

How Annie Got Her Groove Back

An **APARTMENT COMPLEX** Story

By ChronoEclipse

Day 4:

21-year-old Annie jumped out of bed excited to spend her Saturday hanging out with friends and flirting with guys down by the pool. She stretched her young lithe body, watching her own bare perky tits jiggle a bit as raised her slender arms above her head.

She then jumped back onto her bed and proceeded to paint her toenails pink while texting her BFF Lilly to come meet her up in her moms apartment. When she was done she padded over to her dresser and pulled out the new bright orange and green string bikini she had just bought this summer that perfectly showcased her supple young body.

The young woman slipped into the bathing suit and pulled up a pair of ass hugging shorts over her bottoms that she could easily toss off when they went down to the pool. She was about to put on a cropped top tee when she heard her mom in the other room fussing about her lover Trey stopping by. Annie bit her pouty lip and shivered excitedly at the mention of Trey. He was around her moms age but he was a total silver fox and had an attractive dad-bod that made Annie's tight young pussy drench. She decided to leave the tee off and just hang out in her bikini top, seeing if she could get a rise out of the older man if her flat young stomach and pert boobies were on display.

She began to prance out of her bedroom with next to nothing on, which was sure to drive her frumpy old mom into a fit, when she stopped in the doorway realizing that she had forgotten something. Annie skipped back over to her bedside table and popped a birth control pill into her hand, swallowing it with some water. She giggled and shook her head at what a ditz she was sometimes.

Day 8:

50-year-old Anne woke up with a groan, sitting up bleary eyes and rubbing the back of her loose neck. The matronly woman had stayed up too late last night drinking wine with some gal pals and now she was suffering the consequences.

“God, when am I going to learn that I can’t party all night like I used to? I’m not in my 30s anymore...” She grunted to herself as she slid her cellulite-dimpled legs over the side of the bed in an attempt to get up.

Unaware that she had actually been in her 30s a mere 2 days prior, the 50-year-old stood up with a loud moan of discomfort and pressed her veiny hands into the small of her pudgy back, pressing against it and listening to her aging joints crackle in protest.

She slumped her shoulders and shambled over to her wardrobe in her bra and underwear. Anne pushed her long blonde hair away from her aging face and gave herself a good look in the mirror.

“Where does the time go?” She said to herself, thinking that it felt like just yesterday when she was a pretty 21-year-old running around the building with her best friend Lily...

‘God, Lily...’ She thought as she sat down at her vanity and began to put wrinkle concealer on her lightly jowled cheeks. ‘I hardly see Lily anymore these days... she’s so busy taking care of her mother whose showing signs of dementia, the poor thing... I should call her.’ Anne thought, nodding to her reflection.

She tilted her head down and examined her roots, deciding that it was too hard to spot the gray in her blonde so she could stand to go another week without having to make another appointment to dye it.

“I should go check on my own aging mother...” She mumbled to herself as she stood up and shuffled over to her dresser.

Anne sighed as rumaged through her wardrobe. 50 and still single. Most of her friends were on their second or third marriages by now. Many had kids in college and a few even were proud grandparents. Her 'squad' (as the kids say) from her teens were now a bunch of Karens that complained about the rising price of cauliflower when they meet up for their monthly book club. Despite being the same age as those ladies, Anne didn't feel ready to pack in her youth yet.

"50 is the new 30 or... whatever." She grumbled to herself.

As she thumbed threw a drawer of dowdy sweaters and turtlenecks trying to pick out something to wear, her hand brushed against a triangle of soft fabric. She reached down and pulled out a well-worn green and orange string bikini. The color was faded and it looked nearly 30 years old. Anne's lined face lit up at the sight of it.

"Oh my god! I remember you!... How'd you end up at the bottom of this drawer? I wonder if you still fit..." She gasped with a chuckle.

The 50-year-old woman rolled her panties down her pale veiny legs and unclasped her bra letting her floppy tits sag down toward her belly. She parted her plump thighs and brought the bikini bottom down around her crotch.

Anne fumbled with the strings to tie the two triangles together. There wasn't much left to tie when she got the strings around her hip, but she did manage to knot them in a small bow and then did the same on the other side.

The strings dug into her flabby waist in a way that they never did back when she was in her 20s and the fabric over her backside only covered about 25% of her wide dimpled ass cheeks. But Annie just laughed and slapped her hands onto the exposed skin of her buttocks, lifting the cheeks up to where they had resided when she was in college and then gave her bikini-clad butt a wiggle, causing the cellulite-filled rear to jiggle like a bowl of jelly.

Anne then brought the top up to her chest, scooping her saggy tits as best as she could into the flimsy cups and then tying the string back behind her. Once again, it dug into her leathery aging flesh signally that it was meant for a

younger more slender body. The cups offered no support and just stretched to their limits over her hanging funbags.

She waddled back to the mirror and posed her middle-aged body in her 30-year-old bikini, vamping like one of the leathery tanned beach babushkas of Venice Beach.

“Still got it!” She said, deluding herself as her rolls and middle-aged flab hung out of her skimpy youthful attire.

Anne then glanced down with a frown at her crotch noticing that some of her pubic hair was sticking out from each side of the triangle covering her aging pussy.

“Woopsie!” She said as she headed into the bathroom and grabbed her razor.

She looked at the tool she typically used to shave her legs and decided that, because it had been a while since she had shaved her pubic region, she might be safer off using the electric trimmer she had picked up recently to buzz off the unsightly upper lip hair she had begun growing since she had started menopause.

It took no time at all to trim down her graying bush into a manageable landing strip - it wasn't as smooth or as pretty as it would be if she had waxed it or used the ol' Bic razor, but it worked, her bikini line was back in business!

She padded back into her room with a bit more spring in her step. Maybe after tidying up her mothers apartment and saying hi to her sister's grandkids, she'd go sun herself down by the pool and see if she could attract some handsome eligible bachelor...

Anne put on a pair of cargo shorts over her bikini bottoms to conceal her ass and thighs for now. Something about having her butt cheeks hanging out as she walked down the halls felt indecent at her age - even though she happily did so back when she was in her teens and 20s.

She pulled a t-shirt out and considered putting it on. A voice in the back of her mind thought 'You can't just run around the building showing everyone your flabby old gut.' But she shook her head and tossed the t-shirt aside. She looked pretty damn good - and she was only 50, not some shriveled up old hag. She should be proud of her body and there was nothing wrong with showing a bit of tummy every once in a while.

Anne smiled and fixed her hair and slipped her veiny feet into a pair of sandals. She began to walk out the door proudly in a pair of baggy shorts and an ill-fitting bikini top. But as she got to the doorway she froze, realizing that she had forgotten something. The 50-year-old turned around and went over to her bedside table that had a number of pill bottles on it. She opened one for her heart medication and popped it into her mouth with some water.

"Heh, senior moment. Can't be forgetting to take my heart pill!" She said shaking her head and chuckling as she headed out of her room.

Day 4:

On their way down to the pool Annie enjoyed all of the head turns and smiles she got from the guys in the building. The college coed purposefully wiggled her tight little, covered only by a triangle of brightly colored fabric at a couple of 20-something guys in the lobby immediately getting a rise out of them. Lily giggled and rolled her eyes at her flirtatious friend knowing that the blonde girl looooved getting this attention.

Annie had been in the shadow of her MILFy-mom and blonde-bombshell older sister all through puberty and her teen years. But now that her mom was 'over-the-hill' and starting to look it, and her sister Chrissie had gotten knocked-up young and packed on the pounds thanks to multiple pregnancies, this was Annie's time to shine.

The young men asked for her number and she called back to them with her Tik-Tok account.

"See you boys in my DMs..." She said winking and blowing them a kiss.

Annie liked teasing and flirting with guys her own age but they didn't do it for her the way mature men did. She liked a guy with some world-weariness on his face; some grey in his stubble and a bit of a gut on him. They always seemed to appreciate her smooth skin and perky curves so much more.

As the two college girls turned to head to the pool they bumped into Ava, the high school sophomore who always followed them around like a puppy-dog. The 16-year-old girl was dressed in a cheerleading outfit (In fact the same uniform her mom, Diane had worn only a few days ago when she herself had been 16) and a full mouth of braces.

“Oh hey guys! You're going to the pool? That's so cool! I'd like, totally, come with you but like, I have cheerleading practice right now. But you both look seriously fire in those bikinis! I'm like, super jealous. I wish I had the boobs to pull off a top like that!” Ava gushed at the hot older girls. She would have to wait until tomorrow when she was a new breast-feeding mother in her 20s to develop breasts as big as Annie's.

“Awww thanks! Yeah I just got this suit and i'm super thrilled with the results.” Annie purred, looking over at Lily as the two college girl shared a playful laugh.

The shy inexperienced Ava had no idea what the older girls were laughing about but she laughed along with them.

“But, um, like, maybe... when I'm back from cheer practice... we could um, kinda all hang out or something?” Ava asked nervously.

Annie and Lily smirked, thinking that they didn't want some high school girl tagging along with them on their Saturday plans.

“Awww sorry kiddo but I think Lil' and I are going to go to a college bar later and you're just too young to get in. But like, maybe another time. M'kay?” Annie said with a fake sympathetic pout.

She then patted the cheerleader patronizingly on the head.

“O-okay cool!” Ava said sounding disappointed.

Annie and Lily turned and ran toward the pool giggling leaving the high schooler to wait in the lobby for her mom to come drive her to practice.

Once they entered the pool Lily joined Annie in taking off her shorts and the two girls laid out their towels to do some sun bathing. They had scoped out the deck to see that there were mostly families and middle-aged people out that afternoon, which Lily pouted about but Annie was fine with.

“Woo! God you’re hot!!” A portly middle-aged man yelled to them from across the pool.

Annie blushed and avoided looking over at the man, giggling to her friend instead. She did however adjust her bathing suit top over her perky tits to playfully tease the older men.

Once the girls were done setting up their towels they both wadded into the water. Annie glanced up to see that her moms beau Trey was hanging out and drinking with one of his buddies. Both of them were clearly checking her and Lily out, practically undressing them with their eyes. Annie considered prancing over and asking the two ‘daddies’ if they wanted to rub sunscreen on the back of her smooth creamy thighs. She loved the feeling of big strong hands rubbing lotion on her young dainty body. But before she could work up the courage to go over and flirt with the older men she got a face full of water as Lily splashed her.

“Oh my god! I’ll get you for that!” Annie squealed giggling as she splashed her friend back.

The two young women playfully splashed each other in the pool for a bit and then went to dry off on their towels. Annie began to seductively rub lotion down her smooth thighs to her slender calves and the tops of her cute feet, occasionally glancing over to confirm that she still had the audience of the middle-aged men.

“Haha OMG you HAVE to check out this filter! It evidently shows you what you’re going to look like at 50 and at 20.” Lily laughed turning her phone toward her blonde friend.

Annie held the phone in front of her pretty, young face and made a pouty fetching look into the camera. Then she pressed the filter button and watched as her face instantly aged, thinning her red lips and adding wrinkles to her eyes and forehead. Her aged face puffed out and her cheeks sagged a bit into jowls.

“Ewww! God! I look so oooooold! I look worse than mom!!” Annie whimpered with a laugh as she moved her face around on the screen examining what she would look like in 30 years time (or rather 4 more days).

Day 8:

Anne was plodding across the lobby from the elevator toward the pool looking more like that filter her younger self had used than the 50-year-old would care to admit.

Her exposed belly jiggled with every step along with her thighs as she glanced around trying to see if any of the gentlemen in her building were checking her out. A few balding middle-aged men gave her passing glances but mostly the looks she received were judging her for trotting around in public dressed in nothing but shorts and an ill-fitting bikini top.

The 50-year-old tossed her dyed-blond hair over her shoulder and brushed off the haters as she made her way down to the pool.

Annie glanced around the deck, finding that she needed to put her prescription glasses on to see the faces around the area. There were a lot of folks her age or older milling about - some grandmas tanning their leathery skin as their grandkids played in the water. The middle-aged cougar vowed not to be one of those sad old ladies flaunting all of her wrinkles and sags out in the sun when she got to be their age, not realizing that it would only be a couple more days for her to become like those withering old ladies.

She spotted Trey, her mother's elderly gentleman caller and sighed thinking about how handsome and manly he had been in his younger years. Annie used to have a real taste for older men, but now looking at the 70-something bald man snoozing in the pool chair she found that they just didn't do much for her anymore. For many reasons, not the least of which was that most men any older than her had trouble even getting it up and by the time she fussed with pills and stimulation she was usually too sore and exhausted to enjoy what little sex the man was up for.

'No, old men were out.' She thought to herself as she shimmied as best as she could out of her shorts revealing her wide dimpled thighs, and newly trimmed bikini line to the world.

Middle-aged men with receding hairlines and hairy beer guts used to get her all hot and horny when she was a young girl, but now that those men were her peers and former classmates the appeal had lost a lot of its luster. Since she had hit menopause her sexual attraction had turned to a demographic that she had largely ignored in her youth - college boys.

As she laid back on her deck chair and began to rub suntan lotion into her bingo-wings Annie fantasized about having a hot tight-bodied cabana boy who would rub her aching veiny feet and worship her like a goddess.

Annie looked down at her saggy freckled chest and the aging skin on her plump legs, frowning and wondering if, at 50, she was too old to go after men in their early 20s. After all, that was younger than her own nieces and nephew.

She took out her phone and hen-pecked her way into her camera, swiping over to a filter that her great-niece May had shown her that makes anyone look like a Hollywood starlet. Annie smiled and batted her eyes in the screen of her phone appreciating how rosy the filter made her now wrinkle-free cheeks look. She snapped a selfie and saved it until one of her sisters kids or grandkids could show her how to post it online.

As she put the phone away she found that her wishes had been answered in the form of a group of college kids that were walking by on the pool deck. Annie bit

her pruning bottom lip and put her glasses back on to properly admire the young fit boys and their immature little girlfriends.

“Mmm mama like...” She purred to herself, wishing that Lily was here to admire the younger generation along with her.

She watched as the more muscular of the two boys playfully tossed one of his female friends into the pool. Annie decided that as ‘hot’ as that young Harry kid was, he was a bit too cocky and rowdy for her taste. She instead turned her attention to the sweet young man standing on the pool deck looking a bit awkward and nervous.

“Aww what a cutie.” She mumbled to herself with a smile as she stared at his thin flat chest tight little tush in his bathing suit.

Annie knew the young man pretty well, of course. He was Tommy, her friend Ava’s son who she had been watching grow into a full grown stud for the past few years. He wasn’t full of unchecked testosterone like his friend Harry, but he wasn’t too scrawny either. He had a good toned runners body. And kind eyes. The way she caught him looking at her over the years was enough to put to rest any anxiety Annie felt about growing older. Now it was her turn to lust over him for a bit.

Unlike when she was Tommy’s age and a bit too nervous and self conscious to express what she wanted from men, now at 50 the mature woman was bold and unafraid to say exactly what she needed.

“Oh Tommy! Yoo-Hoo!” She called waving her veiny hand at her perspective boy-toy.

Day 4:

Young Annie stood shivering in the lobby, her young arms were covered in goosebumps and her pert body now wrapped in her beach towel as she watched her evening plans get destroyed by Lily’s bitter, controlling mother demand that the tattooed young college girl spend the evening with her ‘family’. Part of her felt sorry that Lily was stuck wasting her Saturday night with her boring

stuffy old mom, but part of Annie was also already eyeing the fact that Trey was going to be riding up the same elevator as her.

A vivid fantasy flashed across her mind of Trey pulling down the girl's bikini bottoms and bending her over in the elevator car and ravaging her young body as they rode up together. The thought made her bite her pouty lip hard and look over at the older man lustfully.

"Sorry..." Lily apologized for bailing on their plans.

Annie temporarily snapped out of her fantasizing and looked over at her friend, shaking her head.

"It's cool. Go hang out with your mom. I'll text you in a bit." The blonde girl told her friend, already considering the places the night could potentially lead her if she was solo.

The two girls hugged. Annie caught Trey grinning at them out of the corner of her eye and smiled herself. She considered giving Lily a passionate kiss good-bye as to put on a bit more of a show for her older crush but didn't dare pull a stunt like that in front of Lily's mom.

As she skipped over to the elevator she caught Trey mockingly saluting Lily's mom. She didn't know what that was about but thought it was cool that Trey seemed to know what a biatch Sabrina was too. Annie laughed at Trey's salut, maybe a little too hard like a girl trying to flirt with a guy by letting him know that she thinks he's funny.

The elevator door opened and she got it, followed by Trey. The middle-aged man's hand gently brushed the bare skin of her back below her hair causing the young woman to shiver in nervous excitement. But that was the only physical contact he made with her as they got into the compartment followed by old lady Ethel.

Annie stared down at her pink toes trying to think of a way to ditch the old bag. Ethel unfortunately lived across the hall from her mom so it wasn't like she was going to get off on an early floor and Annie couldn't think of a good excuse

to ride the elevator any higher. The 21-year-old kept glancing over to Trey who quickly looked away from her but whenever he turned back she quickly glanced down at her wet feet again not wanting to be caught staring.

Ethel began to say something. At first Annie rolled her eyes thinking that it was another dull story from some old fossil in the building. But as she listened to all of the concerts the old woman had gone to when she was young and her story about road-tripping to Woodstock at Annie's age, the college girl was really impressed.

“That’s soooo awesome.” She muttered in amazement.

But the story had distracted her from her goal of coming up with an excuse to have some alone time with Trey. Not that she would even know what to do - as flirtatious as Annie was, she was still young and inexperienced and didn't know how to get what she wanted from guys, nevermind a guy over 20 years older than her. What if she tried to kiss him and he pushed her away or told her mom?

The elevator doors opened and Ethel shuffled out. Annie quickly followed, instinctively giving her tight butt a little wiggle to entice Trey. As she walked down the hall she heard Trey chatting it up with another bland older couple that lived on her floor. She turned around to see Trey talking about golf with Conner and started to giggle, considering making a joke about how she could 'polish off their clubs for them'. But was already getting some nasty looks from that total Karen, Melanie.

That was when the middle-aged woman made a pointed comment about Trey's wife, reminding Annie that her crush was not only seeing her own mother but married to his own frumpy old lady... which honestly just turned Annie on even more. The idea of him comparing her smooth skin and tight body to the sagging old hags he was currently shaking up with, just made her drench her bikini bottoms.

She skipped down the hall to see if she could entice him to follow her. She knew her mom wasn't going to be home for a bit and maybe if Trey was interested they had time for a blowjob or a quickie in the shower or something.

That's when she realized that she forgot her keys. She sighed, knowing that she would have to bug her sister to get in.

"Chrissie! I forgot my keys! Can you let me in until mom gets home? I want to take a loooooong hoooooot shower!" She called banging on the door.

She said the shower part as seductively as she could, licking her lips and making eye contact with Trey hoping that would give enough of a hint to the older man that he would step in and take care of the rest.

But as her sister opened the door and began to berate her for waking the baby, she slumped at the sight of Trey helping Ethel bring her groceries into the old ladies apartment. She sighed and trudged her damp young body into her sisters apartment feeling dejected.

Day 8:

Annie was leading her young boy-toy to the elevator when she bumped into her old friend Lily who was out checking her mail. As the 50-year-old blonde caught sight of her equally matronly friend, a proud grin formed on her friend.

"Lily! I was just thinking about you!" She called, squeezing Tommy's hand gently but possessively as if to let him know that he was to be 'arm candy' for a few moments.

"Annie! Is that you? I don't have my glasses on me! But I'm been meaning to give you a call! Things have been so crazy with mom lately... she keeps leaving the stove on. I'm afraid if I'm not around watching her she's going to burn this whole building down! But once I get a helper to come look after her for part of the day I'll have some more time to - oh hello! Who is this? This isn't your nephew Greyson is it? What a handsome young man!" Lily said coming over to them to get a closer look.

"No dear, this is my... *good friend* Tommy. We're just on our way up to have a nightcap together. Oh it's too bad that you can't join us, but let's talk soon!" Annie said hurrying Tommy to the elevator, trying to contain her glee.

“Wait - Tommy... as in, Ava’s son Tommy?” Lily called after them but the May/December couple was already in the elevator.

They stood for a few moments in silence and then burst out laughing at Lily’s realization. When the laughing died down Tommy stood there shyly staring at Annie’s sagging breasts.

“Do you like my tits, Tommy?” The older woman asked boldly.

Tommy swallowed hard and quickly looked away from her.

“Um, uh... i’m sorry, what was that?” He asked pretending he hadn’t heard her correctly.

“Oh come on, don’t be shy... you’ve been sneaking peaks down my cleavage since you were 13. But now you’re a man. Are you man enough to ask me if you can squeeze one?” Annie purred with a grin.

Tommy blushed beat red.

“Uh, uh, uh... you want me to, uh...?” He stammered awkwardly.

“This isn’t what I want, kiddo. What do you want right now? Go ahead. Just ask me... it’s just the two of us here and I promise I won’t bite... hard!” Annie said with a giggle, winking at him with her crinkled eye.

Tommy cleared his throat and stood up a bit taller, looking at the 50-year-old woman in the eyes to see if she was playing a joke on him. When he saw that she was serious he opened his mouth daring himself to speak.

“May I um.... Squeeze your uh... breast... Ma’am?” He asked with a gulp.

Annie laughed and rubbed the young man’s arm reassuringly.

“Well, since you asked so politely. Sure honey. Come squeeze my boob.” She said with a chuckle.

The 50-year-old easily popped the triangle down off of her saggy right tit revealing her large brown nipple and hefted it up in presentation to the 21-year-old.

Tommy stared at it for a moment without moving, watching the older woman's nipple harden and firm as the rest of her breast remained soft.

"Come on kiddo, it's a bit cold in this elevator to be keeping my tits out." She prompted him.

Tommy nodded quickly and then reached a sweaty hand out and cupped it around her floppy breast. Annie let out a throaty moan and pulled the young man closer to her. As she felt his hand fondling her chest she began to play with the boy's thick head of hair.

"Mmm your hand feels so strong Tommy." She purred.

She nudged his head down into her chest and soon replaced Tommy's hand around her breast with his mouth. The young man greedily sucked at her sagging tit as Annie tilted her head back and closed her eyes enjoying the sensation.

She remembered 20 years ago spending many an afternoon sitting across from Tommy's mother Ava as she breastfed the baby boy. Now here Annie was feeding her teet to the handsome young man that baby had become.

"You like my tits don't you Tommy? Well, I like you..." She giggled happily as she reached down and pressed a finger under Tommy's chin to raise his head back up off her nipple to her lips.

The couple with a 29-year age gap between them began to passionately kiss in the elevator. Tommy's hand found Annie's breast again while the other one reached around to grab her flabby old ass cheek. They were so caught up in one another that they almost missed the exit onto Annie's floor.

But right before the door closed the older woman stuck a veiny foot out to stop them from closing and took the younger man's hand, leading him to her apartment.

"Let's go someplace a little more private, baby..." She whispered in a husky voice.

"Yes ma'am!" He agreed enthusiastically.

Day 4:

21-year-old Annie laid on her bed naked with only a diaper on her firm young rear. Her blonde hair was pulled into two pig tails and she had a pacifier dangling down by her perky exposed tits.

Her door was locked and her mother was asleep in bed. The young woman's social plans had evaporated and her attempts at seducing a date with an older man fizzled, so she was doing the next best thing - making some extra money on the internet by teasing horny older guys on Chatterbate.

She giggled and twirled one of her pigtails.

"Hi Daddies... If you think i've been a very naughty girl today then tip \$20 to give me a spanking... but if you think I've been a good girl then you can tip \$20 to give me a sensual foot massage... i'll even let you suck on my cute widdle toesies..." She purred in a breathy mock-baby voice into her web camera.

The tips came rolling in from the hundreds of guys watching her stream, mostly deciding that she was a 'good girl'. Annie giggle and squirted some oil into her hands and began rubbing her own soft wrinkly soles with it and then lifted her legs in the air, dangling her feet toward the camera and scrunching her pink toes playfully.

Day 8:

Annie and Tommy entered the older woman's apartment after making out for a bit outside of the door. The 50-year-old fluttered over to her liquor cabinet to

fix them both drinks while the young man went and sat down nervously on her couch.

“I’m going to need to see some ID before I can give you this drink honey...” Annie said with a big grin.

“Uh I-I’m 21!” Tommy insisted.

“Awww I’m just teasing you sweaty. Here drink this and loosen up a bit. And the only thing you’ll have to pay me for it is one foot rub...” She purred with a wink as she handed the glass to her young lover.

Tommy took it and quickly began to drink the alcohol, wanting to relax himself a bit as well. The older woman wasted no time slipping her sandals off and easing her matronly body down onto the couch beside him, lifting her flabby legs up and stretching them onto his lap.

The young man wrapped his hands around the wide wrinkled soles of the 50-year-old woman’s feet and began to massage them. Annie moaned appreciatively and reached over onto her coffee table to grab the remote for her home stereo system. She aimed it and pressed the button as ‘November Rain’ by Guns and Roses began to play out of her speakers.

“Mmm this sound must have come out when I was around your age... they don’t make music like this anymore...” She mumbled in admiration as she closed her eyes and enjoyed Tommy’s hands working her veiny feet and calves.

“Do you want me to rub any uh... other parts of you, ma’am?” He asked taking another big sip of his drink.

“Ooo I want you to rub those young hands of yours over every inch of my body Tommy... and you don’t have to call me ma’am, you know... but you can call me ‘mama’ if you’d like. I like the idea of being your sugar mama...” She purred as she rubbed her foot across the young man’s crotch to confirm that he had a massive erection.

Annie sat up again with a groan, her joints bothering her a bit. She drank some of the wine she had poured for herself and stood up. Reaching around her back she untied her top letting the skimpy bikini fall to the floor.

Tommy stood up too putting his hands on the soft rolls of her waist and staring at her exposed breasts as they flopped down between them. Annie grabbed the young man's shirt and pulled it off, gasping in approval at his chest and rubbing her aged hands up and down it to feel the boys muscles.

"I'm going to go get the baby oil but first want to dance with me?" She purred seductively.

Tommy nodded as they began to sway and gyrate to the hair metal ballad. Annie closed her eyes and imagined herself back in college, getting high and dancing naked to this song with some guy she had picked up. She smiled and cooed as the boy began to grope her swaying breasts again.

They leaned in to kiss when Annie grimaced in pain and her hand shot to her lower back. She seethed and bent her knees a bit as the pain in her back throbbed.

"Are you okay?" Tommy asked concerned.

"It's nothing baby, just pulled something in my back I think... happens when you move too fast at my age." She explained.

Day 4:

Annie was jumping on her bed naked dancing around. Her perky breasts were bouncing up and down appealingly as more tips flowed in on her computer.

"Mmmm you dirty old men are making me sooooo wet!... looks like one of you tipped to have me rub oil on my cute little bare bottom. Fun!" She giggled into the camera.

The young woman then turned her petite body around and wiggled her butt at her webcam before squirting some oil into her hands and smearing it around her round rosy butt cheeks.

Day 8:

Tommy had helped Anne hobble into her bedroom and take off her bikini bottom leaving noticeable rope marks on her hips. He eased the naked older woman down onto her belly on the bed.

“Mmm this is perfect. Now let’s have some fun... what do you say?” She cooed as she reached out and grabbed the body of baby oil from her bedside table.

“Okay... mama...” He said bursting out into an uncomfortable laugh at how ridiculous he felt saying that.

“Yeah good boy. It’s time to oil mama up...” She said in a throaty voice as she handed him the bottle.

“I just... like rub this on your body?” He asked, unsure.

“Mmm hmmm.” She replied nodding as she rested her head on her pillow and wiggled her aged body enticingly.

Tommy squirted out the oil onto his hands and began to smear it all over the wide dimpled ass cheeks of the 50-year-old woman. Her leathery skin began to glisten under the oil and the young man enjoyed the soft squishy feeling of her cellulite filled thighs and butt cheeks in his hands.

Annie moaned softly as he worked her lower body. She felt his hands gliding down the ridges of flab on her legs and her varicose veins down to the calloused soles of her feet and her boxy aging toes.

“Mmm your touch is like magic kiddo.” She purred.

“You like that mama?” He asked and then giggled again. “I’m sorry... I just feel really... *weird* calling you that. Like not because you’re older than my mom or

anything... just because like, you're a beautiful woman and I don't want to like, just think of you as a sugar mama... I'd like to think of you as a... girlfriend maybe?" He explained sheepishly.

Annie rolled over onto her back and held out her flabby arms to the young man.

"Oh baby, that's so sweet. Come here." She said beckoning him down to give her a hug.

He climbed on top of her, sinking a bit into her saggy body as he wrapped his oily hands around her back and began to kiss her thinning lips.

"If you're interested... you should know... I'm a bit of a kinky old gal." She whispered to him, nibbling his ear.

He shrugged and smiled.

"That's cool. I'm not one to kink-shame... I mean, I have a thing for mature women right?" He said with a chuckle as he leaned over and began to suck on her crinkling neck skin.

Soon he was rubbing oil into her breasts and tummy and then reached down to finger her pussy before she stopped him.

"Mmm I like where your heads at baby, but go wash off your hands first. No one like baby oil up their cooch." She directed him.

He nodded dutifully and jumped up to go wash his hands in the bathroom.

"I didn't know that about baby oil but... do you use some sort of lube or anything? I read online that women's vagina's dry out when they get older..." he began to say as he walked back into the bedroom.

He froze as he looked up and saw his 50-year-old lover with her blonde hair pulled into two ridiculous pig tails kneeling on the bed wearing a large white diaper. Her pooching belly oozed over the waistband of the stolen depends as

the older woman twirled her dyed hair and made a pouty face with her thinning wrinkled lips and jowly cheeks.

“I thought that if you weren’t comfortable with the whole ‘mama’ schtick, maybe you’d be more game to play ‘Daddy’” She chuckled hoarsely before blowing the young man a kiss.

The fact that Tommy didn’t turn and run away in that moment signaled to Annie that she had scored a keeper and that she and her young lover had a future ahead of them.

The young man in fact shrugged at the sight of the woman more than twice his age dressed up like an adult baby, her leathery skin glistening with oil, and dropped his swim trunks.

“Oh and to answer your question sweatie, lube is in that top drawer.” Annie informed him, temporarily dropping her baby voice.

Tommy nodded as he cuddled up next to his 50-year-old lover, patting her crotch over her diaper and rubbing the inside of her wrinkled thigh as she began to suck her thumb playfully.

TO BE CONTINUED IN THE APARTMENT COMPLEX DAY 9....