

THE APARTMENT COMPLEX

By ChronoEclipse

Day 7 (+42 years):

Saturday June 11th (The seventh time), This year.

The Millenium Gardens apartment complex now looked over 4 decades old as did all of the infants and children that had populated its spaces upon its grand opening less than a year ago. The residents that had been hip, young 20 and 30-something adults when this time loop had began now all looked like graying baby boomers shuffling around the halls groaning about aching backs and diminishing hearing as they contemplated trading in their apartment in this building for a cozy unit in a formal retirement community.

Among the older residents were the three people waking up in apartment 513. Trey had been laying in bed dreaming about having a three-some with his girlfriend Katie and their neighbor Erica, the hot young personal trainer that lived down stairs. In the dream Trey was still in his late 20s getting tag-team blow jobs from the two gorgeous youthful women who then took turns bouncing energetically on his lap with his cock inside of their tight wet pussies as he caressed their smooth supple bodies. Finally the two girls made out in front of him and fondled each other's perfect perky tits as he spanked their firm round asses.

The 70-year-old man slowly opened his crinkled eyes and looked over to see his gray-haired 65-year-old wife Katherine snoozing away beside him. She was laying on her side with her puffy wrinkled arm tucked under her pillow. Her sagging shapeless tits flopped down onto the mattress, the right tit resting on top of the left one under her well-worn satin nightgown.

A stomach gurgled and a small toot of a fart sounded behind Trey, startling the old man.

“I told you that you can’t have dairy anymore before bed...” Katherine mumbled without opening her eyes or lifting her head from her pillow.

“It wasn’t me!” Trey grunted defensively.

He struggled to roll over in the bed to see where the noise had come from and saw a 72-year-old woman Erica laying sound asleep in the nude on the other side of him. Her shoulder-length gray hair still had a tint of her former blonde to it and her once pretty face was now creased with lines and wrinkles.

Trey then remembered that what he had been dreaming about had actually occurred between the three of them last night, though the threesome had been much slower and low-energy with much more groaning and wincing than in his dream on account of their being more than 4 decades older in reality.

Erica smacked her pruned lips together and scratched at a dry bit of wrinkled skin under her saggy left breast. Trey sat up a bit in the bed and craned his bald head from his left to his right looking at the two old women sleeping one either side of him. Katie was much wider and pudgier than she had been in his dream (which was to say, much wider and pudgier than she had been just a few repeated Saturdays ago) while Erica stayed relatively thin for a woman in her 70s but her skin was growing bunched and dangly around her dwindling muscles.

Normally finding himself sandwiched between two attractive women (and both Katherine and Erica were indeed attractive for women “their age”.) would give Trey quite the erection. But as he looked down at his crotch he found that unfortunately his dick was as flaccid as flaccid could be.

“Mmm what time is it? Is it time to take my pills?” Erica croaked as she groaned awake.

The aging former blonde reached a veiny wrinkled hand over to the bedside table and grabbed her glasses placing them over her crinkled eyes and squinted at the time on the clock on the nightstand.

“Erica? Is that you dear? I completely forgot you stayed over!” Katherine said with a chuckle as she stirred awake herself.

The former brunette stretched her arms up and yawned causing the bingo wings of her 65-year-old biceps to flap about.

“It’s me hun... Are these antacids? I need something to mellow out my sour gut but these darn labels... why do they make the print so small and hard to read?” Erica grumbled as she held a bottle of Tums up close to her eyes.

Katherine sat up with a groan and looked over across her husband to her naked elderly friend.

“Hold on, let me get my glasses. I can’t see a darn thing without them these days!” The youngest of the three senior citizens said with a chuckle as she reached over and grabbed her thick bifocals from her nightstand and placed them on her face giving the formerly cute spunky girl a distinct grandmotherly look about her.

The ladies verified that the bottle held antacid tablets and Erica took two with some water and then leaned over the bed to rummage through her purse giving the married couple next to her a good view of the wrinkled pale cheeks of her now wide boxy ass.

“I really have to remember to lay off the spice, this old body of mine just can’t deal with it anymore and I always pay for it in the morning... Excuse me!” Erica mumbled and blushed as she passed gas again causing her saggy ass cheeks to ripple.

Katherine leaned over and put her hands on her husband's bony shoulders, nuzzling his lined face with her nose and puffy cheek.

“Well what we did last night was awfully spicy...” Katherine said with a chuckle remembering the blood-pumping antics that the trio of baby boomers had gotten up to the night before.

Erica pulled a pill case out of her purse and began to take the contents in the section labeled 'morning'.

“Oh my goodness! We're lucky one of us didn't have a heart attack. We must have all had a bit too much wine last night! Though... it did feel very nice... especially when you were doing that thing with your tongue and Trey's hands were on my...Woo! I felt like I was a young girl back in the summer of love!” The graying blonde former athlete said fanning herself.

The leathery skin on her chest and shoulders turned red as she blushed and felt hot just thinking about it. She reached over and put a hand on Katherine's lumpy, veiny exposed thigh.

“Well I was a little too young for Woodstock but when I was in college one of the popular songs was 'Afternoon Delight'...” The 65-year-old replied with a knowing wink.

The two women began to chortle along to the chorus of the aforementioned song as they repositioned their older aching bodies over Trey who was acting uncharacteristically shy and quiet.

Katherine and Erica giggled like a pair of mischievous biddies as they leaned into one another, bracing their bad backs with aged veiny hands, and kissed each other on their thin wrinkled lips. Katherine reached her free hand down to stroke her fingers across the dry loose vaginal lips of Erica as the 72-year-old busied herself with caressing the younger woman's pillowy tits and flabby wrinkled stomach.

They began to moan in pleasure as they continued to sing and slowly lowered themselves down to Trey, expecting him to be anxious to join in on the fun. But as the two senior women both reached for the old man's crotch they found that his shrunken dick was still soft and limp.

Both women abruptly stopped singing and pulled away from one another so that all three of them could stare sadly at the shriveled cock and gray pubes of Trey's junk.

“Oh.” Katherine said disappointedly.

Trey wet his lips feeling like his mouth was quite dry. He struggled to think of something witty or clever to say but was coming up empty.

“It’s uh... I just woke up so... um it has nothing to do with you girls. You’re both gorgeous and really get my motor humming!” He insisted in embarrassment.

Both women gave him sympathetic smiles which somehow made him feel even worse.

“It’s okay dear. You’ll be ready next time.” Katherine said supportively and leaned in to give her husband a kiss on his bald wrinkled head.

Erica nodded, rubbing Trey’s arm affectionately.

“It happens with all men our age. Nothing to be ashamed about. And it’s probably for the best anyway. I should head back home, tidy up a bit and check in with my daughters so that they don’t worry about me.” Erica said as she climbed out of bed.

Her knees popped and crackled loudly as the old woman stood up and stretched her naked body and then shuffled around to pick up her discarded clothes from the night before.

“Let me at least fix you some coffee before you go dear.” Katherine insisted as she got up herself and struggled with a series of groans to pull her silk nightgown back over her old body before padding off toward the kitchen.

Trey reached down as quickly as his stiff joints would allow and grabbed his boxer briefs, pulling them up his hairy legs to cover up his aged manhood.

“Oh you don’t have to go to any trouble on my account Katherine!” Erica said as she put her clothes back on.

Erica had reached the age where wearing a floral-pattern tracksuit was acceptable fashion regardless of whether you were going for a jog or just roaming the deck of a senior cruise.

“Oh no trouble at all dear. Now that I’m retired I’m finding that I have more time than I know what to do with!” Katherine replied with a chuckle.

Trey barrelled by Erica, charging toward the bathroom with a vague grunt of ‘excuse me’.

“Everything all right Trey?” The former blonde asked as she slipped her bony feet into her socks.

Katherine waved her friend's concern away with a chuckle.

“Oh he’s just off to have his morning constitution. Poor man can’t go a few hours before needing to find a bathroom these days!” She chuckled about her aging husband.

Erica slipped on her orthopedic sneakers and sighed.

“I know the feeling! I swear my bladder has shrunk down to the size of a pea since I went through menopause!” The 72-year-old confided.

In the bathroom Trey was sitting on the toilet peeing. He found it much easier to sit down to go these days since his knees began to ache when he stood in place too long.

He stood up with a groan and rubbed his back then looked down at his member frowning at how it let him down this morning. He wasn’t keen on the thought of having to use viagra but he’d ask his doctor about it during his check-up later this week.

Trey splashed some water on his lined face and rubbed his bald head sighing at his lack of virility. He had been the cock of the walk 30 years ago, all the women in this building wanted him and he had the energy to give them what they wanted. Now he was at the mercy of a little blue pill.

Of course Katie and Erica were both feeling similarly even if they didn't need chemical assistance to have sex these days (though lube was now a necessity that it hadn't been when the ladies had been in their 30s). The women looked at their jowly faces, their graying hair, their sagging curves and thought back to their youth when they would prance through the lobby of the complex and turn guys heads, or garner whistles as they walked down the sidewalk, they even missed the occasional pinch on the tush as they got off the elevator. (This had been in the 'olden days' of the 70s they were thinking back to, after all.) Now whenever the two seniors left their apartments they often felt invisible to the handsome young men they passed by, or really invisible to anyone under the age of 60.

"Stubborn old hag." Erica said as she and Katherine sat sipping coffee together at the kitchen table.

Trey shuffled into the room in plaid slacks and socks and slippers. His bare chest, covered in curly white hair, was visible man-boobs and all.

"Don't let her call you that sweetheart." The old man teased his wife as he walked by her, kissing her gray head, on his way to fix himself a cup.

Katherine rolled her eyes as the ladies giggled at Trey's joke.

"No honey. Erica was just telling me about what she overheard her grandson's girlfriend call her." Katherine explained.

"Fiance." Erica corrected, in a tone that signaled that she wasn't too happy about that title.

"Kids are so fresh these days!" Katherine chided, shaking her head.

Erica rubbed the loose skin of her tanned neck and nodded in agreement.

"Though none of my grandkids or great-grandkids talk to me like that! This girl thinks she's princess of the damn castle since my little Greyson proposed to her. She wanted to go out shopping yesterday with all the women in the

family - I'm paying for it all of course because Chrissie doesn't have any money. And she has the nerve to get mad at me that after being on my feet all day I say I'm getting tired and want to go home!" Erica griped.

"Seems reasonable to me." Trey mumbled sipping his coffee.

"And you've got your bad hip!" Katherine added.

"I know! But she doesn't care. She wants me to buy one of those wheely walker things that I can shuffle around on. But I tell her that I can walk just fine! I'm only 72 - I'm not some shriveled old prune that needs to hunch over a walker to get around! So that's when she called me a stubborn old hag." Erica recounted.

"I'm telling you! These young people these days... these 'millennials' they're a bunch of spoiled brats." Katherine said, shaking her head.

"I swear to god the day after the wedding she's going to try and put me in a home! All because I needed a nap and spoiled her plans to get a free pedicure!" Erica groaned, rolling her eyes.

Katherine frowned disapprovingly and looked down at her own veiny bare feet. Her nails were growing thick and yellowed and her heels were chalky and cracked.

"You know, my niece Amy has been saying that she'll take me to a spa for a proper pedicure one of these days. I should give her a call." The 65-year-old mumbled mostly to herself.

"My daughters still fuss with all of that but I couldn't be bothered..." Erica said with a shrug looking down at her orthopedic sneakers.

"I used to have such nice legs and feet when I was younger." Katherine sighed wistfully.

"Yes you did." Trey grunted in agreement.

The two women smirked at the old man, raising graying eyebrows at him.

“You both did... do! You both have very nice legs.” Trey said quickly with a nervous smile.

The two old women stared at him silently for a moment with their thin lined lips pursed tight before bursting into cackling laughter.

“Oh Trey! You don’t need to say that! I know I used to look good in my tights but now -” Erica said as she pinched a bit of flabby skin under her track pants. “It’s all varicose veins and cellulite down there.” She said with a chuckle.

Katherine rubbed her swollen knees and nodded soberly.

“Well I suppose we should just be thankful that our legs still get us around at our ages!” The youngest of the three of them pointed out optimistically.

Erica snorted a chuckle as she stood up from her chair, her joints crackling and another soft toot coming from her saggy rear.

“You’re right! Thank god I don’t need a walker!” Erica smirked. “Well, on that note I ought to be heading back down to my crazy brood.”

“Here give me a second to put a shirt and some shoes on and I’ll walk you down.” Trey said, grunting as he pushed himself up from the table.

“Oh Trey you don’t have to do that.” Erica said, smiling over to the man as he shuffled to the bedroom.

“It’ll be good for me to get the blood flowing.” Trey insisted as he disappeared into the other room. He wasn’t just thinking about the circulation in his tired old legs.

“Well I’m sure the girls will love to see you... are you coming to Katherine?” Erica asked.

The puffy gray haired woman shook her head as she gathered the empty cups from the table and brought them over to the sink.

“Oh no, I’d better spend some time tidying up around here. You send your kids my love though.” Katherine insisted with a warm smile and then began to do the dishes.

Trey came out of the bedroom wearing a collared shirt halfway buttoned up his chest and a fedora. With his plaid slacks he looked like a man enjoying the senior specials at a beach front cocktail bar.

He crooked his arm allowing Erica to slide her wrinkled hand through it as the two septuagenarians shuffled out the door.

“Be home in time for supper, dear!” Trey called back to his wife as they left.

The two seniors shuffled down the hallway toward the elevators when they passed by a trio of young 20-something women that lived on Trey and Katherine’s floor.

Trey saw the hot young women and his eyes were immediately drawn to their smooth legs and toned round asses in the tight shorts and skirts that they were all wearing. He remembered fondly back to when his wife and the spindly old woman on his arm used to have bodies like that and felt something stir in his underpants for a brief moment.

“Hi girls. Beautiful day for a dip in the pool wouldn’t ya say?” He suggested with a big grin that caused the lines on his cheeks to bunch.

He looked from one woman to the next through his glasses to gauge their reaction. There was Sandy, the 25-year-old punk girl with hair always dyed crazy colors and all of those tattoos up and down her slender arms. And those piercings on her pretty face! Trey didn’t understand why such a beautiful girl would put all of that stuff on her body.

Sandy just smirked and rolled her eyes without saying anything, crossing her arms across her perky chest.

Next to her was Patty, the cute 26-year-old blonde office intern. She was petite with a baby face that often caused people to mistake her for a teenager rather than a woman in her mid-20s, except for her large chest which was unmistakably that of a grown woman.

“Thanks Mr. Robbins...” The young blonde said in an exasperated tone, tugging her top over her cleavage to try and hide it from the old man’s stares.

And then there was Donna, the 27-year-old flower shop girl. She was a beautiful young latina girl with a gorgeous figure that Trey and other men in the building often spent hours staring at as they flirted with her down in her shop under the pretext of buying their wives some nice flowers.

“It sure is Mr. Robbins... will your *wife* be down there?” The tanned-skin young woman asked the old man pointedly.

Trey became a bit flustered as he wet his lips and tried hard not to be too obvious about staring at the 20-something’s bodies.

“Katie? Oh no she hasn’t liked the way she looked in a bathing suit since Clinton was in office! Heh.” Trey said playing it off as a joke.

Erica was scowling however, not at Trey but at the sassy young women who in her mind were flaunting themselves in front of her dear friend and then being snide about his friendly greeting.

“What are you girls all gathered around about out here anyway? Are you going to have some sort of party? There are no unauthorized gatherings of 7 or more people in the non-designated areas of the building and this hallway is a non-designated area!” Erica snapped waving her bony hand at the young ladies.

“Uh okay... we’ll make sure that 4 random people don’t come and join us I guess...” Sandy replied flippantly.

“Don’t get fresh with me! You’re lucky if I don’t file a noise complaint about you girls. With your gossip and your loud rap music!” Erica yelled, shaking her fist at the women.

“Okay – okay. We’re on our way to go meet up with our friend Laura anyway.” Donna said, trying to keep the peace.

Erica grumbled at them as she and Trey continued onto the elevator.

As it closed on the two seniors the young women all shared looks and began to giggle to one another.

“God Jenny’s grandma is a total bitch.” Sandy said finally.

The girls laughed harder.

“Don’t tell her that. She loves her ‘Granny Erica’.” Patty smirked.

“We should cut her some slack. I’m sure it really sucks to get old and the only D you can get is some gross bald old married dude!” Donna said with a giggle.

“God I, with the realtor, had told us about how many old people lived here when we rented this place.” Sandy groaned.

“Yeah it’s like living in a retirement community... I’m like constantly worried one of these old farts is going to like have a heart attack or something and I’m going to be the only one around to help them!” Patty admitted.

“And from what they tell me when they come into the store – most of them have been living here since they were our age!” Donna informed her friends.

“God help me if we’re all still living in this dump in 50 years!” Sandy groaned.

Downstairs Trey and Erica had reached her apartment. Erica picked up the corded phone she kept on the kitchen counter even though her grandkids all begged her to just start using her cell phone. She dialed the number for her daughter's apartment next door.

“Hi Chrissie? It’s your mom... oh I don’t know who has caller ID or any of that nonsense... What? Speak up dear... it’s a bad connection and my hearings not great as it is!... I’m just calling to let you know that I’m home now and I’ll stop over in a bit. Okay then. Love you.” She said into the phone and then hung it back up.

“Everything all right?” Trey asked.

“Oh it’s perfectly fine! They didn’t even ask where I was or what I had been up to last night! I could have been in the hospital for all these kids care... they’re all too focused on their own junk... ah, I’m just cranky because I haven’t done my morning workout yet... want to join me?” The great-grandmother asked with a wry wrinkly smile.

“Oh that’s all right. I’ll go ahead and get out of your hair so that you can do your own thing.” Trey said politely.

Erica moved closer to the bald man and gently rubbed his saggy arm.

“Are you sure? I could do it without a stitch of clothes on, like the good ol’ days...” The elderly woman purred with a twinkle in her eye.

Trey was tempted but the prospect of seeing Erica’s wrinkled body naked again doing stretches and jogging in place didn’t do it for him the way that it used to. The idea of her saggy tits flopping up and down just wasn’t causing a flinch in his pants the way that trio of young women had.

“That’s all right. You get on without me. I ought to stop by and say hi to Chrissie and the kids before I head off.” Trey declined the offer.

Erica pouted, patting back some wispy thinning grayish blonde hair on her head.

“You used to love watching me work out in the buff.” She sighed.

He smiled sympathetically at her and leaned over to kiss her wrinkled forehead.

“I still do, my dear, I still do. Just don’t want to be impolite is all...” He said backing toward the door.

Erica sighed and grabbed her sweat band and pulled it down over her gray head and grabbed a pair of two pound weights in her veiny old hands.

“Fine then I guess I’ll do some power walking – doctor says it's good to keep my legs strength up on account of my hip!” The old woman grunted sternly and followed Trey out of her apartment.

The old man turned to the right to pop in next door while the old woman turned left, picking up her legs as much as she could to march down the hallway with her weights swinging back and forth by her side. Her joints making crackling sounds with each movement.

Trey knocked on the door to Chrissie's apartment and waited. For several moments he stood outside the door, rubbing his back and waiting. He knew that Chrissie was home, her mother had just talked to her on the phone. The 70-year-old man leaned over and pressed his hairy ear to the door and heard commotion on the other side. He knocked again.

“Hello?” He called loudly in a raspy voice.

Finally the door opened a crack and a little blonde 7-year-old peaked out at Trey. She looked quite a bit like how Chrissie did a few days ago. But in fact this girl was Chrissie’s granddaughter May.

“May! What are you doing over there? What have I told you about opening the front door without a grown-up!?” Jenny, her mother screamed.

“There’s a man.” The little girl explained, pointing at Trey.

“A man? Oh my god May, close that door right now!” Jenny shouted at her daughter.

“No need! No need! It’s just me!” Trey said, waving his weathered hand through the crack in the door.

“Oh! Uncle Trey! Thank god... I swear, mom needs to child-proof this door.” Jenny said as she hurried over to let the old man in and gave him a hug.

The now 27-year-old woman looked tired with deep bags under her eyes and her long hair in tangles. Looking around the apartment it was clear as to why. Besides 7-year-old May, Jenny also now had a 5-year-old, 2-year-old twins and was sporting another baby bump. The kids were running around screaming and laughing as they caused chaos throughout the apartment.

“Just coming over to say hi...” Trey said with a bit of apprehension. The noise and calamity made the old man wonder if he was better off importantly watch Jenny’s grandmother do some naked aerobics.

“Yeah we were just stopping by ourselves. We’re heading down to the P-O-O-L. Mom’s in the kitchen.” The overwhelmed young mother explained.

Trey nodded and gave Jenny a sympathetic smile before heading down the hallway. He passed by the living room where a now 22-year-old Greyson was arguing with a young woman in her 20s, who was clearly his fiance, about wedding venues.

The attractive young woman, Val, had been a 65-year-old retiree only a few days ago who was visiting her daughter at her new apartment building. Now Val was 23 and engaged to a young man who had literally just been born a few days ago, while Val’s former daughter was now her 68-year-old grandmother.

Grayson and his young bride-to-be shouted at one another but soon their emotions turned to lust as the young couple began to passionately make-out and grope one another on the couch.

Trey shook his head and laughed, remembering when he and Katie had been like that. He continued to head down to the kitchen where Chrissie, herself now a 46-year-old soon-to-be-mother-in-law, was sitting at the table trying to

drink her coffee and do some things on her laptop as her 5-year-old granddaughter insisted on getting attention.

“Grandma! Grandma! Grandma! Look! Grandma! Grandma! Look what I can do! Look! Grandma Chrissie! Look!” The little girl whined.

Chrissie sighed, rubbing her forehead that had gained several deep lines in the past day, and glanced over at the little girl. Her granddaughter proceeded to do half a somersault on the floor.

“Oh no Lucy baby. Don’t roll around on the floor like that! I don’t know when the last time I swiffered in here. You’re going to get those nice clothes all dirty!... Hey! Leave it, those drawers are for grown-ups!” Chrissie said as she quickly shouted at one of the 2-year-olds trying to open her silverware drawer.

Trey walked over and picked the toddler up and plopped her back down away from the cabinets.

“Remember when your kids were that age...” Trey said, unaware that it had only been a few days since that had been the case, and only a few days before that the middle-aged blonde grandmother had herself been a precocious little girl that Trey had been babysitting.

Chrissie looked up from her computer, waving some of her hair out of her face - she was already getting a few grays along her temples.

“Oh Trey! I didn’t know you were here! Come in! Sit down. Let me pour you some coffee...” Chrissie insisted.

The middle-aged woman stood up from her seat and went over to her coffee pot. Her body had begun to shift into a more pear shaped figure in her 40s as her thighs and ass widened but her upper body stayed about the same. She had a distinctive double chin that her mother had never gotten and her jaw line was softening a bit.

“Sorry it’s such a mess around here. There’s just a lot going on with wedding planning and Jenny bringing the kids over and... is Harper home? HARPER!?” Chrissie yelled out.

“She went to the gym, mom!” Jenny yelled back from the hallway.

Chrissie gave a bewildered smile and shrugged.

“See? I can’t even keep track of my own adult kids, never mind all of these grandchildren... Did you hear that Jenny’s going to be having another one?” Chrissie asked in a tone that told Trey that she was more overwhelmed by the prospect than excited.

“Yeah I saw... so how are you doing, hun?” Trey asked with a kind smile.

Chrissie smiled back and sighed deeply.

“Oh I don’t alright. Jobs going fine and Greyson’s wedding is excited... though I don’t know how I feel about being a ‘mother-in-law’. I feel like I should just start wearing my hair in curlers and shuffle around in pink fuzzy slippers nagging everybody. Ha!” Chrissie joked.

“You already do that mom!” Greyson said with a smirk as he came into the kitchen to raid the fridge with his fiance hugging his waist and giggling.

Chrissie rolled her eyes and smirked back at her grown son causing the laugh lines on her face to pucker.

“That’s enough from the peanut gallery thank you.” The middle-aged matriarch drawled.

As Chrissie shared a little sassy back-and-forth with her son Trey took the opportunity to gaze fondly down at the cleavage of the 46-year-olds large chest. The heavy tits were beginning to slope down her chest and her dry aging skin was growing more freckled from decades of sun exposure but the way her breasts mashed against one another in her low-cut shirt and the way the large

sacks heaved up and down as she breathed was causing the old man's heart to palpitate.

"Hopefully with all of this craziness you're finding some time to enjoy yourself..." Trey said before clearing his throat.

Chrissie looked back over at the older man who quickly attempted to raise his eyes up from her chest. The matronly woman caught him for a brief second and just flashed an appreciative smile. It had been a bit since someone had looked at her like that.

"Yeah well, Harper has me on one of those dating sites for people over 40... I was on a different one before - one that Annie used where you swipe right or left... I don't remember. But guys kept getting scared off when the 'G' word came up." Chrissie explained.

"G-word?" Trey asked.

"Grandmother... turns out a lot of guys my age are down to do all sorts of disgusting things but draw the line at going on a date with a woman with grown children that have kids of their own!" Chrissie replied bluntly.

She turned her computer so that Trey could see her online profile on the screen. The photo was of Chrissie from a few years ago wearing a cocktail dress with her hair and make-up all done up. She looked about 30 lbs lighter in the photo and didn't have some of the more noticeable lines around her nose, mouth and forehead that she did now.

"Wow you look like a million bucks!" Trey said enthusiastically.

Chrissie batted her eyes and smiled feeling very flattered by his compliment. Her kids and grandkids made her feel over-the-hill and frumpy but to Trey, who was practically her mothers age, she was a 'smoking hot young chick'.

"Awww thanks Trey. I-" Chrissie began to reply.

“Mom!” The door opened and Chrissie’s middle-child, the 24-year-old Harper came bursting into the apartment.

Harper had grown into a very beautiful girl. Taking after her grandmother a bit – her body was toned and statueque but she also had a few tattoos and a nose piercing.

“What?” Chrissie asked already bracing for this to annoy her or cost her money or both.

“I need to borrow your AAA card.” The young woman explained.

“My Triple-A card? What do you need that for Harper? You don’t drive!” Chrissie countered in exasperation.

“No but I met this really cute guy at the gym named Ryan and he got a flat tire so I told him that I could use my AAA membership and get it changed for free and... can you just do this for me mom!?” Harper replied urgently.

Harper had a seriously intense crush on this guy but had no idea that it ran in the family.

A few minutes prior:

Harper and Ryan were walking off the elevator onto the 3rd floor. The young woman was practically hanging on the arm of the tall muscular man and giggling at everything he said, fantasizing about what a relationship between them would be like. As they began to walk down the hall they bumped into Erica on her power walk.

“Hi grandma.” Harper said, proud to show off her hot new potential boyfriend.

The 72-year-old woman stopped and caught her breath, giving a wrinkly smile to the young couple.

“Oh Harper dear! It’s nice to see you honey. You caught me in the middle of my morning workout... I got a bit of a late start today!” Erica said with a chuckle.

“That’s cool. At your age you totally deserve to sleep in a bit!” Harper replied with a warm smile.

Erica looked at the handsome man next to her granddaughter and her face lit up. She felt a bit warm and tingly and hoped that she hadn’t just accidentally peed herself a bit.

“And who is this tall drink of water? Is this your boyfriend?” Erica asked.

The two young people looked at one another, chuckling nervously not sure how to answer that. Erica didn’t wait for a response before reaching a veiny hand to squeeze the guy’s impressive biceps.

“Nooo grammy. Ryan’s just my friend from the gym.” Harper said as she flashed the young man a little look to say that she was open to being more than that.

“Ryan eh? You seem awfully familiar... have we met before?” Erica asked, squinting her eyes at the young man and then putting on her bifocals to get a better look at him.

The muscular guy shook his head and shrugged.

“Uh I don’t think so. I’m pretty sure I’d remember meeting a knockout like you ma’am! Especially a mature woman that takes her workouts seriously!” Ryan said, trying to be really sweet and polite to the grandmother of this girl he was hoping to hook up with.

Erica reaches up and pinches the man’s cheek before affectionately patting his broad shoulder and arm again.

“This ones a keeper, dear!” Erica chirped approvingly.

And with that the old woman took her weights back into both hands and continued to power walk down the hallway.

“She seems really nice... she kind of reminds me of my own grandma.” Ryan said as they continued down the hall.

“Yeah Grammy is the best. Weird that she thought she knew you though. I think she’s getting a little confused as she gets older.” Harper said with a shrug.

Ryan scratched his head and shrugged.

“Well, you know, I actually was seeing a girl that lived in this building a few months ago that worked at the gym... so maybe your grandmother just saw me around in the hall or something.” Ryan admitted.

Harper’s face scowled in jealousy for a moment but then softened since Ryan didn’t even know her a few months ago (because she hadn’t even been a twinkle in her mom's eye back then). Still, she was really curious to know who this bitch was that dumped such a hottie like Ryan.

“Oh yeah? What’s her name? Maybe I know her.” Harper asked, trying to sound chill about it.

“Uh, Erica. I don’t know her last name, I know that’s super embarrassing because we actually hooked up a bunch of times but, yeah, Erica.” Ryan replied.

“Huh weird, my grandma’s name is Erica.” Harper said, trying to think of any other Erica’s her own age that lived in the building.

The pair looked at each other for a moment thinking the same thing and then burst out laughing.

“No way, no way. This girl is young, like - mid to late 20s.” Ryan said, waving his hands and turning red with laughter.

They got outside of Chrissie’s apartment, where Harper still lived.

“So I just need to run inside and grab my purse... my whole family is probably going to be home though, just to warn you. I mean like... I’m not trying to bring

you home to meet my mom on the first date - not that this is a date or anything... I just um..." Harper blushed and stared down at her sneakers completely flustered.

Ryan grinned and squeezed the girl's hand.

"How about I just wait outside." He suggested.

"Cool! Yes. Good idea, because otherwise they'll just start asking you a million questions and... yeah I'm just going to run in and be back in a minute." Harper said as she quickly ran into the apartment shouting 'Mom!'

Now:

"Fine Harper... the card is in my purse. Just be quick about it. Can't you see that I have company?" Chrissie sighed.

"Thanks mom! Hi uncle Trey!" Harper said giddily as she bounded for her mothers purse.

Chrissie turned back to Trey and caught him staring down her cleavage again. She crossed her flabby legs under the table and began to rub her foot on the old man's calves.

"So what was I saying? Oh yeah so... It's just really hard to meet people. Annie doesn't have any problem with it. She's only 3 years younger than me and she's going out with friends all nights of the week like she's still in her 20s..." Chrissie began to say.

Greyson and his fiance were arguing again - this time over what to eat for lunch. The twins were running around the table unattended as Jenny grilled Harper about this guy she met at the gym.

"I'm sorry dear. What was that?" Trey asked, unable to make out what she was saying since his hearing wasn't great and the noise of everything made it worse.

“Oh I was just saying-” Chrissie tried again.

One of the twins fell on the floor and began to loudly cry.

“Jenny!” The middle-aged woman called to her daughter with no response as the 2-year-old continued to wail and the other one joined in the chorus.

It felt like everyone in the house was shouting over one another as Jenny’s 7-year-old daughter came running into the kitchen.

“Grandma! The bathroom is flooding!” The girl exclaimed.

“What!?” Chrissie shouted, jumping up from the table.

Trey also got up from the table, albeit more stiffly and slowly. They hurried down to the bathroom to find that the toilet was clogged and overflowing.

“Okay that’s it! Everyone out!” The middle-aged woman bellowed and then took a deep breath.

Her kids and their kids all fell silent as they gathered behind Trey and Chrissie to see what had happened in the bathroom.

“OUT!!!” Chrissie shouted pointing toward the door.

“Come on kids, mommy is going to take you down to the pool...” Jenny said quickly.

“Yeah uh... we can go out for lunch...” Greyson suggested.

Harper was already out the door grabbing Ryan’s hand and running to the elevator before her siblings could come out and meet him.

“Ahhh peace and quiet.” Chrissie sighed in relief once all of her brood had left.

Trey just chuckled and shook his head as he began to roll up his sleeves.

“Sometimes I regret that Katie and I never had kids... and sometimes I don’t.”
The old man said simply.

“Yeah well it’s tough to regret having grandkids since I didn’t get a say in any of that... Here come on out of here, you’re going to get your shoes wet. I’ll call a plumber.” Chrissie smirked as she backed up out of the bathroom.

Trey rubbed his bald head and waved his hand in the air.

“No need to call a plumber when you have a completely serviceable handyman right here! I might be a bit slow but what I lack in youthful energy, I make up for in experience!” Trey insisted patting his saggy chest.

Chrissie swooned at the distinguished old man. As she watched Trey grab a plunger and unclog her toilet without even being asked, she got what her mother saw in Trey. There was something rugged and inherently attractive about him even though he was old enough to be her father and was bald, leathery and had white hair coming out of his ears.

“My hero. I’ll um... be right back...” She mumbled, fanning herself.

“Take your time. I’ll have this cleaned up for you in a jiffy.” Trey said cheerily.

A few minutes later the old man had the toilet unclogged and flushing properly and the floor all mopped up. He had taken off his shirt so that it didn’t get dirty and leaning against the sink, wiping some sweat from his lined face as he caught his breath.

“Wow you did an amazing job in here...” Chrissie said, sounding impressed.

Trey nodded, turning around.

“Oh it was nothing – just a little bit of elbow grease got the job d-” He said, stopping short as he looked at the woman in the doorway.

Chrissie posed in the doorway completely naked. Her flabby ass jiggling in the open air along with her melon-sized breasts. One of her thicc legs was bent

with her foot pressed against the door frame, the dimpled cellulite of her inner thigh on full display along with the patch of dark blonde pubes. The 46-year-old glided a pasty hand up her tummy between her floppy tits to her sweaty lined neck.

“Mmm you did so well as my on-the-spot plumber I was hoping there was some other plumbing you could attend to...” The middle-aged woman called in a breathy voice to the older man.

Chrissie was incredibly lonely and horny. Despite her active dating account, from her perspective she hadn't gotten laid in several years. Trey however wasn't lacking in prospects, it was performance that was his issue. But as he looked over the chubby matron, who to him looked like a vivacious sexy young woman, he found that there was a stirring in his pants that signaled the green light to go for it.

He walked over to Chrissie, putting his rough leathery hands on her soft plump waist and held her against him, her pillowy breasts pressing against his white chest hair as the two of them leaned in and kissed.

Upstairs Katherine had finished tidying up around their apartment and collapsed down onto the couch with a tired sigh. She turned the TV on to the Lifetime channel which at this time of day was basically soft-core porn for women in their 60s.

The retired former journalist put her glasses on and brought her swollen veiny ankles up onto the couch cushion to get comfortable as she watched some aging actress who used to play love interests on sitcoms in the 80s now play a widow who gets seduced by some jerk trying to foreclose on her house played by a soap opera actor half her age.

As Katherine watched the couple on the screen share an intimate moment with the man leaning in to kiss the aging woman's neck, the 65-year-old began feeling very hot and bothered.

She began to rub her sagging breasts under her top, feeling her wrinkled nipples harden as she imagined herself as the woman in the Lifetime movie.

Katherine had been getting progressively more sexually frustrated as Trey's lack of spark and inability to perform hence their interest in bringing a third party into the bedroom.

But as lovely as Erica was, a woman in her 70s just didn't do it for Katherine the way a virile middle-aged man did. She wanted some strong burly guy to hold her by her saggy bingo wings, rip off her dowdy nightgown and stick his big firm cock deep into her.

Without thinking about it she found her wrinkled veiny hand traveling down under the band of her granny panties and stroking the inside of her loose dangly labia.

"Oooh!" She moaned in a husky voice, closing her crinkled eyes.

She rolled over on her back and accidentally smooshed her saggy ass into the remote. The channel changed to a Spanish network and the volume turned all the way to the maximum volume.

The retiree sat up with a wince and fumbled to find the remote and turn the volume down. She managed to mute it but ended up with a big black box on the screen that she didn't know how to get rid of.

"Oh shoot. How do I do this again? And Trey's not around to help me figure it out. Is it this button? No that's not it!" She grumbled in frustration.

After a few attempts to get her show back she gave up and decided to call Jon, their neighbor who always seemed pretty handy with things.

"Hello Jon? Sorry to bother you! It's Katherine. Katherine Robbins... I- I'm having a bit of trouble with my television. Do you know anything about that? Would you be able to come over and help me? Oh thank you!" She said and then hung up the phone.

She sighed in relief until she looked down and realized that she was still in her pajamas and didn't look presentable for company.

Katherine quickly waddled to her bedroom and peeled off her nightgown, putting on a nice skirt and blouse. She attempted to fix her hair and put some make-up on her face to give her jowly cheeks a bit of color and some eyeliner. As she turned to pick out socks and shoes there was a knock at the door and the 65-year-old decided it was better to go greet her guest barefoot than to keep him waiting.

She fussed with her wavy gray hair a bit more before opening the door, telling herself that she just wanted to look presentable rather than admitting that she had quite the crush on the 50-year-old man that lived down the hall.

“Jon! What a pleasant surprise!” She said with a big smile.

“Oh when you said you wanted help with your TV I just assumed that you meant right away.” Jon replied confused.

At 50 Jon’s sandy hair was thinning and receding a bit and his face was growing lined and craggy. Katherine thought that he looked a bit like the man who played Jorah Mormont on Game of Thrones – which was someone who had made many cameos in the retired woman's dreams since she and Trey had binged the show a few years ago.

“Of course, come in. Thank you so much. The TVs right here and this is the remote... I can’t make heads or tails of half of those buttons – even with my glasses!” Katherine explained with a chuckle.

The younger man took the remote and with a few taps had gotten the black box to go away.

“There we go. Is that all you needed?” He asked with a smile.

Katherine’s puffy cheeks blushed.

“Oh I feel silly now that it was so easy for you to fix!” She chortled.

Jon shook his head and continued to smile warmly at her.

“No need! I’m always happy to help.” He said with a shrug.

“Well - let me at least get you a snack or something since you took the time to come over.” She insisted.

Jon tossed up his hands and sat down on the couch.

“Sure, I’d love a snack. And a glass of water if you don’t mind.” He replied.

Katherine hurried to the kitchen and got them both some water and pulled a pair of pudding pops out of the freezer.

“Have you ever tried these? Don’t worry - they’re zero sugar but they are amazing. I can’t get enough of them.” She said holding up a vanilla and a tapioca one.

As she walked back to the couch with the waters and the popsicles she stumbled and flinched, a bit of pain shooting up from her right foot. The water splashed and spilled a bit on her blouse.

“Katherine! Are you all right?” Jon asked in concern.

He jumped up to take the waters from the older woman and help her hobble over to the couch. Katherine knew that there was nothing wrong other than the discomfort of some arthritis that had flared up recently but she felt that saying she had the onset of arthritis in her toes would make her sound very old so instead she lied.

“I must have stepped on a nail head sticking up from the floorboard or something. I’m fine, I’m fine.” She said, not wanting him to make a fuss about her.

She eased herself down onto the couch and handed Jon the vanilla pudding pop and his water.

“Well I’d be happy to go get my stud finder and comb over your floor for popped up studs if you’d like.” He offered.

Katherine opened her popsicle and began to lick it, looking over at Jon's pants and thinking that she had found all the stud she needed.

"Oh that's all right. I'm sure Trey will take care of it." She replied.

Jon shrugged and opened his own popsicle and then patted his leg.

"Well then let me at least see what I can do about that poor injured foot of yours." He offered.

Katherine blushed and shook her head giggling at the suggestion but when Jon insisted she relented and lifted her veiny foot and swollen ankle up to rest it on the younger man's lap.

"You really don't need to- ooooh!" She moaned.

She had expected him to just check and make sure there was no obvious cut or puncture but was pleasantly surprised when the man wrapped his strong hand around the bridge of her foot and began to massage her wrinkled sole with his thumb.

"That feel better?" Jon asked with a knowing smile.

The gray haired woman nodded. Katherine used to love it when someone rubbed her feet, whether it was Trey or another man. It felt relaxing and sensual all at the same time. But as she had grown older she began feeling more and more self conscious about the corns and blisters on her aging feet and the obvious knots of arthritis in her toe joints. But Jon didn't seem to notice or mind.

"That feels heavenly." She groaned as she laid back on the couch and lifted her other leg into his lap.

The 65-year-old was softly moaning, feeling the sensation of Jon's big strong mitts caressing her soles while she sucked on her tapioca pop imagining that it was the younger man's dick.

Before she knew it she had licked the stick completely dry. She wiped a bit of the tapioca pudding dribbling down the crease in her chin and sat up.

“That was really wonderful Jon. I haven’t felt anything like that in-” She began to say.

The man leaned over and kissed her. She felt his rugged face and the vanilla taste of his tongue wrapping around hers. She was surprised and wondered for a moment if she was daydreaming but as she rubbed her hands on his hairy chest it felt real enough. They pulled away after a few moments.

“I’m sorry if that was too forward I just... felt something between us.” Jon admitted.

Katherine fanned herself and shook her head.

“No not at all... are you sure though? I mean, I’m so much older than you dear. You’re practically my niece’s age!” Katherine admitted breathlessly.

The implication of this was completely lost on the aging woman. That the little boy she had let sit on her lap and watched cartoons a few days ago was now nearly the same age as her own mother, and that she was now old enough to be her parents ‘aunty Katherine’.

“Oh don’t be silly! You’re not that much older than me. I know you’re married though I completely understand if you don’t want to-” He began to rely.

Katherine leaned over and pressed her thinning lips against him again, wincing a little as her back spasmed from the sudden movement. She took his hand and stood up.

“My husband and I have an arrangement. Here, let’s go someplace a little more comfortable.” She purred as she led Jon into the bedroom.

Exercising his part of the arraignment, Trey was downstairs with his boxer briefs around his ankles laying on his back on Chrissie's bed while the 46-year-old grandmother rode him from on top.

“Oh yeah! OH YEAH! OH YEAH! OH YEAH!” Chrissie cried in an erotic tone as she gyrated on top of the old man.

Her soft melon-shaped tits flopped up and down, slapping her belly with each thrust and pump. Sweat was pouring down the middle-aged woman's face and in the back of her head she wondered if she was having her first hot flash.

Trey was pleased to be able to keep his erection going for the past fifteen minutes, even if his cock wasn't as impressive as it used to be able to grow to. He held on to the younger woman's cellulite-filled thighs and enjoyed the ride and the sensation of her big wide ass cheeks smoothing against his legs as she rocked back and forth.

“OH YEAH! OH GIVE IT TO ME! OH YEAH! OH GOD!” Chrissie moaned happy to end her dry spell even if the sex wasn't particularly good.

Both the 46-year-old and her older lover were panting and groaning as they continued to fuck in the bed until they were interrupted by the sound of the apartment door opening.

“Chrissie? Are you home?” Erica called from the hallway.

“Shit! It's mom!” The middle-aged woman hissed, grabbing her sheet and pulling it up over her exposed breasts in alarm.

Trey rubbed his head in bewilderment.

“I never thought at 70 I'd be in a situation where a woman I was fucking was scared of her mother walking in on us. Maybe we should ask Erica to join!” He suggested with a wheezing chuckle.

Chrissie pulled off of him quickly and grabbed her panties, scrambling to pull them back up her flabby legs.

“Don’t be gross Trey! That’s my mother!” Chrissie chided him.

Trey shrugged as he pulled his own underwear up his bony old legs.

“Chrissie? Harper? Anyone?” Erica called from the kitchen.

“Be there in a second mom!” Chrissie called back as she frantically attempted to put clothes back on.

A few moments later Chrissie and Trey were hurrying into the kitchen red-faced and out of breath. The younger woman’s blond hair was disheveled and Trey was tucking his shirt back into his pants and adjusting his belt.

“Sorry about that - Trey was just helping me with a clogged pipe...” Chrissie said looking incredibly guilty.

Erica immediately saw through this and became incensed as she looked from her daughter to her lover and back to her daughter.

“I - you - she - you were... How could you!?” Erica cried.

Trey had no idea that Erica would take it this poorly and stepped forward to smooth things over.

“Erica... I...” He struggled for the right words to say.

“What’s wrong with you!?! Sleeping with my daughter? She’s just an innocent girl!” Erica screamed.

Chrissie and Trey both looked at one another, furrowing their brows.

“Mom. I’m certainly not a girl anymore and I’m definitely not innocent...” Chrissie interjected.

“You’re just so young and he’s - he’s so old!” Erica said, looking at Trey disgusted.

“I mean, as much as I hate to admit it - I’m not that young ma. I’m a grandmother for god sake.” Chrissie retorted.

Erica ran her hands through her gray hair and looked at the two of them like she was having a nervous breakdown.

“You know, we’re all adults here - I think we can all just sit down and talk about this reasonably.” Trey suggested.

“She’s young enough to be your daughter, you asshole!” Erica screamed, tossing a coaster as the bald man.

“Mom! I’m 46! I can make my own choices! I’m not some stupid teenager anymore... my kids aren’t even teenagers anymore!” Chrissie yelled trying to calm her mother down.

Trey edged toward the door.

“I’m going to go...” He said cringing as he backed down the hallway.

“Wait until your wife hears about this!” Erica screamed.

“You know that we have an arraignment!” He called back.

“That didn’t involve sleeping with one of my daughters you jack-ass!” The old woman bellowed, tossing a washcloth down the hallway and hitting the door as it slammed behind Trey.

The 70-year-old man took a deep breath leaning against the door as he listened to Chrissie and her mother argue inside. He knew he should be mad or guilty or something about making Erica upset like that but as he felt the semi-erection in his pants all he felt was pride. He’s still got it!

Rather than heading home just yet he decided to head down to the pool and cool off for a bit.

The pool was getting a bit more lively than it had on previous days as it filled with more generations of tenants. Jenny was down there sitting out under an umbrella in a tasteful two-piece that framed her baby bump. Her 4 kids were running around the shallow end splashing about. Chatting next to her was the 28-year-old redhead Laura, Bree and Hannah's daughter who now had a toddler of her own that was playing with Jenny's kids as the pair of attractive 20-something moms looked on attentively while sharing parenting life-hacks with one another.

Bree and Hannah were sitting on the other end of the pool holding hands with tranquil smiles on their lined faces as they watched the children play. Hannah was now 57 and was wearing a black one-piece bathing suit and a big floppy hat to give her very leathery freckled skin protection from the sun. Her aging face was creased with dozens of deep lines that bunched every time she smiled and her red hair was thinning and fading. Her wife was now 56 but not nearly as wrinkled due to her Asian complexion and genes. At a glance one might think that there was a good 20 year age gap between Bree and Hannah instead of just a few months. Still, Bree's crows feet and the bunching skin of her arms revealed the accomplish sex therapists true age.

Bree was wearing cargo shorts and a bikini top that contained her small saggy breasts. Her soft middle-aged tummy was on full display showing that she had more wrinkles around her belly button than her face. She stood up with a groan and walked around the pool.

"Mom! Where are you going? I picked a shady spot out for you and Mama Hannah to sit. You're going to get skin cancer!" Laura yelled to her mother like the overprotective adult daughter that she was.

"I'm just coming over to play with my granddaughter for a bit! I can't see clearly from over there without my glasses!" Bree insisted as she knelt down in front of the toddlers and shook about a stuffed animal toy with her hand.

"Okay, where is your hat?" Laura asked pointedly.

“I don’t need that stupid thing. I’ve been tanning out at this pool since I was half your age! You have Hannah’s complexion so you both burn easily. I’m fine!” Bree insisted.

“You’re not fine. Being of Japanese descent doesn’t make you impervious to sun damage!” Laura chided.

“Do take that tone with me Laura! I put you through college! The least you can do is let me play with my granddaughter by the pool in peace!” Bree said stubbornly.

“Honey... Come on, let the kids be. Come back here, I miss you...” Hannah called out affectionately holding out her flabby arms to her wife.

Bree sighed and smiled before heading back over and sitting down next to Hannah as the two 50-somethings proceeded to passionately kiss.

Laura was about to say something when Jenny grabbed her arm and drew her attention to Harry, the building's resident stud. The now 29-year-old real estate bro was walking by showing his muscular tanned physique with 31-year-old twins Rachel and Rebecca on either arm.

Both young single moms flashed fetching ‘come hither’ smiles to Harry as he passed since either of them would love a chance to hook up with a guy like that. The attractive young man tipped his sunglasses down his nose, pointed a finger like a gun at the w and winked at them as he walked by causing both Jenny and Laura to get a little wet in their bikini bottoms.

Rachel and Rebecca clung tighter to Harry’s strong arms, not wanting to share their conquest with anyone other than each other.

The three of them sauntered down to the deep end of the pool where Trey was sitting out enjoying some fresh air and the sight of all of the lovely ladies walking around in sexy bathing suits.

Trey looked at the three attractive young people and thought about how 40 years ago that could have been him, Katie and Erica.

“Beautiful day we’re having.” He said with a polite smile.

The girls settled into their pool chairs without responding with more than a quick smile to signal that they didn’t want to engage in conversation. Harry took his sunglasses off and smirked at Trey.

“What was that, Old Timer?” He asked, raising an eyebrow at the older man.

Trey shrugged.

“Just saying that it’s a beautiful day... you only get so many of these in one lifetime, you kids should enjoy them while you’re still young!” He told them.

Trey leaned back in his chair with his shirt unbuttoned, his pale wrinkled gut hanging out over his belt buckle, glistening in the sun. The twins rolled their eyes and Harry snorted a chuckle at the old man as he turned his attention back to the hotties on either side of him.

“It’s too bad there are so many kids around or we could...” The young man grinned leaning over to whisper the rest first in Rachel’s ear and then in Rebecca’s. The women giggled and playfully slapped his chest for even suggesting it.

Trey found himself looking around the pool area trying to see if he could get his erection back. Watching the two 50-somethings sweetly kiss and cuddle felt voyeuristic to the old man, and besides – Bree was his long time marriage counselor.

He wanted to steer clear of Jenny not only because pregnant women did nothing for him – but because as much as she resembled her mom and grandmother, sticking his dick in that family tree had gotten him in hot water less than an hour ago.

Looking next to her to the redheaded Laura, he admired her alabaster skin and her supple legs and breasts. He sighed remembering when he used to be able to bed women like that.

His eyes drifted back next to him over to the twins flirting and fawning over Harry. The two strawberry blondes were quite gorgeous and judging by the subtle lines around their mouths and the way they held themselves Trey guessed them to be a bit older than their 20s.

“Just a little bit of maturity...That’ll get the flag back up the pole...” He mumbled approvingly.

“You say something, old man?” Harry asked over his shoulder.

Trey shook his head.

“No just er, talking to myself. Say, you girls are Conner and Melanie’s daughters aren’t ya? I know your parents. Nice people. Your mom was a real looker back in the day!” Trey said, winking at the twins.

“Thanks...” Rachel and Rebecca said in unison, sounding very uncomfortable at being told how hot their mom used to be.

The door swung open and Destiny sauntered out looking like the Lovey Howell from Gilligan's Island. The 60-year-old had a wide-rim hat and sunglasses on with a floral sarong wrapped around her aging doughy body. She strutted as best as she could with a slight limp down the deck of the pool. Her short cropped black hair was an obvious dye job and her visible gray roots showed that she was due for another hair appointment.

“Speaking of lookers back in the day.” Trey said, whistling at the former 18-year-old beach beauty who was now a frumpy matron nearing retirement age.

Destiny glanced around seeing who was at the pool and when she spotted Harry her face lit up and she began to hobble over to the young man who was now less than half her age.

“Yoo-hoo Harry dear!” She said wavy a veiny swollen hand.

The young stud cringed and rolled his eyes behind his sunglasses, shrinking down in his chair a bit.

“Do you know her, Harry? Is that like, your mom or something?” Rebecca asked as she watched the frumpy older woman waddle toward them.

“Nah, even worse - she’s an investor...” He groaned.

Destiny finally made it over to them, winded and a bit sweaty.

“I changed my mind and decided to come down and take a nice cool dip in the pool... I was worried about it, the doctor said I shouldn’t go for long walks for a few more weeks - I had surgery on my foot a few months ago.” The older woman explained.

“Oh you should be fine. I had surgery on my foot AND both knees last year - and my friend had surgery on her hip.” Trey interjected, happy to share medical histories with anyone who would listen.

“Mr. Robbins! I didn’t even see you there! How are you dear?... Would you mind if I stole this chair?” Destiny asked Rachel, displacing the young blonde twin from her seat.

“Uh sure...” Rachel said, rolling her eyes as the older woman eased into the deck chair and proceeded to talk medical issues with Trey.

Rebecca stood up and the twins began to leave.

“Hey, why don’t you take a dip in the pool for a bit.” Harry suggested, not wanting the hot girls to bail on him.

“Nah that’s cool. I really should get back to studying for my bar exam.” Rachel said.

“And my dissertation isn’t going to write itself.” Rebecca added with a shrug.

They turned and headed out whispering to one another about how this place is turning into a nursing home.

“And they had to remove the polyps...” Destiny was in the middle of informing Trey when she turned to see that Harry was now by himself. “Oh dear. Where did your little friends go? Oh well, their loss. It’s a really beautiful day isn’t it?” she said with a smile that creased all of the wrinkles of her jowly face.

“It sure is!” Trey said with a nod.

“I used to love to hang out by the pool all day when I was young. I think I’m going to take a little dip.” Destiny announced. “Help me up, would you dear?” She asked holding out a pasty hand for Harry.

The young man grunted and hopped up from his seat and hoisted the older woman up from hers. She took a deep breath and smiled then removed her sarong to reveal the purple and blue, two-piece, high-waisted swimsuit she was wearing underneath.

It looked pretty well worn like she had first gotten the suit when she was 20 year younger and in better shape. The bands pinched into the wrinkled flab of her sides and stomach causing pale flesh to pooch out. The high waist covered the lower part of her saggy gut but dimples of fat and cellulite along her midsection were clearly visible along with some brown moles. Her breasts were pooling into shelves in her top hanging halfway down her chest and her wide ass was hanging out of the back side of her bottoms.

The 60-year-old pinched the seams of the suit along her rear trying to tug it to cover more of her chunky ass but it was a futile effort. She took some sunscreen from her purse and rubbed it on the loose skin of her neck and along her freckled shoulders and then down to her deep cleavage to give the men next to her a little ‘show’ before walking carefully over to the pool ladder and slowly easing herself down into the water.

Trey whistled at the graying matronly woman as she waded down into the water which made Destiny feel nice but as she glanced over to see if Harry was also admiring her she found that his attention had been drawn elsewhere.

Donna, the 28-year-old flower shop girl from Trey's floor, had entered the pool area and was chatting it up in a skimpy bikini with her friends Jenny and Laura. Harry's eyes were solidly trained on the latina woman's firm plump ass in her thong bikini as she leaned over to feel Jenny's pregnant belly.

Destiny scoffed and fumed jealously at the 28-year-old as she treaded her flabby legs in the water. Who did that girl think she was? Strutting in here like she was some Hot To Trot beach model?

Harry had already gotten up from his chair and went over to flirt with the trio of 20-somethings, putting his arm around Donna's slender, tanned bare waist.

"Youth is wasted on the young!" Destiny grumbled as she began to climb out of the pool.

"Ah, we were that age too once. I only had one thing on my mind..." Trey said, chuckling and shaking his head.

"Isn't that still the case?" Destiny asked with a smirk as she began to dry off her pale puffy body.

"No... Now I have two things on my mind... that and where to find the nearest bathroom!" Trey said with a grin.

Destiny chuckled and sat back down onto her deck chair.

"Well I have plenty on my mind - not the least of which is why girls nowadays think it's appropriate just to have their entire behinds exposed to the world!" The 60-year-old grumbled, missing the irony of her own flabby ass seeping out the sides of her ill-fitting bathing suit.

Trey shrugged as he began to slowly stand up from his seat.

"Where are you going?" Destiny asked in surprise.

"To go find a bathroom!" Trey replied as if the answer was obvious.

“Oh! You were serious!” Destiny said in amazement.

The old man buttoned up a few buttons on his shirt and fixed his fedora on his head before waving at the matronly woman.

“Yep. It was good seeing you dear. Hope you have a pleasant afternoon!” He said quickly as he began to shuffle as fast as he could to the bathroom.

Back in his apartment Katherine was completely naked and on all fours on her bed with Jon behind her plowing into the retiree. Her big sagging tits swayed back and forth under her as all of the rolls of her aged body jiggled with each thrust of the burly man's cock.

The 65-year-old woman panted and moaned as she wiped her damp gray hair out of her eyes and gripped the headboard hoping that Jon couldn't see how much her saggy bingo wing flapped under her arm.

Jon tapped her on the shoulder as he began to slow down his pace.

“I slipped out again and I need to take another breather.” He grunted falling back into a seated position on the bed.

Katherine closed her eyes a bit disappointed to break the rhythm but happy to have a chance to catch her breath.

“Oh that's all right. I should apply more lube down there anyhow.” She said reaching over to squirt some into her hands and then reached down to smear it onto her loose labia.

“Sorry I keep needing a breather. My doctor says I need to watch my heart rate now that I turned 50.” The younger man said between heavy breaths.

“Don't worry about it dear! I'm just happy to be in bed with a man that can actually get it up for once!” She chuckled. “Oh that was mean? Was that too mean? I love my husband but you know... he's 70 now and well it just gets harder as you get older you know?” Katherine added sheepishly.

Jon nodded sympathetically as he began to stretch and prepare to go again.

“Well I can’t speak for your husband but you don’t seem old at all Katie, can I call you Katie?” He asked with a grin.

The older woman batted her eyes at him.

“Oh no ones called me that in years - yes! Please do!” She said rubbing her aching hip.

“Well people like you and me Katie, we’re young at heart.” He said as he reached over and affectionately fondled the naked woman’s sagging breast.

“Spank me!” Katherine blurted out.

“What?” Jon asked, making sure she heard her correctly.

“I want you to spank me right in my tush!” She insisted, rolling over back onto her hands and knees to wiggle her wide dimpled ass at the man.

Jon shrugged and laughed.

“Okay!” He said as he wound his hand back and gave her a firm but not too hard slap across her bum.

Katherine squealed and moaned. Her pale saggy ass cheeks rippled and turned red from his hand slapping across them.

“Do it again!” She bellowed.

Jon smacked her wide ass again causing the 65-year-old woman to gasp and moan in pleasure.

“Want me to tell you you’re a naughty girl?” Jon asked with a chuckle.

Katherine bit her thin wrinkled lip and nodded.

“I’ve been soooo bad because I want you to fuck me again you dirty boy!” She rasped in a husky voice and she assumed the position again for Jon to enter her.

Jon put his hand on Katherine’s puffy waist and reached two fingers out with the other hand to spread her loose pussy in order to enter her again.

“Oh I’m going to give it to you, you naughty girl...” He growled erotically.

Katherine let out a deep appreciative moan. Neither of them heard the voices calling from the other room.

“Mrs. Robbins? Are you all right?” A young woman called from the living room.

Katherine moaned again as the head of Jon’s dick rubbed against her slit.

“Mrs. Robbins! Are you able to spe- OH MY GOD!” Patty yelled as she rushed into the bedroom.

“What is it Patty? Is she hurt? Should I call 9-1-1? I’m going to call 9-1-1!” Sandy yelled as she rushed in behind her friend.

But as the punk girl took sight of the two naked older people fucking on the bed she dropped her cellphone on the grounds and stared slack-jawed next to her equally horrified blonde roommate.

Katherine and Jon turned around and saw the two 20-something women standing in the doorway gawking at them and screamed, scrambling to cover their privates and wincing in pain as their aging joints protested the sudden movement.

“WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY HOUSE!?” Katherine cried at the young intruders.

Both young women were too stunned to immediately respond but finally Patty swallowed hard, forming the words to explain.

“W-we heard some banging and moaning.” She said in a soft haunted voice.

Katherine was covering her sagging breasts with her flabby arm and had her other veiny hand cupped over her gray vagina.

“So you thought you’d come over and get a free peep-show?” The 65-year-old demanded.

The two young women shook their heads vehemently.

“No, we thought you had had like a stroke or something!” Sandy corrected.

Katherine snorted in offense realizing what had happened.

“Oh I see - you live next door to a woman in her 60s so you hear thumping and moaning and think she needs medical attention, not that she’s just having some good old fashioned afternoon sex!” Katherine huffed.

Jon was cupping his junk, beat red at having the two young women still staring at him. He turned around and quickly put his boxers on.

“I... should go. But this was fun. You should call me sometime.” He said leaning over to kiss Katherine on her gray head as the old woman seethed on the bed.

“Oh uh - please! Don’t run off on our account! This was totally a big misunderstanding on our part.” Patty insisted, feeling very guilty that she had just clam-jammed her elderly neighbor.

“No, it’s okay. You girls did a good thing. If this had been a real emergency I’m sure Katie and I would have been very grateful you were so quick to respond!” Jon told them as he finished getting dressed.

Katherine glared at the girls but reluctantly nodded in agreement.

“Well we’re super sorry that we interrupted. We should probably go...” Sandy said backing out of the room.

Kathrine sighed.

“Don’t be silly... I’m not doing anything else now. At least stay for a bit and I’ll fix you up a snack.” The older woman said, rolling her eyes.

Jon kissed the older woman goodbye again and headed out. Katherine stood up from the bed and dropped her hands giving the two young women a close up view of what would be in store for their bodies in 40-years (If they weren’t aging backwards).

“Can I just say - I know Mr. Robbins is your husband and all, but damn girl, Jon is a seriously tasty Daddy! Way to go getting that D!” Patty said once Jon had left.

Katherine smirked at the young blonde woman and raised an eyebrow.

“I um... like your tattoo. I’ve got a few myself...” Sandy added pointing to the faded blue fairy above Katherine’s pudgy hip.

The 65-year-old looked down at the leathery discolored skin.

“Oh this old thing? Heh. I got it back when I was younger than both of you! Word of advice if you get any more dear - think about what they’ll look like when that part of your body droops a few inches lower on your body...” She said with a smirk as she pulled a robe around herself.

“Uh will do ma’am...” Sandy said, cringing at the thought of her tattooed skin growing saggy and wrinkled.

“Now then, let’s fix you girls that snack.” Katherine said, leading the young women out of her bedroom.

“Thanks Mrs. Robbins. That’s so nice... I really love your vibe - serious Coastal Grandmother energy going on.” Sandy said with a smile.

“Mmmm I don’t have any grandchildren but it’s nice to know that you ladies just look at me and think ‘shriveled old granny’.” Katherine said acerbically.

The two young women went pale.

“Oh no, no, no it’s just like a style! It’s not that you’re old! Not that you’re old or look old or...” Sandy sputtered.

“You don’t even have to be a grandmother to be called that. You just have to give off Diane Keaten vibes... who I guess is probably around your age... but girls our age describe themselves as Coastal Grandmothers too. Do you use tik tok? You know tik tok? On your phone?...” Patty said in a panic.

Patty looked at the pissed off face of her kindly older neighbor and gulped.

“Oh god, you’re going to file noise complaints on us every time you hear us having sex in our apartment from now on aren’t you?” She asked fearfully.

“Yuuuuup.” Katherine said with a big grin as she brought the ladies over a pair of tapioca pudding pops.

Downstairs in the lobby Trey had managed to find a bathroom but now was trying to head back home only to find that the elevator was out of service.

The thought of climbing 5 flights of stairs at the moment was daunting to the 70-year-old so instead he decided to sit and rest for a bit on a nearby bench. He eased himself down next to the now 67-year-old Sabrina who was sitting there with her phone up to her lined face video-chatting with her 42-year-old daughter Lilly.

“Do you like my new perm sweetie?” Sabrina shouted into the phone as she fluffed the brown hair that was puffed up on her head in a matronly style.

“Don’t hold the phone so close to your face mom!” Lilly instructed, sounding exasperated.

“How will you be able to hear me then?” Sabrina insisted, testing out holding the phone away from her and then right up to her mouth.

“I can hear you fine.” Lilly sighed.

“Well maybe I can’t hear you if I hold it far away... you know, I don’t hear too well these days. I think you might need to take me to the doctor to get my ears checked.” Sabrina said passive-aggressively.

“Sure, I can take you before I go to work on Wednesday... Why are you facechatting me anyway? I’m going to be over in a bit to make you dinner.” Lilly questioned.

Sabrina shrugged.

“Oh I don’t know! I have no idea how this thing works! I can’t even use it in my living room. I have to come out here in the lobby of the building to get any reception and it’s so noisy out here. When are you coming?” Sabrina asked in a nagging tone.

“I told you. I’ll be over around 7.” Lilly said in exasperation.

“Okay... I better write that down. I forget it if I don’t write it down... are you bringing a boyfriend over this time?” Sabrina asked.

Lilly sighed loudly.

“No mom.” Lilly grumbled.

“And why not?” Sabrina chided.

“Because I’m gay!” Lilly shouted bluntly.

Sabrina shrugged.

“So? Why does that have to stop ya?” Sabrina asked.

Lilly grumbled.

“I’m going to go ma. I’ll see you at 7!” She said and hung up.

Trey was nodding off when Sabrina patted him on the shoulder.

“That was my daughter.” Sabrina said proudly.

Trey hadn’t been paying attention but nodded and smiled.

“Oh, uh huh.” He mumbled.

“Do you have any children?” She asked.

Trey shook his head.

“No we don’t... but in a way all these young people in the building are our kids. Heh.” He said with a smirk.

“Oh that’s right I remember... Katie wanted kids but you were too busy sleeping around. Well tell her I said hi and give her my love when you see her alright dear? Okay. Good to see you.” Sabrina said, leaning over and hugging Trey and giving him a kiss on the wrinkled cheek before standing up and shuffling off to her apartment.

Trey grumbled and shook his head. Katie’s old friend was getting battyer each passing year. He looked up to see the 64-year-old Conner and his 62-year-old wife Melanie approach the elevators with their 14-year-old granddaughter Jordyn who had sparkly make-up on her young freckled face and was dressed in a tinker-bell costume.

Conner and Melanie, the formerly horny teenage couple from the 3rd floor, were now a pair of proud, distinguished looking grandparents of a teenager. Connor still managed to have most of his hair but it had gone white and he had grown a bushy gray mustache. Melanie had a fair amount of lines on her face and kept her blonde hair in a mature woman’s bun. The aging woman, with her crepey neck and soft jaw line gave a good impression of what her daughters Rachel and Rebecca would look like in 30 years (or 4 more rotations of the gauge in the basement, as the case may be).

“Out of order? What the hey! How long has it been like that? I pay good money to live in this place!” Conner shouted gruffly.

Melanie rubbed her husband's arm to calm him down.

“Now dear, this buildings almost as old as we are... things are going to break down every now and then.” The aging blonde reminded him.

Conner was still frustrated. He tossed his hands in the air and slapped them down at his sides, looking around for someone to yell at.

“They can't say we can't use the elevator hun! I've had two knee replacements and now they expect me to use the stairs to get home!” Conner grumbled.

“Who are ‘they’ granddad?” Jordyn asked with a smirk.

“You know - the... the people that put up that darn sign! What were we just supposed to stay in our apartments in case the elevator goes out? We have places to go! We had to go see our granddaughter perform in her school play!” Conner shouted.

“I know sweetie. I know...” Melanie said, rubbing her husband's arm some more and looking around hoping that they weren't making a scene.

“I'm going to go find a manager!” Conner said, stomping off.

Melanie sighed and smiled.

“Your grandpa just needs to vent a bit. God love him.” The 62-year-old blonde said, shaking her head.

“Hey grandma there's my friend Tommy from my play, can I go hang out with him until grandpa comes back?” The 14-year-old girl asked her grandmother.

Melanie gave the girl a warm smile and leaned over to kiss the girl on her glittery blonde head.

“Of course dear. Have fun.” Melanie chirped and then made her way over to sit on the bench next to Trey who was soundly napping.

Her granddaughter skipped over to 14-year-old Tommy who was dressed in a Captain hook costume sans hat and fake beard. His 37-year-old mom Ava was gently stroking her son's hair in an affectionate motherly way as they walked through the lobby.

“Hey Tommy! You were great tonight!” Jordyn said beaming at the boy.

Tommy shrugged and nervously avoided eye-contact with his classmate who clearly had a massive crush on him.

“Thanks Jordyn. You were good too. It was cool when you like, fake died on stage.” He mumbled.

“I think what Tommy means is that you played an exceptionally convincing Tinkerbell.” Ava said to the young girl.

“Ava! Hey girl!” A voice called from across the lobby.

Annie came jogging over. The now 43-year-old blonde woman was dressed in a low cut top that showed off a bit of the middle-aged woman's developing muffin top and a skirt that hugged her thicc thighs. She was in better shape than her older sister but the middle-aged spread comes for everyone and from the little pooch of a double chin under her pretty face it was clear that Annie's metabolism had bottomed out after she hit 40.

But unlike her sister who was stuck caring for their aging mother and her own kids and grandkids, Annie was still living that young single life well into her 40s.

“Hey Annie! Wow, look at you. I love the skirt, it's really bold!” Ava said honestly, thinking that even though she was 5 years younger than the blonde woman in front of her, she wouldn't be daring enough to wear a short skirt like that at her age and show off all her cellulite and imperfections.

“Thanks! Yeah I’m going out for drinks with some of the girls! You should totally join us! It’s going to be a blast – and there’s going to be a lot of hot guys theeeereeee...” Annie said, saying the last part in a suggestive, sing-songy voice.

Ava sighed and smiled.

“I wish I could but we just got back from Tommy’s play and I’m beat and I don’t think there’s any way I’d get a sitter this last minute.” The 37-year-old explained.

“I can stay by myself! I’m old enough!” Tommy insisted.

“Maybe when you’re in high school but right now I need to know that there’s someone responsible in the house if I’m not home. We’ve been over this Tommy.” Ava said sternly.

“Oh my goodness. Is that Tommy?” Annie said, gasping with her hand over her mouth at the sight of the adolescent boy.

“Tommy, do you remember my friend Annie?” Ava asked her son.

Tommy was busy staring at the pronounced cleavage of the middle-aged woman in front of him.

“Hi!” He gulped, blushing.

“My goodness! You’ve gotten so big! I remember when you were just a little guy!” Annie said in astonishment.

“Yeah doesn’t it feel like just yesterday that he was in kindergarten?” Ava asked, laughing. Not realizing that it was, in fact, yesterday.

“I know! Time flies! I still feel like I’m just out of college!... God what a handsome young man you’ve become... and is this your little girlfriend?” Annie asked gesturing to Jordyn.

Jordyn beamed at being mistaken for Tommy's girlfriend until he vigorously shook his head.

"No!" He said quickly.

The 14-year-old in the tinkerbelle outfit stood there pouting for a bit with her arms crossed as her crush practically drooled over the busty blonde 40-something in front of them.

"They just got back from being in a school play together." Ava explained.

"Oooo an actor! I think we have a future George Clooney on our hands!" Annie said, pinching Tommy's cheek and laughing.

Tommy grinned proudly at the remark even though he had no idea who George Clooney was.

"Mom, can't Grandma Diane and Grandpa Jack watch me? They're old. What are they even doing right now? You should go out and have fun with Annie!" Tommy blurted out.

He suddenly desperately needed his mom to become closer friends with Annie. His crush on the immature cougar was deepening by the second, mostly because she reminded him of an older version of this model from a porn picture he had secretly downloaded on his computer one time when his mom wasn't home. It just so happened that a few days ago, or back in at the turn of the millennium in Annie's memory, she had taken some risqué photos of herself and posted them online to earn some money for college.

"Uh yeah I guess that could work... where are you going?" Ava asked Annie.

"Here I'll text you the deets... It's going to be so great catching up! Bye Tommy! Don't let that one get away! She's super cute!" Annie said as she walked away tapping on her phone and pointing toward Jordyn who was trying to decide whether she hated Annie for stealing Tommy's attention or loved her for endorsing Jordyn to be Tommy's girlfriend.

Ava looked over at the elevators.

“Oof. Out of service again? Come on kiddo, we’ve got to hoof it upstairs and then we can see if I’m still up for changing into something presentable and going out again!” The 37-year-old mom groaned as they headed for the stairwell.

Trey woke up a few minutes later and checked the time. Realizing that it was getting late and that there was no guarantee that the elevator would be running any time soon he shuffled on over to the stairs and began the slow climb up to his apartment.

He got to the third floor and stopped to catch his breath, leaning on the railing and wheezing. The door opened and Erica popped her head out. Upon seeing Trey she glared at the old man.

“Oh great it's you!” She grumbled.

He looked up and sucked in his breath knowing that he owed the old woman an apology.

“Erica, I’m glad I ran into you.” He said between heaving breaths.

“I don’t want to hear it Trey-” She began to yell.

“Damn it Erica, just listen to me for a minute!” He shouted.

She grumbled and crossed her arms across her sagging chest but didn’t leave.

“I understand why you’re upset. You see what Chrissie and I did as a betrayal...” He offered.

“Of course it’s a betrayal! She’s my daughter!” Erica shouted, tossing up her hands.

“I know. I should have understood that family is a line you don’t cross... it’s just... we’ve been living this swinger life for a while and I’m getting older...”

when I had my little... issue this morning. I was worried that I wasn't much of a man anymore. But Chrissie... when she looked at me this afternoon helping her with her bathroom... she looked at me like I was a man and... that meant a lot. But it doesn't mean enough to hurt you or to end the friendship you and I have shared for nearly half a century!" Trey said before having a coughing fit.

Erica took a deep breath listening to the old man's words. She didn't want to be upset about this and she knew that they had never explicitly laid down rules about fucking each other family members but she had just assumed that it was common sense.

"So you didn't go over there with the intentions of seducing my daughter?" Erica asked bluntly.

Trey shook his head and crossed his heart with his hands, lifting his crooked fingers up to a boy scout pledge.

"Believe me, if I had wanted to make a move on Chrissie - I would have done it before she had all those kids!" He joked.

Erica broke a smile despite herself.

"She did really bloat up after her third pregnancy didn't she?" Erica chuckled.

"You know she actually exposed herself to me once when I was visiting when she was 19?" He said laughing.

Erica gasped and then laughed, shaking her head.

"That little slut! Now I know where her daughters get it from!... Well, thank you at least for not sleeping with my daughters before they were out of college!" Erica said with a smirk.

"It was a big ask but what can I say, I'm a nice guy!" Trey said with a grin.

The two of them laughed again but then Erica got serious.

“I don’t know why I got so mad... I guess seeing you with someone who is basically a younger model of me just made me feel... old and obsolete.” Erica said honestly.

Trey turned to her and put his hands on the 72-year-olds soft waist, pulling her into a hug.

“You’re not old and obsolete, gorgeous. You’re aging like a fine wine...” He said smoothly kissing Erica on both of her wrinkled cheeks.

The old woman giggled and blushed.

“Oh Trey...” She said in a fluttery voice.

They leaned in and began to kiss on the stairwell. Soon Erica had her veiny hand inside of Trey’s shirt and the old man had his crooked fingers sliding down the front of her sweats into her panties and over her gray bush.

“OHHHH TREY....” She moaned hoarsely.

He began to finger her dry hole as they continued to shower each other with wet kisses against the door to the 3rd floor. After a few minutes of this Trey slipped his fingers out.

“Don’t stop...” Erica whispered.

“Sorry dear, darn arthritis is acting up.” He said, showing how his inflamed knuckles were cramping up.

“Maybe if I lift my leg a bit... remember that one time... in the bathroom stall...” She purred, nibbling his ear with her pruned lips.

“That was more than 40 years ago darlin’!” Trey said, thinking that there was no way that they’d be able to get into those positions at their current age.

But Erica was ready to try as she lifted her bony leg up the back of the man’s plaid slacks making a loud popping noise as she did so. She wrapped her leg

around the old man's ass and then attempted to extend it like a dancer - something she could have done easily as a young woman a few days ago.

Trey scooped down the side of her pants on her planted leg and attempted to slip his non-crimped old hand back down to her crotch. The old couple were finger banging for all of 2 minutes when a loud crackling sound echoed through the hallway and Erica crumbled down in pain.

"OW!! OH GOD! I think I fractured my hip!" She writhed.

Trey took off his fedora and rubbed his bald head in bewilderment.

"Just from lifting your leg?" He asked.

Erica nodded her gray head.

"Yes! My bones aren't as sturdy as they were 40 years ago!... And now I've fallen and I can't get up!" She groaned.

Trey looked around trying to wrack his brain for what to do.

"Okay hold on - let me... let me go get help!" He said quickly.

"What's going on? Is everyone all right?" A voice called from the flight below.

Erica's 51-year-old neighbor across the hall came rushing up the stairs dressed in her nurse's uniform.

"Ethel! Thank goodness. This is why it pays to live across the hall from a doctor at my age." Erica chuckled and then winced.

"Actually I'm a nurse but that doesn't matter, what happened? Are you all right?" The middle-aged woman asked her elderly neighbor.

Trey and Erica looked at one another and blushed.

“Nevermind the details. I think I did something to my hip. I heard a pop and then a crack and now I can’t put any weight on this leg.” Erica explained.

“Oh my goodness. Well don’t worry. I’ll take care of you until we can get you to a hospital.... Do you feel this? Does this hurt when I press your leg right here?” Ethel asked, pressing her fingers at points around Erica’s hip and thigh.

“Yes!” Erica nodded and seethed.

“That’s good. It’s actually good that you feel that pain.” Ethel assured her.

“Is there anything I can do?” Trey asked.

Erica shook her head.

“No hun. You head home. I have this nice young lady to help me. You can come by and see me later and make sure I still have all ten fingers and toes!” Erica said with a chuckle.

Trey nodded.

“I’d give you a kiss goodnight but I’m afraid if I bent down on the floor there I won’t be able to get up either and then this poor girl will have two old fogies to take care of!” The old man joked.

Erica laughed and blew him a kiss which he blew back.

“Awww you two are sweet. You remind me of my parents. Now, you hang tight Ms. Erica. I’m going to go let your daughter know and call that ambulance for you.” Ethel told the old woman.

Later that evening, Katherine was laying in bed as Trey stood up in his pajamas talking on the land line in their bedroom.

“Uh huh. That’s great. Thanks Chrissie. You tell the old girl to hang in there for me, will ya? All right dear. Goodnight.” Trey said and hung up the phone.

“Is Erica all right?” Katherine asked, looking very worried.

Trey nodded.

“She’s fine. She’s back home from the hospital. It’s only a minor fracture. She’s going to be off her feet for a bit and have to do some physical therapy but that’s it.” He informed his wife.

“Thank goodness. God, at her age she’s lucky she didn’t end up needing a hip replaced!” Katherine said, shaking her head.

Trey climbed into bed.

“I think you mean ‘our’ age dear.” He said with a smirk.

Katherine folded her arms across her chest.

“Erica’s got nearly a decade on me.” The 65-year-old insisted.

Trey rolled his eyes letting his wife have her vanity. He leaned in and kissed her. Soon they were kissing in bed and Katherine’s hands were traveling down to her husband's crotch. She slipped her hand down the front of his boxer briefs and found his old dick was soft and limp.

“Oh.” She said, sounding disappointed.

“I promise I’ll see the doctor this week about getting those little blue pills.”
Trey sighed.

“Well... you could always use your hands...” The retired woman suggested with a hopeful smile.

Trey lifted up his clenched hands with his inflamed knuckles.

“Sorry, damn arthritis is acting up.” He explained.

Katherine frowned and crossed her arms. Then after a thought turned and gave her husband a wrinkly grin.

“You could always use your tongue...” She suggested.

Trey looked at her in surprise.

“We haven’t done that in years!” He replied.

She inched her panties down under her nightgown.

“Well, there’s no time like the present. We’re not getting any younger dear...” Katherine said with a smirk.

Downstairs in the basement the handymen were all still trying to make heads or tails of the mysterious machine in the boiler room. None of them could find a serial number or even the name of the company that makes it.

One of them tried to take a picture of it to send his buddy at a boiler repair plant but the friend texted back that he had never seen a boiler like that in his entire career.

“Are you telling me we don’t even know what this hunk of junk is for?” Sully yelled.

The workmen all mumbled and shrugged.

“Hello! Excuse me!” A voice called out from behind them.

“Hey, who's that old guy? How'd he get down here? Sir! You're not supposed to be down here!” Sully yelled.

“Well I’m not leaving until I speak to whoever is responsible for fixing the elevator!” Conner demanded folding his arms.

“Hey Sully, it cool if I turn the gauge again? I thought it went down a little last time.” One of the other workers asked.

“Yeah yeah, sure knock yourself out.” Sully said before turning back to the 60-something man in the suit. “Hey pal, I don’t know what to tell youse! We don’t know nothing about no broken elevator. We’re here to replace the boilers!” He explained.

Behind him the worker turned the wrench causing another flash of light to engulf the apartment above them. Upstairs in apartment 513, a 77-year-old Trey was waking up next to his 72-year-old wife Katherine.