

HOT FLASH HOUSE

By Chrono Eclipse

Chapter 19: Graduation or Retirement party?

Once Jayne and Tabby had had their fun and David was done powdering the older women he had each of them lift their saggy asses off the bed so that he could slide a diaper underneath both of them.

Moving their flabby legs in the air causing the women to grimace and groan a bit as their hips moved in ways that they hadn't moved in a while, David was able to get the diapers up and secured to their waists.

The two older matronly women sat up in their depends. The diapers crinkled around their crotches as they looked down at their new article of clothing and wondered the best way to disguise it under their clothes for the party.

David stood at the edge of the bed watching the two topless women - a grandmother and a gray haired older mother - get up off the bed with a groan and waddle over to their respective dressers. He wondered if this was the start of a tradition now. If he would regularly be diapering his ex girlfriend and her best friend as they got older and older until they were two senile shriveled old biddies still cackling at him to rub the baby powder in. For some reason that thought didn't really bother him.

He stepped out of the room to let the ladies pick out their party attire and headed downstairs.

It seemed like Lacey wasn't back home yet. He popped his head into the living room and saw Luna sitting indian-style on the couch. She was a gawky teenager now, likely just a year or two off from high school. Jayne's daughter was now rocking braces over her teeth, David noticed as she grinned at him and waved.

David raised his hand to say 'hi' back to her.

On the floor Hope's youngest daughter Danielle was coloring. She was a toddler now and had long reddish hair. David couldn't believe that this little girl had

just been a new born baby that Hope was breast feeding just less than an hour ago from his perspective.

He turned and walked into the kitchen.

Hope was standing at the kitchen sink with her back to David. She was shaking her tush to some 90s pop rock. David didn't know the name of the band but felt like he heard the song before in an old movie or something. Hope's ass had gotten wider and was being hugged quite snugly by her jeans. She also had a striped long sleeve shirt on that didn't cover her muffin top. Her exposed lower back and waist were pooching out over her waist back and slightly jiggling as she bopped around preparing food for the party that evening.

David observed the sprinkling of brown moles dotting the area where her back sloped up into her ass. Hope's skin was dryer and less smooth than it had been throughout her 20s and 30s and the extra bit of middle-aged flab was compelling David to reach out and touch it.

He stepped forward, she still hadn't noticed him there as he came up behind her and wrapped his arms around her midriff into a hug.

Hope jumped, startled by the hands suddenly touching her. She squirmed around in his arms and looked relieved to see that it was David.

"Oh Davy! You startled me!" She exclaimed, red-faced.

The shirt she was wearing was low cut and now that she had turned around still pressed against him, he had the benefit of her sloping freckled cleavage hanging right under his face.

"I uh saw you dancing and thought I might cut in." David said with a mischievous smile.

"Oooo David! What a naughty boy you are..." Hope purred as she rested her arms on his shoulders.

She was beginning to gain slight bingo wings as he watched her flabby arms jiggle on either side of his head. Hope pressed her drooping tits against his chest and bit her lip while eyeing the younger man.

“Mama Hope likes naughty boys... but you shouldn’t distract me like this... you know I have to finish preparing for Lacey’s graduation party...” She purred.

“I know... I was just thinking you looked really hot grooving out to your oldies music.” He said honestly.

Hope drenched at the compliment, both of which were no longer common occurrences for her these days. She blushed and batted her tired lined eyes at David.

“If you weren’t half my age and my daughters boyfriend...” She said breathlessly, rubbing her looser neck.

“You know Lacey doesn’t mind us having a little fun...” David said. He couldn’t believe he hadn’t had sex with this girl yet.

He’s been incredibly turned on by her since she was a teenager and now that she was a MILF she was the kind of woman he would totally think of in the shower when he was trying to rub one out.

Hope stared at him as they stood pressed against on another in front of the sink. It was like she was playing out a fantasy in her head as one hand reached up to play with his hair and the other slipped under his shirt to caress his abs.

“Well... there is one thing you could do for me...” She said with a sly grin on her face.

“Yeah definitely! What do you want me to do?” He asked enthusiastically.

She leaned over and nibbled on his earlobe for a moment before whispering: “You can go shut the door to the living room.”

He snorted a laugh and smiled at her. He figured this was her way of telling him ‘not today, little boy.’ He walked over and shut the door leading into the living room for her and turned to get out of Hope’s hair so she could get back to what she was doing.

“Now come over here and give me a nice spank naughty boy...” She said with a husky chuckle.

He looked over to see the 40-year-old woman leaning over the kitchen counter and wiggling her pump ass at him. His jaw dropped with surprise. He was getting seduced by his girlfriends mom/friends daughter/former love interest who was now a lonely horny desperate housewife!

David quickly went over to her and lifted his hand, open palmed and brought it down on her backside.

His hand connected with a loud ‘thwap’ and he felt her ass cheeks jiggle under her jeans. Hope moaned softly as he spanked her.

“Spank me again David...” She panted, closing her eyes.

He wound back and smacked her ass again.

“Ooo harder baby...” She cooed bending over further and wiggling her ass in the air.

He spanked her harder really getting into it.

“Oh god yes! Harder David, spank my fat ass...” She groaned just loud enough so that it wouldn’t carry into the next room.

“Sure thing ‘Mama Hope’...” He said gleefully as he slapped her rump again.

She unbuttoned her jeans and pulled them down to her thighs revealing that she was wearing black panties. She tugged those down around her ass cheeks as well revealing a dimpled pock-marked butt that was red from the spanking so far and jiggling from flab and cellulite.

He happily raised his hand up and slapped it against her bare bum. Her ass cheeks felt warm and soft against his hand. It helped that she had a good amount of cushioning back there.

“Yes!” She cried leaning over the sink.

David gave her another spank.

“Again!” She pleaded.

He was turned on by how ‘take charge’ she was being about this. She was treating him like he was her little boy-toy. David thought that if she had been in her 20s she wouldn’t have acted like this in a million years. Though he wished he had gotten a chance to spank Hope’s tight little 20-year-old booty yesterday (or however long it had been since she was that age) so that he could compare the sensations.

“Oh god spank that ass David!” She moaned.

He raised his hand back and brought it down quickly and sharply onto the center of her butt connecting with both ass cheeks. However as his hand hit her ass she let loose a fart out of her middle-aged rump.

FRRMPPH

David felt the gas expel onto his hand as he connected and Hope’s face went bright red. She immediately moved away from him, quickly pulling her panties and jeans but up.

“That’s uh – I must have... Oh I think I heard the door! That must be the delivery guy with the... thing! I better go and get it!” Hope stammered quickly still beat red from embarrassment.

“Uh okay.” David said not wanting to make the woman any more mortified than she already was.

Hope ran out of the kitchen quickly and David turned to rinse his hand off in the sink with soap and water.

He glanced over to his right and looked out the screen door onto the back yard and saw a 6-year-old tanned skin, dark haired girl bouncing on the trampoline next door. David realized that that must be Nina, Ariana’s daughter, who had been born (from his perspective at least) at the pool party.

Now she was a kindergarten aged girl who was bouncing on the trampoline, having fun and giggling the way he witnessed her grandmother do not very long ago when she was even younger than Nina.

As he stared out the window the little girl seemed to get a few years older with each bounce. First the little ragamuffin became a girl not much younger than Luna and a couple bounces later Nina was a teenager, strongly resembling her mother the last time David had hooked up with her.

He watched as the caramel-toned teen bounced on the trampoline in nothing but a frilly skirt, her hips flaring and her breasts bouncing wildly as they grew bigger and bigger.

Her increasingly curvy adult body moving gracefully through the air with each bounce. It wasn't long before he was watching a full grown woman of nearly 30 years of age doing splits in the air with her thick toned thighs.

Her long wavy dark hair was tossing about as she crept toward the end of young adulthood. Her body more and more jiggle to it with each bounce. She was now easily older than her own mother as David saw creases form along the woman's nose and mouth.

He watched the latina woman who was now around Hope's age bounce on the trampoline. Her breasts were drooping now and her belly was flabby. He could see her cottage cheese thighs were gaining stretch marks and her giggles were becoming huskier and more mature sounding.

David watched as gray began to sprinkle its way through the woman's hair and her rosy cheeks droop into jowls as her frumpy exposed torso flopped about whenever she went up and down.

She was well into her 50s by the time her hair became more uniformly gray. She hadn't gained a ton of weight through middle age like her grandmother has but remained curvy like her mom. Her hip sounded like it clicked as she entered her 60s and the matronly woman, still dressed in only a skirt gripped it and continued to bounce.

He watched as she passed through retirement age. Her gray hair beginning to lighten with white streaks and wrinkles really beginning to form on her face

and body. Her boobs were quite floppy now as they hung on her tanned leathery chest.

Her knees looked knobby by the time David figured she was in her 70s. Veins snaked their way up and down her wrinkled chunky calves and thighs. Her toes were beginning to bend from arthritis and a loose neck waddle was forming under her chin.

Moments later David was trying not to laugh at the sight of the stooped over frail white haired lady in her 80s bouncing on the trampoline. Her tits were dangling empty sacks flailing all around and her limbs were bony and covered in baggy wrinkled skin. Her sunken eyes still had the look of someone who was enjoying themselves as the elderly woman cackled gleefully from her wrinkled toothless mouth.

“What are you staring at?” A voice asked behind David.

He turned around to see his beautiful 22-year-old girlfriend standing behind him wearing cut off shorts and a bikini top. He looked back out the screen door to see 6-year-old Nina bouncing about happily.

“Oh uh nothing!” He said quickly.

“Good because I want you to help us with a tiktok!” Lacey said excitedly.

He looked around again and noticed Nina was gone and it was evening when it had just been morning a second ago.

“Yeah sure!” David said shaking off the weirdness of that experience.

He followed her out of the kitchen, enjoying how her curvy body really filled out the outfit she was currently rocking. He saw that a bunch of older adults were gathered in the dining room around the table in there, eating snacks and drinking. Danielle and Nina ran around under the table playing and squealing with laughter.

He saw Jayne and Tabitha both dressed in nice dresses that hid the Depends they were wearing underneath. He even spotted Jennifer sitting in a chair in

the corner dressed in a blouse and slacks that absolutely did not hide the fact that the nearly 90-year-old woman was sporting a diaper instead of panties.

“I don’t know where they’ve run off to. Probably in the other room on their phones!” He heard one of the older women ranting.

“Oh I know! My granddaughter is OBSESSED with that tikchat stuff!” He heard a voice reply that he was pretty sure came from Tabitha.

“C’mon! In here.” Lacey beckoned as she went into the living room.

He followed her and discovered where all the ‘under 30’ crowd was hanging out. A handful of Lacey’s college friends were there drinking and standing around. David recognized a bunch of them as kids from his school.

Luna was also there dressed in what a middle-schoolers idea of what a ‘hot trendy woman would dress like’. He thought teenage Jayne would totally approve of what Luna was wearing but if her mom, 58-year-old Jayne, saw her in a skirt that came up to her mid thigh and a skimpy tank top, she would blow a gasket at the girl.

The 13-year-old sat awkwardly on the arm of the couch trying to blend in with the much older kids but found herself staring a little too long at two of Lacey and David’s female friends making out in the corner of the room.

David snorted a laugh wondering if the aging stuff would affect all of the people at the party now. Maybe in an hour or so Luna, Nina and Danielle would be the only “young” adults in the house as this college crowd aged up into boring frumpy middle-aged men and woman complaining about their hot flashes and aching back and the fact that they can’t eat spicy food anymore without pooping themselves.

He supposed at that point if he popped back into the dining room it would be filled with a bunch of wrinkly napping senior citizens.

“Okay babe? Come on over here and take my phone...” Lacey interrupted his day dream once again.

He looked over to see Ariana, looking gorgeous in hip hugging jeans and a tube top directing Lacey and her two friends. David smiled seeing that the two high school girls from the pool party had blossomed into really sexy college girls.

“This is gonna be so lit! Just do it exactly like I showed you.” Ariana told them excitedly.

“You’re getting this right?” Lacey asked David as he held her phone.

He brought the phone up and began to shoot the tiktok video of the trio of girls doing a sexy dance together that David assumed Ariana had choreographed.

The girls all laughed as soon as it was done. David enjoyed the sight of their tits bouncing in their tight shirts as they giggled and caught their breath.

“That was hot! We should do another one and at the end be like ‘Class of 2025!’” Katie, Lacey’s redheaded friend suggests.

“No that’s going to make it stupid. It should just be the dance. That was boner-popping... right Davy?” Desiree, Lacey’s brunette friend asked him.

“Uh yeah most definitely.” David agreed.

“I can just add the hashtag.” Lacey said adding effects and finish up the video before posting.

“Make sure to tag me in it. I want some of your followers.” Ariana said with a grin.

“Hey can I see it for a sec?” David asked, an idea popping into his head.

“Sure babe, just don’t post it yet there’s still a couple things I want to do.” Lacey said handing him the phone.

He took it and scrolled down the list of effects and found the ‘age’ one. Quickly tapping on a few things he chuckled and handed the phone back to Lacey.

She watched the dance replay on her phone except instead of 3 hot 22-year-olds were three flabby graying women in their 50s.

Lacey watched the video wide-eyed and covers her mouth laughing.

“Oh my god....” She giggles.

“What? What did he do?” Desiree nudges in to see the phone.

She peers at the video of herself and her friends dancing as middle-aged women and a horrified look comes over her face.

Katie stands on her tiptoes to look at the video over the other two girls shoulders.

“Ewwwww! We’re like SO oooooold!!!” The redhead squeals.

David rolled his eyes thinking that the girl would find ‘50’ less and less old as he day went on.

“Let me see that.” Ariana took the phone.

“DON’T hit send. I don’t want anyone seeing me like that!” Desiree warned.

Ariana let out a cackling laugh.

“Damn you ladies look like a bunch of thirsty cougars trying to bust a move after dropping your kids off at soccer practice!” Ariana said hanging the phone back to Lacey.

“Ugh don’t find that so funny – unlike us you’re already a mom so you’re like... halfway there.” Desiree taunted Ariana.

The latina woman put her smooth hand on her hip and raised an eyebrow at the pale skinned brunette girl.

“Hey that isn’t my saggy bandonka and flabby belly jiggling about in that video! If I were you i’d invest a lot in hair dye by the looks of things...” Ariana teased back.

“This is hilarious. I’ve got to show mom before we change it back.” Lacey said grabbing David’s hair.

“You are going to change it back though right?... Lacey?... Right!?” Katie called behind them as they ran out of the room.

They rushed into the dining room where all the middle-aged and older adults were gathered. It wasn’t hard to find Hope, she was looking miserable in a conversation with a boring-looking middle-aged couple. The couples back was to David and Lacey as they entered so when Hope spotted them and her face lit up, the couple turned to see who she was looking at.

“Oh there’s the lady of the hour! Congratulations!” The woman of the couple said to Lacey.

Behind the couple Hope mimed shooting herself in the head.

“Thank you.” Lacey said smirking at her mother antics.

“Well – don’t feel like you have to rush into a career! Enjoy your youth while you got it!” The man from the couple suggested to her.

‘Yeah for about the entire hour or two more that you’ve got it...’ David thought.

As if to prove his point he glanced over to see Jayne and Tabitha not far from them in an intense conversation with Mrs. Withersby who lived at the end of the street. David couldn’t believe what he was seeing. It sounded like they were talking about gardening of all the stupid things.

Mrs. Withersby was the neighborhood ‘Karen’ who was always nosing around and yelling at the teens in the neighborhood. She was a recently retired widow who had nothing better to do than sit by her window and look for ‘hoodlums’ and ‘teen whores’ (her words) to yell at and call the parents on. Jayne and especially Tabitha HATED her because of the amount of time she had gotten them in trouble with Jennifer for sneaking home late.

Now the three of them looked like they were thick as thieves talking about the best way to grow radishes. He stared at them for a few moment dumbfounded

at the fact that his girlfriend and best friend had gotten so old that they were friends and contemporaries with the crustiest woman on their street.

Tabitha caught him staring and winked. Jayne caught the wink and looked over to David with a warm smile giving him a little wave with her veiny hand. Mrs. Withersby turned to see who Jayne was waving at and scowled at David.

“Do you have better things to do than stare at old ladies young man?” She asked sternly.

“Hey speak for yourself Brenda! Some of us aren’t ‘old ladies’ yet!” Jayne said laughing.

Her face was blushing, beat red. Clearly the comment had embarrassed her.

“Seriously Brend, cut the kid a little slack. If my granddaughter’s boyfriend wants to check us out then more power to him!” Tabitha said with a lecherous cackle.

“I uh... sorry!” David said quickly turning back to Lacey and Hope.

He thought about how he was just rubbing Jayne’s and Tabitha’s gray-haired older pussys with his hand. He couldn’t imagine in a million years going anywhere near Mrs. Witherby’s smelly old vagina.

David shivered at the mere thought of it.

“Mom look at what Davy did!” Lacey said excitedly holding her phone up to her mother.

Hope held the phone a little farther from her face and squinted her eyes a bit. She was at the point where she probably needed glasses but was too stubborn to admit it.

She finally managed to focus her eyes on the video and looked surprised at the clip of three women who looked older than her, dancing around like young girls.

“Wow. Who are these women? You said David shot this?” Hope asked sounding a little jealous.

Lacey giggled.

“That’s me, Katie and Desiree!” Hope’s daughter told her.

Hope scrutinized the video closer.

“No baby you must be showing me the wrong thing. These women are in their like 50s. This one on the left has gray hair and the one in the middle looks like her boobs are down to her belly button!” Hope corrected.

Lacey laughed harder.

“Yeah I know! David put it through some kind of age-filter. We just shot that dance a minute ago in the living room.” The 22-year-old explained.

Hope’s jaw dropped as she compared the woman in the video to her young daughter and suddenly looked creeped out by it.

“Holy crap!” Hope exclaimed handing the phone back to Lacey.

“I know right!” Lacey said with a grin.

“You’ll be lucky to move half as good as that when you’re that age!” Hope said with a smirk.

“Wanna make a bet?” Lacey smirked back at her mother.

“Seriously. Ask your grandma or aunty Jayne to do that dance – they’ll probably throw out their backs!” Hope insisted.

“What about you *mom*...?” Lacey challenged.

Hope looked around and then at David, trying to still act like she could roll with the college kids.

“Pshhhh I could pull off that dance no sweat. Just because i’m your mother and you’re graduating doesn’t mean i’m over the hill. Remember I was practically a baby myself when I had you.” Hope pointed out.

“Uhhh you were like our age. It’s not like you had me before puberty...” Lacey said pointing at herself and David.

“So... you want to try out the dance? We could post it on tiktok. I bet it would do viral...” David offered really wanting to see 40-year-old Hope try and bust-a-move.

Hope stood frozen for a moment trying to think of how to respond.

“Maybe after the party... someone has to make sure that we don’t run out of food and drinks...” She offered as an excuse.

Lacey began to call her mother out for being lame but something else caught his attention.

“I called the city about installing about making the noise curfew 6pm instead of 10pm but I haven’t heard anything about it!” Mrs. Withersby complained to Tabitha and Jayne.

Pppfpmp a small but audible fart emitted from Tabitha’s rear.

The gray-haired woman blushed.

“Oh pardon me.” She said politely.

Jayne looked at her friend sympathetically and Mrs. Withersby waved her hand to reassure Tabitha.

“Oh don’t worry about it. It happens to me all of the time! I bet it’s all this cheese!” The retired woman chuckled.

David held out his tongue, disgusted.

“If you’ll excuse me. I just have to powder my nose...” Tabitha said waddling away from them.

Jayne looked at Mrs. Withersby awkwardly.

“You know, I remember back in ‘80 that was her euphemism for sneaking off to do some blow!” Jayne laughed but the other woman didn’t seemed to find it funny.

“Ma where are you rushing off to?” Hope asked Tabitha as she hurried by.

“I just need to hit the bathroom really quick.” Tabitha said trying not to make a big spectacle out of it.

Danielle tugged at her moms pants.

“Mommy? Why does grammy have to go to the potty all of the time?” The 3-year-old asked.

Hope chuckled and smirked at her mother.

“Because grammy is oooooold so her pipes inside are all rusty and don’t work right anymore.” Hope joked with a gleeful laugh.

Tabitha stopped to turn around and smirk with an icy glare to her middle-aged daughter.

“Nice Hope, reaaaal nice.” Tabitha hissed.

“What? She wanted to- she....” Hope began to explain but was distracted by a sudden intense feeling of warmth rush over her.

“Whats the matter mom?” Lacey asked.

“Is it suddenly hot in here?” Hope mumbled fanning herself.

Tabitha smirked at her daughter.

“No dear, its nice an cool? Why? Are you feeling a sudden flash of heat?” Tabitha asked sounding mock sympathetic.

“Oh god - I-” Hope said feeling feint and light headed.

She hurried out of the room.

“Oh no you don’t!” Tabitha said as she watched her daughter hurry toward the bathroom.

David went over and leaned in to whisper to Tabitha as she attempted to hurry out of the dining room.

“Tabby, you’re wearing a diaper, what’s the rush?” He said quietly so that only she could hear.

“Hun, i’m far to young to be crapping into a diaper! If I don’t beat my daughter in the bathroom because you stalled me i’m going to make you change me again!” Tabitha said pinching the young mans face.

“Okay fair point! Go! Go!” David encouraged the older woman.

Lacey shook her head walking over to David.

“Ah well, that was fun.” Lacey said chuckling and shaking her head.

“Yeah...” David replied.

“I should go over and thank your mom for coming before we head back in the other room.” Lacey said to him.

David stood stunned trying to make sure he heard his girlfriend right.

“M-my moms here?” He asked a bit concerned.

“Uh yeah... I thought you knew. She’s right over there talking to miss Adalynn.” Lacey said pointing across the room.

David looked over to where Lacey was pointing and sure enough there was his 45-year-old mother talking to Adalynn who looked like she had really slimmed down a lot since the last time he saw her. She was still curvy and those

curves were a bit floppy now due to her age but she seemed to have been dieting so her belly was gone and her butt was a manageable size.

He thought momentarily about how he wouldn't mind fooling around with her again now that she was a more slender curvaceous woman like she had been in her youth. The thought of ripping her blouse open and playing with her big droopy tits while sucking on her neck - which was now looser and more crepe-like now that her double chins were gone - was making him rise to attention a bit. But then he remembered why he was looking over at her.

"Why is my mom talking with Ada?" He asked Lacey.

"Ada?... You mean Miss Adalynn? Uh I don't know. Weren't they friends back in high school or something?" Lacey remembered not sure why David was making such a big deal out of it.

David's boner immediately diminished as he realized that he was now sexually fantasizing about his moms old high school BFF. He found Adalynn and the other women totally hot when he thought of them as young sexy women who had aged into these struggling cougars and desperate middle-aged housewives. But something about her being his moms friend felt 'icky' to David. Even if in reality Ada had been a little girl running around like Danielle was doing now while his mom in reality, up until all of this began happening, had been more of a contemporary of Jennifer's...

He looked over at his former MILF crush who was a frail woman with thinning white hair, gripping a cane and nodding off in her chair. Unlike her adopted daughter she had no qualms about shitting in her diaper as she sat there snoozing.

David felt bad for her. Jennifer was the oldest person here but should have been at least the same age or younger than some of there neighbors that were milling around flashing her sympathetic looks and calling her a 'sweet old thing'.

His mom in fact at that moment had caught sight of her elderly former contemporary.

“Excuse me Ada, i’m just going to pop over really quick and say a quick ‘hi’ to Miss Jennifer. I didn’t even realize she was here!” David’s mom told her friend.

Adalynn nodded and went over with her. Upon turning around David snorted realizing that Adalynn’s ass had lost the least amount of weight from any other part of her body. So thought she had a pretty slim curvy body for her age, her ass was disproportionately bigger. It bounced and jiggled a step behind her as she waddled her way over to Jayne’s mom.

“Hi Miss Jennifer! How are you?” David’s mom asked loudly so that the old woman could hear her.

Jennifer slowly opened her sunken eyes and peered at the younger woman.

“Hilary? S’at you?” Jennifer croaked tiredly.

“That’s right. Hilary from down the street.” David’s mom reminded her.

“Are you here to pick up David? He and Jayne are upstairs...” Jennifer mumbled.

David wasn’t sure if he heard her right but his mother and Adalynn chuckled at the slightly senile old woman.

“I think you mean Lacey... and they’re right over there.” His mom said pointing at him and his girlfriend.

Jennifer squinted her aged eyes at him and nodded slowly.

“Oh all right...” She croaked and then had a flicker of recognition looking at David’s mom. “Ah I remember you! Little pigtails running all around the house! So much energy you two girls!” Jennifer recalled pointing a crooked gnarled finger at David’s Mom and Adalynn.

“That’s right! When I use to babysit them here at the house.” Jayne said coming up behind the other two women and putting a hand on both of their back affectionately.

‘Holy shit! Jayne BABYSAT my mom!?’ David thought in disbelief.

It was weird enough that Jennifer, who used to spend evenings chatting with him mom on the phone sometimes about the ins and outs of parenting teenagers was now twice his mothers age and unable to keep up a conversation with her due to senility but her daughter, his former GIRLFRIEND who used to joke with him about how boring and out-of-touch his mom was actually used to BABYSIT her.

The idea of Jayne putting his mom in 'time outs' and tucking her into bed was too much for David to deal with on his own. He needed someone to commiserate with. So he turned to Lacey.

"Something the matter babe?" Lacey asked seeing David looking disturbed.

"Uh yeah there's just some kind of messed up shit happening and I kind of need someone to talk to about it so.... Sorry about this." He said.

"Sorry about what?" She asked confused.

"Um remember the time bubble..." He prompted.

Lacey blinked at him and looked around the room. She froze in sudden wary concern.

"Uh David... what are all these old people here? Is this a party? Oh god! Tell me this isn't my retirement party!" She said realizing that the average age of people in the room was like 50.

"No no it's-" He began to explain.

"Oh my god! Is that me!?" Lacey asked looking at the video in her hand.

"No it's an age-" David tried to explain again.

"I'm like so oooooolddddd!" Lacey cried while staring at the video.

To be continued...