey hesitated. The truth was that he kind of didn’t but Katie seemed so bent on it that he figured they might as well have one and he would just learn to like being a dad once he was one.

“Uh sure, I guess.” He replied.

“I don’t want any kids when I grow up but I want three horses!” Chrissie declared.

“Heh sweet. Horses are pretty rad.” Trey told the girl.

“Okay finished!” Annie proclaimed holding up a picture of stick figure versions of her, her mom and her sister standing in front of the apartment complex.

“Wow nice drawing Annie.” Trey said to encourage her.

“Thanks can we go to the pool now?” She lisped through the gap in her teeth.

“Sure. Grab whatever you girls need and we head on down.” He said standing up from the couch with a bit of a groan.

The pool was located in the middle of the complex in a private terrace that was only accessible through either the basement or a walkway off of the first floor patio. Once the girls were ready Trey took Annie’s hand and Chrissie ran off in front of them as they headed down to the lobby.

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Meanwhile back in apartment 513, Katie sat at her computer in her panties and t-shirt. She was working on a new article for the news and culture site that she freelanced for. “What everyone gets wrong about Millennials like me!” She typed in bold letters next to an stock photo of a young woman looking terrified at the number ‘30’.

She was about to type more when there was a knock on the back screen door. She paused trying to think of who that would be and she cautiously got up and grabbed a fashionable sarong that she had tossed over the back of the couch. She wrapped it around her hips and thighs and then tip-toed barefoot over to the back door to see who it could be. When she peeked her head around she saw a thin silhouette on the other side. Katie now relaxed and walked swiftly over to the screen door drawing back the curtains and sliding the glass panel open. Standing outside the door was Jonny, the pimple-faced 15-year old son of the couple who lived in the apartment two doors down. He was a bit nerdy and shy dressed in a Naruto t-shirt and jeans. He had braces and messy reddish brown hair.

“Uh... hi, um ma’am...” He said nervously, his voice cracking.

“Ma’am!?” Katie asked warningly raising her eyebrow.

She might be twice this kids age but she was only 30 and not even really old enough to be the boys mother so no way was she going to stand for him calling her ‘ma’am’, especially since she was already feeling self-conscious about her age.

“Uh... er... Miss, er... Mrs. uh...” He stumbled, flustered.

“Katie...” She prompted him with a smirk.

“Uh right. Um hi Katie is uh, Trey home?” He asked quickly.

Katie snorted a laugh and noticed that the shy teenager was clearly staring at her bra-less boobs wrapped tightly in her t-shirt. Guess he didn't think she was such a 'ma'am' after all...

"Sorry kid, he's out running an errand. Is there something I can do for you?" She said giving him a playful wink and causing the high school boy to blush and look down at his sneakers.

She was actually enjoying getting the teenager all flustered. It was making her feel really good about herself that he had such an obvious crush on her.

"Oh uh well, that's okay. Trey just told me that he got Dragons Fire Melee 2 on PS5 and said I could come by some time and play it with him on your big screen TV... But uh since he's not here I uh guess I can just come by some other time. Sorry to bother you ma'am, er, miss, er, Katie!" He explained, the entire time staring at Katie's bare feet with their chipped red nail polish and pitching a tent in his jeans.

"Hey it's all right! I need to take a break anyway. Why don't you come inside for a bit and we can play a few matches of Dragons Fire Melee 2." Katie said with a warm smile, ushering the teen into her apartment.

Jonny's eyes lit up and he looked at the attractive older woman in astonishment.

"You play Dragons Fire Melee!?" He exclaimed in disbelief.

She nodded with a smirk as she turned and walked back into the apartment swishing her hips from side to side.

"Uh-huh. Get with the times kiddo, video games aren't just for boys anymore. I'll totally smoke your ass at DFM." She replied over her shoulder.

"No way! I'll 100% blast your ass before you smoke mine!" He declared excitedly.

Katie spun around and raised an eyebrow at him again, folding her hands across her braless chest.

“You’ll do *what* to my ass, now?” She asked with a giggle.

Jonny froze and stammered for a moment, not sure what to say and stuck picturing the 30-year-old woman’s heart-shaped bum wrapped in her sarong.

“Uh um...”

She decided to let the teen off the hook.

“I’m hungry. Want a snack?” She asked, abruptly changing the subject with a big grin.

Jonny’s eyes shot back down to the floor and he blushed and nodded. Katie sauntered over to the kitchen and cut up some apples and celery and brought them out on a tray with some peanut butter.

The teen boy sat on one end of the couch nervously rubbing his sweaty hands on the lap of his jeans. Katie sat the tray down on the coffee table in front of him and took a plate for herself, gesturing for the boy to have at the rest. She then sat down on the other end of the couch and stretched her bare legs across it so that her feet were resting less than a foot away from the nervous high school kid.

She reached out and took a controller, turning on the system to set up the game. The entire time appreciating how Jonny was gazing upon her like she was some goddess.

“Okay Jonny, grab a controller and get ready to get schooled!” She told him with a grin.

Back at the pool Trey and the girls arrived to find that it was surprisingly empty except for two attractive young women making out in the deep end of the pool. When Trey and the girls walked over the two women immediately

pulled apart, flustered and giggling. They quickly jumped out of the pool red-faced with embarrassment.

“Ooooo you’re in loooooovveeee...” Chrissie cheered and Annie giggled, joining her in a chorus of ‘oos’.

“Girls shhh! That’s rude.” Trey said, seeing how embarrassed the two young women were about being caught.

He approached them trying to be friendly.

“Uh hey, I’m Trey in apartment 513 - this is Chrissie and Annie, two neighbor girls that I’m watching for the day.” He said with a polite wave.

The two women looked at the two girls and melted at how cute Annie looked in her brightly colored polka-dot one piece.

“Awww you’re so adorable! Hi Chrissie and Annie!” One woman, a beautiful 22-year-old with straight raven-black hair asked kneeling down to Annie’s level.

“I’m Annie - that’s my sister Chrissie. What are your names?” The littlest girl asked the grown woman.

“My names Bree and this is Hannah.” The raven haired woman said gesturing to her 23-year-old red-headed companion.

“Hi cuties!” Hannah said with a big smile on her pretty, lightly freckled face.

“Are you two best friends?” Chrissie asked the two women.

Hannah and Bree looked at each other with knowing smiles and then began to giggle.

“Uh... you could say that!” Hannah replied, snickering.

“We aren’t best friends – she’s just my sister!” Annie informed the young women.

Hannah and Bree laughed at that declaration.

“Oh my god, you are like soooo cute!” Bree exclaimed and gave the little girl a bit hug.

“Okay girls, why don’t you go play in the pool and let these ladies get back to their day.” Trey said shooping the girls away.

Annie pouted wanting to play with the older girls but Chrissie wanted to impress Trey so she turned to her younger sister.

“Race you to the shallow end!” Chrissie dared the first grader.

The two girls ran off to go get into the pool.

“Careful girls!” Trey called after them, nervous about what Erica would do to him if one of them came back with scraped knees.

“You said you’re babysitting?” Hannah asked Trey.

He scratched the back of his head and nodded.

“Uh, yeah.” He replied.

“You’re like, really great with them.” Bree told him honestly.

Trey beamed at the compliment.

“Tell that to my wife next time you see her!” He said as he eased himself down into a reclining chair in eyesight of the kids.

Soon the sisters were giggling and splashing water at one another at the shallow end while Bree and Hannah unfolded their towels on the deck and laid down to sun themselves.

As the sounds of the kids playing filled the pool area Trey relaxed and enjoyed some time in the sun. It didn't hurt that a few feet away from him a pair of nubile women in their early 20s were rubbing suntan lotion on each others bodies dressed in skimpy bikinis.

When the couple was done applying lotion they laid down on their towels. Hannah was laying on her back with one leg bent and the other extended. She had one slender arm tucked under her vibrant mane of bright red hair and the other rested across her flat exposed stomach of pale alabaster skin. Light freckles dotted her face, arms and shoulders but were clearly fading as she grew older. Her C-cup breasts rose and fell as she took deep breaths they looked perfectly perky and round like two creamy white balloons.

Next to her Bree was laying on her stomach with her head resting on her interlocked hands. Her beautiful face looked sweet and innocent as she gazed over at Hannah longingly. Her olive-toned skin of the trim lower back glistened in the sun and her plump round booty hovered above her silky thighs encased in a skimpy purple bikini bottom. On her right ankle she had a noticeable birthmark shaped like the state of Georgia. Trey thought he recognized it... Maybe he had come across these girls Only Fans page...

But as he was trying to recall if he had seen naked pictures of the two young lesbians before he was distracted by a third young woman entering the pool - a girl who Trey definitely had seen quite a lot of online.

Destiny, the 26-year-old model, was the closest that the apartment complex had to a celebrity resident - in that she had amassed a fairly impressive 100K followers on Instagram and Tiktok posting sexy soft-core photos of herself and giving fashion and wellness advice.

"Oh wow, It's Destiny..." Hannah whispered to Bree as she pulled down her sunglasses.

"Damn she's sooooo fine..." Bree groaned staring at the 20-something model, making her redheaded girlfriend jealous.

“Her Tiktok’s kind of lame. Like... she just follows whatever trend was hot last week...” Hannah snorted, folding her freckled arms across her perky chest.

But Bree was too busy staring at Destiny along with Trey who had sat up in his chair and was practically drooling at the sight of the stunning brunette strutting to the pool.

The 26-year-old ran her hand through her silky, straight, dark brown hair and pulled off the towel wrapped around her sexy well-tanned body in a smooth deliberate motion, revealing the hourglass figure underneath. Her fashionable skimpy bikini barely contained her perfect D-cup breasts and left little of the rest of her body to the imagination.

Destiny tossed the towel aside and strutted to the deep end of the pool, one long leg extending in front of the other, her hips swishing from side to side. Trey noticed that he could make out the details of her beautiful face and body much better as she came closer and suddenly realized that he might need to go get his eyes checked.

Destiny didn’t acknowledge the young woman drooling over her, nor the redhead giving her the stink-eye. She subtly winked at the older guy rubbing his eyes and squinting at her however before smiling and gracefully diving into the pool. She swam under the surface for a stretch and then surfaced again, drawing her dark hair back with her fingers.

She swam around the pool for a few minutes with Trey and Bree admiring her and Hannah scowling and trying to ignore the whole situation. Soon though Destiny swam up to the side of the pool.

“Do you have any extra sunscreen I can borrow?” Destiny asked looking directly at Trey.

“I do!” Bree offered.

A pale pretty foot stretched out and kicked Bree in the shin as Hannah clenched her jaw at her girlfriend.

“Ow! What was that for?” Bree yelled scowling back at the redhead.

Trey and Destiny looked at one another and chuckled.

“Yeah I do.” He offered.

Destiny effortlessly lifted herself up out of the pool and dried herself off before sauntering over to Trey.

“Thanks. Would you mind putting some on my back?” She asked in a sweet seductive voice.

“Uh, sure!” Trey happily offered as Destiny just sat her juicy bum down right in front of him and pulled her dark hair up over her shoulder.

Trey quickly squirted some lotion into his hands and stared at the smooth flawless expanse of Destiny’s sexy back. He had never been this close to her before. He followed her on Instagram and enjoyed the candid photos she often posted on there but the two of them had barely said more than a few sentences to one another before in real life. And now he was rubbing lotion on her silky skin.

“Are those your daughters?” Destiny asked as she pointed over to the 11 and 7-year-old still hanging around the shallow end of the pool.

“No! Uh... no. I’m just babysitting them for a friend!” He explained quickly.

“But didn’t you say you’re married?” Bree chimed in, smirking at Trey.

“Uh... yeah. Yep. I’m married.” Trey admitted, assuring himself that there was nothing wrong with helping a neighbor apply some sunscreen to her back.

“Oh yeah – Katie right? In 513? I read her pieces online all of the time!” Destiny said with a smile.

Trey looked surprised. Katie wrote a lot of stuff on some high profile websites but it’s wasn’t like any of her pieces had like ‘gone viral’.

“Cool! You’ve read her articles? I’ll have to tell her that you’re a fan...” He said trying to sound impressive.

“Yeah I like learned a LOT about what its like to be a millennial and grow up in the 90s and 00s.” Destiny said, making it sound like those decades were ancient history.

“Oh well, you were alive then too though, right?” Trey asked assuming that Destiny wasn’t much younger than his wife.

“Uh sure, I mean I was like 4 though so I don’t really remember that time...” Destiny replied.

Bree and Hannah meanwhile were having a small lovers tiff with just their eyes and body language until Hannah broke away from the silent fight to speak to Destiny.

“Destiny! I wanted to say I loooooove your Tiktok!” Hannah said loudly and pointedly.

The 26-year-old looked at the slightly younger redhead and gave her a polite smile.

“Oh thanks. I try to just put stuff out in the world to brighten peoples days just a little bit.” Destiny said trying to sound humble.

“Well It totally brightens mine! I’m obsessed. You’re just so pretty, and inspiring and-” Hannah began to gush as Bree glared at her girlfriend.

“Shameful!” A rattling old voice hissed behind them.

The girls screamed in shock and Trey almost fell out of his chair as he tried to cover the noticeable boner he had from rubbing lotion on Destiny’s back. They all looked up and saw 86-year-old Ethel Koenig scowling at them were her fuzzy wrinkled old face.

The old woman was standing on the pool deck leaning on her cane in a dowdy blouse and slacks.

“Shameful! The lot of you! Parading around in next to nothing!” Ethel quavered as she pointed to the young women with her cane.

Hannah and Bree hugged one another, quickly making up from their jealous tiff over Destiny. They rolled their eyes at the comment about their bikinis but were still really creeped out by the sour old woman.

“You’re just jealous cause your shriveled old ass’ got nothing to flaunt anymore!” Destiny said boldly, snapping her fingers.

The other girls laughed and even Trey tried to hide his smile. Ethel just glared harder at them and made a ‘chht’ sound of disapproval. She waved her hand at them dismissively and began to hobble away.

“Nasty little harlots. No respect for their elders...” She grumbled as she shuffled away.

“God, what a cranky old bitch.” Hannah said with a laugh once Ethel had left the pool area.

“Seriously. I hope we never get old and bitter like that nasty ol’ biddy.” Bree added with a giggle.

The two of them clasped their hands into each others as they settled back down on their towels and began to kiss one another and stroke each others hair.

Destiny wrapped her towel around herself and sat on the seat next to Treys.

“She’s got to be going senile.” Trey mused.

“Totally. I mean look at her – she’s ancient!... Want to hear something fucked up though? I heard from the building super that she actually used to be really beautiful when she was my age...” Destiny said shivering at the thought.

The girls ran up to Trey laughing and giggling, completely oblivious about the run in with Ethel. Just looking to dry off.

Back at the apartment Katie was stretched out on the couch playing video games with the neighbor's kid. She had won three matches in a row both because she had gotten very good at this game by playing at night when she was having trouble sleeping and because she learned that Jonny was easily distracted.

All the 30-year-old beauty needed to do was insert a piece of peanut butter-covered celery between her pouty lips in a sensual way or wiggle her toes on the couch cushion next to Jonny and he would be so flustered that he would forget which buttons to press in the game.

It also wasn't helping him that he needed to keep the controller down on the middle of his lap with his legs held tightly together in order to hide his erection.

Katie was getting a serious boost to her self-image watching the teenager practically cream himself over her. Especially when she encouraged him for doing something well in the game by lifting her leg and pressing her soft sole against his scrawny arm and saying something like 'Nice shot, kiddo!' only for him to turn bright red and need to excuse himself to the bathroom.

After the third time that this happened, Katie began to feel like maybe her fears about getting old and less sexy after turning 30 were unfounded. She still had the same effect on guys that she did back in high school and college. When Jonny got back she sat up and crossed her legs deciding to give the kid a fair match without distracting him.

Jonny sat down quickly, grabbing his controller to hide the tent in his crotch. He reached over to the table and grabbed an apple slice, the entire time looking down at the foot of Katie's crossed leg bouncing in the air between the couch and the table to the beat of the video game music.

"So uh... did you play the first game a lot in college?" He asked, working up enough courage for small talk.

Katie smirked at him. The first Dragons Fire Melee game had come out well after she had graduated.

“No... It wasn’t out yet when I was in school. We were busy playing Borderlands in my dorm... wait, how old do you think I am?” She asked him, grinning excitedly.

Jonny looked at her from the top of her auburn hair down to her dainty toes. He swallowed hard thinking that this was some kind of test.

“Ummmm like 22?” He guessed.

Katie laughed in delight and did a fist pump in the air. She grinned from ear to ear as she turned her attention back to the game.

“Am I right?” He asked.

She reached out and patted him on his messy hair.

“No.” She said, still grinning.

They played for a few moments in silence.

“Uh are you going to tell me how old you are?” He asked really curious.

“Noooooo...” She said chuckling and shaking her head.

Jonny managed to get the drop on her in the game and take her out to score enough points to win the match. Katie was still so thrilled at being mistaken for being 8 years younger than she really was that she didn’t even care.

“Good game! And fairs fair. I did say that if you beat me I’d show you my tattoo...” Katie said with a smile to the high school boy.

Jonny’s mouth was dry he nervously reached over for another apple slice but struggled to grab one because his hands were so sweaty. He looked over at the

grown woman next to him as she inched down the side of her sarong past her hip bone to reveal a pink, purple and blue sparkly fluttering fairy above her waistline. It looked like a sexy tinkerbelle shooting magic down toward her nether region.

“I got it a while ago when I was around your age – maybe a little older. I went down to Cancun with some friends and we all got one.” Katie explained.

Though in reality it had only been 5 years since Katie’s Junior year trip to Cancun and her friends were all still out in the world living their lives as recent college grads, in Katie’s mind it had now been close to a decade and a half since she had gotten her fairy tattoo and it looked like she needed to go get the colors touched up.

Katie didn’t often mention the tattoo to people – something about it felt very immature to her now but she figured that this geeky high school boy would think that it was really cool and she was 100% right. Jonny thought it was one of the hottest things he had ever seen and would spend the night drawing it all over his notebooks. And then at school on Monday he planned to brag to all of his friends about how a hot grown up woman ‘showed him her tattoo’. With a wink implying that something more than that happened.

“That’s so awesome...” Jonny whispered not taking his eyes off of it until Katie finally decided that he had had enough and pulled her sarong back up to cover it.

“Welp. I should probably get back to work. This was fun. Now off you go!” Katie said standing up and stretching.

Jonny reached for one more apple slice and the back of his hand brushed against Katie’s smooth bare leg. The skin contact was too much for the teen and he groaned doubling over for a moment on the couch.

Katie looked down genuinely confused about what just happened.

“Are you all right?” She asked in concern.

“I’m fine...” He grunted.

But as he stood up and there was a noticeable damp spot on the front of his jeans Katie understood exactly what had occurred.

She furrowed her brow and cringed as the boy took a walk of shame toward the back door.

“Well dude. It’s been fun. Feel free to swing by again and we can have a rematch.” She said out of politeness.

Jonny turned and looked at her hopefully.

“For real?” He asked.

Katie smirked at him trying to signal that she was only offering to play video games with him - nothing more.

“Sure. Come on by next weekend, I’ll make us another snack and we’ll game. Maybe my husband will be around then to take winner.” She told him

“That sounds great.” Jonny exclaimed enthusiastically.

“Cool. See you then. Be safe. Do your homework...” Katie said now feeling a little bad that she had teased the boy so much.

“I love you!” Jonny blurted out as the screen door closed behind him. His face turned crimson as a moment of awkward silence passed between the two of them before Katie forced a humoring smile and waved at him.

“Bye!” He said quickly and rushed away.

Katie locked the door and closed the blind before taking a deep sigh shaking her head at the puppy love she had just stirred up in the neighbor kid. Wait until Trey hears about this...

Back at the pool Destiny had packed up her belongings and headed inside, no longer in the mood to hang out by the pool after the encounter with cranky old Ethel.

Trey was helping the kids dry off, planning on calling it a day themselves as Bree and Hannah laid on their towels holding one another between make-out sessions.

“That lady’s sunglasses!” Chrissie said spotting the glasses that Destiny had accidentally forgotten on the poolside seat.

“I wouldn’t call her ‘lady’ Chrissie, that’s a term we use for like older women... Destiny’s really young.” Trey corrected the girl. Thinking that if Destiny could be ‘some lady’ then she’d be practically his own age... which she wasn’t, Trey reminded himself.

“I’ll give them back to her!” Annie declared in an attempt to be helpful.

The 7-year-old ran over and grabbed the glasses.

“Race ya!” Chrissie goaded her younger sister.

The two girls began to run down the pool deck toward the exit that Destiny had left out of.

“Wait girls! Careful!” Trey yelled after them.

But it was too late. As Annie rounded the corner of the pool she lost her footing and tripped onto the rough pool deck, scraping her knee. Trey watched the fall and immediately ran over to make sure she was all right. Even Bree and Hannah sat up and looked over at the first grader with concern.

Annie sat up, at first like nothing had happened but as she bent her leg and saw beads of blood form on her knee she began to bawl and wail, clutching her stinging leg.

“I fell!” The little girl wailed.

“I know hun, I saw. Let me see it.” Trey said gently kneeling next to the little girl.

The red faced child sniffed and cried as she moved her hand away to let Trey get a good look at her ‘wound’.

“Aw it’s just a little scrape. Does it hurt?” He asked her.

She nodded her head vehemently ‘yes’. Chrissie walked over folding her arms and glaring at her little sister.

“Stop being such a baby Annie! It’s just a scrape!” The older girl ordered.

“Hey! It’s okay. Let’s all be nice. Annie hurt herself and it probably stings a lot. I know when I scrape myself I absolutely hate it!” Trey reasoned.

Chrissie softened up and mumbled ‘sorry’ to her sister. Trey helped the younger girl up to her feet and let her hold his hand. She raised her arms indicating that she wanted to be carried. Trey sighed and scooped her up letting her wrap her arms around his neck.

“Okay I think it’s time to get back to your apartment. We’ll get cleaned up and a band-aid on that boo-boo. Then your mom should be back soon.” Trey said.

They waived good by to Bree and Hannah and headed back into the building.

Back at apartment 513 Katie was submitting her article. She stood up and stretched. Spending all day bent over her keyboard was really bad for her back.

She knew Trey would be home soon and kind of wanted to surprise him with something that would spice things up in the bedroom tonight so they could try for a baby one more time before bed. She padded down to the bedroom and opened her closet, scanning her wardrobe and thinking about how much fun it had been to play a little Mrs. Robinson to the high school boy next door. Her eyes spotted a piece that she had worn a couple of years ago for halloween that

actually seemed kind of perfect. She pulled it out with a big grin on her face thinking that Trey was going to love this.

Downstairs Trey was bringing the kids back to the lobby elevator as they passed Sabrina, one of Katie's friends in the building, as the 32-year-old woman was bringing her groceries in with her 7-year-old daughter Lilly in tow.

"Hi Trey! Where's Katie today?" Sabrina asked with her hands full.

"Oh uh hey Sabrina. She had a deadline so she's holed up in the apartment. I'm helping Erica out for the day watching the kids." Trey explained.

The curvy woman, with her dark hair pulled back in a bun smiled at Chrissie and Annie.

"I thought these might be Erica's girls! Wow you both are getting SO big!" Sabrina marveled at them.

"Thanks." Chrissie said shrugging at the adults comment.

"Lily... isn't there something you wanted to ask Annie the next time you saw her?" Sabrina prompted her shy daughter.

The petite little girl shyly watched up to Trey who was still holding Annie. The blonde girl looked down at her friend curiously.

"Um... do you wanna come have a sleep over at my house sometime?" Lilly asked in a soft timid voice.

Trey smiled at Annie.

"Hey that sounds like fun! What do you think Annie? Want to have a sleep over at Lilly's sometime?" He asked the girl hugging his neck.

Annie silently nodded.

“Great! That’ll be so good for the girls. Let Erica know when you see her that I’ll text her to coordinate the best night for it.” Sabrina said as she hurried off to her apartment.

Trey and the girls waited for the elevator as Chrissie regaled Trey with all of the times she’d had sleepovers with her friends.

“And we all had sleeping bags on the living room floor and we told scary stories - some of the girls fell asleep but I never get tired... You should come have a slumber party at our apartment sometime! My mom would really love that!” Chrissie suggested excitedly.

Trey smirked at the 11-year-old and decided not to point out all of the ways that that was wrong. ‘Maybe Erica could come have a little slumber party with me and Katie sometime...’ He thought with a grin to himself.

The elevator opened and a boy around Chrissie’s age was already inside. Chrissie’s eyes narrowed at the kid.

“Hi Matty...” Chrissie grumbled in an icy voice.

“Hi Chrissie!” The boy replied with a snotty, mocking tone.

“Hey Matty, where’s your mom?” Trey asked him, looking around.

The group of them rode the elevator up without conversation.

“Ow!” Chrissie yelled flinching.

“What?” Matty asked from the other side of Trey trying to pretend like he didn’t know what she was saying ‘ow’ about.

“Ow! Quit it!” Chrissie wined flailing her arms around defensively.

“What? I’m not doing anything!?” Matty insisted.

“Hey! Let’s all just chill out and ride the elevator in peace.” Trey said trying to keep the peace.

“Stop it Matty! I’m going to tell your mom!” Chrissie screamed.

The doors opened and Matty reached over and tugged at Chrissie’s blonde hair giving it a good yank.

“Go ahead, dork!” He yelled before running out of the elevator and down the hall.

Chrissie fixed her hair looking furious.

“Don’t let that little punk bother you Chrissie. He’s just acting like that because he likes you.” Trey assured the girl as they exited into the hallway.

“He’s pulling my hair because he likes me!?” Chrissie exclaimed thinking that that made no sense.

“Yeah sometimes boys... act out when they have crushes on girls.” Trey explained.

The 5th grader made a disgusted face.

“Ewww! I don’t want him to like me like that! Boys are gross!!!” Chrissie screamed, sounding disgruntled.

As they walked back to their apartment they passed a young couple that lived in one of the apartments next to Erica and her girls. 29-year-old Connor was helping his 27-year-old wife, Melanie to the door. She looked like she was about 9 months pregnant.

“Thanks hun, would you give my swollen feet a massage when we get inside?” The mother-to-be asked her husband as she rubbed her basketball stomach.

“Sure thing pumpkin. Whatever you need.” Connor replied bracing her back with his hand as she waddled into the apartment.

She turned and gave him a little affectionate eskimo kiss with her nose as they went inside and shut the door.

“Trey? Where do babies come from?” Annie asked her babysitter.

Trey blushed, completely unprepared for that question.

“Uh I have no idea – you know who does know? Your mom Erica. She’s super smart and mommies know everything!” He replied quickly.

Chrissie giggled at how flustered Trey was by that question.

Once they got back into the apartment Trey sat Annie down in a chair and pulled out a first aid kit. He knelt down in front of her, rinsed out and disinfected the scrape and then pulled out a bright orange band-aid to put over it.

“Okay that’s one. What color do you want for the second one?” He asked the little girl showing her a box of various colored band-aids.

“Purple!” Annie declared. The trauma of her injury seeming a distant memory now.

Trey applied a purple band-aid to the girls knee. Annie kicked her legs back and forth in the chair, happy about her banded up boo-boo.

Chrissie was drawing in her notebook at the table behind them. When Trey walked over she quickly shut it but he was pretty sure he saw her drawing a picture of what looked like a princess holding hands with a man that resembled Trey in a suit.

“Oookay let’s put on a movie until your mom gets back.” He suggested.

“Yaaay!!” The girls screamed as they ran to the couch to pick out a movie.

A half hour later Trey was nodding off on the couch with the two cuddles napping on top of him. The door unlocked and Erica popped her head in smiling at how cute the scene was.

“Awww hold still. I want to get a picture of this!” She said pulling out her phone.

Trey opened his eyes bleerily.

“Erica!” He said startled.

She snapped a photo and smiled as she knelt down and opened her arms for Annie who was hopping down from the couch to run and give her mother a hug.

“Mommy!” The younger girl yelled.

“Did you have fun today?” Erica asked.

“Yeah! We went to the pool and I got a boo-boo on my knee but Trey made it all better!” Annie explained.

“It was just a little scrape mom. But we had a really fun day!” Chrissie chimed in.

“Good! Okay, say goodbye to Trey and then go get ready for dinner.” Erica said kissing her daughters on the tops of their heads.

“Bye Trey!” Annie yelled running off to the bathroom.

“Bye Trey... Hope to see you soon!” Chrissie said waving as she turned to follow her sister.

Once the girls were gone Erica sighed and turned to give Trey another big hug.

“Thank you so much for doing this. They weren’t too much trouble were they?” Erica asked.

Trey shook his head.

“No they were really cool. You have a couple of really sweet kids.” He replied honestly.

“Chrissie wasn’t too bossy? Annie wasn’t too bratty?” Erica pressed.

“Not at all. They were really well behaved.” Trey insisted.

“That’s a relief. My oldest can be a real bi-atch when she wants to be. She’s getting into that middle-school phase where kids just suck…” Erica admitted.

“Well for whatever reason she was really cool around me… that kid Matty seems to be teasing her a lot though.” Trey said remembering the incident in the elevator.

“Oh god, those two - I swear they’re going to get married to one another someday!” Erica said shaking her head and giving Trey a bewildered look.

She began to walk Trey out of the apartment.

“Yeah I told her that he was probably picking on her because he has a crush.” Trey replied.

Erica signed and shook her head.

“Well I hope you wore the girls out because all I want to do this evening is curl up on the couch with a glass of red wine. Weekend clients are a pain in my ass - literally!” Erica laughed, patting her toned booty in front of Trey causing it to jiggle a bit.

Trey laughed and nodded, enjoying watching the trainer’s ass shake.

“Well they definitely wore me out. I’m really reconsidering having kids…” Trey chuckled.

Erica looked at him seriously.

“That’s definitely something to think about – if you have one now – you’ll be what? 36 by the time it’s born? 38 if you have another one right away? You’ll be in your mid to late 40s by the time they are Chrissie’s age!” Erica warned him.

Trey nodded, letting that knowledge sink in.

“Wow...” He mumbled.

Erica smiled at him sympathetically.

“Well if you ever want to come down and grab a nightcap with me – my doors always open...” She said brushing the younger man’s arm supportively.

“Oh uh... well, I think Katie might not be thrilled about me slipping down to go drinking with the statueque blonde neighbor downstairs all the time...” Trey said awkwardly.

Erica gave him a wistful smile, appreciating his compliment and understanding his position but being lonely and disappointed all the same.

“Why are all the good ones married...” She said with a smirk.

Trey was about to reply with something self deprecating when a quavering voice interrupted.

“Shameful!” Ethel shouted from down the hall as she hobbled toward them and pointed a gnarled finger at Erica and Trey.

“Oh god, It’s Mrs. Koenig...” Erica groaned.

She turned and gave the old woman a forced smile.

“Hi Mrs. Koenig...” Erica said loudly so that the old woman could hear her.

“Do none of the ladies in thei building know about clothing? You all just prance about naked like we’re backstage at a burlesque show! In my day...” The 86-year-old woman began to rattle, shaking her gray head.

“These are my work clothes Mrs. Koenig.” Erica explained in exasperation.

“What kind of job makes you dress like that? Streetwalker?” The old woman quipped bitterly.

“God, I can’t believe no one had put that old bag in a home yet.” The 37-year-old personal trainer whispered to Trey.

Ethel shook her head judgementally and shuffled herself down to her apartment door.

“Eh young man? Can you help me? The tremors in my hand - its hard to keep the key steady...” The old woman called beckoning him down to her.

“Uh sure thing Mrs. Koenig.” Trey said with a shrug.

“Oh sure, turn me down but when Ethel Koenig propositions you...” Erica said with a smirk before giving Trey a quick hug and slipping back into her apartment.

Trey walked over and took the keys from the old woman’s hand, slipping it into the lock and turning it for her.

“Oh thank you!” Ethel cheered appreciatively.

“No problem ma’am. You have a nice evening okay?” He said as he turned to leave.

The old woman gripped his arm to stop him and gave him a wrinkly smile.

“Oh could you do me one more favor dearie? I could really use the help of a strong young man like you.” She said squeezing Trey’s bicep.

Trey smirked at being man-handled by the octogenarian.

“Sure what do you need?” He asked.

“Could you change the light bulb in my hallway for me?” She asked with a polite smile that Trey imagined was the elderly woman’s version of a ‘come hither’ stare.

He sighed and forced a smile back, nodding. Ethel opened her door and shuffled inside.

The apartment was in a bit of disarray. The old woman lived by herself and was clearly unable to keep up with cleaning and keeping everything tidy at her age. Trey found a chair to stand on and a package of spare bulbs and proceeded to change out the light.

“Would you like some tea or water dear? I’m sorry, I’m not really set up for company these days.” Ethel said shuffling around trying to make the place look presentable.

“No it’s okay - I’ve really got to get going.” Trey replied looking at a black and white photo of a beautiful young girl in a pretty dress.

“Oh that’s me when I was 21. I wish you could have met me back in those days. As you can see I was pretty easy on the eyes!” She chortled with a wink.

Trey smiled at Ethel uncomfortably thinking about how gross it is that a girl that hot could become the shriveled old biddy hunched over in front of him.

“Well... the lights fixed. I’d better go but if you ever need help with something just give me a holler!” He offered politely.

“Oh I’ll certainly take you up on that young man! Here let me see you out.” Ethel said as she shuffled back to the door as Trey waited by it patiently.

“Okay then. Take care now.” He said opening the door and stepping out into the hall.

The old woman reached up her trembling arms to give Trey an awkward hug.

“Uh huh. Okay then.” He said patting the elderly woman on her stooped back.

“Thank you for the help, handsome. I hope to see you around soon!” She said squeezing him as tight as her frail arms could.

He nodded and pulled away gently. Once she had shut the door he cringed and shivered, walking back toward the elevator. He had gotten a good whiff of the old lady smell Ethel reeked of when he had hugged her. Now he wanted to go take a hot shower.

He hurried back to his apartment and opened the door.

“Oh man babe! I just had the weirdest thing happen. You know old Miss Koenig from down the hall?” He began saying as he walked in.

He then stopped to look around realizing that the living room was empty.

“Yoooo Hooooo lover boy!!! I’m in the bedroom!!” He heard his young girlfriend call to him in a sing-songy voice.

Trey grinned and walked into the bedroom where he found Katie propped up on the bed wearing the sexy cheerleaders outfit that she had worn for Halloween the year before they had gotten married. Her hair was pulled into two pigtails and one leg was crossed over the other with her barefoot dangling in the air. She wiggled her toes playfully and giggled as her husband took sight of his 30-year-old wife dressed up like a high school cheerleading in a porn movie.

“Wow...” Trey gasped, immediately getting an erection.

Katie uncrossed her legs and spread them revealing that she wasn’t wearing any panties under her cheer skirt.

“WOW!!!” Trey exclaimed really turned on.

His heart was pumping rapidly as he looked up at the neatly trimmed vagina in front of him. Katie crooked her finger at him enticing the man to come join her on the bed.

“Hey baby, I’m staying after school for some extra credit...” She said in a high-pitched girly voice. She added a ditsy giggle after her sentence to drive the sentiment home.

Trey didn’t need any more coaxing. He tossed off his shirt and dropped his pants, diving onto the bed and wrapping his arms around her bare stomach. He quickly nuzzled his head into her plunging neckline and kissed her breasts.

Katie rubbed her feet up and down Trey’s calves and began to hump and grind against her husband, hiking up her skirt to give him access to her pussy. Trey then scrambled to pull his boxers off.

“What do you think? Can I still pull off this look or what?” She asked with a grin.

“Oh hell yeah! You look like 18!” He gasped thinking what a stark contrast it was to wrinkly old Ethel downstairs.

“Take me Trey! Take my virginity!” She said in a high pitched breathy voice before laughing and breaking character.

Trey reached under her skirt and grabbed her ass cheeks, while guiding his cock toward her dripping wet pussy. He entered her and the couple proceeded to make passionate love to one another. Stopping for a moment only when Katie sniffed at Trey’s chest for a moment.

“Why do you smell like ‘old lady’?” She asked curiously.

He shook his head.

“Don’t even ask!” He replied rolling his eyes before proceeding to fuck his 30-year-old wife’s brains out.

Downstairs in the basement the handymen were all standing around the strange device scratching their heads. None of them looked even a day older than they had before they had turned the gauge the first time.

“Huh. That didn’t seem to do nothin’.” Sully said with a shrug.

“Turn it again numbskull!” A bald sweaty worker next to him yelled.

Sully nodded and the other men murmured as the maintenance guy grabbed his industrial wrench and gave the gauge another turn causing a second flash to engulf the building.

Upstairs 42-year-old Trey Robbins of apartment 513, was waking up with a groan on a cool Saturday morning and looked over to the side of the bed to see his attractive 37-year-old wife Katie, uncharacteristically dressed in an ill-fitting sexy cheerleaders outfit, was sound asleep.

To be continued...