

“Are you all right Miss Koenig? Do you need me to do anything else for you?”
Trey asked with a polite smile.

“Just one thing, dear boy. Tell me... *have* you seen my pussy?”

She stood up abruptly and grabbed the back of Trey’s head thrusting it into her crotch. The young man squirmed for a moment but her vagina seemed to glow like a rip in the fabric of time and space... he could see galaxies and a sea of stars in the opening which seemed to grow wider and wider until it swallowed him whole.

Sunday June 12th, This year.

The residents of Millenium Gardens awoke on the rainy overcast Sunday morning to a loud bang, a rumble and then the blaring sounds of a fire alarm. Trey Robbins of apartment 513 sat up with a jolt, having just been woken from having the strangest dream. He looked around the bedroom checking to see if there was smoke or fire and then turned to wake his 23-year-old girlfriend up but found a frumpy 58-year-old woman sleeping next to him.

She had graying brown hair and flabby bingo-wing arms. The sheer nightie that she was wearing was a few sizes too snug for her and didn’t do anything to obscure her large sagging breasts or leathery freckled cleavage.

“Ah! Who are you!?” Trey screamed over the sound of the fire alarm, recoiling back in bed and clearing his throat because it sounded hoarse and flemmy.

Katie opened her crinkled eyes and blearily looked over at the man shouting at her and screamed.

“Who am I? Who are you!? What are you doing in Trey’s room!?” She cried in panic pulling the sheet up to her creased neck and double chin to hide her exposed body from this old pervert who had burst into her boyfriend’s bedroom.

“Trey’s room? I’m Trey!” He insisted indignantly to the matronly cow laying in his bed that seemed to have the audacity to act like he was trying to sneak a

peak at her saggies. Like he would even be interested in fucking her – she was easily old enough to be his mother!

He instinctively brought his hand up to run his fingers through his hair but found his hand rubbing against a sweaty bald scalp.

“T-Trey?” Katie asked fearfully looking at the bald, wrinkled 63-year-old man kneeling on the edge of the bed in the same boxers her boyfriend had gone to bed in last night.

Trey looked down at his chest which now had a distinct beer belly and man boobs, not to mention a liberal amount of white hairs. He gulped and then glanced back up at the frumpy graying brunette with crows feet and love handles gawking at him in the bed.

“Katie?” He gasped.

This scenario was playing out all across the building as residents awoke to find themselves and their loved ones suddenly aged 35-years seemingly overnight.

Erica woke up in apartment to the sounds of the fire alarm and attempted to jump out of bed, feeling sore and achey. She rubbed her back as she set her veiny feet down on the floor wondering if she had workout out too hard yesterday or if she was getting sick. Maybe her body was telling her to slow down a bit, after all she was 30 now.

But first she needed to get the girls and evacuate the building until someone told her it was safe to go back inside.

“Chrissie? Chrissie? Are you up honey?” She called out to her oldest daughter as she hurried out of the bedroom. Her knees were bothering her too for some reason.

She went to check on her youngest daughter first but as she hobbled quickly into the nursery she gasped to find a woman around her own age laying in the crib sucking on her own 35-year-old toes.

“Momma!” Annie shouted cheerfully, giggling as she held out her adult arms to her aging mother.

Erica gasped and her wrinkled face went pale with fright.

“Who are you? Where is my daughter?” She demand.

The grown adult blonde sitting naked in a crib on top of the remnants of a diaper began to cry.

“Chrissie...?” Erica called out now sounding scared as she rushed out of the nursery to her older daughters room but the little girl was no where to be found. The room was completely empty.

She attempted to run back to her room for her cellphone to call 9-1-1 but then stopped short at the mirror in the hallway.

“Oh my god...” She cried as she brought a veiny hands up to her lined face.

A 65-year-old woman was staring back at her with graying blonde hair and deep laugh lines. She looked down to see that the perky breasts she had gone to sleep with were now sagging sacks resting on a soft wrinkled belly.

Before she could scream a group of teenagers burst into her apartment with a middle-aged blonde woman in toe dress in the too-tight clothing of a little girl - in fact they were Chrissie’s pajamas!

“Grandma? Are you all right?” The oldest of the teens asked - she was an attractive young women about college age with a big baby bump.

“You girls have the wrong apartment! I don’t have time for this - my daughters are missing and I- I’m old!” Erica cried clutching the loose skin of her jowly cheeks.

Annie came stumbling out of the nursery like a grown woman taking the awkward first steps of an infant. She was still completely naked causing the teens to groan in disgust and cover up their eyes.

“Someones been drinking...” The younger of the teen girls whispered to her older sister.

“Mommy! I’m so scared mommy! What’s going on!?” Chrissie yelled running over to hug Annie who she assumed was Erica.

“That’s not grandma. That’s aunty Ann mom... she’s been acting really weird since we woke up...” 19-year-old Jenny, the oldest of the three youngsters explained in exasperation.

“Ann... Annie!?” Erica cried in recognition of the adult version of her infant daughter. “And... Chrissie!?” She gawked at the nearly 40-year-old woman who had just been 4 when she had put her to bed.

“Great and now grandma’s acting weird too...” 15-year-old Grayson mumbled rolling his eyes.

65-year-old Erica hugged her two grown daughters as the teens all looked at each other thinking that their behavior was really strange.

“What’s happening... Chrissie’s your mother? How is that possible... that would make me your-” The aged fitness trainer gasped as she looked at the three teens who bore more than a passing familial resemblance to her.

“Our grandma... yeah. I don’t know what’s gotten into you and mom and aunty Ann but like, can you guys pull it together so we can get out of heres... there’s like a fire in the building!” 17-year-old Harper insisted putting her hand on her trim toned waist the way Erica always did.

The newly senior Erica had no idea how these kids suddenly existed but she knew somehow that they were Chrissie’s kids. She had just turned 30 and now she was a grandma... soon to be a GREAT grandma by the look of the oldest girls stomach.

“I- I don’t know what’s going on but we can figure that out once we get outside. Here you honey, what’s your name?” Erica asked the oldest girl.

“Jenny...” The 19-year-old replied with concern.

“Jenny... huh, like my aunt Jenny... Can you and um sorry, your name dear?” Erica asked the middle child.

“Harper.” The 17-year-old replied with a smirk.

“Right, can you girls help get Annie dressed? There should be some clothes that fit her in my dresser. And you sweetie, what’s your name?” Erica asked the boy.

“I’m Grayson, grandma.” The 15-year-old reminded the old woman.

“Wow my mother’s maiden name is Grayson.” Erica replied dumbfounded.

“Yeah I know, that’s why mom gave me the name!” The boy replied with a shrug as if he had heard this dozens of times.

“This is so crazy... sorry, gotta focus. Okay Grayson can you help my daughter... your, um, mom down the stairs?” She asked guiding her middle-aged daughter over to the teen boy.

“Uh, sure. Do you know what’s up with her? She’s acting like a little kid.” Grayson asked.

Chrissie brought a hand up to feel Erica’s lined face.

“Mommy? Is that really you? Why are you all wrinkly...? She asked, sniffing in fear.

Erica shook her head.

“I don’t know. Let’s just get out of here and then we can figure everything out.” Erica insisted.

The girls came back with some of Erica's workout clothes and helped Annie and Chrissie change and then the family all quickly made their way down to the lobby.

Downstairs they passed other families that had multiplied over night like 57-year-old Conner and 55-year-old Melanie who had gone to sleep as college kids and woken up eligible for AARP with 3 daughters in their 20s and a 7-year-old granddaughter.

Sabrina was now looking quite old and dowdy at 60 with short gray hair and deep frown lines as she waddled across the smoky lobby with her crying 35-year-old daughter Lilly in-toe.

"Erica?" She asked in a throaty voice, sounding like she barely believed it herself as she ran up to the 65-year-old aged fitness buff.

The grandmotherly personal trainer squinted her crinkly eyes at older woman calling her name.

"I'm sorry- I can't tell who you are..." Erica said honestly as she hugged her own infantile grown daughter against her sagging body.

"It's me, Sabrina... I know, I wouldn't have recognized you either if your daughter wasn't the spitting image of you." The 60-year-old new mother admitted.

"My god... is that little Lilly?" Erica gasped at the 35-year-old woman wearing her mothers robe who was currently playing with her bouncing breasts and giggling.

Her mother turned and caught her trying to bring one of the breasts up to her mouth.

"Lilly! I told you to stop that!" Sabrina snapped at the woman who let go of her tits and began to fuss.

Sabrina turned back to Erica with a concerned look.

“They’re saying there was an explosion in the basement... but... I want to know what kind of chemicals they were storing down there that could cause THIS!” The 60-year-old declared as she gestured a veiny hand toward the scores of aged neighbors coughing and shuffling toward the door in confusion and bewilderment.

Erica’s teenage grandchildren meanwhile were helping their mother calm down as she was acting like a scared little kid while they attempted to exit the building.

“Can I go play with my dollies soon?” Chrissie asked, sucking her thumb.

“Uh... s-sure mom. We can play whatever you want once we get outside.” Jenny assured the middle-aged woman.

As they approached the exit a beer-bellied 40-year-old man ran up behind Chrissie and pulled her fading blonde hair.

“Owww!” The woman screamed as she felt the back of her head where her hair had been tugged.

“Haha! Stupid face!” Matty yelled, sticking out his tongue as he ran out the door in little boys underoos, his hairy chest fully exposed.

“Oh my god, dad! Don’t be a dick!” Harper screamed after him.

Outside the building they huddled in blankets under make-shift tents that emergency services had set up along the sidewalk. 49-year-old Bree and 50-year-old Hannah hugged one another tightly as their elderly parents grimaced at the 21-year-old redheaded girl who had mysteriously shown up claiming to be the teen girls daughter.

Nearby 51-year-olds Jack and Diane were having an argument while Diane’s 72-year-old mother Brenda sat on a bench trying to reconcile the fact that her age had doubled, her teenage daughter was older than she was when she had

gone to bed last night and now she has a 30-year-old granddaughter and a little great-grandson - all before she had technically turned 40.

“How can you even think that any of this is ‘cool’ Jack! Look at us! We’re fucking old fogies!” Diane shouted in a throaty voice.

“I’m just saying babe... like, we’re adults now. We can do what we want!” The mustachioed middle-aged man offered.

“What I *want* is to go to cheerleading practice in 4 hours but how am I supposed to do that when my joints are all stiff and I have fucking cellulite all over my thighs!” Diane screamed stretching out her leg to show how thick and flabby it had become.

“So what? You’re still beautiful to me babe... I’ve always thought cougars were kind of hot.” Jack insisted.

“Eww how can you like these fat saggy tits and this gross flabby muffin top! Are you insane!?” Diane cried as she grabbed her breasts and lifted them up to let them flop back down again for emphasis.

“Mom - just calm down.” 30-year-old Ava said as she came over with 7-year-old Tommy.

“You stay the hell away from me! I’m only 16 god damn years old so I’m not old enough to be anyones ‘mom’ and I sure as *fuck* don’t have a GRANDchild!” Diane shouted pointing warningly at Ava and Tommy.

“Babe...” Jack tried to calm his girlfriend by putting his hairy arms around her.

“God, I never should have let you take my virginity...” Diane whined, pushing her middle-aged boyfriend away.

“That was a long time ago mom...” Ava said with a sigh.

“It was two nights ago!... oh my god, people are starting to come over here to see what happened! Our classmates are going to see us all old and... and... and frumpy! Hide me!” Diane cried pulling the blanket over her graying head.

Others weren't as upset, like the group of 30-somethings: Donna, Patty, Sandra, Val and Harold. All had gone to bed Baby Boomers and woken up with the bodies of young Millennials. They jumped up and down, squealing excitedly at one another feeling each others smooth cheeks and admiring one another's tight buttocks. Harold pulled 36-year-old Val into a kiss and they all started to dance and cheer.

Behind them a 53-year-old Destiny, without the benefits of a good dye job and some botox was really looking her age as she sat in an ill-fitting teddy that unflatteringly hugged her sagging curves.

“Here you go man. You look a little cold, here's a blanket and some hot coffee...” A emergency response worker said as he handed the items to the grumpy older woman.

“Ma'am? I'm not a 'ma'am'! I'm only 18!” Destiny insisted in a husky voice.

The young man gave her a polite but skeptical smile.

“Sure, it's good stay young at heart.” He nodded.

Destiny stood up tossing aside the blanket.

“No seriously dude. Don't patronize me. I'm a fucking social media celebrity. Destiny? Hello! I just like - something fucking happened to all of us and I woke up with my tits all floppy and my ass doubled in size! You have to believe me. I younger than you!” She pleaded desperately, pulling out her phone to show the young man one of her videos of her teenage self.

The worker nodded with a humoring smile.

“Oh totally. I get you... You’ve definitely uh, ‘still got it’ ma’a- er, miss Destiny... I’ve just got to go help some of the other rapidly aged internet stars...” He said backing away.

Destiny flopped down onto the bench again rubbing her sore lower back and trying not to sob, as it would cause her face to get even more wrinkled than it currently was.

The worker ran over to a few of his friends by the response truck.

“Hey get this! That desperate housewife over there - she totally tried to tell me that she’s 18!” He whispered to them with a laugh.

“Her? Wow, lady look in a mirror! She’s 50 if she’s a day!” One of the other workers said.

“And the best part? She claims that she’s this influencer Destiny that I follow on Social media!” The first worker said with a giggle.

“Ha! You know... she does look like her in an older... much saggier way... maybe she’s like Destiny’s mother or aunt or something?” Another worker said squinting at the matronly graying woman to see if he could tell what she must have looked like 3 decades ago.

No one noticed as representatives from a mysterious group called the Koenig foundation began to work their way through the crowd. First they approached the 30-something and 40-something adults in the crowd, subtly injecting something in their back of their necks. Soon Chrissie and Annie and the other adults their age were talking in full sentences and seemed to have gained decades of knowledge and maturity in seconds.

Then they began to work their way around the older adults, passing out cards with cards that claimed to offer a free one week stay at a hotel in the city.

“I don’t know what the fuck I supposed to do! I’m a fucking Gen-Z pop culture blogger and I look like I’m a Gen-Xer about to turn 60!” Katie ranted to Trey

who wasn't listening. The bald 63-year-old was busy checking out Conner and Melanie's 24-year-old twin redheaded daughters.

Katie herself trailed off for a moment as she looked over at a ruggedly good looking man, who just yesterday would have been old enough to be her dad. He was about 43 and had a chisled jaw and a muscular frame. She couldn't help but cast a flirtatious look the guys way, until she noticed that he was wearing a little boys super-hero cape strapped to his back.

"Jonny! Stay close dear!" Jonny's senior citizen mom called over to him.

Katie went pale and looked back at her bald, out-of-shape 63-year-old boyfriend and back to the 43-year-old neighbors kid who she would be robbing the cradle of. She sat back sulking with her flabby arms over her sagging chest wondering if she'd ever get laid again without viagra playing a starring role. Her cell phone pinged and she picked it up, her eyes going wide.

"Uh Trey... did you get this too?" She asked holding up her phone.

"What babe?" Trey asked, as he stared at the ass of a friend's now college-age granddaughter.

"I just got e-mailed a settlement agreement... for the... y'know, the aging... it's - well it's enough to retire on..." She said in shock.

And it was true. Each of the Millenium Gardens residents were given an offer for 35 years worth of lost income plus an additional sum to account for mental health damages and replacing their entire wardrobe. In the days and weeks that past every resident accepted the mysterious offer and attempted to move on with their new lives.

Of course for some it was easier than others...

The end.