

THE APARTMENT COMPLEX

By ChronoEclipse

Day 10 (+63 years):

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

Millennium Gardens: The pristine, state-of-the-art, apartment complex of the 21st century was now looking like a worn down relic of the mid-20th century, as did its residents. Even the youngest newborn infants that had inhabited the building when this all began 10 days ago were now old enough to receive senior discounts and AARP benefits. As for the many residents that had been attractive young adults, well now they all looked ready to be carted off to a nearby nursing home.

Trey Robbins and his girlfriend turned wife Katie were no exception.

The 91-year-old man and 86-year-old woman were lying next to one another in bed snoring. Trey was having a dream about kissing his way down Katie's sexy young body and rolled over to seductively suck on her neck.

In his dream he was passionately giving his 23-year-old girlfriend a hickey as she writhed her naked body in the sheets. In reality the old woman stirred awake to find her elderly husband burrowing his wrinkled face into her turkey waddle.

He moved down to her firm perky tits, kissing his way around her cleavage, licking her soft areola and then playfully biting on her hardened nipple gently with his teeth before sucking on it.

In the bed Katherine felt her husband's toothless mouth gumming on her sagger. She let out a chortling quavering groan which in Trey's dream was a high pitched moan of youth erotic pleasure.

He continued to dream that he was kissing his way down her flat toned stomach and cute little belly button as the young woman played with his hair while in the bed the old man pecked at his wife's soft wrinkly belly folds as she patted his bald liver-spotted head.

Trey worked his way down to his chosen destination – Katie's dripping wet pussy. He began to kiss his way down her crotch...

"Mmmm you waxed this morning huh? You're as smooth as a baby's bottom down here..." He mumbled in his sleep.

Trey continued to attempt to give his girlfriend oral pleasure but struggled to find her slit. His face moved left and right but between her thighs it was all completely smooth. It was like her crotch was a barbie dolls...

"Where's your vagina baby... I was to tongue your clit..." He mumbled as the frustration of his situation stirred the old man awake.

He opened his sunken eyes to find himself face to face with the pair of Depends his elderly wife had strapped around her waist.

"You're going to have to take my diaper off if you want to get anywhere ya silly old coot!" Katie chuckled, smirking at her confused husband.

He looked at her squinting his eyes, unable to focus on her puffy wrinkled face clearly.

"Who are you? Where's Katie?" He rasped, pulling away.

"You're looking at her! The same face you've been waking up next to for the past 63 years!" She cackled and then coughed hoarsely.

Trey shook his head at the puffy wrinkled face and lumpy sagging body of the old woman laying in bed next to him. He backed away, climbing up off the bed with a groan and gripped his walker.

“This isn’t right.. I’ve got to go find... go find Erica...” The wizened old man mumbled, shaking his bald head as he shuffled across the room.

“Eh what are you saying? Oh hold on a minute and let me turn my hearing aid up. I can’t hear you when you mumble like that!” Katherine snapped as she fumbled with the device in her ear.

A high pitched tone pierced the room but didn’t seem to bother Trey who was pretty hard of hearing now himself. He reached a shaky hand out and grabbed one of his shirts from the closet and fumbled to get it on over his pale hunched torso, struggling with the buttons due to the arthritis in his fingers.

“Gotta get down to Erica’s... see the girls... Erica’s gotta go down to the gym...” Trey muttered as he finished putting on his shirt.

Katie groaned as she gripped her own walker and eased herself up from the bed. She slipped on a tattered robe, not bothering to tie it. Her sagging tits swayed back and forth as she shuffled over to her husband.

“Erica? What’re you bringing her up for? She’s old like the rest of us! So don’t think you’ll be able to go down there to relive your glory days...” Katie warned with a bitter chuckle.

“She’s... she’s got to go down to the gym... to uh... work out...” Trey rasped, sounding a bit unsure of his words.

Katherine snorted a laugh and shook her wrinkled, white-haired head.

“Erica can hardly work out what day it is, never mind exercise! The old bat struggles to chew solid food at her age. She’s not going to any gym Trey!” Katherine replied, rolling her eyes.

She was used to her husband getting a bit confused and disoriented these days. The way she had learned to handle it was just to let him do his thing until he settled down and got a grip.

But as the old woman turned to take her morning pills, Trey continued to hobble toward the door. She quickly gulped down a sip of water down her loose dangly neck and then shuffled out after him as quickly as her aching joints could manage.

“Trey! Where are you going!?” She yelled in a shrill voice to her elderly husband.

He grabbed his fedora and plopped it onto his bald head.

“I told you! I’m going down to see Erica ya old nag!” He snapped back in frustration.

“Well... At least put on a pair of pants before you leave the house!” She insisted as she shook her head.

Trey looked down and for the first time realized that his legs were chilly. Looking down below his shirt, he was completely naked. His shriveled genitals were on full display from his white-haired balls and pubes to his limp shrunken dick. His wrinkly ass had been mooning his wife this whole time.

The old man blushed and turned to get properly dressed before heading out again. Katherine shrugged and put on some tea for herself and as she watched her now properly dressed husband shuffle out of the apartment she hobbled over to the wall phone and decided to ring Jon to come keep her company.

Trey slowly made his way down the hall to the elevator with the aid of a 4-footed cane. His back stooped and his knees trembling with every step. A group of children were running around the hallway giggling and playing.

There was Donna, 7, a young hispanic girl with a gap where she had lost her front baby teeth; Val, 8, a skinny pale skinned girl with braided pigtails; Patty, 5, a freckle-faced redhead and little Sandy, 4, a chubby-cheeked blonde haired girl who was sucking her thumb and trying to keep up with the older kids.

Precocious 8-year-old Harry was running around chasing them as the girls squealed.

“Tag! You’re it!” He yelled as he smacked Donna on the shoulder.

“No fair – I was out of bounds!” Donna insisted.

“Oooo if you tag someone out of bounds that means that in the future you’re going to get maaaaarrrriieeed!” Val chimed in with a childish sing-songy voice.

“Ew! No way! Girls are gross! You have cooties! The only reason I’m even playing with you stupid girls is because theres no boys our age around!” Harry protested.

“Damn kids! Stop horsin’ around! This is a hallway not a playground! Ya damn kids!!” Trey barked, raising his cane up and shaking it menacingly at the children.

The kids scrambled to get out of cranky old man Trey’s way as Patty began to cry from how scary he was.

“You can’t tell us what to do! You’re not our parent! You’re just a grumpy old fart!” Donna shouted defiantly as Trey continued to shuffle to the elevator.

“If I were your parents I’d box yer ears! Running around causing all this ruckus! Someone could get hurt, ya damn kids!” Trey muttered as he hobbled into the elevator booth.

Donna stuck out her tongue at the mean old man as the doors closed. She didn’t realize that the reason he was so cranky was out of fear that if one of the kids bumped into him he might break one of his brittle old bones and be confined to a wheelchair for the rest of his days.

Because at this point Trey had gotten so old that he had forgotten what it was like to be young and the children had no recollection of what it was like to be old.

“I wanna go play down at the pool!” Patty whined.

“We can’t go down there by ourselves. All the grannies down there will yell at us!” Val explained.

“I hate all of these stupid smelly old people!” Harold groaned.

None of them realized that they had all been the ‘old people’ in the building a week and a half ago and all of those mean ol’ grannies had actually been the young teenage girls they all used to grumble about.

Meanwhile Trey got off on the 3rd floor and hobbled down the hallway to Erica’s apartment. He got to the door and knocked, whistling happily in anticipation of seeing his lady friend.

A 28-year-old woman with a chubby round face and sandy blonde hair answered the door. She looked like Erica originally had, if Erica had stopped exercising and gained 50 pounds.

“Erica?... Boy, you really let yourself go...” Trey said honestly as he squinted at the young woman.

May, the woman in question - Erica’s eldest great-grandchild, smirked at the senile old man, rolling her eyes. She was too used to this sort of thing to get offended.

“Great... Now I’m getting negatively compared to 93-year-old women! I guess I need to go on extreme make-over!” She joked.

Trey looked at the chubby blonde in confusion.

“I’m May, Mr. Robbins. Chrissie’s granddaughter...” She explained.

The old man’s sunken eyes widened in recognition.

“Oh! May! Sorry about that honey... my eyesight isn’t what it used to be...” He mumbled in embarrassment.

“Are you here for an appointment?” She asked and then ducked her head back into the apartment. “Mom!! Does Mr. Robbins have an appointment today?” She called back.

“I don’t know! Did you check the schedule?” The throaty voice of a middle-aged woman called back.

“Uh... I’m just here to see Erica. Isn’t this her apartment?” Trey asked, touching his crooked finger to his thin lips and looking around to see if he had gotten lost again.

“Oh! This was Gram-Gram’s apartment for a long time but we moved her next door with Grandma a few years ago because she needed more help at night... This is my office now for physical therapy and therapeutic massage. Since you’re here, come on in!” May explained in a loud slow voice to the old man.

Trey nodded as he slowly hobbled into the room. He saw Jen, now a fading blonde woman in her late 40s sitting on the couch with her own 9-year-old granddaughter.

“I thought your mother was the one with all that medical stuff.” Trey replied, gesturing to the middle-aged woman.

“I still am! But it’s tough to keep the same amount of clients up that I used to at my age – I’m nearly 50!” Jen proclaimed with a sigh.

She smiled, causing the crinkling crows feet around her eyes to bunch.

“It’s time to get some young blood in here to pick up the slack! So May shares the patient load and her sister Lucy handles the books and it leaves me more time to spend with the grandkids!” Jen added with a husky laugh as she turned to tickle her granddaughter on her sides.

The 9-year-old giggled and squirmed away from the middle-aged woman.

“Grandma, can I go play at my best friend Val’s?” The 3rd-grader asked her.

Jen smiled, accentuating the lines and creases that had gathered on her pretty face.

“Oh you’re going to have to ask your mom about that sweetie.” The older woman replied.

May sighed and nodded.

“Okay Naomi, I’ll trust you go up there by yourself this time but I want you to text me the moment you’re there and I want you back by dinner!” The young mother said warily.

“Thanks mommy!” The 9-year-old squealed as she ran to the door to go play with her friends.

Trey shook his head.

“Boy they sure grow up fast... I remember just the other day you were too young to be going out into the building by yourself...” He rasped, taking off his hat and rubbing his liver-spotted scalp. “Or was it your mother...” He wondered, not realizing that both thoughts were literally true as the woman in front of him had only been born 4 days ago and her mother just 3 days before that.

The old man hesitated looking back toward the door and then to the young full-bodied physical therapist standing in front of him. A strange thought entered his mind that in just a day or two that little girl would be a grown mother with her own kids and this curvy babe, of not yet 30-years-of-age would be a grandmother! Looking down at his own weathered hands he wondered if he’d even still be around to see it.

“Actually... Grandma’s here just taking a nap in May’s room if you want to visit with her for a bit, Trey.” Jen suggested breaking the old man out of his train of thought.

“Eh, who's here, sweetie?” He asked, cupping his hand to his ear.

“Grandma... my grandmother – Erica!” Jen said in a loud voice so that he could hear her.

“Oh! Erica! I was hoping I’d see her today.” Trey said with his face lighting up in recognition.

May put a supportive hand on the old man’s stooped back and helped him shuffle around the corner into the bedroom where a 93-year-old Erica was sleeping in nothing but an old woman’s house coat that was left open so that her naked shriveled body was on display.

Trey blushed and turned away from the sight of the fried-egg tits hanging from either side of Erica’s chest and her puffy white pubes between her wrinkled thighs to give the old girl some modesty.

“Oh gram gram! How did you get this open again? I tied it closed for you. You’re going to catch cold!” May chided as she rushed over to cover her elderly great-grandmother up.

“Eh what?” Erica croaked in a rattling voice as she slowly opened her sunken eyes.

She raised her head causing her thinning white hair to toss around her bony shoulders. Her body was looking very frail and shrunken, a shell of her formerly athletic self as folds of wrinkly skin dangled from her arms and down her chest and belly.

“Your robe thingy here. You’ve got to keep it closed Gram Gram. You’ve got company!” May explained slowly and loudly as she bent over her great-grandmother to button her housecoat back up.

“Oh? Whose here? I don’t have my glasses.” The elderly woman warbled, squinting toward the doorway. The waddling skin bunching under her throat jiggled as she spoke.

“It’s me, gorgeous!” Trey rasped holding his fedora to his paunch.

“Who?” Erica asked as she reached a veiny trembling hand toward the side table feeling around for her glasses.

“It’s Trey gram gram. From upstairs.” May explained as she took the bifocals from their case and slipped them onto Erica’s wrinkly face.

The elderly woman blinked and looked over at the stooped old man leaning on his cane. Her aged face lit up in surprise.

“Oh! It’s you! Thank goodness you’re here Trey! I seem to have forgotten something...” She quavered holding her frail trembling arms out for him to come hug her.

“Well... I’ll let you two catch up. Mom and me are just in the other room if you need anything.” May said as she slipped past Trey and closed the door behind her.

The bald old man hobbled over to the frail elderly woman in the bed.

“How are you doing, gorgeous?” He rasped.

“Oh I’m here sleeping in bed in the middle of the day! I never used to do that... I used to have so much energy I’d be going for a run before lunch but now... there’s not much to do but sleep at my age... Here help me up handsome...” Erica rattled in reply.

Trey reached out with his wrinkled arthritic hands and grasped Erica’s gnarled talons, weakly tugging her up out of the bed. Her joints popped and crackled as she stood up. The frail 93-year-old former fitness trainer had shrunk a few inches in height and her back was beginning to stoop. She rested a frail arm on the old man’s shoulder and wheezed for breath before looking up at Trey’s weathered face and cupping his aged cheek with her trembling hand.

“We’re old Trey... how did we get so old?” Erica quavered sadly before craning up on her gnarled toes to give the old man a kiss.

“I-I don’t know.” Trey mumbled honestly.

It sounded for a moment like both seniors were realizing what had been done to them and were horrified at how they were suddenly 63 years older than they should be. But then Erica pecked the old man on his wrinkled cheek and said:

“Ah, where did the time go? Feels like just yesterday we were sneaking around down here so your wife and my kids wouldn’t find out...I used to be in such good shape back in those days... I was a ‘gym bunny’ you know!...All the young fellas thought I was so sexy...” The old woman rattled distractedly as she leaned into her elderly companion.

“Still do, Hot Stuff!” Trey grinned with a wheezing cackle as his hands fumbled around the soft puffy form of his old lover.

“Oh Trey! Hold my breasts the way you used to back in the old days...” Erica quavered as she fumbled to untie her robe again.

“Eh? What... oh!” Trey gasped in happy surprise as he understood what the great-great-grandmother was asking him.

He fumbled his wrinkled paws into the opening of her robe and felt her wrinkled flesh, gliding his leathery palms up the folds of her decrepit body until he felt two dangling sacks in the middle of her chest. He cupped the wrinkly half-empty tits in his hands, squeezing and caressing them as best as his arthritis would allow. Erica gave a hoarse moan and closed her sunken eyes as she felt a man's touch for what felt like the first time in decades.

“Come here... let's go sit down in my chair... I shouldn’t be on my feet for two long...” She rattled as she led her elderly lover over to the wheelchair in the corner of the room.

The two nonagenarians made their way over to the wheelchair, a journey that would have taken their younger selves less than a few seconds with just a hop and a skip across the room but at their current age it seemed to take forever as they cautiously hobbled their way with tiny shuffling steps in order to make sure they didn’t fall. Once they had made it, Erica reached down with bony shaking hands and managed to unbutton Trey’s slacks, letting them slide

down his skinny pale legs. He eased himself carefully down into the chair and unstrapped his diaper.

“Have you seen my pussy?” Erica asked him in a muddled senile tone.

Trey rubbed his wrinkled bald head.

“Well... it’s been a few years but...” He mumbled in reply.

Erica let her robe fall to the ground giving him a good view of the aged pussy and loose dangling vaginal lips she now possessed.

“Well?” She asked, reaching around to brace her crooked old back with her withered hand, her tits swaying loose in the breeze and her purple swollen knees knocking together.

“I’m afraid no amount of pills are going to help get me going nowadays...” He said looking down at his limp shrunken member.

Erica flashed him a wrinkled smirk as she reached over and grabbed his hand to help her carefully settle down onto his lap. Trey no longer had much sensation in his legs or crotch but it felt nice to have Erica’s wrinkled saggy butt squishing down into it.

“Oh that’s all right dearie... my old heart probably couldn’t take it anyway. This is nice though, just a little bit of tenderness in our old age...” Erica said with a tittering chuckle before reaching up and taking the dentures out of her mouth and dropping them in a nearby cup of water.

Trey brought one hand up to fondle her pendulous breasts again while the other doddering hand fumbled around between her wrinkled veiny thighs. The elderly woman turned to face him in the chair causing her turkey waddle to tremble as she sloppily began to kiss and gum the old man's lips. Her own frail trembling hands reached down to stroke his limp dick and shriveled white-haired ballsack.

The only sounds in the room were wet smacking noises, rattling moans and the creaking of the metal wheelchair as the two 90-somethings went at it.

A few minutes into it the bedroom door opened.

“How are you two doing? I just wanted to see if either of you wanted tea or-” Jen began to ask as she opened the door.

She stood in stunned silence at the sight of her 93-year-old grandmother naked and grinding on her equally old male friend as the two seniors sucked on each other's wrinkled faces. Both Trey and Erica had their eyes closed and both were pretty hard of hearing so neither even noticed the intruder. They just kept on pleasuring each other slowly with heaving labored breaths.

Jen blushed and covered her mouth with her lightly veined hand as she quickly backed out of the room and shut the door bursting into a fit of giggles.

“What’s so funny?” Her daughter asked as she sat at the kitchen table going over some invoices.

“I think I just walked in on your great-grandma and Mr. Robbins... you know...” Jen exclaimed in tickled amusement.

May looked up at her mother in surprise and disbelief.

“What? Can they even... have sex at that age?” The 28-year-old asked.

“Oh come on May! Don’t be ageist! Adults can have sex at any age... I hope I’m as frisky as those two when I get to be that age!” Jen said with a grin, not realizing that it would be less than a week until she was in her 90s at the rate things were going.

“Well I just mean - all of that excitement, I hope one of them doesn’t have a stroke!” May clarified.

“Alright, I’ll let them have a few more minutes of fun and then I’ll go check on them again.” The 48-year-old assured her daughter.

So after a few minutes Jen went back to the room and listened at the door. What she heard was snoring and upon opening the door back up she found the two elderly lovers nodding off in the wheelchair together.

Jen walked over and gently rustled the two old codgers awake, noting that it seemed both had had mild accidents while they snoozed naked together.

“Okay you two, upsy daisy! Let’s get you both cleaned up and dressed again and then I’ll take you back home to moms.” Erica’s middle-aged granddaughter suggested.

The two old people were a bit disoriented as they woke up looking at the matronly blonde woman trying to help them up from their seat.

“Who are you? Where are my daughters?” Erica rattled in concern.

“That’s what I’m saying Grandma, I’ll get you washed up and then we’ll go next door so you can see Chrissie and Aunt Annie...” Jen said slowly and loudly for her senile grandmother to understand.

“Grandma...? Erica? When did you get so... old? You’ve shriveled up like a raisin!” Trey gulped, noticing the wrinkled old woman sitting in his lap.

Jen smirked and rolled her eyes.

“You’re not looking much better Mr. Robbins...” She said in her grandmother's defense.

Both seniors were gawking at their wrinkled bony hands and arms as Jenny helped them back up to their feet and ushered them into the bathroom where she proceeded to rinse them off in her therapeutic tub. They seemed to have settled down by the time she was drying them off and helping them back into their clothes.

“What was I doing again... oh Erica! How are you dear?” Trey asked, rubbing the white stubble on his wrinkled chin.

“Have you seen my pussy?” Erica asked, flapping her toothless gums.

“Yes grandma I think he’s seen quite enough of your lady bits for one afternoon.” Jen interjected with a smirk.

With the aid of their canes she helped Erica and Trey hobble over next door to Chrissie’s apartment where the now 67-year-old was sitting at her kitchen, her puffy wrinkled face peering through bifocals at a laptop screen as her 26-year-old granddaughter Lucy showed her how to use social media.

“So I just press this button here and it will post my pictures and folks can see them on their own phones?” The retiree asked the young woman, not realizing that she herself had been a savvy wannabe influencer only a handful of days ago.

“Yeah Nana but you have to select which ones you want to post.” Lucy clarified.

Chrissie tossed up her flabby wrinkled arms in the air and shook her head.

“Oh that’s too much for me. I don’t know why things can’t just be simple like they used to be! You know, when I was your age we just showed vacation photos over a slide show...” The graying great-grandmother exclaimed in frustration.

“You can just have one of the kids do it for you. They loooove being on their apps!” Jen chimed in with a smirk.

Chrissie looked up and smiled.

“Oh Jenny you’re back with mom and... is that Trey? How are you? Oh, give me a minute to get up and give you a hug!” Chrissie said with a big grin that bunched up her puffy double chins.

The aged woman grabbed her cane and began to hobble slowly over to the two decrepit old people being shuffled into the kitchen by her middle-aged daughter.

“Take your time dear. I’m not going anywhere!” Trey said with a whistling chuckle.

“It takes me a lot longer to get around since my knee surgery. Doctor says it’ll take about 6 more weeks to heal.” Chrissie explained.

“Grandma had a nice long nap while she was visiting May so she should be able to stay up for a bit.” Jen informed her mother.

“Oh good. How was your time next door mom?” Chrissie asked as she wrapped her flabby arms around Trey and gave him a hug.

“Eh? What?” Erica croaked, wiggling her hairy ear.

“I asked how your time visiting next door was!” Chrissie said louder so that her decrepit mother could hear her.

Jen began to giggle and blushed her creased cheeks.

“Actually I think grandma and Mr. Robbins...” She began to say as she leaned in and whispered in her mothers ear the sordid details.

Chrissie’s lined jowly face made a shocked expression and then she covered her mouth and chuckled looking at the two horny old farts.

“Well someone had a busy morning!” Chrissie chirped, lightly slapping Trey’s bony arm. “Come on and sit for a bit. My granddaughter was just showing me how to ‘upload’ pictures from my retirement cruise I just got back from.” The 67-year-old added inviting Trey to sit at the table.

“Bikini photos I hope...” Trey rasped with a sly grin.

Chrissie playfully smacked the old man on the shoulder again.

“Oh Trey you’re so bad!... You don’t want to see me in a bikini these days! The strings get lost in all my saggy rolls!” The former teen beauty chuckled as she took a sip of her tea.

“Gross grandma!... I’m going to go get ready for my shift but when I’m back home tonight I can help you put the pictures up all right?” Lucy asked.

“That’s fine dear. Thank you... She’s such a sweet girl. All of my grandkids turned out so well.” Chrissie said as the young woman closed the laptop and left the room.

“Where’s little Annie? I have something for her...” Erica rattled looking around for her youngest daughter.

“She’s in the living room ma. With the twins... there doing some dance nonsense, don’t even get me started! And she’s not ‘little Annie’ anymore. Ann’s a 64-year-old woman!” Chrissie explained sternly to her elderly mother.

Erica shrugged and began to hobble off into the other room.

“Annie wants to pretend she’s still 21... Ma thinks she’s still a toddler... No one seems to know what age they’re supposed to be anymore!” Chrissie grumbled, shaking her gray head as she eased herself back down into her kitchen chair.

Trey opened his mouth to respond. He began to mouth the words slowly as if the words were coming to him one at a time.

“I remember... I was helping your sister... there in the living room... and you pranced in all pretty... in just your birthday suit!” The old man said, reminiscing fondly to a few days ago when the retirement-age woman in front of him was a shapely girl of 18.

Chrissie cackled a laugh remembering back to her youth.

“Oh that was a loooong time ago Trey! I’m surprised you can still remember that! Boy... I look a lot different than I did back then! I’m about twice as big and

everythings hanging about 6 inches farther south! Heh! If I tried that stunt again, strutting around naked to seduce someone's husband - my grandkids would have me locked up in a home!" She laughed, shaking her head.

In the living room her younger sister had her frumpy 64-year-old self wedged between her twin 23-year-old great-niece Fern and great-nephew Finn as she looked at a video of herself vamping her aging face while the twins showed her how to apply filters.

Annie was dressed in a tank top that didn't quite cover her flabby wrinkled belly and showed off a bit too much of her saggy cleavage. She had short spiky graying blonde hair that looked like a pop star in the early 80s would wear. There was a pair of fashionable sandals showing off her veiny feet and a pair of bright red shorts that stretched over her wide ass and showed off her pale veiny legs.

"Ooo I like that last one - it makes all my laugh lines disappear! Let's go with that one!" The older woman chuckled in delight as she watched herself get digitally youthened.

"You don't want to go too obvious with the filter though Aunty Ann. If it looks like you're trying to look young it'll come off as desperate and corny..." Her great-niece warned her.

"Well, I don't want that... I just want a video that makes me look fun and full of life - like I am! You're only as old as you feel kiddos and I feel 25! In fact if either of you have any guy friends who are single and looking for a girl with maybe a bit more experience..." Annie suggested in a sing-songy voice causing the twins to groan and roll their eyes.

Erica shuffled into the living room wetting her thin wrinkled lips and squinting around the room.

"Annie...?" She quavered looking around as she itched at her floppy breast under her housecoat.

The 64-year-old sighed and stood up.

“I’m right here mom.” She said in an exasperated voice as she helped her very elderly mother over to a chair.

Erica reached up and put a trembling hand to her daughter’s jowly aged face. Annie now had some whiskers growing on her upper lip and a mole on her jawline.

“Annie? You look different.” The old woman rattled in confusion.

Annie rolled her eyes and looked at her senile mother skeptically. She then brought up her hands to fluff her short spiky hair.

“It’s just a new haircut ma, I went to my stylist yesterday and we went with something a bit more adventurous... something young and fresh!” Annie proclaimed proudly, turning her head from side to side to show her mother the hairdo.

The twins tried to stifle their giggles from the couch.

“Yeah then why did she go with something that screams ‘Karen’?” Finn whispered to his sister.

Annie turned and smirked at them.

“Hey, unlike some people in this house – my hearing is just fine and no one asked the peanut gallery to weigh in!” The older woman scolded her great niece and nephew.

“Who are those young people over there?” Erica asked, pointing a trembling crooked finger in the twins direction.

“Those are your great-grandkids ma. Finn and Fern. Jenny’s two youngest.” Annie said in an exasperated tone that implied that she had to remind her mother who people were quite often.

“I’m not old enough to have great-grandkids...” Erica replied indignantly as she began to nod off in her chair.

Annie rolled her eyes and sighed as she moved back onto the couch.

“I swear her memory gets worse and worse every day. I tell Chrissie to get her an appointment to go to an Alzheimer's specialist but does my sister do it? Nooo, it's all ‘I have a seniors cruise’ or ‘I have knee surgery’! As if I don't have a life of my own too!” Annie explained to her young relatives in a haughty voice.

“Wow, that's rough... Getting old sucks. Thank god we don't have to worry about dealing with that stuff with our mom for like a loooooong time!” Fern remarked, unaware that if things continued she'd be arguing with her retirement-aged siblings about whether or not to put Jenny in a nursing home in about 5 or 6 days from now.

Annie put a leathery, veined hand on her great-nieces' smooth toned leg supportively.

“Let's stop all the old people talk. Let's get back to talking about being young and living life! We're all single right? So like, what are some good clubs you kids go to to pick up hot guys? I feel like getting my cougar on tonight!” Annie said, raising her bingo wing arms in the air and doing a little shimmy-shake that caused her flabby wrinkled belly to jiggle.

The twins cringed and looked at their embarrassing aunt in disbelief and amusement.

“Oh my god Auntie! You can't seriously want to go out to a club tonight!” Fern gasped between giggles.

Annie smirked and shrugged.

“Come on! We're only young once right? I can still cut a rug! You should have seen me back in my disco days! I could do a split on rollerskates!” Annie

bragged thinking back to fond memories of being a young woman in the late 70s.

“Okay... just like – don’t use phrases like ‘cut a rug’. It makes you sound old and like, soooo cringe.” Finn insisted.

In the kitchen Chrissie was carrying on about her trip and her various doctor visits as Trey nodded along only able to hear about half of what the (relatively) younger woman was saying to him. The door opened and her two youngest kids came in, both middle-aged adults in their 40s.

At 43, Grayson’s hair was greatly receding from his head and relocating down to his chin where he sported a bushy brown beard with flecks of white hairs popping up here and there. A beer belly hung over his belt and his once-impressive pecs now began to droop into man-boobs that could use one of his nieces bras.

At 45, Harper had managed to stay in relatively good shape – taking after her grandmother who had kept an athletic figure into her 60s before dramatically losing muscle tone. But her age was very visible in the frown lines around her mouth and cheeks and the crows feet next to her eyes, as well as her softening jawline. She was sporting a pair of reading glasses that made her look even more matronly and a shoulder-length haircut with fake blonde highlights that screamed ‘I just dropped my son off at lacrosse practice, time for margaritas!’

Even being in relatively good shape for her age Harper had still succumbed to the middle-aged spread as her ass and thighs seemed much wider and dimpled with cellulite than they had a day or two ago, especially in the unflatteringly youthful jean-shorts she was wearing. Her chest was also descending down her chest and her cleavage was growing freckled with sunspots which would eventually turn into the brown liver spots that dotted her mom and aunt’s chests when she got to be their age in a couple days.

“You know, the funniest thing happened to me this morning.” Harper told her brother in a lower, more mature middle-aged voice than she had had the day before.

“Oh yeah?” Greyson asked as they walked into the kitchen and he helped himself to the pot of coffee his mother had on the counter.

“I was heading out of the gym after my weekly pilates class as this young man came up and hugged me from behind!” The 45 year old woman recalled.

“So? Did you know him?” Greyson inquired.

“No!... Well, I had seen him around the gym a number of times. His name is Ryan and he’s a very handsome young trainer there. But the hug wasn’t even the weirdest bit – as he hugged me he goes ‘Wassup Harper?’ Like I’m one of his college friends! How he learned my name is beyond me!” Harper chuckled, shaking her head.

“Sounds like this guy has a MILF fetish or something.” Greyson said with a shrug and took another sip of his coffee.

Harper smirked and affectionately backhanded her brother's arm.

“Oh stop! I’m not a ‘MILF’... and I don’t think that that’s what he was looking for, because here’s the strangest thing – when I turned around to look at who was putting their arms around me and calling my name he gasped at me in equal shock! Then he apologized saying that he had mistaken me for a friend of his.” Harper explained grinning with amazement over the whole interaction.

“But... didn’t you say that he had called to you by name?” Greyson asked, shaking his head.

“Yes! That’s what’s so strange about it. I was like ‘But I’m Harper!’ and he asks me if I have a niece named after me! And when I say ‘no I’m the only Harper I know of’ he just gives me this strange look like he’s trying to imagine what I used to look like when I was his age and then just shakes his head, shivers and walks away!” Harper continues.

“Bizarre. Maybe one of Jenny’s girls is using your name at the gym for some reason...” Greyson suggested.

“Either that or I have a mysterious young 20-something doppelganger running around flirting with the hunky trainers when I’m not around... it’s a shame Ryan took off in such a rush. I was thinking it was a happy accident! I know he’s half my age but I can’t remember the last time I got laid and a gal has needs!” Harper said with a hearty chuckle.

“TMI sis.” Greyson grumbled, shaking his head.

“Oh that gym over there is just too bizarre! You know I get calls here all of the time from people asking for your grandmother! They’re all ‘Is Erica there? I’d like to set up a personal training appointment’ and I’m like ‘If you really want an incontinent senile 93-year-old woman to tell you how to exercise then be my guest! You can come wheel her down to the gym yourself!’” Chrissie chimed in with a cackle.

“That’s too funny! Imagine grandma working out at the gym? She’d break both her hips!” Harper chuckled.

“Your grandmother used to... well... she used to be very into exercise... and people would pay her to... you know, your grandma would go for a jog every day and you could bounce a quarter off of that fanny...” Trey muttered, trying to get his thoughts straight.

“Oh don’t mind us Mr. Robbins. We’re just having a little fun... oh! I just remembered – mom, you wanted me to remind you about the senior swim class down at the pool this afternoon. It’s probably starting pretty soon.” Harper informed her mother.

Chrissie’s wrinkled face lit up with a smile.

“Ah! Thank you dear! I’m glad you remembered... I better go get my bathing suit. These swim classes are really the only exercise I can do while I’m rehabbing my old knees... Trey, you’re welcome to come down with me if you’d like. There should be plenty of the old folks you know down there.” Chrissie said, grunting as she hoisted her aging body up onto her cane and hobbled down to put on a one-piece swimsuit.

“Any excuse to see you in a bathing suit, my dear.” Trey grinned, keeping his sharp wit about him for a moment.

“Oh you dirty old man!” Chrissie giggled like a school girl as she clomped on down to the bedroom.

Upstairs, the wife of that dirty old man had phoned her old lover to have a bit of afternoon delight while her senile husband was wandering the halls of the building.

Katie stood leaning on her walker with her shaky hand holding the phone up to her ear.

“Hello? Who’s this?” The grizzled sound of a 21-year-old Jonny answered on the other end. He sounded more like

“Helloooo?” She asked in a shrill rattling voice when she heard a click on the other end. “Jonathan? Is that you?” She asked, fumbling with her hearing aid.

“Katherine? Is everything all right?” The man asked in concern.

The wrinkly old woman giggled and nodded feeling like she was doing something fun and ‘naughty’.

“Oh everything’s just fine dear but... my husband has gone on one of his little walkabouts and... I was wondering if you were free to come over for a bit. I can make us some tea... and I have a tin of soft cookies from the supermarket that aren’t too bad on my dentures.” The horny old biddy offered in a bit of octogenarian seduction.

“That sounds lovely, hun. I’ll come over as soon as I can, just finishing up a little bit of woodworking. It may take some time to get down there though, I don’t move as fast as I used to!” Jon said gruffly into the phone.

Katherine tittered another giggle.

“Oh none of us do at our age dear, just come as soon as you can and I’ll be waiting...” She cooed in a rattling voice.

The 86-year-old woman hung up the phone with a big grin on her mouth. She was hungry but not for something that comes in a tin. Katherine grabbed the handles of her walker and began to shuffle as quickly as her tired old legs would move toward the bedroom. She knew that it would take a bit of time to get ready and she wanted it to surprise Jon when he got there.

Katherine stopped in the bedroom and caught her breath before moving over to the bedside drawer and pulling out her lube and heart pills. She opened her closet and rummaged around some old boxes, pulling out some sexy lingerie that looked like it had last been worn about 40 years ago. She had no idea if it still fit her and the thought of attempting to put it on herself without assistance seemed daunting so she tossed it back in the box and decided to forgo clothes all together.

“Makes things easier and quicker if we don’t have to stop to get everything off... you know, I really need to call about that home health worker to come during the day to give Trey and I a little assistance...” She rambled to herself.

In her head she imagined that this would all be so much easier and quicker if there was a nice young professional helping to bathe, dress her and then undress her when Jon showed up. But then she realized that the elder care agency might frown upon their staff being used to facilitate extra marital sexual encounters... so it was probably for the best that she was left to do all of this on her own.

She managed to wipe down her sagging naked body with baby wipes and spray perfume on her various bits and crevices before putting some dark red lipstick around her thin shriveled lips as a final touch. When she was done she hobbled naked out into the living room. The cool mid-morning air hardened her pink wrinkled nipples as her breasts swayed down toward her belly. She hadn’t done something this bold since she was a much younger woman.

What Katherine didn’t realize was that down the hall her former cranky retiree neighbors that were now little kids had decided to play a prank on her and

Trey. 7-year-old Donna had phoned in a pizza order to be delivered to the Robbin's apartment and the pizza delivery boy was bringing a hot pie down the hall right that very moment.

Halfway across the living room Katherine realized that she had forgotten her glasses back in the bedroom and slowly hobbled around to go back and get them. At that moment there was a knock at the door.

"Come on in... the doors open..." Katherine called out in a sing-songy voice.

Donny the pizza delivery guy had been incredibly excited to take this order. Two weeks ago he delivered a pizza here and was rewarded with getting to see a smoking hot brunette in her early 20s answer the door in nothing but an oversized tee.

Back then when Katie had been a spunky sexy 23-year-old she hadn't thought to put on pants while she was hanging out in the apartment and was tickled with amusement at the rise she had gotten out of the teen boy who had delivered her lunch. At the time Donny had stared speechless at the attractive young woman's long toned legs and tried to hide the tent in his pants as she wiggled her cute pedicured toes.

To top it off Katie offered to get him an extra tip and then pranced sexily over to the couch and leaned over to pull some cash out of her purse causing the t-shirt to ride up and flash her tight perfectly round ass. He had been fantasizing about that heart shaped bum every night since then and a chance to see it again was worth everything else he had to put up with in this shit job.

And once he was done delivering this pizza and flirting with this hottie he planned to pop downstairs to his classmate Diane's apartment to see if she knew where his buddy Jack was since neither of them had been in class for the past week and a half. Little did he know that his friends were now an elderly couple in their late 70s with a daughter older than his parents and a 35-year-old grandson.

Donny would find that out soon enough but for now he was focused on delivering this pizza and catching another good look at that hot 23-year-old ass.

“Come on in... the doors open...” He heard a woman’s voice call.

He was already sporting a huge boner as his sweaty hand reached for the doorknob. He had watched enough classic pornos online to know the whole ‘order a pizza and leave the door unlocked’ trick that thirsty housewives used to seduce hornball delivery guys like himself. This was playing out like one of his wildest wet dreams...

Until Donny opened the door and got an eye-full of what 63 years of aging had done to that perfect heart-shaped ass from his fantasies.

He stood mouth agape staring at the naked backside of a grandmotherly 86-year-old woman who was stooped over her walker. Her bare ass was wide and lumpy with her ass crack puckered with loose folds of wrinkly skin – a stark contrast to the silky smooth, pert round cheeks he was expecting to see.

The old woman farted causing her saggy hams to jiggle grotesquely. Donny’s eyes tried to look anywhere else from her scraggly white and gray hair on her head to the moley hunched form of her back to her pale veiny cellulite riddled legs. He gagged feeling like he was going to be sick but too stunned to move.

“Well you got here pretty quickly... I guess you really wanted to try those cookies. Or maybe you’re excited for another treat...” Katherine chuckled with her back to the boy.

She slowly shuffled around to face him. Her pendulous breasts flopped around as she moved, stretching toward the floor. Donny audibly wretched as he caught sight of the old woman’s naked front side from her incredibly wrinkled jowly cheeks to her crooked aged toes. There was a colorful blotch of wrinkled skin right above her waistline to the right of her shriveled puffy belly button. It was pink and purple and blue but it was hard to make out what that tattoo used to be when she had first gotten it, which he guessed was probably 60 or 70 years ago!

Despite himself his eyes traveled down a little lower to the tuft of white pubes on her crotch and the wrinkled pussy flaps dangling between her melting thighs. He dry heaved again, dropping the pizza on the floor.

Katherine squinted at the man in the doorway, without her glasses she couldn't quite make-out who he was but if he was Jon he was standing a lot straighter and had dyed his hair back from gray.

"Jon...?" She asked warily.

Donny shook his head now just wanting to get his money and get the hell out of there.

"Y-you ordered a pizza?" He gulped realizing that (hopefully) the old woman wasn't trying to seduce him - it was just a mix up. Maybe she's got dementia and just forgot that she had ordered delivery... and forgotten to put clothes on...

"You're not Jon!" Katherine screamed in fear.

She instinctively let go of her walker to cover her sagging breasts and exposed crotch from the stranger. Donny held up his hands to calm the old woman down and try and explain what he thought might have happened in regards to their current situation.

"Listen - I'm just a pizza delivery guy... I think your granddaughter must have ordered a pizza or something and when you said to come in I thought it might have been her... is she around or is she coming back soon...?" The teenager asked hopefully.

Katherine just looked at the young man with terror on her face. Being a frail elderly woman living with an equally frail old husband she was constantly worried about what she would do if a strange man ever broke into her house. She was too decrepit and weak to run away or fight back.

“Heeeelp! Heeeelp!” She began to screech as she hobbled backwards as quickly as she could manage while still keeping her modesty with her wrinkled flabby arms.

“Woah, woah, woah! I’m not going to hurt you granny! I just need to get the money for the pizza!” The delivery boy said quickly.

But before Katherine could respond her tired old legs gave out from under her and she crumpled backwards onto the carpet.

“Help! I’ve fallen and I can’t get up!” The formerly hot 23-year-old croaked pathetically.

Donny watched the shriveled old bag lay on her back wheezing and reaching a trembling hand up for help. His instinct to get the hell out of there was overruled by the guilt of leaving this defenseless old woman alone on the floor – what if she was having a heart attack? It was kind of his fault and she did kind of remind him of his own grandmother... Besides, maybe he saved this old woman’s life. Her granddaughter, that smoking 20-something hottie from a couple weeks ago, would think he was a hero and ask him out on a date!

His daydreams of going on a date with the 23-year-old Katie were pushed aside to focus on the task at hand – getting the 86-year-old Katherine back on her wrinkly feet. He cringed and took a deep breath before rushing over to the old woman’s side and slipping his hands down under her flabby arms and moley back.

“Ew ew ew ew...” He chanted as his hands pressed against wrinkled old lady flesh.

“Please... you can take my money and my jewelry just... don’t... do anything to me...” Katherine whimpered.

“I’m not going to do anything to you, you old bag. I’m trying to help you!” Donny replied in frustration.

Pushing her up from her back wasn't doing much and the young man realized he'd have to take a different tactic. He wrapped his arms around her fluffy wrinkled waist and hoisted her up from behind. His hands and arms slid up her wrinkly belly and up under her sagging deflated breasts. The empty sacks drooped down over his hands and wrists softly as he tugged the old woman up off the ground.

Once she was up he began to feel her slipping down between his arms again, her frail old legs weren't supporting her. Donny reached one hand down her backside, cupping her withered saggy ass cheek and pushing her upright the rest of the way.

"Come on... that's it, just like... stand up..." He mumbled as he manhandled the frail old woman.

The door swung open and a white-bearded 71-year-old man stood in the doorway.

"Katherine? Was that you screaming in here? Are you all right?" Jon asked, squinting around the room from his bifocals.

He froze at the sight of a teenage boy in a pizza delivery uniform holding his elderly lover with one hand wrapped around her mid-section under her breasts and the other groping her ass cheek.

"Oh Jon thank god you're here! This young man broke into my apartment!" Katherine exclaimed.

"Woah - wait! I didn't break into any-" Donny quickly tried to explain.

But before he could finish, the grizzled old man hurried across the room and shoved Donny away from Katherine before helping guide her back to her walker.

"What the hell is wrong with you son? Bursting into a defenseless old woman's home and taking her clothes off? What kind of sicko are you!?" Jon shouted at the kid.

“Listen man! I was just trying to help her! Her granddaughter ordered a pizza and when I came in she was all like naked and shit and then she fell and... I was just trying to help her!” Donny explained quickly.

Jon turned to Katherine and put a supportive hand on her shoulder.

“Are you all right?” He asked.

“I’m fine. I’m fine... just a bit rattled.” Katherine said, taking a deep breath.

“Listen, when her granddaughter gets back she can explain that I’m cool and that I was just delivering a pizza.” Donny suggested.

“She doesn’t have any grandchildren! Just – Just get out of here you damn punk!” Jon shouted with all of the gravitas of a grumpy Clint Eastwood.

“But... who's going to pay for the pizza man? That shit will come out of my tips...” Donny asked as he scrambled to the door.

Jon waved a wrinkly fist at the teenager.

“If you don’t get the hell out of here in the next 5 seconds I’m going to box yer ears! How's that for a goddamn tip?” Jon growled back.

With that Donny tossed his hands up over his head in defeat and hurried out of the apartment.

“Are you sure you’re alright dear? Here why don’t you sit down on the couch and I’ll get you a glass of water.” Jon suggested as he eased the naked old woman over to a place to sit.

“Oh no need to fuss Jon. I’m fine, I really am. My heart is racing but it's a good thing that I took my pills for that earlier! My, that was quite the ordeal... what that young man wanted with an old woman like me, I can’t even imagine!” Katherine quavered, shaking her head and chuckling.

Jon brought her over a glass of water and sat beside her putting his hand on her stooped back.

“There are a lot of weirdos out there Katie old gal. I’m just glad I got here as soon as I did... drink up and when you’re ready I’ll help you back to the bedroom so you can get your clothes back on.” He offered.

Katherine put her water glass down on the table and looked over to the bearded old man with a sly look on her wrinkled aged face.

“You know, I haven’t experienced anything that exhilarating in quite some time... It really got my blood pumping... what if... instead of helping me get dressed, I helped you out of your pants and thanked you for rescuing me with a nice warm gum job...” Katherine offered as she reached up to pop her dentures out of her mouth and flashed her elderly lover a gummy grin.

Down at the pool Chrissie and Trey were hobbling onto the deck slowly with the aid of their canes. The younger of the two seniors had changed into a modest floral one-piece that hugged her saggy breasts and belly rolls. She helped her doddering companion settle down into a shaded seat along the side of the pool next to a group of middle-aged redheads who were swapping tips on how to handle menopause.

“I can’t drink coffee too late in the day or it triggers my night sweats!” A 49-year-old Laura confided to the two graying twins lounging next to her.

Now pushing 50, the ginger woman who had once had a three-way with Katie and Trey when she had been a wild fun-loving 20-something vixen, now looked more like the president of the local PTA with dull faded hair cut into a short bob and leathery freckled skin that showed off all of the bugging varicose veins she now possessed.

“Oh I know! Rachel got me on these Vitamin D supplements when I started getting hot flashes a few years back, they’re supposed to be good for your bone strength too which is helpful at our age!” The now 52-year-old Rebecca replied, putting on her reading glasses so that she could rummage through her big baggy purse and see if she could find the right pill bottle.

The twins were now both sporting gray streaks in their reddish/brown manes and loose double chins. Rachel held some extra weight in middle-age that Rebecca seemed to have staved off a bit but had traded that for more wrinkles and loose skin. Their freckled chests were tugging down their bathing suit tops and they had contrasting wraparounds covering their pear-shaped waists.

“Oh and do you know what else I heard was good for the “‘Pause’”?– That’s what my niece calls it ‘The Pause’, isn’t that fun? Millennials are so creative!... Anyway I heard that a cup of plain yogurt right before bed can help. It’s high in calcium and something about the cultures... Does that sound right? ‘The cultures’? Anyway, something about them keeps your body temperature down.” Rachel added with a classic middle-aged mom chuckle.

Trey couldn’t make out what they were talking about but peering through his glasses he could see that they were all about half his age and showing off a lot of skin.

“You pretty young things out here looking to attract your next boyfriends?” He rasped with a chuckle.

The women all looked at one another and laughed, flattered at being called ‘pretty young things’ when all of them were over-the-hill.

“I wish! At our age all of the men are either taken or single for a reason!” Rebecca replied in a mature husky voice.

The other women laughed and nodded their heads in agreement. Chrissie patted Trey on his bony shoulder, smirking at the old man.

“Look at you Trey, out here for less than a few minutes and you’re already flirting up a storm with these beautiful beach babes!” Chrissie said, winking at the younger women.

The old man shrugged and smiled.

“I’m just a friendly guy!” He rasped in a hoarse voice.

“Okay well I’m going to go join the other ladies in the pool. Just wave if you need anything sweetie.” The 67-year-old said as she patted him on his wrinkled hand and leaned in to give him a kiss on the cheek.

As Chrissie hobbled away and slipped a rubber bathing cap on over her gray head, Rachel leaned over to Trey.

“Is that your wife?” The matronly redhead asked.

Trey paused for a moment trying to figure out what she had asked and once he pieced it together he gave a hearty whistling chuckle.

“Haha no! Wouldn’t that be nice... no she’s not even my ‘bonus wife’. Chrissie there is my good friend's daughter. Practically my goddaughter. Known her most of her life. Sweet girl. Messy divorce a few years back, a real shame no other young man came along to snatch her up! Heh she was a real looker back in the day – just like her mother!” Trey rambled in reply.

“Oh I think her grandson is dating my daughter... Ina! Ina honey! Can you put that phone down for 5 seconds and come over here so I can ask you a question?” Laura said shouting and waving a veiny hand at her 23-year-old daughter who was sunning herself on the opposite side of the pool.

The young woman flipped her sunglasses up onto her strawberry blonde hair and looked over at her middle-aged mother summoning her over to a group of olds. Ina sighed and rolled her eyes, adjusting the straps on her bikini top and hopping off of her deck chair to reluctantly go see what her mother wanted.

“God, what? I thought you said you’d leave me alone as long as I kept an eye on grandma and nana...” The young woman grumbled, folding her arms across her perky tits.

“I just wanted to ask you a question honey... then I’ll let you get back to your phone which I know is SOOO important.” The aging 49-year-old mom groaned back. “Kids, am I right?” She turned and added to the twins who both nodded their crinkled faces in agreement.

“Mom...” Ina sighed through clenched teeth.

“All right, all right... I just wanted to know if that woman over there, Chrissie, is her grandson the boy that you’re dating?” Laura asked nosily.

Ina turned and looked over at Chrissie who was slowly wading into the pool to join the other senior women.

“Oh my god, *no*. I told you, Finn and I are just friends!” Ina grumbled and then smirked for a second remembering last summer when she had hooked up with Finn’s sister.

“Well I don’t know! You never tell me who you’re dating so I see you around with a certain boy a lot and I just assume...” Laura shrugged.

“OMG mom. For a woman who was raised with two moms you’re sooo heteronormative.” Ina groaned and stomped back to her deck chair.

Laura rolled her eyes and turned to her two middle-aged friends.

“That’s what all of my hard earned money I paid for her college education went toward – teaching her how to call me ‘heteronormative’.” The menopausal woman grumbled shaking her head.

Rachel and Rebecca heartily agreed and began to rant about everything they thought was wrong about the ‘young generation’ today unaware that they had been part of that ‘young generation’ just a few days ago. Trey nodded off and snored in his chair next to them.

Over in the pool a half dozen seniors were bobbing their sagging bodies in the pool gossiping and cackling at how fun they thought the idea of a senior swim class was. 77 year old Bree and 78-year-old Hannah waded in the shallow end holding wrinkled hands with one another and waving at their granddaughter Ina who politely smiled and waved back at them.

Both women had thinning gray hair now. Bree's was cut into a short boy-cut that was easier to manage while Hannah kept her gray hair long and tied up in a bun behind her head.

The couple who had now been together for seemingly 6 decades, nuzzled their fuzzy wrinkled faces against one another affectionately.

"I'm so glad you agreed to do this class with me hun. It reminds me of the old days racing one another in this old pool..." Bree cooed in a reedy voice.

The old asian woman had become a bit stooped in her old age and her neck skin dangled under her lined face.

"I'd do anything for you dear, even dust off this old thing..." Hannah crooned, gesturing toward the strappy blue-polka dotted bathing suit she was wearing that fit her saggy boobs snugly and showed a lot of her liver-spotted chest.

"I'm just glad someone thought to organize this! I haven't been able to get much exercise on account of my hip replacement!" A 79-year-old Diane rattled next to them.

The elderly grandmother pointed to her wrinkled side with a crooked finger. She was the only lady in the pool braving a two piece. The former cheerleaders pooching belly on full display under floppy breasts held aloft by padded support-cups. Her bottoms however were a pair of high waisted frilly briefs that wrapped around her sagging ass bulging like a big diaper. In her old age she had forgone her blonde ponytail in favor of a snowy-white perm.

"Oh I know what you mean! I'm rehabbing my knees..." Chrissie chimed in happy to chat about her surgery to a new audience.

The other old biddies all enthusiastically joined in with sharing their various ailments, surgeries and health issues.

"I can't walk too well these days but the doctor told me 'but you can float!'... and the instructors easy on the eyes ta-boot!" 83-year-old Melanie cackled.

The women all craned their wrinkled heads to see a tall, tanned muscular man helping a frail 81-year-old woman dressed in a black tankini hobble across the pool deck.

Destiny was wearing oversized sunglasses on her sunken eyes and kept her thinning gray hair long and pulled into a ponytail in the back. Her once stunning tanned legs were now pale and veiny and bowed at the knees as she hobbled toward the pool with the aid of a four-footed cane.

Her gnarled hand was hooked around the budgin bicep of Gavin, a local college athlete that did some volunteer work down at the senior center. The center had recommended him to come teach the senior swim class in the building when Destiny had called the day before to organize it. She was now too old to remember that Gavin had fucked her in this very pool one night a month ago when he had been 5 years her senior.

She was now too shriveled and wrinkly for Gavin to notice his former sex partner either and even if he did – the thought of a girl suddenly going from 18 to her early 80s in a few weeks was just too unbelievable. Little did he know that all of the wrinkly old grannies that he was about to walk through some simple stretches in the pool had all been sexy teenage girls less than two weeks ago.

As Destiny slowly waddled her frail body down into the pool, Gavin noticed a faded design tattooed on the saggy rolls of her lower back, right above where her drooping ass was sloshing around in her ill-fitting tankini bottoms.

“Hey this is totally crazy... but I know a girl with that exact same ink!” He said pointing to Destiny’s faded tramps stamp.

“Eh what?” The old woman called back, cupping her ear.

“I know a girl that has the same lower back tattoo as you!” He yelled louder.

Destiny flashed him a wrinkled grin.

“How do you know I'm not that girl?” She asked, raising her sunglasses up and winking her sunken eye at him.

Gavin laughed and shook his head.

“Nah this chick could be your granddaughter... hot though... We kind of hooked up a few times.” He admitted.

“Well now I really do with I was that girl!” Destiny warbled a shaky cackle.

The other old ladies laughed as well except for Melanie who couldn't hear or understand what was being said.

“Okay ladies! Fair enough... I hope you're all having a good day so far. My name is Gavin and I'm here to guide you through some simple water aerobics techniques that you should all be able to do regardless of your health and physical ability. If at any point something seems like you're unable to do it - like I tell everyone to raise their arms up and you can't raise your arms above your head, just let me know and we'll figure out a good adjustment for you. But beyond all else, lets just have fun okay? Let's start by just simply doing a little casual walk in the water.” The young man told the group of eager seniors.

The women all began following Gavin's instructions as he had them tread water and stretch out their arms and legs at various points. Destiny swam right up to the front and attempted to flirt with the young man every attempt that she got.

“Am I doing this right dear? I may need you to show me an adjustment...” She called over, inviting Gavin to come put his hands on her body to move her arms and legs into the proper positions.

“Oh she's good...” Chrissie whispered with a cackle to Diane in an instance of game recognizing game.

“It's too bad he's more interested in Hannah and Bree's granddaughter...” Diane giggled back.

And sure enough, throughout the class as Gavin led the old women through their exercises he kept stealing glances at the strawberry blonde 23-year-old who was stretching out her slender body on the deck chair at the side of the pool. Eventually Destiny noticed that the handsome man's attention was drifting away from her and over to the attractive young woman and a bit of jealousy bubbled up in her aged heart.

“You know dearie... we really should close off the pool to just be ‘seniors only’ when we do these classes... less distractions and who can even hear a word poor Gavin is saying over all this noise!” Destiny abruptly suggested.

Melanie nodded her wrinkled head causing her turkey waddle to bunch and jiggle - she hadn't been able to understand half of what the instructor had told them and her cataracts were making it hard to see what the other women were doing so that she could copy them.

But the other ladies all smirked and shook their heads noting that other than Trey's snores the only sounds going on were coming from Gavin and Destiny.

“It's good to have our daughter or granddaughter Ina around in case we need help getting to the bathroom!” Bree countered.

“My daughter got me a pair of water-proof depends just for this class...” Diane admitted proudly as she reached down and patted the bulge in her bathing suit bottoms.

“Oh... I've just been tinkling in the pool...” Melanie rattled with a senile airiness to her voice.

The wrinkly great-grandmother blushed as the other old women turned to her with looks of pity and guilt, many of them having involuntarily let a little out during the class but being too ashamed to admit it.

“It's alright ladies. At your age a bit of incontinence is nothing to be ashamed of...” Gavin assured them, unaware of the fact that 10 days ago the majority of these women had been in high school or college.

“What a sweet young man you are. I could just give you a big kiss on that cute punim of yours!” Destiny said, reaching up with a gnarled hand to pinch Gavin’s cheek.

“Thanks uh ma’am. Well that’s it for today ladies I guess I’ll see you all next week at the same time!” He said smiling at the group as the grannies all flocked around him in the pool to flirt a bit and show the handsome young man their appreciation.

No one realized that if things continued the way they were going that when Gavin showed up next week it would actually be these women’s granddaughters who would be attending his water aerobics class for seniors including that hot little Ina girl he was trading glances with who would be a ripe old woman of 72 in a weeks time.

“That was fun but now I need a nap!” Bree chuckled as she and Hannah hobbled out of the pool.

“I’m planning to take two before I cook dinner!” Chrissie giggled as she toweled off her sagging body.

The women’s younger family members all came over to help them get their canes or walkers or back into her wheelchair in Melanie’s case and make their way back home. Chrissie nudged Trey awake so that she could help him upstairs.

“Where are Chrissie and Annie? I’m supposed to be babysitting them!” The old man wheezed with a startled tone as he flinched awake.

The retirement-age woman smirked at the shrunken bald 91-year-old.

“I’m the one that’s babysitting you is more like it ya old goat! Now come on, let’s get you back upstairs. Your wife’s probably wondering where you are...” Chrissie smirked as she helped Trey get back up on his feet.

But in fact his wife was busy leaning her old naked body over the lap of Jon on the couch as she slowly and softly gummed his shriveled cock. Jon moaned as

he stroked Katherine's wispy gray hair, guiding the old woman as she creakily bobbed up and down on his lap, slurping and sucking on his member. Finally she pulled back up to catch her breath creating a long spittle trail from her thin red wrinkled lips to the head of his dick. She dabbed at it with a crooked finger.

"Ooh Jon dat was so wonderful... I feel wike a schoo' giww again.." Kathine exclaimed toothlessly to her lover.

Jon grinned, bunching up all of the craggy lines on his weathered face and nodded. He reached over to rub Katherine's saggy arm.

"That sure was somethin' I haven't felt anything that good in years... if you're too tuckered out though and want to stop just say the word." He told her.

The elderly woman shook her gray head and slipped her dentures back into her mouth.

"Just the opposite! We don't want that little blue pill you took to go to waste! I'm feeling frisky and want to feel a strong man inside me for the first time in a good long while!" She chirped in a rattling voice.

Katherine didn't wait for Jon's answer. While she still had the energy to do so she grabbed the handle of her walker and pulled herself back up onto her feet. She then shuffled a few steps away from the coffee table and took the lube, squirting in onto her wrinkled palms and then smearing it down into her dry old pussy.

"You sure you're up for this darling?" He asked her warily.

"I'll be fine. I can hold onto my walker here and you can make love to me from behind." She directed him.

Jon shrugged, assuming that the old woman knew better than him what she was up for. He stood up with a groan, his pants bunching around his ankles as he waddled over to the naked 86-year-old shaking her saggy booty at him.

He placed his hands on Katherine's fluffy hip over where her faded tattoo was and used his other hand to guide his chemically erect penis into her loose old hole.

Katherine gripped her walker tightly hoping that her frail legs wouldn't give out on her again as she leaned forward and closed her sunken eyes waiting for the sensation of her pussy getting stuffed.

She waited, breathing shallow breaths and feeling her nipples harden again from the cool air and excited anticipation. After a few minutes of waiting she finally asked:

"What are you waiting for dearie?"

Katherine tried to look over her stoop shoulder but her head couldn't turn that much without discomfort.

"Nothing hun. I'm in." He replied.

The old woman looked puzzled and then reached down with one hand to feel her crotch. Sure enough there was an old man's dick inside of it but she was so loose from all of the sex she had enjoyed as a younger woman that she couldn't feel much of Jon inside of her.

"Can't you tell? Hmmm hold on - how about this." Jon grunted and thrust hard, up into Katherine from behind.

That she felt. A wave of pleasure shot through her elderly body causing the wrinkled woman to shutter and moan.

"Ohhhhh Jon...." She croaked breathlessly.

The old man did another sharp thrust and then another and then another. Katherine rocked forward with each surge of his cock, her big floppy tits slapping her belly as he banged her.

After a few minutes of this the thrusting abruptly stopped.

“Why did you stop?” Katherine quavered.

“I slipped out.” He admitted with a tired grunt.

“Oh for goodness sake...” Katherine groaned and then reached between her wrinkly thighs to grab his cock and stuff it back up between her loose dangling labia.

She began to feel sparks of sexual pleasure again as Jon picked back up his pace. The sounds of wrinkled flesh smacking against wrinkled flesh punctuated their quavering moans.

Katherine closed her eyes once more and began to dream about being a young woman again, not bent over a walker but bent over the kitchen counter getting railed by a hot young guy she had met at a college party. Her smooth sweaty body writhing in pleasure and her pussy dripping wet without the aid of lube.

“Oh fuck me! Fuck me you bad boy...” She mumbled before letting out a loud snore.

She felt a hand rub her on her back and awoke suddenly.

“Jon? Oh my, I drifted for a moment there... thought back to when I was a pretty college girl...” She rattled.

“It’s alright dear. You nodded off and I fell out again. I think we’re both pretty tuckered out. That’s about as much excitement as either of us have had in years!” The old man said with a chuckle as he pulled his pants back up.

Katherine nodded sadly. Back in her youth she used to be able to have sex 10 times a day! Now she was lucky to do it once a decade for no more than 5 minutes.

“You’re right... it was nice though...” She said shuffling around to give the man an affectionate kiss.

Jon helped her to her room and into her nightgown.

“Oh would you do me a favor on your way out dearie, would you take that pizza and throw it away? If Trey comes back and finds it I’m not going to know what to say to him!” The old woman requested.

Jon nodded and kissed her wrinkled forehead before heading out.

Downstairs in the lobby a lot of residents were coming and going as the senior swim ladies waited for the creaky old elevators to arrive to bring them back up to their apartments and some of the younger residents came down to go about their evening plans.

A 63-year-old Lilly was wheeling her 88-year-old mother Sabrina back home after a walk around the block to get the senile old woman some fresh air. The former goth girl still had a nose piercing in her bigger more bulbous nose and her short gray hair was tinted pink. She looked like an old punk chick that had never gotten over the early 80s.

She pointed over to the old ladies all huddled in towels and bathing suits.

“Look mom, that’s that seniors swim class I showed you the flier for. We should get you out there next week... I’ll have to dig up your old bathing suit from wherever you put it...” Lilly said, rubbing her whiskery nobby chin, wondering where her mother’s bathing suit might be.

“Those girls are all in high school...” Sabrina mumbled almost incoherently as she slumped over in her chair.

Lilly rolled her eyes.

“Well I guess they must have been kept back about 60 grades...” The 63-year-old joked with a smirk, used to her mom saying crazy nonsense like this all of the time.

As Lilly leaned over to wipe some drool from the corner of her senile mother’s mouth, Annie passed by along with her sisters two youngest grandkids.

“Lilly! How are you doing hun?” The aged blonde asked.

Annie had changed into more ‘youthful’ attire that showed more wrinkled skin than most women in their 60s would dare and had on a great deal of make-up designed to help her ‘fit in’ at the club for 20-somethings that they were going to.

“Oh my goodness! Annie! I almost didn’t recognize you! You look great!” Lilly gasped and gave her old friend a hug.

“My niece and nephew are going to take me out to a club with them! How bitchin’ is that!? I’m going to be a real-life cougar tonight! You should come! It could be just like old times! Remember that time at Studio 63 back in ‘80?” Annie asked as body glitter sparkled across her leathery wrinkled chest.

“Wow! That takes me back! It sounds great but... aren’t we a little old to be going out to a club? I mean we could be these kids’ moms... or god help us, grandmothers!” Lilly reasoned.

Annie shook her head and waved the fear away with a veiny hand.

“Please – they dim the lights in these places. We’ll just say we’re Finn and Fern’s older cousins... or young aunts... who cares? You’re only young once right?” Annie insisted.

Lilly smirked.

“Yeah but we already did our ‘young’ once a while ago and then we got old.” She said with a chuckle.

Annie opened her mouth to respond when 35-year-olds Tommy and Jordyn walked by followed by Jordyn’s 14-year-old daughter Mel who was listening to headphones and tapping on her phone.

Tommy did a double-take seeing Annie dressed in her club attire and immediately blushed and gulped. Jordyn witnessed the interaction and squeezed her husband's arm tighter.

“H-hi Ann.” Tommy sputtered trying not to stare at the older woman’s big saggy tits that were on full display in her low cut top.

The 64-year old fluttered a waze at the younger man and batted her heavily made-up eyelashes at him.

“Hi Tommy... I hope you’re doing well. It looks like you’re calling it an early night... I’m on my way out for a night on the town with my friends here...” Annie said with a smirk.

Jordyn scowled and then looked over at her husband's ex as her husband tried to wet his dry throat.

“Oh you poor dear... it looks like you might have accidentally raided your granddaughters closet... you know, my grandmother’s showing early signs of dementia too...” The younger woman said cuttingly.

The teen Mel took her headphones off and looked at the older women in confusion.

“Mom? Who is that?” She asked.

“Nobody sweetie. Just some sad old lady that your step-father used to date before he realized that he didn’t want to spend the rest of his life changing his girlfriend's diapers...” Jordyn said cuttingly.

Annie’s jaw dropped and her face went red with anger.

“You told her about that!?” She screamed at Tommy.

“N-no! I didn’t tell her anything...” He sputtered.

“I meant because you’ll be old and in a nursing home soon you weirdo!” Jordyn clarified.

“You snooty little bitch-” Annie yelled, lunging to pull Jordyn’s hair.

Lilly quickly stepped in before Annie attacked her younger rival.

“Hey hey, just - let it go. Who cares right? Let’s go to the club. I’ll go with you, just give me a few minutes to put mom to bed all right?” Lilly offered.

Annie took a deep breath and backed away from Jordyn turned to follow Lilly. Jordyn huffed and grabbed Tommy’s arm again abruptly heading upstairs.

“Mom! That was so cool! That old lady was going to punch you!” Her daughter Mel cried in amazement.

On the other side of the lobby Tommy’s mother Ava, now a woman of 58 herself, was talking to her parents Jack and Diane.

“So this... young man just showed up at our door saying he was a friend of mine and your fathers? How would we even know anyone that age? The only teenagers we know are Tommy’s step-daughter and the altar boys at church!” Diane explained.

“I don’t know mom, but this is why you and dad need to be careful. There are a lot of scam artists out there that want to take advantage of seniors like you and dad. They’ll say you won some prize or they’re the police or... they’re your friend from high school. Any time someone shows up or calls you with something strange like that you tell me and then you call the police okay?” Ava said seriously to her aging parents.

Diane and Jack nodded, scratching their heads wondering what kind of scam involved a teenage boy insisting that two old people were really a pair of 16 year old high schoolers themselves... Where was the money in that?

Nearby them Chrissie was standing next to Trey waiting for the elevator. When it opened the gray-haired retiree was surprised to see her 93-year-old mother being wheeled out of it by a now gorgeous 30-year-old Ethel.

The formerly senile elderly neighbor had regressed back down to her prime and looked stunning in her form-fitting nurses outfit. Her chestnut-colored hair was long and pinned up in the back and her smooth skin looked flawless. She was by far the most youthful attractive woman in the lobby.

“Mom! What are you doing down here?” Chrissie asked in surprise.

“I was gonna go for a run...” Erica mumbled airily.

“I found her wandering around the halls with half of her clothes off. I got her a robe and this chair and then came down here to look for you or your sister. She keeps talking about training for a 10K...” Ethel explained with a smirk.

“Oh mom... how are you doing? Are you sundowning again? Let’s get you back upstairs and into bed.” Chrissie said leaning over the wheelchair. “Thank you, young lady.” She added looking up at Ethel.

“I’m just doing what I can with my background in geriatrics... it comes in handy with such a older population in this building. But, to be perfectly frank - it might be time to put your mother in a nursing home so that she can get around the clock care...” Ethel said honestly, holding back that she thought that half her senile elderly neighbors should be carted off to a old folks home.

“Well thank you for your concern... I’ll take it under consideration... Come on Trey, let’s get you and mom back home.” Chrissie called back to her mothers old lover.

But when she turned the old man wasn’t there.

“Trey?” She called out and before deciding that she should take care of her mom first and worry about the old man later.

Trey meanwhile had wandered over across the hall in a senile fog thinking that he had lost track of the infant and young girl he had been in charge of watching. Fearing that the hot young mother of the girls would kill him - or worse, never speak to him again if anything happened to them he shuffled around looking for them (not realizing of course that one of them had been standing right next to him in the form of a woman of nearly 70).

He made his way over to a door marked 'engineering' and with a shaking arthritic hand he opened it. He could hear some men arguing down the stairs and slowly hobbled down to see who they were.

"You're in trouble buddy! When I speak to your supervisor and tell him how unhelpful you were - you'll be flipping burgers by the end of the week!" Connor blustered at the head workman.

"Good luck pal. This is a union gig. Your fancy pants posturing might work for bank managers and waiters but it ain't gonna do much for you down here." Sully said, crossing his arms.

"Well- Well-" The 64-year-old Connor stammered trying to think of a come-back.

"And who is this old guy now? Your dad coming over to lecture us?" Sully asked, pointing at Trey.

The workmen laughed as Trey hobbled over. Connor turned around confused about the elderly man who looked oddly familiar but also someone he was sure he had never seen before in his life.

"Hey gramps. Like we told your son here - you people can't be down here. This is a work area. Authorized personnel only!" Sully said frankly.

"He's not my father." Connor pointed out.

"Connor? Issat you?" Trey asked, squinting at his own golf buddy who he thought had gone missing 20 years ago.

“Who are you sir? Do I know you?” The younger of the two old men asked.

Trey put a trembling hand to his bony chest.

“I’m... Trey... Robbins...” The 91-year-old replied in a hoarse shaky voice.

Connor blinked and rubbed his eyes staring slack-jawed at the shrunken decrepit old codger. Last time he had seen Trey the man had only been 70.

“My god man... what happened to you?” The 64-year-old asked in disbelief.

“What happened to you? You disappeared! We all thought you were dead!”
Trey rasped.

“Dead? Trey - I’ve only been down here a few minutes I-” Connor stopped and looked up the stairs and then quickly rushed out of the boiler room.

A few moments later the door burst open again and Connor hurried down in a fit of rage. Tears streaming down his lined jowly face.

“What did you do!? What the hell did you people do?” He screamed.

The worker all looked at the inconsolable man in confusion.

“We didn’t do nothin’. We’ve just been working on the boilers down here.”
Sully said with a shrug.

“I just spoke to my wife - my 62-year-old wife - who’s now a shriveled old senile woman confined to a wheelchair! My daughters, my sweet girls who were just starting their careers - now they’re practically my age! I just had dinner and met my 14-year-old GREAT granddaughter! Her own mother was only 14 when I came down here! Now she’s more than twice that age!” Connor wailed.

“Buddy... buddy! What are you talking about? You just had dinner? You were gone for like 2 seconds!” Sully insisted.

“I was up there for TWO hours! The calendar still says it's June 11th of this year! That's the same day I came down here before but somehow while I was down here arguing with you everyone upstairs somehow *aged* 20 years! Now I'll ask you one more time - WHAT DID YOU DO!?” Connor screamed with his fists clenched.

“Listen calm down dude, all we did was twist this gauge on this one machine over here-” One of the workers said, gesturing to the mysterious collider.

He put his hand on the wrench as if he was about to turn it again.

“NO!! DON'T!!” Connor yelled, too far away to do anything.

But Trey was right there. He launched his old body toward the worker trying to seize his hand away from the wrench. When the worker struggled and attempted to push Trey away, the elderly man suddenly had a moment of clarity realizing that these workers had unknowingly stolen 63 years from him, his girlfriend, their friends and neighbors and they would keep doing it until everyone in the building was dust. As his senile brain reckoned with this notion his fear turned to anger and his hands moved to curl around the workers throat, choking the young man.

In self defense the worker shoved Trey back hard into the machine snapping the gauge off of it completely. It fell to the ground with a tinging sound and hushed silence followed as everyone in the basement froze. The mysterious machine rumbled ominously for a moment like a build-up of energy was bubbling and ready to burst out.

A sudden wave passed across the boiler room as Trey found himself 28-years-old once more. He barely had time to admire his smooth young hands or the hair that was back on his head when he noticed that the workmen around him were gone leaving just their uniforms and hard hats behind. As the wave rushed towards Connor the old man attempted to scramble up the stairs.

“Nooo! I want to be with Melanie again-” He cried, his voice getting higher and younger sounding with every syllable until a young 22-year-old man escaped into the building lobby.

Trey stood in the boiler room in eerie silence for a moment looking around to see that he was the only person left in the room. He cautiously approached the machine which now seemed to have steam leaking out of the hole created by the broken gauge.

He thought to himself that the hole needed to be patched quickly and then the authorities should be called to figure out what the hell this thing was and hopefully get all of his friends and neighbors back to their rightful ages.

But as he took a step toward the machine a flash of light washed over him and the rest of the building.

And the next thing 28-year-old Trey Robbins knew he was waking up in apartment 513 again. He rolled over in the bed to put his arm around his young girlfriend but instead found his hand gliding across the shriveled skin of a 93-year-old woman.

Katherine opened her eyes and the two of them gasped at one another in the bed.

TO BE CONCLUDED...