

THE APARTMENT COMPLEX

By ChronoEclipse

Day 11 (+70 years):

Saturday June 11th?, This year.

Millennium Gardens had changed once more. Now instead of the modern trendy apartment complex for young families and just-out-of-college professionals, it had become an experimental assisted living facility for the elderly and their families to allow for the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of the complex's wizened residents to live just down the hall from them.

Handrails suddenly covered the walls and the hallways had the distinct sweet disinfectant smell of a senior care hospital. Elder care equipment filled closets and spare storage rooms as the residents' own apartments morphed into dowdy abodes that focused on ease of access and accommodations for the frail and infirm over style.

One such apartment was unit 513 where a now 28-year-old Trey Robbins was waking up. He shifted over in the bed half asleep and reached his arm around his girlfriend to pull her into a cuddle. But instead of the smooth flat stomach of a woman in her early 20s, he found himself grabbing a handful of loose wrinkly belly fat. He recoiled and opened his eyes to see a frail old woman with thinning white hair sleeping next to him.

"Jon...? Is that you...?" She quavered in a thin trembling voice as she rolled over in the bed to face him.

Trey gasped at the incredibly wrinkled toothless face of 93-year-old Katie. He attempted to hop off from the bed but found himself stopped by the metal side-rails that were now on the elderly woman's bed.

“Who are you? What are you doing in my room? Where’s Katie?” He asked in confusion.

Katie reached a trembling hand over to her bedside table to retrieve her thick bifocals while Trey struggled with the side rail, trying to figure out how to get it down.

“Trey dear? Is that you?” She asked, squinting at the young man who had just managed to free himself from the bed.

Trey turned around and looked at the shrunken old lady.

“How do you know my name?” He asked her accusatorily. Looking around the room he could see that it wasn’t his normal bedroom – by the decorations, old photos and medical aids it appeared to be this old woman’s room. Did he accidentally go to bed in the wrong apartment last night?

Katie sat up and attempted to put her own side rail down but her weak bony hands struggled.

“You don’t get sponge baths every morning from the cute health care worker without learning his name dearie! I may be old but my memory’s still sharper than most gals my age!... help with this support rail, would you dear?” She asked as she stopped to catch her breath.

Trey hesitated but then reluctantly came over to help the woman get out of the bed. Did she say he was her home health care worker? That... didn’t sound right. He managed to get the side rail down and gave the old lady a hand crawling out of bed. She wasn’t wearing anything but an adult diaper over her shriveled ass. Trey quickly turned away and shielded his eyes from the sight of her pendulous 93-year-old tits dangling down toward her belly button.

“Oh no need to preserve my dignity dear... I lost that ages ago. You’ve been doing this long enough to know that we’re pretty informal around here... though you’ve never climbed into bed with me before getting me up, that’s a first!... Not that I'm complaining! It was nice feeling a strong arm wrapped

around me. Made me feel young again! Heh.” Katie chuckled as she shuffled to her walker and turned to make her way toward the bathroom.

Trey looked at the stooped over old woman as she shuffled slowly with her walker and that’s when he noticed something that made his veins freeze – on her lower abdomen right above her hip was a wrinkled, faded, barely discernible tattoo of a blue fairy – exactly like the one Katie had!

“Katie...” He asked fearfully.

The old woman cupped a hand to her ear.

“Yes dear? You’ll need to speak up a bit, young man... My hearing is not very good these days...” She rattled with a smile.

He pointed at her wrinkly belly that looked like it was melting down over her bony waist.

“Your tattoo!” He gulped.

“My what?” She asked, squinting in confusion.

“Your tattoo!” He said louder.

“What? ‘I’m fat too’? Well that’s not very nice of you to say. I know I don’t have the figure I did when I was your age... Oh you should have seen me back then. I was quite easy on the eyes... I’d’ve certainly given a young handsome rascal like you a run for your money! Heh heh.” Katie rattled with a wink.

Trey shook his head and spoke loudly and clearly.

“No, that tattoo on your uh... hip... that’s the same tattoo that my girlfriend Katie has...” Trey explained

Katie wet her thin wrinkly lips and glanced down at the faded tattoo below her dangling right breast.

“Oh this old thing? My I must have gotten that over 75 years ago... just after the war... Though I can't for the life of me remember why. Gals didn't get tattoos back in those days. Just sailors and circus folk... But I must have thought it'd look pretty on my waist there... I used to be a skinny little thing...” She said, shaking her head wistfully.

Trey came closer to the elderly woman and looked long and hard at her, seeing the aged resemblance to his girlfriend under the wrinkles and jowls of this old woman's face. She had Katie's eyes though they were milky and sunken under hooded eyelids and Katie's smile though toothless and thin-lipped.

“Katie? How did this happen!? How old are you?” He asked, horrified that the spunky young woman that he had been dating for the past 6 months had transformed into this frail old biddy.

The hunched over woman reached a trembling hand up and stroked her gray-whiskered chin and the dangling waddle of skin hanging under it.

“Oh let's see... I just had a birthday a few months ago and I must have turned... 93 dear. I'm 93-years-old. Now are you done fooling around? It's cold without any clothes on and I'm anxious to take my bath - it's one of the highlights of my day at my age!” She said with a quavering chortle as she turned to hobble into the bathroom.

Trey thought he might be losing his mind as he watched Katie slowly shuffle her aged body into the bathroom. Had he pulled a rip-van-winkle? He felt for a beard but his hands touched stubble and the young cheeks of a man of not yet 30 years of age. He checked his phone to see if he had somehow traveled 70 years into the future but the date confirmed that it was the present year, though the day seemed to be glitching between Saturday and some strange symbols. He rushed to the window and looked outside to see the familiar stores and skyline outside, though a reddish orange aura seemed to crackle in the air immediately outside of the building.

“Are you coming dearie? I'm not getting any younger you know and I need help getting into the tub.” Katie called in a quavering voice from the bathroom.

Tray clutched his forehead with both hands grasping to understand what the hell was going on and why his sexy young girlfriend was now a shriveled up old woman. He reluctantly followed her into the bathroom where he found that she had managed to get her Depends off on her own and was now standing completely naked between her walker and the tub. Her pale sagging ass cheeks wobbled down in front of her puffy vein-covered thighs.

“I need your hand for support dear.” She called as she raised her own gnarled hand up in the air for him to hold steady.

Trey instinctively took Katie’s bony old hand and helped her step into the tub, holding her wrinkled arm supportively as she lowered down onto the elder-care seat.

He looked at the shower stall – the same shower stall that he and Katie had showered together in so often over the past 6 months, with the glass-tiled wall that he had fucked her against many times which now had a metal support rail installed on it. Instead of having an erotic shower with his young girlfriend this morning it looked like he’d now be giving her wrinkly aged body a sponge bath.

“Be sure the waters not too cold this morning dearie. You’ll freeze my old bones! Heh heh heh. And when we’re done, if you wouldn’t mind helping me paint my toenails? I know they aren’t much to look at nowadays, oh I used to have such cute dainty feet when I was young... but I may have a gentleman friend coming over later and I wouldn’t mind hiding how thick and yellow my toenails are!” She explained as she slowly lifted her veiny leg up to show him her liver-spotted foot and her arthritic old toes.

He blinked at the sight of her decrepit old foot remembering that just yesterday Katie was talking about going out this weekend to get a pedicure. He shivered and turned on the warm water, taking the loofa hanging up and began to soap the old woman’s moily hunched back.

Trey wasn’t sure what he was doing. He didn’t particularly want to give a 93-year-old woman a sponge bath but he didn’t know what else to do. This seemed so crazy and Katie seemed so frail and pathetic. She needed his help. He would want someone to do the same for his decrepit old grandma if she

needed assistance - even though Katie wasn't anyone's grandma and should still be young enough to bath herself!

"Make sure you get into all of my folds dearie..." She said with a chuckle as she lifted her saggy arm up for him to wash her wobbling bicep flap.

Trey cringed as he scrubbed along her arms and then down her side. Out of morbid curiosity he lifted the empty shriveled sack of her right tit and held it flat in his hand as he brought the loofa under it and remembered how just last night he was fondling this same boob when it was firm and round.

"I know they aren't much to look at nowadays, but I've never seen a man look so depressed while holding my breast in their hand as you do sonny." Katie joked, wetting her thin wrinkled lips and giving him a gummy smile to cheer him up.

"I just... how did you get so old?" He asked her as he let her breast flop back down and moved to clean her wrinkly belly.

"Heck if I know! Feels like just last week I was a pretty young girl dancing around flirtin' with this guy and that... But, time makes fools of us all I guess!" She cackled and then inhaled sharply as the loofa moved down to her aged gray crotch.

Trey stopped and took the frail old woman by her bony shoulders, looking at her seriously for a moment.

"But that's just it Katie! I'm pretty sure that last week you *were* my 23-year-old girlfriend!" He informed her, thinking that he sounded crazy just saying it - look at her - a shriveled old bag of bones unable to even stand on her own!

She shrunk into her chair a bit, alarmed at his intensity and how firmly he was holding her. But then thought about what he just said and began to cackle wildly.

“Me? 23? I was older than that before your parents were born dearie. Besides, what would a sweet young man like you want with a wrinkled old prune like me! Word gets around this place, you know, and I heard that you’re dating that pretty girl Ethel.” Katie rattled with a raised bushy gray eyebrow.

Trey backed up in surprise.

“Ethel? Old senile Ethel from downstairs?” He gasped feeling queasy at the thought... thought right now Katie didn’t look much better than that old bat... they might even be around the same age now! He thought.

Katie hooted a chuckle causing the old woman to wheeze out of breath.

“Well now I know that you’re having fun with me. Because if you think a sweet little young girl like that is old and senile than I must be positively ancient!” Katie chuckled.

Trey was even more confused when his phone vibrated with a text message.

‘Babe, I’m with Ms. Erica, can you come down to room 314 and help me? She will *not* get her clothes back on...’ The text message read.

His heart skipped a beat as he read Erica’s name. He wasn’t sure why... he knew her, the hot young fitness trainer on the 3rd floor with the two cute little kids. They were friendly with each other, even a little flirtatious but it wasn’t like he knew her intimately... He also didn’t understand what the text meant but if it involved helping Erica get dressed that was something he felt pretty eager to do, especially now that there was a 65 year age gap between him and his current girlfriend.

Trey stood up.

“Hey where are you off to? I thought you were going to help me paint my toes!” Katie quavered.

“I uh... sorry, I’ve got to go do something but I’ll come back and help later. I promise... or I’ll uh, figure out how to make you young again and then you can do it yourself okay?” He offered.

The old woman gave him a wrinkled smirk.

“Wouldn’t that be nice... alright then, well since I’m still 93 at least can you help me up out of this tub?” She replied, holding her shaky hands up for assistance.

“Oh yeah uh sure.” He said reaching down to help the naked old woman stand up and step back onto the fuzzy mat.

Trey helped her aged body towel off and get into a robe and then hurried out of the bathroom as Katie grabbed her walker and hobbled behind him.

“Young people, always in a rush to do this thing and that!” Katie mumbled with a smile shaking her wrinkled head.

Trey smirked at her, knowing that she had been one of those young people who was always in a hurry just yesterday.

“Yeah uh, take care Katie don’t like fall and break a hip or anything. I’ll be back to check on you later!” He said as he hurried out the door.

As Trey made his way down the hallway he heard a baby crying coming from Donna’s apartment. He shook his head thinking that maybe the cranky old woman had some relatives visiting her.

When he reached the elevator he heard whistling coming from the other end of the hall and peaked around the corner to see a white-stubbed 78-year-old man hobbling down the corridor with the aid of a cane.

Jonny tipped his hat to Trey on his way down to fuck Trey’s elderly girlfriend.

“Nice day young fella! Enjoy it!” He said in a raspy voice.

“Yeah... thanks old timer.” Trey replied, unaware of any old men that lived on his floor.

He shook his head and got into the elevator to head down to Erica’s apartment. When he got there he knocked at the door and an attractive 33-year-old blonde woman answered the door. Trey’s eyes immediately shot down to the impressive cleavage she had in her sports bra.

“Oh hey I’m uh, looking for Erica? I’m Trey from upstairs... you must be her older sister. You definitely have her same good looks...” He said, giving the woman a flirtatious smile.

The blonde 30-something furrowed her brow at the young man.

“Wow, what kind of pick-up line is that? Are you saying I look old?” She asked, putting her hand on her hip and raising an eyebrow at him.

“N-No I was saying that you’re really pretty... like Erica!” He stammered, taken aback.

“So pretty that I look like I could be the OLDER sister of my 100 year old great-grandmother.” Lucy replied flatly.

“Oh just leave the poor boy in peace Lucy... he was clearly just being nice to grandma, saying that she’s young and pretty. Why are women in your generation so touchy about every little remark!” A gruff-sounding man called from behind her.

“That’s one of the health aids dear. Just let him through.” The throaty voice of a matronly woman called.

Lucy rolled her eyes and opened the door. Trey walked in slowly, looking at Lucy in confusion – did she say she was Erica’s GREAT-granddaughter? Erica had a toddler and a newborn how could...

As he entered he saw a trio of middle-aged men and women in their 50s sitting around a table playing cards. Greyson was now a chubby balding man of half a

century old looking like the kind of guys that hung out with Trey's dad at the local Lions Club smoking cigars. His sister Harper was now a 52-year-old frumpy cougar who had seemingly let herself go a bit from her athletic younger days. She was rocking a puffy double chin and bingo-wing arms as well as graying dirty-blonde hair and glasses.

The oldest of the siblings, Jenny, was now a 55-year-old matron with a full mane of light gray hair and a heavily creased face. She was wearing a kind of low-cut top that showed off the sun damaged cleavage of her fat saggy breasts as she sipped her coffee and played a trick of cards on the table.

"Don't mind my daughter dear... she's just a bit prickly that she's in her mid 30s childless and single despite spending all of her time at the gym..." Jenny joked with a chuckle.

Lucy tossed her toned arms in the air and audibly grumbled.

"Oh my god mom! Stop. You're so desperate for more grandkids now that Naomi's grown up that you paint me like this bitter spinster... What are you going to try and set me up with the home health aide now? Christ!... I'm going to the gym!" The 33-year-old declared in frustration and stormed out.

Her 55-year-old woman just gave a wrinkly smirk to her siblings and Trey.

"See what I mean? Pickly." She replied.

"That reminds me... I need to get back to the gym. Now that the divorce papers are in I want to trim back down to how I looked in my 30s and 40s so I can get back out there!" Harper chuckled as she reached down and pinched some of her middle-aged gut.

Trey just stood there gawking at the three siblings who were around his parents' age.

"Oh Trey, honey, grandma Erica is just down the hall there in the bedroom. I think your friends already in there with her." Jenny said, noticing that Trey seemed to be waiting for something.

Trey nodded hesitantly, wondering how old Erica was if this frumpy gray haired woman at the table was calling her 'grandma'. He turned to walk to the bedroom and find out.

"Oh he's cute... you didn't tell me grandma had such cute nurses taking care of her!" Harper whispered to her older sister as Trey walked away.

"I know! If I were 30 years younger..." Jenny sighed wistfully.

"Well if Lucy or May aren't interested I may have to swoop in and steal him for myself now that I'm back on the market!" Harper said, fluffing her graying permed hair and cackling lewdly.

Grayson grunted a sigh shaking his head.

"I can't imagine that that boy is interested in a couple over-the-hill cougars like you two!" He said with a smirk.

Trey meanwhile slowly pushed the door open to the bedroom to see a shriveled frail ancient-looking woman of 100-years-of age sitting naked in a wheelchair looking miserable. But leaning over her was a very attractive young brunette whose dark cotton leggings were perfectly hugging her shapely thighs and ass.

As disturbed as he was by the sight of the withered old crone in front of him, he couldn't help taking the opportunity to check out the plump round booty sticking out in front of him. He wondered if this was another of Erica's "Great granddaughters".

The elderly woman looked up with her dulled sunken eyes and had a glimmer of recognition upon seeing Trey. She wet her thin toothless lips and wheezed from the excursion of lifting her wrinkled old head.

"Treeeeyyy...?" She croaked in a thin trembling voice.

Now he was forced to pull his gaze away from the pleasant sight of a tight young ass in booty hugging leggings and address the fact that his

building-crush, along with his girlfriend had somehow aged into shriveled decrepit old ladies.

“Erica?” He asked with a gulp.

He was finding it hard to see any resemblance to the gorgeous statuesque blonde he always flirted with in the elevator. The old woman was just folds of wrinkled skin clinging to creaky old bones. Her breasts were unrecognizable dangling flaps of shriveled skin and her liver-spotted scalp was covered in thin wispy white hair.

“H-How... are...” She began to speak slowly, taking heaving breaths between words.

This was a woman who ran a mile every morning and barely broke a sweat and now she was so elderly that even getting out a full sentence was laborious for her.

“Are... you still... so young... and I’m... so old now...?” She finished, slumping forward to rest afterward.

Before Trey had a chance to respond, the attractive young woman bending over Erica, finished seducing the old woman’s Depends and jumped up happily, turning around to plant a big passionate kiss on Trey’s lips.

“Baby! You got here fast!” She cooed as she wrapped her arms around him and nibbled on his bottom lip affectionately.

He enjoyed the feeling of this hot 23-year-old girl pressing her slender curvy body against him and kissing him with her soft pouty lips but he was confused about who she was... was she the person that texted him? Erica looked too old to even understand how to send a text message and too weak to press the buttons and this girl just called him ‘baby’...

“Uh yeah, I got your text.” He replied with a confused smile.

“Sorry you were stuck on smelly sponge bath duty this morning. How was old lady Katie?” The young woman asked with a giggle.

Hearing his girlfriend or... former girlfriend? Called ‘Old lady Katie’ made him shiver.

“She was uh... fine... a little bit frailer than I expected...” He replied honestly.

The attractive brunette bit the corner of her bottom lip mischievously as she reached down and grabbed Trey’s package with her soft young hand.

“Well... after we get done with this senile old mummy maybe we can take a break and unwind a bit...” She purred with a wink.

The young woman didn’t wait for a response before pulling Trey into another make-out session, pulling him onto the bed next to Erica. The old woman wet her lips and looked around in confusion, reaching down to itch some dry skin under her empty left boob flap.

“Has anyone see my pussy?” She mumbled toothlessly.

“You don’t have a cat Gram Gram...” A tired woman’s voice said from the doorway.

The young woman jumped at the sound of the voice and immediately pulled away from Trey, turning to busy herself with the equipment on the back of Erica’s wheelchair. Trey looked to the door to see Jenny’s eldest daughter May standing there. She was 35 now with faded blonde hair, deep purple bags under her eyes and clear frown lines on her mature face.

“And Ethel, you’re paid to care for my great-grandmother. Not to make-out with your boyfriend.” The aging blonde sighed as she walked into the room.

“Yes ma’am.” Ethel said sheepishly to the older woman.

“Ethel!?” Trey gasped.

The pretty 23-year-old turned and looked at him, batting her big youthful eyes.

“What?” She asked, winking at Trey flirtatiously.

He couldn’t believe that his senile old cranky downstairs neighbor was now this sexy young girl he had just enjoyed making out with.

“Foots cold...” Erica mumbled from her chair.

“I bet more than just your foot's cold Gram Gram... you need to let these nice young people get you dressed and stop being so resistant. This poor young lady was just trying to get your robe on...” May said in a sweet but exhausted voice.

“Meh!” Erica said dismissively, waving her bony hand in Ethel’s direction.

May looked up apologetically on behalf of her senile great-grandmother.

“I’ll try and get her some snap-in-the-back gowns so they are easy to get on her and she can’t get them off on her own...” She informed Ethel and Trey.

Ethel smirked, folding her arms across her perky chest.

“You know, at her age she should really be in a nursing home... between her infirmity and dementia she’s getting too old for the kind of care she can get here...” The young woman explained bluntly.

Trey snorted at the irony. Though, frowned thinking that the same might be said for Katie. He didn’t like the idea of all of his young female friends and lovers all needing to get carted off to a nursing home.

“Oh no we couldn’t put Gram Gram in a home... She's lived here for some many years - my grandmother’s whole life! She has so little time left... she should be here with her family.” May said, leaving no room for argument.

Erica wet her lips again and drooled a bit, mumbling something incoherent.

“What was that Gram Gram?” May asked, leaning in to hear her 100-year-old great-grandmother's response.

Down in the basement the strange device crackled and sparked with energy. The fissure caused by Trey hissed ominously.

As Trey looked over to the elderly centenarian slumped over in her wheelchair, he did a double take as a beautiful 30-year-old Erica sat there in her place. She still had a bit of drool running down her smooth chin and she was absent-mindedly pawing at the skin above her toned abs as she slumped naked in a wheelchair.

“I soiled myself again...” She mumbled in a youthful voice.

Ethel audibly groaned.

“Awww Erica! I just put that diaper on you!” She grumbled.

Trey was busy staring at the rejuvenated woman's reinflated breasts and their puffy pink nipples down to her trim waist and her silky smooth perfect thighs.

“I'll do it!” he declared.

“You sure Trey? You don't have to... Erica's my assignment and... she can be a handful.” Ethel pointed out.

Trey continued to stare at the beautiful 30-year-old fitness trainer as she hunched naked in the wheelchair waiting for a diaper change. To his knowledge he had never seen Erica in the nude before and she certainly didn't disappoint - even with the posture of a 100-year-old lady.

“Yeah I'm sure...” He said without taking his eyes off Erica.

She reached over and patted his arm with her smooth hand.

“This young man is my friend. I'm a bit sweet on him. Heh heh heh.” Erica said in her young voice, giving a senile smile to the other women in the room.

“Okay well if you’d prefer Trey here to change you Gram Gram then that’s fine with me... I’ve got to get back to work. My lunch break is almost over.” May said in a high pitched childish voice.

Now Trey did look away to see that the formerly 35-year-old woman was instead a cute chubby-cheeked blonde 5-year-old swimming in her adult clothes as she turned around to walk out of the room.

Trey looked to Ethel to see if she had a reaction to Erica going from 100 to 30 or May going from 35 to 5. But she seemed to act like everything was normal. In fact as soon as May toddled out of the room she leaned over Erica’s young body to plant a kiss on her boyfriend.

“Do you need help getting the old bag out of her chair and into the bed?” She asked with a grin.

Trey shook his head wondering if there was a way to negotiate a threesome with young Ethel and young Erica.

“N-no, I think we’ll be fine.” He said with a smile.

“Okay babe... meet me in the apartment across the hall when you’re done and don’t make me wait too long or I’ll have to find ways to distract myself...” Ethel purred, licking her pouty lips and winking at him.

Trey nodded. He didn’t know what was going on but he was into it now – he never thought in a million years he’d be excited to go sneak away with Ethel from downstairs. But as the sexy brunette sauntered out of the room he turned his attention back to Erica.

“Um Erica...? So I’m going to uh... change your Depends I guess? Is that cool?” He asked her as he cautiously reached for the diaper strapped around her trim waist.

Erica nodded her blonde head.

“Thank you young man...” She replied.

He shook off how weird this all was and reached down to pull the tabs on the diaper exposing the blonde crotch between her strong athletic thighs. It didn't actually look like she had 'soiled herself' but he figured it wouldn't hurt to change her anyway... though if he was being honest he was really just looking for an excuse to see Erica's juicy tight round ass.

Trey reached an arm under her legs and slipped the other around her torso lifting her up out of the chair.

“Okay Erica I'm just going to bring you over to the bed and-” He started to say.

She blinked at him with a lot of startled confusion.

“T-Trey!?” She asked looking down at her naked body and quickly brought her hands up to cover her exposed breasts and crotch.

“Erica?” He asked in surprise.

“Yeah what are you doing!? Why am I naked?” She asked in alarm.

Trey was so startled by her reaction that he almost dropped her. He quickly let her down onto her feet and held his hands in the air.

“I-I wasn't trying to... I mean, I can explain!” He said quickly.

She smiled sympathetically at him.

“No it's okay Trey, just... Can you go check and make sure the girl's door is shut? I don't want them to hear me in case my moans get loud...” The blonde woman purred and leaned in to kiss Trey on the cheek.

“Uh... I don't think that'll be a problem. Judging by the age of your grandkids, I'd say both of your daughters probably need hearing aids to hear anything.” He replied honestly.

Erica looked at him like he had just said the craziest thing she had ever heard.

“What?” She asked, giving him a disturbed look of confusion.

“Uh nevermind - I’ll go check.” Trey said quickly seeing that he was freaking her out.

He popped his head out of the bedroom and heard giggling coming from down the hall. He walked down to see Grayson, still a 50-year-old man coloring a picture of a train with crayons at the table.

“Like my picture?” He asked in a gravelly voice as he held it up for Trey.

“Yeah... that’s very good buddy...” Trey nodded, forcing a smile to the man old enough to be his father.

He turned to see that Grayson’s middle-aged older sisters were laying on their flabby stomachs on the floor in the living room with their veiny legs propped up behind them and their calloused bunion-marred feet dangling over their chunky dimpled butts. Both of the 50-something women were dressed like teenage girls and in fact Harper appeared to have braces. The two MILFy women were gawking at Jenny’s cellphone, giggling to one another as they scrolled through photos.

“OMG you can’t send that one! You don’t look thirsty enough - c’mon take another one!” Jenny prompted her sister.

The brace-faced cougar giggled and held the phone up to take a selfie, hiking her saggy leathery cleavage up for the pic. The two women looked at it giggling again like a pair of high school girls even though they both looked old enough to be the school principal.

Trey slowly backed up back toward the bedroom, shaking his head at how his day kept getting weirder.

“Yeah so... your grandkids are a bunch of middle-aged teenagers...” He said as he walked into the room.

“Ehhh? What?” A creaky voice called back to him.

He did a double take as Erica was now once again a centenarian laying naked in her bed. Trey rubbed his face and shook his head, wishing that he had hooked up with her when he had had the chance.

The young man sighed and walked over to the incredibly old woman slipping a fresh pair of depends under her shriveled old ass.

“Shhh don’t tell anyone about our affair...” She quivered as he strapped the diaper over her gray crotch.

Trey smirked and rolled his eyes.

“Don’t worry, it’s our secret Erica...” He said as he brushed the wispy white hair out of her face and gently caressed her wrinkly cheek wishing she could be young again like he was.

“Feet Are cold...” She mumbled in a state of senility.

He nodded and brought the blanket up to tuck the old woman in.

“Have you seen my pussy?” She repeated – it was a phrase he had heard many times from Ethel as she hobbled around the halls as an old woman in a state of dementia.

“Yes hun. It was pretty nice when you were my age.” He said honestly.

“I need to... get changed... so that I can go for a run...” She mumbled, weakly attempting to sit up.

Erica looked to be too old to stand and walk on her own, let alone go for a jog. Trey gently settled her back down and the 100-year-old quickly fell asleep. He sighed again and left the room.

On his way out he found Jenny and Harper sitting back at the table but now they looked to be 19 and 16 respectively, dressed in the drab frumpy clothing of

a pair of matronly women. Next to them their younger brother was now a 14-year-old boy smoking a cigar.

The two teenage girls smiled warmly at Trey and waved flirtatiously at him as he left the apartment.

“Thanks dear. Hope to see you come by more often...” Harper cooed with a wink.

Trey hesitated at the door trying to decide if these women were old enough to be his mother; or too young for him either because they were teenagers or because technically they shouldn’t be born for another 25 – 30 years.

As he turned back to check them out again he saw all three siblings were back in their 50s and the fresh-faced high school girl that was calling to him was back to being a jowly faded blonde of 52 years of age. He cringed and then politely smiled back before rushing out of the apartment.

Trey took a deep breath, asking himself what the hell was going on. He decided to find Ethel again – who at least was around his age and seemed to believe that she was his girlfriend... If he couldn’t make sense of how reality seemed to be glitching, maybe he could at least alleviate the blue balls he got from Erica aging back into a great-great-grandmother.

He opened the door to Ethel’s apartment to find that it was now a physical therapy office. He looked around and saw that no one was there.

“Hello? Ethel...?” He called.

“I’m in the supply room...” She called back.

He cautiously walked behind the reception desk and around the corner to find where the voice had called him from. His hand was sweating as he nervously pushed open the door.

Trey breathed a sigh of relief as he found the cute 23-year-old brunette dressed in her pink scrubs photocopying some documents.

“Heh, I was worried that I’d come in here and you’d be a little old lady again.” He admitted.

She turned around and smiled at him, tilting her head in confusion.

“What do you mean ‘again?’” She asked with a giggle.

Trey shook his head.

“I don’t know... this whole day so far has been crazy... nothing seems like it should be... everyone seems older or younger than they should be like... I feel like I’m on drugs or something...” He explained.

Ethel frowned sympathetically with her sexy pouty lips and moved close to him, slipping her slender arms around Trey and stroking his back affectionately.

“Awww poor baby. I think you’ve been spending too much time with all of these senile old biddies – it totally fucks with your mind. They belong in a nursing home if you ask me.” She said with a grin as she leaned up and kissed Trey.

“Yeah maybe that’s it... maybe I just haven’t had enough sleep and these elderly dementia patients are all finally getting to me.” He agreed.

“This apartment complex could be so cool if it was just young people like us living here. But instead we have to worry about shriveled old relics like Ms. Erica shambling around the halls...” Ethel said with a smirk and then hunched her back and tucked her plump pink lips around her teeth and squinted her eyes to do an impression of the 100-year-old. “Haaave you seen my pussy...? Have youuu seen my pussy....?” The 23-year-old rattled in a mocking fake old lady voice.

The two 20-somethings laughed at her spot-on imitation of Erica, not seeing the irony that Ethel had been like that a little over a week ago.

The young brunette grinned at Trey and backed up against the copier. She slipped her thumbs into the waistband of her pants and sexily shimmied them down her silky smooth legs revealing that she wasn't wearing any underwear under her scrubs.

"Have you seen *my* pussy...?" She asked now in a young sensual seductive voice.

Ethel giggled and bit her lip as she rubbed her hand up her toned thigh to her waist, drawing attention to her clean-shaven rosy slit. Trey grinned at the sight of her wet pussy as he moved in close to her.

The two young lovers began to feel up one another's bodies as Trey's hand reached down to finger Ethel's slit and she glided one hand under his shirt while using the other to unbuckle his pants. The brunette girl tilted her head back and moaned softly as Trey sucked on her smooth neck and slipped his fingers inside of her.

"God you were so hot when you were young Ethel..." He grunted as the 23-year-old pressed her body against him, lifting her silky toned thigh up to give him better access to her tight pussy.

"What?" She asked breathlessly, giving him a confused look as she fondled her own perky breasts. "Nevermind, just shut up and get inside me Trey..." She moaned in erotic anticipation.

He put his hands on her slender waist and lifted her up onto the copy machine setting her tight bare little heart-shaped ass down onto the glass. She lifted her long legs up and rested her dainty feet on Trey's shoulders playfully tickling his earlobe with her big toe.

"Oh god I can't believe I'm saying this but - I want you so bad Ethel." He grunted as he squeezed the back of her creamy thigh with his hand and brought his extremely erect dick up to her awaiting vagina.

“That’s it baby... don’t worry about all of those stinky wrinkled old ladies... let me show you what a *young* woman can do- AHHH!” Ethel purred seductively and then gasped sharply as his thick member entered her.

The young woman had pulled up her scrubs top up over her perky breasts and was using one hand to caress her pink nipple tit while her other hand slammed down on the copy button causing multiple photocopies of her bare ass to start spitting out the side of it.

“Ahh you feel so good and tight. Fucking you is really helping to distract me from the fact that Katie and Erica are so old now...” He grunted as he rhythmically pumped into Ethel.

“Ah! Ah! Ah! UUNNNNNHHH! AH! Those old ladies... belong in... Ah! In a nursing home...” Ethel whispered between aroused moans.

Downstairs the mysterious machine crackled and sizzled with energy again.

“I...ah!... AHHH! I... I belong in a nursing home!! AH! OOoo! AH!” Ethel bellowed as she squeezed her tit and rubbed her neck.

Trey blinked at her mid-thrust.

“Wait what?” He asked, not sure that he heard her right.

“Ooooooh god! That feels soooo good! I’m soooooo ooooooold....” The 23-year-old reached up and kissed Trey passionately as they continued to fuck.

The pages flying out of the copier began to show a wrinklier and wrinklier pair of butt cheeks as Ethel’s ass expanded and flattened against the copier glass. Soon photo copies of a shriveled moley 93-year-old ass were spitting out of the side as Trey found himself making out with the thin wrinkles lips of a toothless mouth and his dick thrusting into a loose dry hole.

He quickly pulled back and looked down to see Ethel’s withered gray pussy sagging sadly around his dick and her shaky hands fondling empty pendulous old lady teets. Her bony frail legs still rested on his shoulders and her gnarled

veiny foot rubbed against the back of his head as the old woman looked up at him in confused senility with sunken cataract riddled eyes.

“Where am I....? Who are you young man? Are you my grandson? Is it time for my soup?.... Have you seen my pussy?” Old Ethel mumbled, wetting her thin wrinkly lips, completely oblivious to the fact that they were having sex.

Trey quickly pulled out, letting her brittle elderly legs dangle down as the old woman sat half naked on the copier, dripping sex juices out of her aged vagina onto the machine.

The door opened and Trey turned around in a panic.

“It’s not what it looks like!” He shouted in defense with his hands in the air and his erect dick still on full display.

A 71-year-old Annie stood in the doorway leaning on a cane and peering excitedly at Trey’s package through her bifocals. She now had a puffy lined face and short gray hair with a girlish pink clip holding her bangs down. Her saggy body was dressed in beige slacks that bulged around her waist and a low-cut floral blouse that showed off her freckled wrinkly cleavage.

The former cougar had aged into an old woman that looked like your grandma’s “fun gossipy BFF at the senior center.”

“Oh no judgments dear... Believe me. I got up to all sorts of wild oats when I was your age!” Annie said with a wink and a chortling laugh.

Trey smiled wide-eyed at how cool this senior citizen was upon discovering him in a supply closet clearly fucking a senile nonagenarian. But upon turning around he discovered a once-again 23-year-old Ethel covering her perky breasts and dripping crotch as she slipped down from the copier and attempted to get dressed again.

“Ooo and it’s an even better view from behind...” Annie cackled flirtatiously as she marveled at Trey’s bare ass.

He turned around, unnerved that this strange old woman was cat-calling him. He reached down quickly to grab his pants and underwear and pulled them back up.

“Can I help you with something ma’am...?” He asked wondering if she just came in to gawk at him and Ethel.

Annie smiled, causing the lines and crinkles on her puffy face to bunch.

“Annie dear.” She replied.

“Annie... no way... Erica’s daughter?” Trey gulped at the sight of this woman who looked like she should be playing shuffleboard on a retirement cruise but he actually remembered her as a little cherubic infant.

“As a matter of fact I am... I was just popping in because I heard some commotion and thought I might see if one of you nice young people could help me change my Depends, it’s so hard to get in and out of them at my age without some assistance from a strapping young lad like yourself.” Annie explained reaching out to squeeze Trey’s arm.

Ethel, now fully dressed back into her scrubs, wrapped her arms around Trey’s waist and popped her head out from behind him to scowl at Annie.

“You know we’re not allowed to do that anymore Ms. Ann. We’re paid to care for the invalid folks in the building, like your mom. Most of the time you request a staff member to change you – you don’t even need to be changed!” Ethel said sternly.

Annie’s wrinkled cheeks blushed but then she grinned wickedly at the two young people in the closet.

“I suppose you’re right... Though I guess sneaking off while you’re on duty to go ravage one another in the supply closet is probably also not allowed. So since you’re such a stickler for the rules I’d better go report what I saw...” Annie said in a sickly sweet tone.

“Woah woah woah! I mean...” Ethel began to protest, holding her arms out to stop Annie from leaving.

“It’s fine... I’ll just do it.” Trey said with a shrug.

It’s not like his day could get any weirder – so why not change a 71-year-old baby’s diaper.

“That’s wonderful dear. Come along then.” Annie said with a smile, hobbling around and waving her veiny hand for him to join her.

Ethel rolled her eyes and leaned up to kiss Trey’s cheek.

“Seriously. Old people are the worst.” She whispered to him, not realizing the irony of her statement.

Trey hurried up to join Annie who hooked her arm around his and escorted him back to her sister’s apartment across the hall. He had seen first hand how old Erica was now – he had observed her as the shriveled 100-year-old drooling in her wheelchair next door. But something about watching the gray-haired saggy retiree next to him hobble along as she clung to his arm for extra support and knowing that this was Erica’s youngest *daughter* really hammered home how old his friend had become.

They walked into the drab apartment that looked like it hadn’t been redecorated since the 1970s. In the living room a now 74-year-old Chrissie stood in polyester pants and a modest blouse attempting to follow the tik tok dance instructions her 16-year-old great-granddaughter was giving her.

“Did I do it right?” The senior woman asked the teenage girl as she attempted to swivel her stiff brittle hips.

The young woman smirked, clearly finding how daunted her grandmother was by all of this very cute.

“Not quite Nana Chrissie, remember it’s left arm, right arm, sexy twirl, head turn, head turn, shimmy shake.” 16-year-old Naomi said demonstrating for the old woman.

Trey gasped that the precocious toddler that he knew was now a cute little granny that was completely out-of-touch with the youth of today. He watched as Chrissie stumbled through the steps of the dance again, looking silly while her granddaughter looked cool and sexy doing it.

Naomi took her phone off the stand and typed something into it. The phone repeated back to her in an automated voice ‘I taught my 74-year-old great-grandmother the hottest tik tok dance.’ The girl giggled, putting her hand to her mouth as she watched the video playback of her creaky old Nana Chrissie attempting to pull off the moves.

Chrissie smiled warmly, just happy that her great-granddaughter was having fun with her little device. She turned and looked at the people walking by in the hallway.

“Annie? Is that you? Who’s that you’re with? I don’t have my glasses...” Chrissie called out in a creaky voice.

The younger of the two old sisters hugged Trey’s arm tightly, leaning into him and resting her gray head against his shoulder affectionately.

“Oh this young fellow? This is just my new boyfriend!” Annie called back, flashing a proud smile across her wrinkled face.

Chrissie smirked at her sister and squinted over to Trey.

“He looks pretty young... as him if he’s interested in a threeway with a pair of sisters!” Chrissie barked back with a mischievous grin.

“OMG! Nana Chrissie!!” Naomi gasped in a fit of giggles.

She began to type quickly on her phone and the automated voice repeated back 'My 74-year-old grandma just said the craziest thing!'. She aimed the phone at Trey to get a video of him and then panned back to her great-grandmother.

"Okay, okay say what you just said again about that guy - this is like content *gold!*" Naomi directed Chrissie gleefully.

Annie tugged Trey down the hall toward her bedroom. He looked at the older woman with bewilderment not realizing that mere days ago when he had been a middle-aged man and the sisters had been young adult women that he would have been thrilled at the prospect of a threesome.

"Listen uh, Annie..." He began to say.

"Oh I'm just teasing with that boyfriend stuff dear... though, if I was 40 years younger I'd certainly give that Ethel girl a run for her money! You should have seen me back in my day, nice straight blonde hair, breasts out to here and legs for days!" The old woman replied with a chuckle.

Trey blinked and shook his head trying to wrap around how Annie was describing how she would look about 20 years from now like it was 50 years ago.

They got to her room and Annie began to fumble with the buttons of her blouse, popping them open with her swollen arthritic fingers.

"Woah woah - what are you doing?" The young man asked her holding up his hand.

She smiled innocently looking like the kindly old woman that she now was and shook her head as if he was the one going off script.

"You're my doctor aren't you? I'm just making things easier. My fingers aren't as nimble as they once were and it takes me a while to undo all of these buttons." She explained.

Trey furrowed his brow at the wrinkly cougar, knowing that she was clearly playing this 'absent minded old lady' bit to her advantage.

"Uh no I don't think I'm technically your doctor and I don't think you need to take your shirt off. I'm just here to help you change your uh, diaper right?" He pointed out the flaws in her statement.

She gave a slight chuckle and shrugged.

"Oh well, while I have you here you might as well check for lumps too dear." She said airily as she finished unbuttoning her shirt and tossed it on the bed post.

Her lumpy wrinkled tummy hung over the waistband of her pants and her large underwire bra held her big sagging breasts. Annie reached around and unclasped it letting those big veiny udders flop out onto her pale belly.

Trey put both hands on his forehead and groaned softly, having seen enough naked old women to last him a lifetime. Ironically this 71-year-old was the youngest one of the bunch but still looked old enough to be his grandmother.

"There you go. Come on over here and give the girls a squeeze. I promise I don't bite!" She chuckled as she waved him closer.

Trey sighed and reluctantly went over to her. She took his hand and brought it up to her saggy breast. He did his best to feel around for lumps and not make this any kind of sensual fondling even though Annie was closing her crinkled eyes and making grunts of satisfaction.

"There you go. No lumps." He assured her quickly, pulling his hands back to his side.

She reached up and began to play with Trey's brown hair as she stood close enough that the tops of her boobs lightly grazed his chest.

"What an adorable boy you are...Have you ever been with an older woman before, dear?" She asked, batting her heavy-lidded eyes at him.

“No!” He said quickly, omitting the fact that he was pretty sure he had just banged his 90-something-year-old neighbor a few minutes ago and nearly banged this old woman’s own decrepit mother in the apartment next door.

“That’s a shame... You know, I used to always go for older men when I was younger. I liked mature, rugged guys with life etched on their faces but as I grew older I found myself drawn more and more to cute sweet young men... they just seem so much more fun... help me sit down, would you dear?” Annie asked, gripping Trey’s hand.

She eased herself down onto the bed with a groan, rubbing her pudgy aching back before unbuttoning her slacks to begin inching them down off of her puffy cellulite-riddled legs.

“I uh, I’m really just interested in women my age...” He replied as he helped her pull her pants off. “Which is especially challenging today since all of the women my age seem to be in their 90s...” He mumbled under his breath.

After some concerted effort from the two of them they managed to get the slacks completely off. Annie sat naked except for her diaper on the bed catching her breath and rubbing her sagging chest.

“Oh well, an old gal like me might not look as good as we once did but there’s a lot of benefits to a lady with experience... My sister and I we’ve lived through it all and picked up a few dozen tricks along the way!” The gray haired senior said with a wink.

She reached down and popped open the straps of her Depends, spreading her lumpy thighs and letting the diaper flop open to reveal her graying bush. She flashed Trey a wrinkly smile and raised her snowy eyebrow in enticement at her aged lady parts. The young man sputtered and coughed in awkward discomfort.

“I uh... wouldn’t want to mess around with someone’s daughter - I mean, grandma...” He said quickly.

Annie chuckled and shook her head.

“I don’t have any grandkids dear... never had any children... though my ex boyfriend Tommy, his step-daughter used to call me ‘Granny Annie’ oh my, what a sweet girl... goodness she must be nearly done with college by now... about as old as Tommy was when he and I first started to... you know...” Annie said coyly as she thought back fondly on her may/december romance with her friend’s son.

Trey cringed as he noticed that there wasn’t any obvious wetness to the inside of the older woman’s diaper. And the only thing he could smell was the general floral and mothball smell most of these old ladies had.

“Hey you didn’t really need to change your Depends... did you...” He said catching her in the lie.

Annie blushed her wrinkled cheeks and shrugged.

“I guess you’re right... it's so hard to tell at my age... but since we’re already half done you could at least help me powder myself and slip into a new one...” She said in a sing-songy chortling voice.

She grabbed the talcum powder and passed it to him. He pushed it back toward her wondering at what point in her life did Erica’s youngest daughter become this old pervert.

“You can do that yourself ma’am.” He said firmly.

She frowned but ultimately shrugged and shook some powder out onto her palm.

“Suit yourself...” She sighed as she reached down and began to rub the white substance on her aged pussy and the inside of her thighs, moaning softly and closing her eyes as she continued to stroke and rub herself.

Trey cringed and turned around not wanting to watch his friend's daughter who was now older than his own parents shamelessly rub one out. After a short while the quavering moans and heavy breathing stopped.

"You could at least help me powder my fanny young man. It's hard to reach back there at my age..." A voice behind him cooed but it wasn't the throaty old voice of a woman in her 70s, it was a sweet girly voice of a college girl.

He turned around to find a cute 21-year-old blonde pixie laying naked on her stomach on the bed with her sexy toned legs and cute soft sole propped up behind her.

"Annie...?" He gasped with his jaw dropped.

The young woman giggled and smirked at him.

"Well I'm not Barbara Eden... but I could grant wishes!" She replied with a playful wink.

"I... I..." He stammered. Erica's daughter was HOT. Who knew that that wrinkled lecherous old bag had been such a cutie in her youth (besides the fact that she explicitly told him that she did several times.)

"Are you going to help powder my bum or not?" She asked, wiggling her tight little bubble butt flirtatiously.

Trey found that it was much harder to rebuff Annie's advances when she was within ten years of his age rather than a half century older than him. He swallowed hard and nodded.

Quickly hurrying over to the bottle of talcum powder the horny young man poured out a hefty amount of it out into his hands and sat down on the bed next to the blond beauty. He greedily began to rub and squeeze the talc over her smooth young ass cheeks enjoying how round and juicy they felt in his hands.

"Mmmm that feels nice... you're making me feel awfully frisky young man...." She purred in a perky young voice.

But as Trey continued to rub and squeeze her bum he suddenly began to feel the soft fatty tissue expanding in his palms, the skin starting to dry out and pucker and the firm muscle tone of her ass cheeks melted into lumpy sagging fat.

Before he knew it he was rubbing talcum powder into the flabby wrinkled ass cheeks of a 71-year-old woman again. The dimpled saggy skin melted and oozed between his fingers as he groped Annie's old butt.

"That's nice... I'm ready for my nappy now Daddy..." The old woman cooed, her voice deeper and aged once more.

Trey blinked and then quickly jumped back in the bed.

"Gah!" He cringed holding his hands up in disgust realizing that he had just been fondling her ass as it aged 50 years.

Annie rolled over onto her back with a grunt and a few unathletic gasps flopping down in a way that caused her fat saggy breasts to slap one another.

"Come on Daddy, don't keep me waiting... I've been such a good girl..." The old woman pouted playing up this adult baby roleplay that she was doing.

It gave Trey the heebie jeebies and he shivered in disgust as he inched away from her on the bed.

"Why are you calling me 'daddy'?" He asked wondering if this was another weird thing that maybe he was only experiencing in his head.

Annie extended her lumpy wrinkled old leg out and rubbed his arm with her calloused veiny foot.

"Because you're my big strong Sugar Daddy and I'm just a sexy baby that needs your help putting a diaper on." She said attempting a breathy Marilyn Monroe voice that she couldn't quite pull off because of her age.

Trey swallowed hard trying not to gag at the thought. But downstairs the mysterious machine cracked and sizzled again and upstairs on the bed Trey felt the sole brushing against his arm grow softer and daintier and when he glanced over again it was a perky-titted naked 21-year-old trying to entice him into a little bit of age-play.

“So whaddaya say Daddy? Will you diaper me and put me to bed?” She asked biting her lip in erotic excitement.

Trey once again found it a lot easier to say yes to Annie when she was young like him rather than when she was his grandmother's age. He quickly grabbed a fresh pair of Depends from the package on the floor and moved to put it on the sexy young blonde before she grew old again.

He lifted her legs, propping them up on his shoulders as he slipped the diaper under her tight little powder ass and brought the front up between her silky toned thighs, strapping it around her hips.

Trey patted the sexy girl on her diapered crotch and smiled at her looking up at the topless babe who was now sucking on her thumb as she laid on her back on the bed.

“How's that... Baby Annie?” He asked, smiling at her.

The young woman popped her thumb out of her mouth and giggled at him nonsensically.

“Goo-goo gaga!” She babbled.

He furrowed his brow in confusion.

“Is that part of the act or...?” He asked, wondering if she enjoyed going ‘full baby’.

“Goo-goo gaga gaga abba baba...” She shouted giggling and then began to haphazardly suck on her fingers.

Trey watched as the young woman then proceeded to contort her long toned leg up and put her dainty toes into her mouth and began to suck on those. She rolled around on her back sucking on her own toes as her eyes glazed back in her head and Trey realized that this wasn't part of her roleplay - she was mentally an infant.

"Oh fuck- I mean... well I suppose it doesn't actually matter that I swear in front of you because you're technically an adult... an old woman even... or... is that right? Because I guess if we're saying 'technically' then you're a baby because you were born last year - I remember your mom had to cancel her clients for two months so I didn't get to flirt with her in the elevator as much but anyway- what the fuck is going on!? Why does everyone keep changing ages every 5 seconds? Am I going insane!?" He shouted.

Annie, who was once again looking all of her 71 years popped her arthritic bent toes out of her mouth and brought her leg back down causing her hip joint to click loudly.

"Ow - Oh I must have gotten too far into character for a moment... I haven't been flexible enough to twist my leg around like that in years!... Help me up would you deer? I think it's almost time for my senior water aerobics class and after what I just did to my hip joint I may need a little assistance getting around." Annie groaned.

Trey, still having no idea what was happening, dutifully helped Annie up from the bed and dressed into her low cut one-piece bathing suit. She grabbed her cane and hobbled out of the bedroom.

As they walked back to the living room Trey blinked as he saw two pretty teenagers doing a sexy tik tok dance together. But as soon as he closed his eyes and opened them again Chrissie was back into her 70s stumbling through the motions.

"Chrissie dear? We're going to be late for the water aerobics class!" Annie quavered in concern.

“Oh my goodness. I was having such good fun doing the tick tocks with my darling great granddaughter that I completely lost track of the time!” Chrissie gasped.

“Well this sweet young man said he’d help bring us down there.” Annie informed her older sister.

“Let me get changed into my bathing suit real quick!” Chrissie said, holding up a crooked finger to indicate that she would just be a minute.

“I can help you Nana Chrissie.” A suddenly aged Naomi rattled.

The trendy teen tik tok now looked like she could be Annie and Chrissie’s third sister with thinning gray hair still in a Gen-Z hairstyle and a sagging stooped body dressed in her teen clothes.

“Oh that would be so helpful dearie!” A rejuvenated teenage Chrissie told the old woman happily.

Trey rubbed his eyes again as he watched the age-swapped great-grandmother and great-granddaughter hurry off to Chrissie’s bedroom.

A few minutes later their ages had swapped back again and the 74-year-old Chrissie was dressed in a swimsuit that was a bit more modest than the one her slightly younger sister was wearing.

Both older ladies gripped onto Trey’s arms as he slowly escorted them to the elevator.

Upstairs 93-year-old Katie was having a nice peaceful afternoon with her younger 78-year-old gentleman caller Jon. The two sipped tea in her breakfast nook and then sat on her couch for a bit listening to some Gershwin records and reminiscing about their younger years.

Then the mysterious machine in the basement blipped and crackled. The old woman and old man once again found themselves at 33 and 18 years of age respectively.

The horny teenage Jonny looked over at the young cougar sitting next to him looking at him lustily. The two lovers immediately proceeded to start making out passionately on the couch and soon began tearing off on another's old dowdy clothing from each other's toned young bodies.

A few minutes of savage love-making later the two seniors were back to their elderly ages laying naked on the couch exhausted, out of breath and covered in sex juices.

"My... what were we doing again?... we took our clothes off but I can't remember why... were we going to try and have intercourse?" Katie quavered feeling senile.

Jon looked down at his gray-haired ballsack and small shriveled member.

"I don't know... I'm sorry, but I can't get it up anymore darling." Jonny sighed in a gruff voice.

"Oh well, that's all right... I'm too tired at my age to do much anyway... maybe since we're already in our birthday suits though, would you fondle my breasts? I always used to like that when I was younger..." The old woman asked, her wrinkled cheeks blushing a bit.

Jon nodded with a wrinkled smile and brought his leathery hands around her to cup the empty dangling skin sacks that were Katie's 93-year-old tits. He fondled them as much as his arthritis would allow as the old woman let out some trembling moans and they both began to nod off on the couch.

Downstairs Trey had managed to bring the two elderly sisters down to the pool. As soon as they got outside Trey saw that the place seemed to be filled with older women. He had originally gotten his apartment in Millenium Gardens because when he came to take a tour of it he saw that the place seemed to be crawling with hot 20-something girls. Now all of those girls had grown into elderly women in their 90s and even their children and grandchildren were old, making this place look a lot more like a nursing home than a trendy high rise for young professionals.

Chrissie and Annie spotted their friend Ava, who was now a 65-year-old senior with short steely gray hair and thick glasses. She was helping her elderly parents Jack and Diane hobbled their way over to the pool with the aid of walkers. The former captain of the local high school cheerleading team and her football star boyfriend were now a pair of senile 86-year-olds. Diane had a massively wrinkly drooping neck waddle hanging over her pruned face and Jack was bald as a cue ball with scruffy white stubble. The old couple kept doddering around in the wrong direction and their aged daughter had to help steer them back to a place they could comfortably sit down before the class.

Nearby, 84 year old Bree was sitting poolside holding out her wrinkly sagging arms out so that her 85-year-old wife Hannah could rub her arthritis cream on her hands and bunching elbows.

“Thank you my little strawberry shortcake...now hold out your arms so I can do your joints...”** The old shrunken asian woman said with a wrinkly smile, leaning slowly to give the puffy old grandma across from her a peck on her pruned lips.

“Sure sugar plum but I think you need a new pet name for me... I haven’t been strawberry for decades...” Hannah chuckled, fluffing her snowy white hair.

“You’re just a strawberry shortcake covered in whipped cream now...” Bree creaked with a toothless grin.

The elderly former sex therapist creakily leaned over once more to give her wife a more passionate wet kiss with her wrinkled lips.

“Mmm, still sweet.” Hannah rattled with a smile.

Behind them their matronly 56-year-old daughter Laura was attempting to fold up their walkers and get her elderly moms situated. She had faded red hair that was starting to frost white herself. She looked over at Trey and flashed him a tired smile giving him a friendly slightly flirtatious wave. He forced a cringing smile back to her, glancing at her flabby pale gut sagging over her bikini bottoms. Laura sighed wistfully as she covered up her aging doughy

midsection with a sarong, thinking back to when she was a young college girl and would have guys like that wrapped around her finger.

Neither Trey nor Laura remembered that they had had a little fling days ago when their age difference had been reversed and then—some! Any lust Trey had had for the aging redhead when he had been a bald man approaching retirement and she had been a sexy young coed was now replaced with discomfort at being looked at that way by a woman old enough to be his mother!

Similarly when he looked across the pool he found a pair of matronly 59-year-old twins undressing him with their eyes as they slathered suntan lotion over their freckled leathery bodies. Rachel and Rebecca were on the cusp of 60 and looking like a pair of frumpy cougars as Rachel searched through her purse for her blood-pressure medication and Rebecca began to read the latest issue of AARP magazine through thick clunky bifocals.

As Trey stood there gawking at all of the wrinkled, liver spotted flesh on display a clammy hand tapped him on the shoulder. He turned around to see a stooped 88-year-old woman with long thick dark brown hair and heavy make-up over her sunken eyes.

“Excuse me young man... would you give me a hand? I promise to make it worth your while...” She purred in a trembling voice trying to sound seductive despite her age.

“Uh sure... ma’am... how can I help?” He asked her as the aged woman leaned on her walker and smiled at him with teeth that looked too straight and white to be her own.

The old woman looked at him with a bit of confusion on her jowly wrinkled face. She cupped her gnarled shaky hand to her ear.

“Eh?” She rasped.

“HOW CAN I HELP YOU MA’AM?” He said loudly into her ear.

“Oh haha. You don’t have to be so formal, sonny! You can just call me Destiny.” The old woman chortled.

Trey’s jaw dropped as he looked at the shriveled shrunken nearly 90-year-old woman from wrinkled forehead to bent aged toes. He couldn’t believe that the 18-year-old influencer/social media beauty had aged into this decrepit frail old hag!

“Destiny!?” He exclaimed.

“Eh? What? Oh... just help me over to that bench over there, cutie, so that I can put down my things and get ready for my swim class... It's hard getting into the pool with this big metal doo-dad. I’d much rather be on the arm of a handsome young Prince Charming like yourself!” She cackled and winked at him.

Trey was stunned silent as the former teen beauty hooked her gnarled bony hand around his arm and proceeded to push her walker forward toward the bench. When they reached it she pulled the dark brown wig that she was wearing off her head revealing short thin wispy white hair and a liver-spotted scalp.

Destiny then shuffled her wrinkled feet carefully away from her walker and sat herself down on the bench. The folds of sagging pale flesh that her belly and breasts had become oozed into one another like a stack of sweaty pancakes as she sat hunched in her skirted purple and black bathing suit, catching her breath. After a few wheezing breaths she pulled out a bathing cap from her bag as slowly put it around her wrinkled head.

“There now I’m ready for a nice dip in the pool...” She rattled as she held her bony trembling arms up for Trey to take.

He reached out and took her wrinkled hands and gave her a gentle tug up from the bench. The 88-year-old woman stood up with some pops and crackles from her joints and then tipped her shrunken aged body into Trey, falling into him so that he needed to move quickly to catch her, inadvertently reaching his hands down to grip her saggy old ass in the process.

Destiny looked up at him, fluttering her sunken heavily mascaraed eyes at the young man.

“Oh my hero... I’m lucky you were here... If I had fallen I would have likely broken both my hips... I think you deserve a big kiss!” The senile old bag said in a quavering voice.

She pursed her thin wrinkled lip and closed her eyes to kiss him but as she did so her dentures slipped out of her mouth and fell into the gap of her saggy cleavage. The top line of teeth rested in between her breasts as she continued to pucker up for a toothless kiss.

“Uh let’s just get you to the pool... and uh don’t forget your teeth...” Trey said, cringing and pointing down at the dentures on Destiny’s chest.

“My what?” She asked and then opened her eyes and looked down. “Oh! My goodness, how did those get there?” She asked, blushing as she quickly moved to stuff them back into her mouth.

Trey tried to hold his breath. Destiny had that distinctive old lady smell that reminded him of nursing homes or hospital bathrooms. He tried to remember how she used to smell when she was a teenager – he was sure it had been really nice and sexy.

“I can’t believe you used to have like 200k followers on insta...” He said, shaking his head in bewilderment.

He put a hand on her hunched back and let her hold onto him for support as he helped her shuffled down to the shallow end of the pool.

“All of the boys used to line up to kiss me! Oh I was quite the beauty when I was a girl... sometimes they’d even kiss me in the naughty places...” Destiny muttered in senility as they made their way forward.

Once she got to the edge of the pool and was able to grip the railing for the ramp down he quickly moved away and watched as the other old women also did the same with assistance from younger family members.

The door opened and Gavin the college-age swim instructor from the day before entered now looking to be around 30. He was followed by Bree and Hannah's granddaughter Ina who also looked to be about 30. She was holding a little redheaded 5-year-old named Maeve.

Gavin had unfortunately decided to stick around and hang out with Ina after class the day before and one thing had led to another and he ended up staying the night with her which meant that both of them woke up this morning a 30-year-old couple with a pre-school aged daughter.

"Hi ladies! You're all looking lovely today." Gavin said as he hopped down into the pool and looked out at the gaggle of gray haired old women.

"Hiiii Gaviinnn..." The elderly women cooed back at him.

"Wow, we've got a good sized class today." He said looking at all of the grannies bobbing in the pool.

The class had grown in sized now that the original generation of children from the building had aged up into senior citizenship and joined their parents as 'old people'.

"Now I know a lot of you are hard of hearing so I'll try and speak loudly and clearly but if you need me to repeat anything just speak up. Don't worry, we'll go slow!" He assured them.

"Slow is the only speed I know to go!" 86-year-old Diane hollered back.

The old women all cackled.

"Did we start? What are we doing again?" Destiny asked, looking a bit lost due to dementia.

"Okay ladies lets get this going so you can head off and enjoy all of those hot dates I know you have planned for your Saturday!" Gavin said as he began to lead them in some light stretches.

“More like all of the naps I have planned!” Chrissie said, causing the ladies to chortle with laughter.

Gavin smiled and directed the women through raising their puffy sagging arms in the air one at a time and then their veiny frail legs up to the surface of the water.

“Doing good girls... Now let’s all do a nice careful 360 turn in your spots okay. A ballerina spin... one the count of three... one... two... three...” Gavin called out.

The machine in the basement cracked again and began to turn red with heat. Upstairs Trey watched as the wrinkly old biddys bobbed in the water slowly rotating around. But as they turned to face him he saw that the pool was suddenly filled with hot teenage girls.

They were all miraculously young again though not proportionally to one another. Destiny was back to her gorgeous busty 18-year-old self but so was Chrissie who had gone back from senior citizenhood to being a high school senior again. Her younger sister Annie appeared to be in her mid-teens rocking bright blonde hair again and braces on her teeth similar to the braces in young Bree’s mouth. While Jack and Diane were back in their prom king and queen glory, so was their daughter Ava who looked like she could be Diane’s more introverted twin sister.

All of the rejuvenated old folks were still wearing their modest baggy bathing suits. Many of the slender teen girls found themselves engulfed in the ill-fitting one-pieces while some of the more endowed girls had to adjust to make room for breasts that were no longer sagging and half empty.

“Doing great ladies. If you need to rest feel free to just take it easy and stand in the water for a moment while taking some deep breaths.” Gavin offered.

None of the teenagers looked like they needed any rest. The girls all began to giggle and mess around in the room. Chrissie, Annie and Ava began to playfully splash one another while Ava’s rejuvenated parents lustily made out with one

another in the pool. Hannah and Bree were also flashing one another shy flirtatious grins and entwining their fingers with one another in the water.

Destiny however had her eyes set on Trey as she sauntered toward the pool steps like the femme fatale in a sex farce film. She clutched the baggy collar of her oversized granny bathing suit and tugged it down, flashing her perfect perky tits at the 28-year-old standing on the pool deck.

He looked around to see if any of the middle-aged kids and grandkids of these women were watching as the granny devolved into horny teens but as he glanced to the sides of the pool he found that those women were young again as well.

Laura was a freckle-faced 17-year-old again biting her lip and winking at Trey, while Rachel and her twin sister were no longer frumpy matrons but gorgeous 18-year-old redheads again stretching their sexy bodies out on the pool chairs and casting 'come hither' stares at the only eligible man close to their age on the pool deck.

For a moment as Destiny waded seductively toward him and other girls flashed him flirtatious enticing looks Trey thought for a moment that he was about to experience the wildest orgy of his life.

But as quickly as they all regressed, in a flash they were all old again. Except this time they didn't just go back to their business like nothing had happened. No - all across the pool the aged women (and Jack) all looked at themselves and each other and began screaming and crying over their lost youth.

"Oh my god! I'm old! I'm so old!" Chrissie screamed, clutching her 74-year-old breasts with one hand and her jowly cheek with the other.

"Ew you're like - all wrinkly!" Bree gasped, poking her wife's withered face.

"Babe! What happened? You look like my grandma!" Jack gasped.

"I don't know babe! Where the hell are my teeth?" Diane gasped.

Gavin seemed like he wasn't sure what had gotten into his elderly class.

"Okay - okay. It's okay everyone, just calm down... you're in Millenium Gardens and it's the year-" He began to recite a gentle reminder as his now years of working with elderly dementia patients taught him.

"AHHH! HOLY SHIT! I THINK I JUST PISSED MYSELF!!!" Destiny quavered.

Trey looked around at all of the elderly and middle-aged women crying and panicking over their lost youth and turned to quickly run out of there.

He got back into the lobby and clutched his chest feeling like he was about to have an anxiety attack.

"What the fuck is going on?" He mumbled to himself.

The elevator beeped and a 90-year-old Melanie was being wheeled off out by a 22-year-old Conner. The two young men saw one another and their eyes went wide in recognition.

"Conner!... It's Conner right?" He asked rushing up to the younger man.

The guy nodded looking at Trey like he had seen a ghost.

"Y-yeah and you're Trey right? On the 5th floor? H-how are you not like...?" Conner stammered.

"Old? I was about to ask you the same thing. What the hell is happening to everyone?" Trey asked, grabbing the college kid by his shoulders.

"I don't know man! But it's super fucked up! All I remember is passing out next to my girlfriend Melanie after we got super fucking stoned with her bong and when I woke up this morning I was laying in bed next to this shriveled old biddy and she like tells me that she's Melanie!" Conner explained, sounding like he was on the verge of breaking down crying.

“Yeah, the same thing happened to me with my girlfriend Katie...” Trey nodded.

“But like - what’s even more fucked up? This woman Jordyn comes in and like yells at me saying that I’m being inappropriate with her grandmother and that I’m paid to like change her and shit... and this woman? Jordyn she’s like the spitting image of my mom dude! Like she could be my mom's younger sister!... And there are these two twin Karens that are maybe like Melanies daughters or some shit? And they look like my aunts on my dad's side!... How crazy is that?” Conner replied.

Trey looked at the wrinkled woman napping in the wheelchair and tried to imagine the young pretty stoner girl he had always seen Conner tangled up with in the halls of the building. He began to open his mouth to offer some empty condolence to the guy but before he could say anything there was a rumbling sound coming from the boiler room.

“What the fuck was that?” Trey asked.

He turned and rushed over to the door.

“Wait man! Don’t go in there! What if it’s like a bomb or something?” Conner warned fearfully.

“No one is going to plant a bomb in our boring little apartment complex...” Trey said dismissively as he opened the door and went into the room.

The boiler room was hazy and hot as Trey entered it. He could hear a rumbling like a cauldron on the verge of boiling over. He cautiously walked down the step and turned the corner to see the red hot machine pulsating and cracked.

“What in god's name is that?” He mumbled out loud as he moved closer.

An ominous crackling sound grew louder like ice on a lake when a too heavy person stepped onto it. Trey watched as the fissures in the casing of this strange machine grew and multiplied rapidly.

“Holy sh-” He explained.

But it was too late. The machine burst open in a flash of light engulfing the building once again in bright white light. Time and reality warped once more as things seemed to rewind and speed forward simultaneously.

Finally there was a still silence as 28-year-old Trey Robbins woke up in apartment 513 on what he believed to be a cool Saturday morning and looked over to the side of the bed to see his angelic 93-year-old girlfriend Katie sound asleep beside him.

He decided to make her morning extra enjoyable so he slowly pulled back the covers to reveal Katie’s shriveled aged naked body underneath. Her sunken eyes opened a crack as she blearily began to wake up. Trey leaned over and kissed her wrinkly old stomach right beside her cavernous belly button.

“Good morning, beautiful.” He said with a grin.

To be concluded...