

The Apartment Complex Alternate Ending 2

By Chrono Eclipse

“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.

Trey Robbins of room 513 sat up, startled and groaned a wheeze of discomfort. He clutched his saggy white-haired chest with a bony hand and took a few deep breaths with the help of the oxygen tubes up his nose.

He turned and looked at the shriveled old woman laying next to him. Katherine was his wife of nearly 70 years now and at 93-years-old age was a withered shell of her former self. Her thinning wispy white hair hung limply over her liver-spotted scalp and her empty wrinkled tits that dangled off either side of her bony ribcage as laid on the nursing home bed breathing heavy labored breaths.

She woke up and opened her sunken eyes looking at her bald 98-year-old husband sitting up hunched over in bed. Katie scratched at the wrinkly folds of her belly right about her faded blue fairy tattoo and mumbled something at Trey but he couldn’t understand the words come out of her toothless old mouth.

“Whaaaat?” He wheezed in a hoarse scratchy voice.

She repeated herself as she struggled to get her aged body upright in the bed but to Trey it was little more than a muffled series of shrill chirps.

“Oh for the love of- hold on a minute!” He barked and then reached up with his arthritic fingers to fumble with the hearing aid in his ear.

There was a high pitched tone and then just an audible buzzing as he sighed and turned to his old wife again.

“There, now what did you say?” He asked impatiently.

“I asked you what’s wrong! You’re sitting up and breathing so loud you could wake the dead!” Katie shouted at him in a quavering voice.

“Nothing! I just had a strange dream!” Trey replied dismissively, waving his gnarled hand.

“Did you dream about that pretty young nurse again... What’s her name... Ethel or Emma...?” Katie asked with a wrinkly smirk.

Trey shook his bald head a little too quickly.

“No! It wasn’t anything like that! And what if it were? A guy’s aloud to have a nice dream every once in a while. I’m still a red blooded man after all!” He said defensively.

Katherine gave a chortling giggle as she slid her wrinkled legs off the side of the bed and slipped her liver-spotted veiny feet into a pair of fuzzy slippers.

“Oh you’re aloud to do what you’d like... not that you’d get very far these days dear. I know I’ll be enjoying myself this afternoon when Alejandro gives me my sponge bath...” Katie cackle as she grabbed the handles of her walker and slowly, creakily stood up from the bed and began to shuffle across the room.

“Well, I hope they pay him better than me to be touching your shriveled old fanny! Heh!” Trey joked with a raspy laugh.

Katie scowled her wrinkly face at her old husband while she pulled a housecoat over her shrunken elderly body.

“Yah dinna fou mah fannah so bah when ah was in muh twennahs.” She shouted at him, with a glare of her sunken eyes.

“My god woman, would you put your dentures in before talking to me? I can hardly understand half of what you’re saying!” He bickered as he grabbed his slipped on his robe and grabbed his cane, hobbling off the bed.

Katherine grabbed the false teeth sitting in a glass on the nightstand. She slipped them in between her thin lips and moved them around his her wrinkled mouth before speaking again.

“I SAID that you didn’t think my fanny was so bad when I was in my twenties! You used to not be able to keep your sweaty hands off of it!” She shouted.

The door opened and a 25-year-old Sandra bopped into the room wearing nurses scrubs.

“Woah, woah, Mr. and Mrs. Robbins. Let’s call a truce! It’s too early in the morning to be this cranky at one another.” The young purple-haired nurse said as she went through the routine of changing the old couples diapers taking their blood pressure.

“We’ve spent 70 years together, so we know just how to push one another’s buttons!” Katie chirped as she sat in the chair and let the young woman go through her morning check-up.

“You’ve both spent your whole lives together – you’ve grown old together. Isn’t that kind of sweet?” Sandra offered.

“As sweet as my wife’s breath! Heh!... I’m going for a walk.” Trey said gruffly, grabbing his fedora, his cane and his oxygen tank and hobbling out into the hallway.

The Millenium Gardens was now a run-of-the-mill elderl care facility with drab lighting, paisley wall paper and that very distinct old person smell. There wasn’t much to do here these days, the pool was gone – replaced with a more

senior-friendly rec center where the aged residents could play chess or sit in their wheel chairs staring at the news playing on the outdated TV screen.

As Trey shuffled down the hallway he tipped his fedora to other wrinkly old codgers that used to be his young energetic neighbors. He shuffled by Destiny's room and gave a peek in, fumbling around his robe to find his glasses. He put them on and got glimpse at the former teen influencer turned 88-year-old nursing home resident who was trying to keep her frail trembling hand steady as she applied a liberal amount of make-up to her wrinkled face.

Trey let out a whistle thought his brittle yellow teeth and Destiny turned around, batting her sunken eyes at him giggling and loving the attention. She fluffed her unnaturally long wavy dark brown hair and opened her mouth to invite him in for a bit of catching up.

But before she could proposition Trey, a strapping 29-year-old Harry dressed in green scrubs stepped in front of the old codger and pushed Destiny's room door open further.

"Okay Ms. Destiny, time to change your Depends..." The rejuvenated former lecher turned orderly said to the old woman.

Destiny's wrinkled puffy cheeks blushed.

"Harold! Not in front of company!" She chastised the young man, completely mortified.

"Sorry about that ma'am. Just doing my job." The nursing home worker explained.

Destiny brought a wrinkled veiny hand up to cup Harry's smooth cheek.

"Oh how could I stay mad at such a handsome face... and besides, this is one of my favorite parts of the day..." She rattled as the orderly shut her room door.

Trey shrugged and continued on down the hallway as he caught sight of one of the perks of roaming the halls. Nurse Donna, the 28-year-old sexy latina

nurse, was bent over another resident slumped in a wheelchair making sure the old bat swallowed her morning pills.

“That’s it... one more...” Donna coaxed the elderly woman.

Trey’s eyes were locked on to the big plump ass being hugged tightly by the turquoise nurses skirt. He couldn’t help himself. He shuffled as quick as he bony old legs would take him, his shaky hand extended out in front of him. Trey got right up behind the curvy young woman, his gnarled fingers clutching the firm meaty flesh of Donna’s juicy bum as he gave it a solid pinch.

Donna squealed and the empty pill cup went flying. She turned around red-faced looking furious but then immediately softened at the sight of the shriveled old man leaning on his cane behind her.

“Mr. Tray! Cut that out! You can’t go around pinching peoples heinies! You’re a married man!” She scolded.

Trey grinned revealing several missing teeth.

“Your tush was just too good to pass up darling!” He said flirtatiously.

“Aww thanks... you’re sweet....” She said through a gritted smile.

“The pleasure is all mine, my dear. I’m just a friendly guy!” He said with a wink as he continued to shuffle by her.

As soon as he was out of earshot Donna’s smile immediately dropped.

“It’s every goddamn day with this old farts touching my motherfucking ass...” She grumbled to herself as she marched off to go rant to a coworker.

Back in Destiny’s room the old woman was doing her darndest to flirt with Harry, who was easily young enough to be her grandson now, while the orderly undressed her in a professional, detached manner.

“Ooo taking my clothes off, young man? You haven’t even bought me dinner first...” She rattled with a chuckle as Harry removed her robe leaving the 88-year-old standing topless and bare-legged in her puffy adult diaper.

Harry rolled his eyes and sighed.

“Well sometime soon you’ll we’ll have to go somewhere that you can take advantage of your senior discount...” He said humoring her a bit.

Destiny brought her wrinkled flabby old arm up to cover her empty sagging tits that were pooling down into her shriveled puffy belly.

“Now don’t you go trying to sneak a peak at the goods! I’m a good girl you know...” She rattled, puckering her pruned lips at him playfully.

Harry nodded with a tight smile.

“Uh huh, why don’t you go ahead and lean over that walker ma’am while I take your diaper off.” He said trying not to humor her too much... lord knows that some of these frisky old biddies actually take you seriously when you flirt back a little...

Destiny gave a playful look with her withered face as she slowly removed her arm away from her chest. But when Harry didn’t bother and look over at her now exposed raiseny brown nipples she deflated a bit and followed the orderly’s instructions to lean over the walker.

“You know, 60/70 years ago young men like you would go wild at the chance to see my chest... Those boys back then would have given their right arm to be standing where you are, young man...” She chided a bit, feeling Harry was taking this opportunity for granted.

The 29-year-old man was instead staring at the faded tramp stamp on the elderly woman’s wrinkled back that said ‘Princess’ in big bubbly letters. As many times as he saw it when he got old Destiny dressed every morning or gave her her sponge bath, he never got used to seeing the comically

out-of-place ink on the shriveled old bag... like, talk about tattoos that didn't age well...

"Yeah well, if you were 70 years younger this would be a lot more fun for me too..." Harry mumbled as he pulled the Depends off from Destiny's saggy old ass.

Destiny leaned forward and her wig slipped off of her head and fell to the floor revealing a head of wispy short-cropped white hair on her liver-spotted scalp. She blushed, her secret now revealed as she sighed, looking very much like the pathetic doddering old woman that she now was.

He knew how hot she used to be. There were enough faded sepia toned selfies of the old biddy from her youth in the early 50s for him to know that once upon a time she had been a serious hottie.

"Whaaat?" She creaked putting a trembling hand to her ear.

"Nothing, I said you must have been real pretty back in your day..." He said loud enough for her to hear him.

"I would have given you a real run for your money dearie..." She rattled with a grin, fondly remembering those days.

Harry sighed, wishing that the Fountain of Youth was real as Destiny let out a small granny toot while he was bringing a fresh diaper up between her veined lumpy thighs.

Trey meanwhile had eased himself down into a chair in the visiting room. He liked to check out the daughters and granddaughters of his fellow residents as they came to visit.

He peered around and saw his old flame Erica with quite a crowd around her this morning. The 100-year-old retired aerobics instructor was slumped down in her wheel chair with an oxygen tube stuck up her nose looking especially frail and wizened as her middle-aged grandkids doted on her. Jenny and Harper were looking quite matronly at 55 and 52 respectively as they looked

around judgementally at the surroundings while their younger brother Grayson, now a 50-year-old mustachioed silver fox looked around for a nurse to help them.

Behind them a group of 30-somethings, Jenny's kids all fussed over their own grandmother Chrissie who was leaning on her cane with a few bags set down by her swollen ankles.

Next to them was a bored looking teenager tapping on her phone - Jenny's granddaughter, Chrissie's great-granddaughter and Erica's Great GREAT granddaughter Naomi.

"This place reeks..." The angsty teenager groaned in disgust.

May turned around and scolded her daughter.

"Don't say that outloud! It's rude and besides, your nana Chrissie is nervous enough about moving in here without you making it worse..." The 35-year-old blonde woman hissed.

"Maybe this was a mistake... all the people here are so old... I'm only 74! I can... just stay with one of you kids..." Chrissie said looking around at the tired shriveled codgers like her mom who were shuffling around the building.

"Grandma, we've been over this - None of us have a place thats suitable for you right now. While you rehab from your knee surgery you need a place without stairs - that rules out like 90% of our houses and apartments and Harper travels too much to give you the care you need. This is for the best. You'll love it here - I promise... and you'll get to spend more time with Grammy Erica!" Lucy insisted, rubbing Chrissie's stooped back supportively.

Nurse Val came over to administer Erica her morning pills.

"Wow, look at this gathering here. Is it your birthday Erica?" The pretty young brunette asked in a perky voice.

“No... this is my daughter Chrissie. She’s moving in to the home today...” Erica quavered in a slow raspy voice.

“Woah! Two generations in the same nursing home! You two can do mother/daughter physical therapy every week. Love it!” Val teased.

Chrissie groaned.

“This is a nightmare... Everything about this place makes me feel like a doddering little old lady...” The gray-haired 74-year-old groaned.

“Now mom, give it a chance - the staff seems nice and friend and the place is clean... you might really like it here!” Jenny offered.

Chrissie raised a gray eyebrow at her eldest daughter.

“Oh yeah? Well, I’m glad you think it’s so great since you’ll be coming in here to join me in just a few years...” Chrissie said with a wrinkled smirk.

Jenny’s jowly face went pale as she began to do the math in her head and realized that Erica and Chrissie were just her and Chrissie in 20 years time when one of her own kids decided to dump her in here.

Her train of thought was interrupted by the sound of someone whistling. Jenny’s kids scowled at the old man who was cackling and shuffling away but Harper was grinning and fluffing her graying blonde perm.

“I’ll take it! I might be 50 pounds heavier than my ideal weight right now but if that old man still thinks I’ve got it...” The out-of-shape 52-year-old cooed appreciatively.

Jenny looked at the old man and shook her head at her sister.

“I don’t think he was whistling at you Harper... I think he was whistling at mom...” The 55-year-old pointed out.

Chrissie put on her glasses and then looked around the room blushing and smiling uncomfortably as she realized that all of the old men in the room were staring at her with admiration.

“Me? But... Surely they’re looking at one of my pretty young granddaughters... May or Lucy or...” The old woman insisted.

Nurse Val chuckled and shook her head.

“Nah, they know that family members are only here during visiting hours. They’re excited at the ‘pretty young thang’ moving in today!” The 29-year-old said with a laugh.

Chrissie blushed harder.

“I haven’t gotten this many men to turn their heads since Nixon was in office!” The old woman said in disbelief.

“Yeah well, when the average resident age in here is 88 or 89... You look like a regular lolita to these old farts!... Just don’t expect any of them to be able to do anything about it. We keep the viagra under lock and key!” Val pointed out with a grin.

Which was a problem for Katie as she sat naked on the bed in her room next to 78-year-old Jonny, fondling his sagging whitehaired ballsack with her arthritic fingers while he groped her pendulous left tit.

“Come on dearie, we have to hurry. My husbands pretty slow to get around these days but he’s been gone for quite a while...” She rattled trying to get her grizzled old lover hard.

Jonny shrugged looking down at his limp aged cock and then over to his elderly girlfriends shriveled shrunken body.

“I think that’s about as good as we’re gonna get, old girl.” He said with a chuckle.

“What about if you put your fingers in me and look down at my toes... You used to like it when I would wiggle my toes against your chest while you fingered me... they don’t wiggle too much these days, on account of my gout and arthritis... but maybe just looking at them will do the trick...” The horny 93-year-old woman suggested.

Jonny chuckled.

“You’re going back 40 – 50 years ago now... I can’t even see down that far without my glasses...” He wheezed as he reached his hand down to paw at her dry gray vagina.

Katie sighed in frustration and creaked down off of the bed, grabbing her walker and shaking her wrinkled ass as the old man.

“So much for today. Your loss... maybe I’ll ask Alejandro to paint my toenails a nice bright color and that will help next time... but we should head out before Trey gets suspicious...” Katie rattled as she slipped her houscoat back on.

Jonny nodded and pulled his pants back up, his suspenders jangling behind him.

“That Alejandro... laying his hands on my special gal’s beautiful body – I oughta box that boys ears!” Jonny said with a wheezing laugh.

“Awww I love it when my guys still get jealous over me...” Katie cooed and gave the white bearded 78-year-old a wrinkly kiss on the lips.

They finished getting dress as well as they could and then snuck out of the room and shuffled non-chalantly down the the rec room where Jack and Diane were playing cards with their 65-year-old daughter Ava, their 42-year-old grandson Tommy and Tommy’s much older girlfriend, 71-year-old Annie.

“I suppose Tommy will be coming more often to see his grandparents now that your *sister* is moving in to the home...” Ava said pointedly putting down a trick of cards on the table.

“Much OLDER sister...” Annie corrected her.

“Oh honey, do you know who elses grandparents are here? Your old flame Jordyn... I just saw Conner and Melanie sitting in matching wheel chairs holding hands... isn’t that sweet? They grew old *TOGETHER*.” Ava said passive aggressively looking at her middle-aged son.

“That’s nice mom...” Tommy groaned rolling his eyes wishing that he could dump Ava in this place... someday soon...

“Dad? Do you remember our old neighbors Conner and Melanie? They must have been around your and moms age...” Ava asked the white-haired man nodding off in a wheelchair next to her.

“Eh? What? Who’s age? My age? I’m 21! I swear!” 86-year-old Jack grunted, stirring awake.

“I was cheerleading captain!” 86-year-old Diane rattled with a dull smile.

“Uh huh, that was a long time ago mom...” Ava said patting her mother on her gnarled hand.

“Poor dears... Maybe we should let them get some rest. Tommy and I should be heading out soon anyway, we have a *full* night ahead of us...” Annie said in a husky voice, leaning over to flash some of her liver-spotted cleavage at her younger lover.

Tommy nodded dutifully and affectionately rubbed his old girlfriends saggy liver-spotted arm.

“Yeah but if you want to get a ride with one of Annie’s nieces I’m sure they’d drive you home mom...” Tommy offered to his mother.

Ava scowled at the senior citizen who had her gnarled claws in her son. But as she was stewing, she took a bit of comfort in noticing that her middle-aged son was noticing the cute perky blonde nurse who was coming around to check on the residents.

26-year-old nurse Patty was nearly half Tommy's age but Ava would much rather her son date a younger woman than an old bag that couldn't give her any grandkids!

The pretty blonde women bopped over to the group and smiled politely at Annie who was dressed in clothing about 40 years too young for her.

"Oh ma'am, you don't need to wear a name tag... that's just for guests and visiting family." Patty said helpfully coming over to take the name tag off of Annie's saggy bosom.

"I AM a guest! I'm here with my boyfriend visiting his sweet little old grandparents!" Annie said sounding deeply offended, leaving out the fact that Tommy's grandparents were only 16 years older than her, or that both her own mother and now sister were residents here.

"Oh I am so sorry! My mistake! I thought you were a resident! You look a lot like a sweet old lady I checked in earlier." Patty said with a ditsy smile.

Now Annie fumed and Ava grinned widely thinking 'I knew I liked this girl... I wonder if I can get her number for Tommy...'

In the other room many of the guests were saying goodbye and heading out. Trey began the slow process of lifting himself out of the arm chair he was resting in, hoping to go give a big hello kiss to Erica's daughter and welcome her to Millenium Gardens.

As he began to hobble forward a pair of sweet little old ladies shuffled up to him and passed him a home-made invitation.

"Psst! Spread the word - come meet us after lights out in the therapy room for a late night nursing home orgy!" 84-year-old Bree rasped and gave Trey a big grin with her shriveled elderly face.

"Eh? What? Hold on... let me turn my hearing aid up!" Trey barked as he fumbled with his ear.

Bree just pointedly tapped on the invitation she had handed him with her crooked wrinkled finger.

“What’s this now? Let me see if I can read this with my glasses...” He mumbled holding the card close to his aged face and then lowered it and gawked in thrilled surprise at the two smiling biddies holding hands in front of him.

“We managed to score a who mess of viagra from the supply closet when Bree faked a stroke!” 85-year-old Hannah revealed excitedly, her wrinkly turkey waddle neck jiggling as she beamed proudly at her elderly partner.

Trey slapped the card in celebration and put his trembling hands on the old ladies stooped shoulders appreciatively.

“Hot dog! Now we’re talkin’!” He rattled happily.

Bree and Hannah shuffled on to go tell more residents as Trey hobbled over to talk to Erica and her daughter. But as he moved forward, distracted with thoughts of which residents would be joining them in the therapy room that night, he accidentally walked face first into the chest of a gorgeous, well-stacked 23-year-old brunette nurse. The perky boobs cushioned his wrinkled face as the young woman helped him back up and steady himself.

“My... you’re really looking forward to getting all of that shriveled gray pussy tonight aren’t you Trey?” The young woman asked with a giggle.

The old man steadied his eyes on the girl in front of him as a feeling of recollection washed over him.

“W-what?” He asked as he stared at the familiar-looking nurse.

“You should slow down though, you’ll have plenty of opportunities to press your wrinkled old face into a pair of titties... they’ll just be a lot more shriveled and saggy than mine are!” The girl said smirking and winked.

Trey’s jaw dropped.

“Ethel?” He gasped.

“Emma, thank you very much.” She corrected pointing to her nurses name badge.

“But how are you... how am I... we’re all old!?” Trey gasped suddenly remembering everything.

Ethel/Emma shrugged and grinned looking especially pleased with herself.

“Yeah... you are... karma I guess. You and those spunky young, self-absorbed neighbors of yours are now... well, not so spunky or young anymore.” She said giving an insincere pout.

“Oh god... look at us! Look at Erica! She’s a shriveled old stack of wrinkles...” Trey rasped pointing to his 100-year-old former crush.

Emma glanced over at the wheel-chair bound biddy.

“Ha, yeah all that working out doesn’t do a lot of good when you’re a century old I guess... it’s kind of funny – she was saying I belong in a nursing home and she’s beat me to it by like 70 years!” Emma giggled gleefully.

“But we-” Trey began to protest.

“Oh don’t worry, I bet she’ll still let you ravage her body... well not nearly as much as time has ravaged it! And... I’d avoid doing butt stuff with her or really most of your old flings around here – they’re all about as incontinent as your girlfriend now!” Emma pointed out as she put an arm around Trey’s stooped back and ushered him down the hallway.

“How come you get to be young?” He wheezed.

“Well... I mean its kind of nice to be fuckable again but it’s not totally a fairy tale ending... I mean, I do seem to be stuck having to clock in and feed, dress and bath you wrinkly old fogies... but the highlight of my day will always be

when I get to sit down with you Trey and hear you tell me about how you and all these wrinkly bitches are getting on now that you're 70 years older..." She said with a wicked grin as she led him into the bathing room.

"What did we do to deserve this?" Trey groaned thinking about his life now in the nursing home with all of his aged friends and crushes.

Emma took Trey's hat off and pulled off his robe, smirking at his aged body.

"Maybe you should have been nicer to old people..." She said with a wink.

THE END