

# THE APARTMENT COMPLEX

By ChronoEclipse

Day 5:

**Saturday June 11th (A fifth time), This year.**

The Millenium Gardens apartment complex was engulfed in light once again. It was now a 'sophisticated, well-maintained testament to 1990s architectural ingenuity that mostly housed older middle-aged couples and their adult children' according to the aging woman downstairs in the sales office. 'A lot can change in nearly 30 years' she liked to say as she hobbled around giving tours of one of the units, 'and Millenium Gardens is no exception.'

"Katie..." Trey mumbled as he slowly opened his eyes on his fifth Saturday morning in a row.

The now 56-year-old man blearily looked down to see a pretty young blonde 29-year-old woman resting her head on his beer gut and smiling up at him.

"Annie..." She corrected with a young cheery voice.

Trey shook his head waking up a bit more as he rubbed his aching neck and sat up in the bed.

"Sorry I thought you were... someone else for a second." He mumbled, stretching.

Annie got up, bouncing on the bed with youthful energy. She was completely naked and her perky tits jiggled appealingly as she moved to straddle his hairy legs. The young woman put her smooth hands on her trim waist and smirked at the bald middle-aged man in front of her.

"You didn't seriously confuse me for your frumpy old ex-wife did you?" She asked with a giggle.

Trey rubbed his lined face with both hands and took a deep breath, still feeling exhausted.

“She’s not technically my ex yet...” He pointed out.

Annie rolled her eyes and smirked harder.

“Separated/Divorced - same diff. The point is that you’re with me now and we’re in love...” She purred as she leaned in and planted a passionate kiss on his lips.

Trey did love the feeling of Annie’s soft pouty lips pressed against his - her energy and upbeat attitude kept him feeling young.

“Yeah you’re right baby... sorry, I’m just a bit groggy... we were out pretty late last night...” He grunted.

“We were only out until 1am Trey. Lily and I usually party hop until like 3 or 4.” Annie pointed out with a laugh.

The man in his mid 50s looked bewildered at the thought of that. He usually liked to be in bed by 11pm.

“Huh, really? It felt later. Maybe it was all the dancing that wore me out.” He suggested.

Annie giggled and shook her head.

“You mostly sat there and watched me and my friends dance... anyway, I know what will wake you up and make you forget all about that dowdy nagging ex-wife of yours...” The blonde girl said with a grin.

She leaned down and kissed Trey’s lined neck, her perky breasts grazing his hairy chest as she continued to kiss her way down to his man-boobs, licking his nipple playfully and continuing on down to his flabby gut following his treasure trail of graying hair down to his crotch.

“Mmmm looks like at least part of you is alert this morning...” Annie observed with a giggle as she wrapped her silky smooth hand around the shaft of Trey’s fat erect dick.

Trey chuckled looking down at the pretty young woman hovering over his penis.

“Yeah well, that’s what happens when you wake up to a beautiful girl in her 20s laying naked on top of you...” He joked, grinning down at her and causing all of the deep smile lines of his haggard face to bunch.

Annie blushed and smiled up at him biting her lip as she continued to stroke his member.

“Thank you Daddy...” She purred.

Trey winced at her pet name for him. He really hated when she called him that - at best it just made him feel old but it also made him feel uncomfortable since he had known her mother for quite a while - though luckily both he and Erica agreed that there was no chance whatsoever that he was the father of either of her daughters.

But he still wasn’t crazy about the idea of being considered a ‘sugar daddy’ to this stunning young woman - they were both adults and Trey still like to think that he could land a date with an attractive 29-year-old without her just being interested in his financial stability.

“I thought we talked about coming up with a different thing to call me...” He said with a grimace.

Annie grinned at the older man and playfully stuck out her tongue, running it along the head of his penis causing Trey to groan in pleasure.

“Uh huh, we sure did Daddy...” The younger woman giggled.

Before Trey could argue the point further he became distracted by the euphoric sensation of Annie’s warm sensual mouth engulfing his dick. She began to bob

her blonde head up and down on his lap bringing the older man to orgasmic reactions.

“Oh gah ahhh...” Trey grunted as Annie guzzled up his seed and licked up the rest from around his shaft.

She pulled back and dapped at the corners of her pouty lips with a grin.

“Good morning...” She said with a perky giggle.

Annie reached down to her own clean-shaven crotch and rubbed it with her hand moaning as she bit her lip and knelt in front of him.

“Now that the warmup’s done it’s time for the real fun...” She purred as she leaned over and pulled a condom out of the bedside table.

“The warmup?” Trey asked, thinking that he was feeling pretty satisfied.

Annie nodded, grinning hungrily at the 56-year-olds semi-erect cock. She took out the condom and hovered over Trey.

“Mmhmm... but you’re going to have to get a little harder than that so I can put your condom on babe. I can’t risk getting pregnant while I’m still in school...” The young woman said seriously.

“Uh that might be it for me hun. I’m pretty tapped out.” He said honestly.

She frowned as she used the hand that wasn’t holding a condom to stroke his member back to full erection.

“Nonsense, see? I have the magic touch...” She said as she got it to grow.

The young woman slipped the condom on her older boyfriend and then effortlessly spun around and slid her pussy down onto him. Trey didn’t stay especially hard for long and after a few gyrations he was softening again inside of her but Annie kept him going with her kegal muscles as she rocked back and forth in the reverse cowgirl position.

Trey put his hands on the soft wrinkled soles of her petite feet and gently caressed his young girlfriend from her toes up to the backs of her toned thighs as she continued to gyrate on him. He cupped her plump round rear and thought about how lucky he was to have such a hot girlfriend to live with after his separation. Then a sharp pain shot up his back.

“OOoh!” He groaned as his back spasmed.

Annie pulled off him quickly and spun around gently putting a hand on his hairy chest.

“Baby are you alright? What happened?” She asked in concern. Part of her worried that one of these mornings she’d give her boyfriend a heart attack.

Trey shook his head wincing.

“Nothing - I think I just pinched a muscle in my back... it happens. I must have slept on it funny. I’m okay now.” He assured her as he continued to rub his lower back tenderly.

Annie pouted and leaned over him kissing Trey on his lined forehead.

“Awww poor Daddy... well if you’re sure you’re okay now we can pick back up where we left off...” She purred.

Trey hesitated for a moment. He was really turned on but completely worn out.

“Actually babe, I think we should probably call it there for now. Let me shore up a bit of my mojo again...” He said reluctantly.

Annie pouted and then shrugged.

“Maybe next time you go to the doctor you should ask him about those little blue pills...” She suggested.

Trey sighed and furrowed his brow. He was sore and tired - not impotent. Viagra was for old guys.

“Wanna take a shower with me?” The blonde girl asked in a perky sing-songy voice.

Trey sighed in exhaustion and then nodded.

“Yeah - why don’t you go on ahead baby and I’ll come join you...” He suggested.

“Don’t make me wait to long - you don’t want me to get as wrinkly as you by the time you get in there...” She teased, scrunching her button nose and grinning at him as she bounced naked over to the door to the bathroom.

He smirked at her.

“By the time you’re as wrinkly as me I’ll be luckily be too senile to notice!” He joked back with a wheezing laugh.

The 29-year-old smirked at him from the doorway.

“I meant from pruning in the shower, weirdo!” She clarified with a grin and then shut the door.

Trey laid in the bed for a few minutes as he heard the water run in the next room and then decided to get up out of bed. He sat rubbing his sore back for a few moments when the door behind him swung open.

“Coming baby...” Trey mumbled assuming that Annie had popped back into the bedroom to see what was taking him so long.

He turned around to instead see his girlfriends mother Erica walking into the room in spandex panties and a sports bra. Her 58-year-old body was in great shape but there were clear signs that the fitness buff was fast approaching 60. Her bare legs had a good amount of jiggle to them with cellulite creeping up no matter how much she tried to burn it off; and her formerly sexy legs were now

adorned with visible blue veins and loose skin crinkling around her kneecaps. Her still-flat stomach was also wrinkling and looking a bit puffy as her post-menopausal body shifted muscle into fatty tissue. Her shoulder-length hair was now visibly lightening on the sides into a mix of blonde and grayish white. Her workout top was flopping over onto itself as her saggy breasts no longer pushed it outward, instead the top seam tugged downward revealing a lot of the sunspotted leathery expanse of her matronly chest.

“Oh Trey! I didn’t know you were in here!” She said, feigning surprise.

“I live here Erica, remember?” He replied scrambling to get his boxers back up.

The older woman let out a husky laugh.

“I know that! I just didn’t know if you had gone out or not... I was trying to find a quiet place to do a bit of yoga before I head over to visit my grandkids. I heard Annie in the shower and thought ‘Ooo nows my chance!’... I’ve been planning on turning this room into a little exercise space once Annie gets a place of her own anyhow!” Erica said oblivious of how passive aggressive that came off.

“Well if you give me a second to get dressed I can get out of your hair...” Trey replied as he went over to the dresser to get some pants.

“Oh no need! You’re no bother at all hun.” The 58-year-old said as she unfurled her yoga mat.

Erica then stood on the mat, bending one veiny leg and putting her hands on her hips, flashing Trey a smile with her thin pruning lips and causing the skin under her chin to bunch.

“But before I start - what do you think of my outfit?” She purred seductively.

“Uh... hold on and let me grab my glasses.” The 56-year-old man replied.

Without his glasses or contact in all he could tell about the aging blonde was that she was showing off far more skin than a woman his age really ought to. He grabbed the glasses from the bedside table and put them on looking at the

older middle-aged yoga enthusiast. Her shiny bikini bottoms dug into her softening waste line and exposed every dimple and blemish on her nearly 60-year-old thighs. She spun around slowly giving him the view of how they were barely covering her saggy ass cheeks in the back. Erica looked like some super hero from a comic book in one of those skimpy barely-there costumes adolescent boys drooled over only if the heroine had been hit with an age-ray and was now nearing retirement - which in fairness wasn't far from the truth!

“Looking good!” He said to make her feel good.

Erica responded by quickly pulling up her top and popping out her sagging breasts. Trey's jaw dropped as her crinkly nipples became visible on her droopy freckled tits that hung halfway toward her softening abs.

“You should have seen me 30 years ago!” She joked with a chuckle as she pulled her top back down over her aged breasts and began to do her stretches.

Trey got a boner just thinking about how hot Erica must have been when she was her daughters age. She was in obviously great shape for nearing 60 but as she moved her age showed in various places, like how the leathery sundamaged skin of her thighs crinkled and dimpled as she rotated her aged legs around or how when she got into a plank position the loose skin that was losing its elasticity with time began to bunch and wrinkle around her belly button.

“Well it seems you have very good genes - hopefully for Annies sake they run in the family!” Trey said with a smile as he sat on the bed pulling a pair of jeans on.

“Well it's a mix of good genes and hard work. Annie's always been active but she's got to really put the time in if she wants to take after her mama.” Erica said as she reached down to touch her veiny feet.

“Heh well she sure gives me a workout!” Trey joked and then blushed realizing that he had just said that to his girlfriends mother.



Erica didn't seem to mind though she laughed along with him and brought her leg up behind her, her joints crackled a bit as she moved causing her to wince a bit as she attempted a more advanced yoga pose that probably came a lot easier to her a decade and a half ago (or a couple days ago depending on how you looked at it).

"You know, I'm also very flexible for a gal in her 50s..." Erica purred with a wink.

The bathroom door opened behind her and Annie stepped out wrapped in a towel.

"You'd better not still be in bed old man..." She giggled as she came into the bedroom.

The young blonde stopped short as she witnessed her mother dressed in ill-fitting workout clothes stretching and contorting in front of her very attentive boyfriend.

"Mother! Did you come in here trying to seduce my boyfriend!?" Annie yelled sounding a mix of amused and annoyed.

Erica feigned offense at the suggestion.

"Honey no! Of course not... I came in here to do some morning yoga... I had no idea Trey was even in the room!" Erica said unconvincingly.

Annie folded her arms and smirked at the older woman.

"That is NOT your yoga outfit... those are a pair of bikini bottoms that I bought for a costume in college and Chrissie's old jogging top!" Annie said calling out her mother.

Erica stopped doing yoga and rolled her eyes.

"Okay fine... but I think it's only fair that if you're going to stay living in my house rent rent with a boyfriend that's *my* age that I get to have a bit of fun and

maybe get a turn with him every once in a while..." The older woman said with a wrinkled grin.

Trey gulped, not wanting to weigh in on this one way or the other - nothing good could come from him commenting on whether he'd be interested in fooling around with his girlfriends mother from time to time.

"I'm uh... going to go take a shower." He said hurrying passed the two women into the bathroom.

Erica and Annie watched the middle-aged man shut the door behind him and shrugged. Erica knelt down and began to roll up her yoga matt.

"Well that's that then. I'd better go change out of this ridiculous get-up into some real clothes so I can pop over to your sisters. She's having a tough morning because of... well *you know*." The older woman said with a shrug.

"Oh you're going to be over Chrissie's this afternoon? Great. I can get some work done." Annie replied happily.

"Hey if your old mom is getting in the way of doing... whatever it is you do around here then you could always get your own place..." Erica responded with a smirk.

Annie sighed in exasperation.

"Mom, I told you that once I finish my degree then I'll be able to save up and get my own apartment." Annie explained.

"Okay... well I won't say that I've heard that before. It's just that its taken you an awfully long time to get a degree in physical therapy and you're almost 30 and still living at home... I talk to Lily's mother every week and she tells me about how her daughter moved out at 19..." Erica nudged.

Annie rolled her eyes.

“Yeah well Lily’s my best friend and I know for a fact that her mom pays her rent and she still shows up here every weekend to do her laundry!” The younger blonde pointed out.

Erica tossed her veiny hands in the air and shrugged defensively.

“I don’t want to argue. Who am I to tell you how to live your life... I just think that if you had let me get you that job at my gym a few years ago you’d be able to afford your own place *and* your buns would be nice a tight...” Erica slipped in the last word as she left the room.

Annie gritted her teeth and clenched her fist fuming in frustration at her mother.

In the bathroom Trey was patting his exposed gut and sighing wondering if he should pick back up his own membership at Erica’s gym. He opened a bottle containing his cholesterol tablets and swallowed one before getting into the shower thinking about the days in his youth when he would have never passed up a chance to take a shower with the hot girl he was dating or how he totally would have made something happen when an attractive woman came to hit on him by showing off how flexible she was in just a sports bra and panties. But today all of that felt like a huge chore. He hadn’t had his coffee yet, which was causing him to drag and he felt a bit gassy. Trey began to wash what hair he had remaining on his head and wondered how his soon-to-be-ex wife was doing.

Upstairs in apartment 513, Katherine had woken up in the queen-sized bed alone. The now 51 year old woman dragged herself up to her feet and plodded into the bathroom to get ready and start her day. She couldn’t afford to wallow in the misery of her separation and the doldrums of entering her 50s. She was up against a few deadlines after all.

She padded into the bathroom and sighed as she looked at the frowning jowly woman staring back at her in the mirror. Her gray roots were starting to show again. Katherine made a mental note to make a physical note to schedule an appointment at the hair salon for later this week.

The matronly graying brunette leaned over the sink and touched her crows feet with her fingers and then traced one of her frown lines down her flabby cheek. She hated how soft and slack her jawline was. If she was going to have to get back out onto the dating scene in her 50s maybe she'd need to bite the bullet and get a face lift. Katherine tugged back her sloping cheeks with both of her hands to imagine what a face lift would do for her aging countenance and then rolled her eyes shaking her head. All of that plastic surgery stuff just made other women her age look so unnatural. She'd rather own every wrinkle and sag on her body with confidence than look like some pathetic country club matron trying unsuccessfully to fool the people around her into thinking that she's 30 years younger. Now if there was something like the fountain of youth that could ACTUALLY make Katherine 30 years younger... *that* she would take happily and flaunt her regained youth right in Trey's stupid, fat, balding old face!

She took a deep breath and got in the shower, carefully gripping the door handle the entire time for fear that if she slipped in the shower there would be noone around to find her or help her. But as she got out of the shower and tugged on a pair of sweat pants and an old t-shirt she heard a knock at the door.

Katherine tied her hair up into a bun and walked barefoot through the apartment to answer the door. Standing outside were her friends Donna, Patricia and Sandy. They were her neighbors from down the hall, all of them were a bit younger than Katherine - she was the unofficial 'mom' of the group - but all of them were divorced so right now she especially welcomed their camaraderie.

Sandy was the youngest of the group. A 39-year-old millennial restaurant manager with short red hair that always dressed really cool and chic. Patricia was a cute curvy blonde office worker who had just turned 40. Her only 'kids' were her two cats and the gals often teased her that she was well on her way to becoming a crazy cat lady in a decade or two. Then there was Donna the attractive 42-year-old latina who ran the flower shop downstairs and kept Katherine up to date on all of the hot gossip floating around the building.

“Hey girl! Good morning!” Donna said with a bright smile as she held out a thermos of coffee for Katherine.

“Hi guys! What are you doing here? Oh gosh, don’t tell me that we made plans for this morning and I forgot!... I’ve been trying to write things down-” Katherine said to them as she welcomed the ladies into her apartment.

There were, in fact, post-it notes pasted all around to remind Katherine of various things since she had found herself so scattered in recent months. The 51-year-old quickly cleaned off some clutter around kitchen table and invited the younger women to come sit.

“I baked some muffins!” Patricia said holding up a plate.

“Oh my goodness Patricia that’s amazing!” Katherine exclaimed.

“You’re such a home-body Patty!” Sandy teased taking a bite of one of the muffins.

“Well, we just know that you’re going through a hard time right now so we thought you might like a little company for breakfast.” Patricia explained.

Katherine looked touched as she smiled at her friend.

“Thank you girls. It really means a lot... it’s certainly taken some getting used to, waking up in an empty bed.” The 51-year-old admitted.

“Been there honey! Believe me. We all have.” Donna related.

The other women nodded and murmured agreement as they drank their coffee and ate muffins.

“And it doesn’t help that I know that he’s not going through the same thing - he’s downstairs shacking up with that... that... *infant!*” Katherine added bitterly.

They other ladies all shook their heads.

“See this is the problem with our society! You’re married for 10, 15, 20 years and then you divorce and the guy can bounce right back and hook up with women in their 20s because being a middle-aged man is somehow seen as sexy and attractive. But when you’re a middle-aged woman...” Sandy ranted.

The other women looked over at the redhead skeptically and began to laugh.

“What?” Sandy asked not seeing what was so funny about what she just said.

“Hun, you’re not even 40 yet! Find a gray hair in your pubes before you come at us with this ‘middle-aged women’ stuff.” Katherine teased gently.

The Millennial blushed.

“Well I wouldn’t know - I wax down there!” She countered.

The women all burst out laughing.

“But- BUT! I found a mole right above my but that used to be a freckle when I was a teenager!” Sandy insisted as if that was her ticket into the ‘middle-aged women’s club.

The ladies all laughed harder.

“You know, I heard that girl that Trey is seeing, Erica’s daughter? Which, like, don’t even get me started. How does a woman let her own daughter date a man only two years younger than she is... but the girl, Annie? I hear she’s into some *freaky* shit.” Donna confided when the laughter died down.

“Like with... whips and those zip up masks and stuff?” Patricia asked innocently.

Donna shrugged and demured. Katherine pictured her husband in a BDSM relationship with a woman half his age and quickly shook her head.

“I don’t even want to think about what Trey and that girl are getting up to!” Katherine said bluntly.

Sandy rubbed the older woman’s slouching shoulder.

“Yeah babe. Fuck him. Don’t even think about him. Just focus on you – you should totally get back out there and hit the dating scene again.” The redhead insisted.

“Yeah I’ve been thinking about it... my twin sister Amy is taking me out tomorrow for mani/pedis... because my feet are really not ready for the summer.” Katherine replied.

She lifted up her foot and rested it on the opposite knee showing her checkly soles and the rough dry skin on the ball of her foot.

“I just know that Amy is going to spend the day rubbing in what a healthy perfect relationship she has with *her* wonderful husband – they’ve been married for 30 years, you know!” Katherine added, not realizing that her ‘twin sister’ was actually her mother and that ‘wonderful husband’ was actually Katie’s own father.

“You’ll have plenty of time to meet ‘mr. right’. But what you need honey is mr. Right Now! Someone to make you feel young and sexy again!” Donna insisted shaking her hips and smiling at the older woman.

“Well... There is a handsome guy down the hall that I’ve had a few flirty interactions with but haven’t gone any further because he’s way too young for me – he’s got to be in his 30s. Do you gals know Jonny?” Katherine asked blushing.

The women all nodded vigorously.

“Yes! Jonny and I used to go to high school together! Oh my god he’s perfect! I absolutely want to set you both up right now!” Sandy exclaimed nearly knocking her coffee over.

Katherine blushed.

“No guys.... I can't! What if he thinks i'm too old for him? This is too embarrassing.” Katherine shook her head, flustered.

“Well... I heard that Jonny is into older women...” Donna whispered with a wink.

“Seriously. I'll text him right now if you let me!” Sandy said holding up her phone.

“No guys... I couldn't... should I?” Katherine asked with a squeamish grin.

The other women nodded at her.

“Okay... fine... you can text him.” The graying brunette sighed.

“Done!” Sandy said with a grin.

“Yaaaaay!!!” Patricia yelled clapping her meaty hands with excitement.

Katherine's lined face turned crimson and she waved her hands in the air.

“Okay! Okay! Enough sad single-lady humiliation for one morning. I've got an article to write.” Katherine said taking the final sip of her coffee and standing up.

“Oooo what is this one about? I just loooove your advice column!” Patricia cooed.

Katherine shook her head.

“Well this is about the lack of acknowledgement Gen-Xers like me get for setting all of the culture that todays fashion and music and film are obviously inspired by...” She explained with a smirk knowing that that topic wouldn't go over especially well with these ladies who were a decade younger than her.



“Actually-” Sandy began to make the case for Millennials like she always did.

“Nope! Don’t have time to debate it. I’m on a deadline. Thank you so much for stopping by ladies! It really means a lot to have good friends to get me through this.” Katherine said giving each woman a big hug as she guided them to the door.

“Ooo don’t forget Tuesday night we’re all going out after work for Margarita tuesday!” Patricia interjected as they got out into the hallway.

“I’ll write myself a note!” Katherine said with a smile as she shut the door and padded over to her computer to begin her article.

She found herself tempted to look up Trey’s facebook account to see if he’s posted any photos recently of him and his new young ‘kinky’ girlfriend... she thought to check out that guy Jonny down the hall but decided against it. She didn’t want to jinx things and didn’t even know if he was on facebook - younger people didn’t seem to use that social media platform anymore.

Downstairs Trey was drying off from the shower. He buttoned up the collared shirt he had picked out and pulled up his jeans, fascening his belt high to hide his gut a bit and then walked out into the bedroom.

He froze at the sight of his 29-year-old girlfriend kneeling on all fours, topless in her bed with a puffy white diaper strapped around her butt and a pacifier plugged between her pouty lips. Her blonde hair was pulled into two pigtails as she posed for her phone that was mounted on a tri-pod at the foot of the bed.

The young woman giggled and popped the pacifier out of her mouth with a little bit of spittle trailing from it to her pink lips.

“Hi Daddy... I’m just shooting some new content for my page...” She explained with a smile.

Annie then rolled on to her bed on the bed, tucking her bare legs up. Her feet were wrapped in silky pink booties. Upon seeing Trey stare at them she wiggled her toes under the sheer material and giggled. She began to suck on her thumb

and twirl one of her pigtails as he snapped a few more pics on her phone via a remote in her right hand.

“Uh I knew that you did this online sex stuff but I thought you just posted pictures of your feet or something... I didn’t realize it involved all of these costumes...” He said staring at his girlfriend as her perky breasts jiggled above her diaper.

“This is for my A.B. fans babe.” Annie said matter-of-factly as she posed again his her hand grabbing her smooth toned bare thigh.

“A.B.? I don’t know what that is...” Trey said shaking his head.

“Adult Baby, Trey... I have a lot of fans that are into it...” Annie explained as she unwrapped a lollypop.

“Guys pay money to see you put on a diaper?... I don’t know, seems a little messed up to me.” Trey said shaking his head.

Annie pouted at him and playfully stroked her finger around one of her nipples causing it to harden.

“Aww no kink-shaming Daddy... we all have our little things...now stop being such a conservative old grump and come change Baby Annie’s diaper...” The blonde woman purred kicking her legs up in the air.

Trey furrowed his lined brow at the young woman and made a pensive face.

“You want me to change your diaper?” He asked skeptically.

The nearly 30-year-old woman giggle and tossed her head from side to side making her pig tails bounce around.

“Yeah. C’mon. It’s not like I actually peed in it or anything... and it’ll get me soooo hot...” She moaned as she rubbed herself over the crinkling undergarment.

Trey gulp and stood up. He couldn't believe that he was actually going to do this but he didn't want his hot young girlfriend thinking that he was a prude - and they were both consenting adults! Annie was old enough to not even be considered 'barely legal' anymore.

"I thought that the benefits of dating a younger woman was that eventually you'd be changing *my* diapers..." He joked to diffuse how awkward he found the situation.

Annie laid back and smirked at him, spreading her legs and rubbing her booty-covered foot on his arm.

"All in good time Daddy." She teased with a wink.

"Okay soooo what do I do? I never had any kids remember?" He asked her staring down at her sexy body.

"Mmm first you want to check and see if i'm wet..." She purred.

He looked at her concerned since she had just told him that she didn't piss herself - but then he realized that the young woman meant the *other* kind of wet.

"Right..." He said as she took his hand and guided it to her soft flat navel.

Trey slipped his fingers down the front of her diaper and felt the stubble where she shaved her pubes down to her pussy where she was indeed very moist.

"Wet enough for you Daddy?" She purred.

"Could you please call me like literally anything else? It's making it extra weird while I do this..." He requested.

She pursed her lips and smiled at him sympathetically.

"Okay baby... now you want to unstrap the old diaper..." Annie prompted him.

Trey looked to see the straps on both side of the woman's diaper. He reached over and pulled them both off causing the garment to flop forward revealing her pussy.

"Mmm good job Da-I mean, baby..." She purred.

Annie reached over and grabbed the lollipop pop that she had unwrapped and then proceeded to penetrate herself with it. Moaning as she thrust it in and out of her slit, rolling it around inside of her and gasping in pleasure. Trey knelt in front of her fully dressed surprisingly turned on by the sight of the 29-year-old pleasuring herself with a blowpop.

"Mmm want some of my candy baby?" She asked with a giggle.

Trey nodded and Annie pulled the lollipop out of her pussy and stuck it into the older mans mouth.

"Okay now it's time to wipe me down." Annie instructed.

She flourished her hand in the corner of the bed to pull out a pair of wetwipes and handed them over to her older lover who was enjoying his lollipop. Trey took them and fumbled to wipe across Annie's slit and inner thighs. The young woman writhed and moaned as he stroked her.

"Mmm you're doing great. Now you want to powder my pussy and my cute little tush so that I don't get a diaper rash..." She purred in a mock-baby voice.

Trey cringed once again out of his comfort zone as she handed him a bottle of talcum power. She spread her legs wide and framed her crotch with her hands to show him where to sprinkle the powder.

"You seriously want me to shake this over your vag?" He asked.

Annie nodded with a perky noise to the affirmative. The 56-year-old man sighed and shrugged as he shook the bottle over her crotch and watched the snowy powder sprinkle over her labia.

“Mmm very good baby.” She said as she reached down and rubbed the talc into her clit, moaning softly.

The young woman then rolled over onto her stomach and wiggled her bare rear up at Trey. He playfully spanked one of her butt cheeks, enjoying the sight of the round ass jiggling from the impact.

“Mmm did you spank me because I’ve been a bad girl?” She asked with a giggle.

Trey shook his head.

“No I just think that you have a really fine ass and I love slapping it!” He said honestly.

She pouted a little that he still wasn’t fully playing along but figured she could get him into it more as they went along. Trey sprinkled the talc onto her ass crack and then rubbed his around her butt cheeks himself. He noticed a bit of cellulite around the bottom of her ass but her bum was still tighter and firmer than his wife’s or any woman his age so he had no complaints!

“Okay now it’s time to put a new diaper on me...” Annie said excitedly as she pointed to the folded up fresh diaper on the bedside table.

Trey stood up and grabbed the new diaper and brought it to the bed. Annie rolled onto her back again and lifted her legs straight up into the air.

“You’re going to have to lift me up to get it under my bum.” She instructed with a giggle.

Trey wrapped his hairy arm around her legs and tugged her naked body upward while sliding the open diaper under where her ass would rest, then he let her down onto the diaper.

“There! I did it.” He said, a little out of breath.

Annie clapped and grinned.

“Now strap me up!” She instructed.

Trey pulled the front of the diaper up between her thighs and fastened it around her waist on either side, patting the crotch to make sure it was secure.

“There you go!” The older man said with a smile, pleased that he made his girlfriend happy – even if it was an odd request.

“Yaaay!!” Annie clapped and stomped her feet on the bed excitedly.

Trey got up and Annie held her arms out to him. He shrugged and leaned over the bed to give the young woman a kiss. She wrapped her arms around his neck and brought her legs around his waist.

“Now you can carry Baby Annie to get her phone...” She giggled as she hung off of him like a monkey.

He tried to pull her arms from around his neck.

“No baby... that’s not going to work.” He said shaking his head.

“Pleeeeeeeassee.” She begged.

“My backs not great.” He pointed out.

“You know I’m very light. Please just carry me across the room and I promise that’s it.” She pleaded.

Trey sighed and nodded.

“Okay...” He said warily.

He wrapped his arms around her silky thighs and put his hands under her diapered bottom as she wrapped her arms and legs around him, pressing her bare breasts into his chest and wresting her head on his shoulder.

“You’re the best.” She cooed as he carried her over to the tripod her phone was mounted on.

Annie grabbed it and checked her messages.

“Ooo! Lily’s here! She wants to meet up down at the pool!” The young woman said, dropping the baby voice for her own more mature tone.

She jumped down from Trey’s arms and he quickly rubbed his back knowing that he was going to pay for that the next morning.

“Are you going down in that?” He asked pointing to her diaper and booties.

Annie looked at him like he was nuts.

“Of course not! I’m going to change into a bikini.” She explained as if that was obvious.

Trey sighed and thought for a moment what it would be like if he was dating Annie’s mother instead.

Next door Erica was in Chrissies apartment grunting and struggling to move a reclining chair out of her living room as her 32-year-old daughter and 13 year old granddaughter Jenny looked on. Chrissies two youngest kids Harper, age 10 and Greyson age 8 were running around playing.

“Grandma! Just let me help you!” Jenny insisted watching her nearly 60-year-old grandmother attempt to lift the heavy chair by herself.

“No no - just stand back sweetie. I’ve got this.” Chrissie huffed as she knelt down to get better leverage.

“Mom, seriously just let me or Jenny help you - that’s too heavy to carry on your own at your age.” Chrissie insisted.

“At my age? If it’s so heavy why would it be safe to let a little girl lift it then?” Erica asked pausing to look at her daughter incredulously.

“I’m not a little girl anymore grandma - I’m in going to be in 8th grade next year.” Jenny pointed out.

Erica patronizingly patted the girl on her head. Even though at 13 Jenny was nearly as tall as the aging blonde woman.

“That’s still little in my book sweetie... and besides, I’ve been lifting and moving around this furniture since before you mom was born! Where do you think she got this chair from?” Erica pointed out with a chuckle.

“Exactly mom - and I’m 32 now so maybe it’s time to give the ‘strongest woman alive’ bit a rest. I can have a couple of guys come up and take the chair out of the apartment.” Chrissie insisted.

“Then you’d have to pay them somehow and I know you can’t afford that right now sweetie. Just let me uuurrghhh!” Erica grunted as she attempted to lift the recliner up.

She felt a pain shoot up her back and immediately stopped, stumbling back. The 58-year-old leaned forward putting her hands on her veiny knees and caught her breath.

“Mom? Are you alright?” Chrissie asked concerned.

Erica nodded with her head still hung down, as she wheezed and groaned.

“I’m fine baby... maybe I’ll get the chair for you another day. I had a light breakfast and I’m feeling a little light headed.” Erica explained.

Chrissie rolled her eyes at her mothers stubbornness and refusal to admit that she couldn’t do everything that she used to be able to do when she was 25.

“Okay mom why don’t you come to the kitchen and sit down.” She said as she led her matronly mom out of the living room.



A few minutes later the mother and daughter were chatting and drinking tea while Jenny scrolled through her phone and her younger siblings played in the other room.

“So he’s refusing to sign the papers because it gives me full custody of the kids. The lawyer says that even if it goes to court that I’ll still win because I’m their mom and I have the apartment - he’s crashing at his coworkers place in the burbs.” Chrissie explained.

“He never cared much about spending time with the kids before!” Erica growled angrily.

“Yeah well - he still has this crazy notion that we’ll patch things up and get back together. I’m like ‘that shit only happens in the movie *Matty!*!’” Chrissie said as she took a hit from her e-cig.

“That’s good baby, stay strong. He’s a bum and the only good thing he ever gave you were these three sweet angels.” Erica said leaning over and kissing Jenny’s cheek as the girls eyes were glued to her phone.

“Yeah I know. I’m actually trying to get back out there - Annie even set me up on a blind date the other day... it didn’t go great but it’s a start!” Chrissie said with a hopeful smile.

Erica rested her veiny hand on her daughter’s pudgy arm.

“Good for you hun!” She said encouragingly.

“OH MY GOD! I just found the best video! Harper! Grey! Come here and watch this!!!” Jenny exclaimed as she pulled something up on her phone.

The two younger kids ran up and crowded around the screen which was showing grainy footage of a public access fitness program from the 80s. In the video Erica, back in her early 20s dressed in typical 80s aerobic gear. She had a sweatband around her forehead holding down her long permed blonde hair and

a spandex green unitard over skin-tight purple leggings and matching green leg warmers bunched around her ankles over her sneakers.

The younger version of their grandmother was holding a pair of hand weights and pumping them up and down in tune to a Paula Abdul song.

“No way! Is that... grandma!?” Harper gasped covering her mouth.

“Hey let me see that!” The 58-year old said spinning the phone toward her. She pulled out her reading glasses from their case and slipped them on and gasped at the sight of her self from over 35 years ago.

“Is that really you grandma?” Jenny asked excitedly.

Erica gave the kids a wrinkled smirk.

“Sure is - back in my ‘Glory Days’.” She confirmed.

Erica then began to sing the Bruce Springsteen song while hugging Greyson against her lap.

“What is that song?” Harper asked.

Erica raised her eyebrows at the kids.

“What do you mean? It’s Bruce Springsteen!” Erica replied indignantly.

Harper looked to Jenny who shrugged.

“Who’s that?” The oldest of the siblings asked.

Erica sighed and rolled her eyes.

“Evidently music for dinosaurs... what kind of culture are you exposing these kids to Chrissie? Maybe I should take them in for a while...” Erica joked.

Chrissie shook her head.

“If it’s not Disney or Kidsbop they don’t care about it mom.” Chrissie explained.

“My goodness... well let’s watch more of that video. How did you even find this? I want to put this on my computer! This was way back before your mom and aunty Annie were born - back when I still had that perfect figure.” Erica said with a chuckle.

“After you’re done with that I can show you the dating profile that Annie and I made for me. It’s a little sad but I can only work with what I’ve got.” Chrissie said as the rest of her family watched the youtube video.

“That’s right honey.” Erica nodded.

“I kind of feel like I’m one of those people in that Glory Days song... It was a looooooot easier to land dates back when I was a teenager before Jenny was born. I had guys practically eating out of my hand.” The blonde mom pointed out taking another drag of her e-cig.

“And look where that got you.” Erica pointed out.

Chrissie nodded and took a deep breath. She rubbed her slight double chin thinking that her mother had a fair point.

“I suppose any guy that isn’t interested in serious dating a 30-something, divorced mother-of-three is probably not worth my time anyway right mom?” The younger woman said with a shrug.

Erica nodded.

“That’s right sweetie... but if you’re serious about getting back out there you could come by the gym and we could make a workout plan for you to finally burn off that baby weight!” Erica said reach over and patting her daughters fleshy cheek.

“Thanks mom...” Chrissie said sarcastically. “Are you staying for dinner?” She asked in order to mentally prepare for the passive aggressive comments her mom would make about the pasta dish she had planned to cook.

“Yes that sounds nice...Oh! What time is it? I should take pills!” Erica said standing up and trying to remember where she left her pill case.

Upstairs in apartment 513 Katherine was at the sink taking the blood pressure medication that her doctor just started prescribing to her. She had been typing all morning and flexed her fingers feeling the burn in her aging joints and wondered if she should put her carpal tunnel brace on for the afternoon.

There was a knock at her door. She wondered if one of the gals was popping by again.

“You know ladies... this is very sweet but it’s too much. I just need t-” Katherine began to say as she opened the door.

Standing in the hallway was a tall 36-year-old man in jeans and a t-shirt smiling down at the older woman.

“Hey, Katherine right?” He asked.

The graying brunette nodded, speechless.

“Yes that’s me.” She replied.

“I’m Jonny - I’m a friend of Sandy’s. She said I should stop by...” He said with a smile.

“I’m going to kill her...” Katherine mumbled under her breath.

“What was that?” Jonny asked.

“Oh nothing... uh, come in come in. I could make you some coffee or... a snack!” Katherine suggested.

“A snack?” Jonny laughed. “Like it’s after recess?”

Katherine blushed.

“I’m sorry - I just... I’m not really sure what to do in these situations... I haven’t been... *you know...* single... since I was in my 20s!” She whispered as if it was a dirty secret.

Jonny smiled kindly at her and came close to the 51-year-old, brushing some of her graying brown hair out of her face and putting his hands on her leathery flabby arms.

“Hey, hey it’s cool. This doesn’t have to be any high pressure thing... let’s just... have a drink together and talk.” He suggested.

Katherine trembled nervously as Jonny held her looking down at her. She became acutely aware of every line and blemish on her face and body that would be visible to the younger man. This felt so much more embarrassing than it ever had been when she was flirting with guys she liked back when she was a cute perky coed.

“Talk?” She asked wondering if that was a euphemism that the kids were using these days.

Jonny nodded.

“And hey - I brought the drinks!” He said pulling a bottle of wine out from the bag slung over his shoulder.

Soon the may/december couple were a couple of glasses in and having a blast getting to know one another. Katherine talked about her career as a writer and a journalist and Jonny told her about his hobby restoring vintage motorcycles. They laughed and shared a couple awkward moments by soon were leaning into one another on the couch.

Katherine closed her eyes and parted her lips slightly as Jonny’s hands slid up her lap to hold her soft waist. They were about to kiss when Katherine flinched.

“What are we doing? You said you graduated high school 18 years ago! Do you know how old I was 18 years ago? I was practically your age! Can you imagine doing... whatever with a girl that just graduated high school?” Katherine asked trying to bring the young man to his senses and see her for the aging crone that she believed herself to be.

“Uh... no...” Jonny said shaking his head. “But I’m not with a recent high school grad... I’m with an amazing, vibrant, mature woman. You’re an adult and I’m an adult and we-” Jonny began to explain.

But Katherine quickly cut him off with a passionate kiss. Soon the couple was on the couch peeling one another’s clothes off. Katherine broke away to look down at the ratty sweats that Jonny was tugging down her cottage cheese thighs.

“Oh my god - I’ve been wearing these sweats the entire time!” She groaned in embarrassment.

Jonny laughed.

“Hey I like a girl without pretense.” He joked.

“Oh Jonny.” She gasped in a husky moan as she pulled him into another series of kisses.

Down at the pool Annie and Lily walked out dressed in bikinis and sarongs. Trey was behind the two young women dressed in shorts, a sleeveless button up and a fedora that Annie had picked out for him to cover up his bald spot in public.

The two 29-year-olds laid out towels and proceeded to tan on the pool deck while Trey meandered over to the deck chairs where his buddy Harold was sitting.

Harold was a 43-year-old real estate broker and one of the funniest guys that Trey knew. The barrel-chested man was sitting out in bermuda shorts with his

gut exposed drinking some beers pool side and watching a pair of teenage twin girls splash around in the pool.

“Harold buddy... hows married life?” Trey asked.

Harold dug into his cooler and pulled out a beer handing it to the older man.

“Ha! You know how it is pal, that’s why you’re down here with your - if you don’t mind me saying - tasty new girlfriend and her hot little friend...” Harold laughed.

Trey chuckled.

“That bad huh? I mean - if you don’t mind me saying - your wife is really stunning for her age.” Trey said with a smirk.

Harold sighed and nodded.

“Yeah so her social media account would lead you to believe... you know, when we got married I had just gotten out of school, I was 23 and naive and here she was this gorgeous 27 that looked like some kind of model or pop singer - ‘marry her!’ everyone told me. No brainer right? But no one tells you that in 20 years that hot young 27-year-old will be a bitter nagging 47-year-old constantly complaining about every gray hair and wrinkle she finds while I’m still 43 and in the prime of my life!” Harold explained.

Trey snorted and rolled his eyes gesturing toward the pool.

“Is that why you’re out here gawking at a couple of teenagers.” The 56-year-old asked.

In the pool the pair of strawberry blonde twins in matching string bikini’s playfully splashed one another and raced laps back and forth from one end of the pool to the other.

“Yeah well... by the time I’m your age and grows enough balls to ask for a divorce those girls will be Annie’s age and a new cycle can begin!” Harold

proclaimed gesturing from the twins over to the 29-year-olds sunning themselves nearby.

Trey laughed and shook his head.

“Who are those girls anyway?” He asked out of curiosity.

“Oh the twins? You know Conner on the third floor that we play golf with sometimes? His and his wife Melanie’s youngest daughters.” Harold replied.

Trey did a double take to the two bodacious twins in the pool, nearly knocking the hat off of his head.

“Shit those are Conner and Melanie’s twins! I swear I just saw them a few days ago and they were little kids!” Trey exclaimed in shock.

Harold chuckled and slapped his knee.

“That’s the fucked up thing man – kids can go from grade school to being legal adults in like 8 years!” The younger man pointed out.

Trey blushed feeling a little embarrassed that he had initially thought about how hot the twin girls were... his mind, attempting to clear the air thought about his wife and her own twin sister – ‘that’s these girls in just a few decades...’ He thought to himself.

He looked over at Annie who was waving at him as she laid on her flat stomach and still-perky chest. She still had her blonde hair in pig tails. Her friend Lily was laying next to her rubbing suntan lotion on her smooth pale legs. The young woman had a lip piercing and a few tattoos which Trey found really intriguing.

A meaty hand backhanded him on the stomach.

“Hey you ever ask your little blonde girlfriend there to get her hot goth friend to join you for a three-way?” Harold asked licking his lips.



Trey shook his head.

“Not yet... but next to some of the stuff she’s asked me to do... maybe I can call in a favor in return...” Trey mused.

“Oh yeah? What kind of stuff? I watched this video online of this couple where the woman made a guy watch her fuck a horse.” Harold replied.

Trey cringed and shook his head.

“Ugh! Nothing like that!” He assured his friend quickly.

“What then? Butt stuff? Whip stuff? What is she a furry?” Harold tried to guess.

Trey avoided answering as he watched an attractive young woman in her 20s come into the pool area holding a little baby in a diaper.

“Awwww what an adorable baby! Can I hold him!?” Annie asked getting up to greet the young woman.

“Sure - just be warned, he just got his bottle so he might spittle up on you.” The young mother said with a laugh.

“Oh I don’t mind a little spittle.” Annie said happily as she bounced the baby in her lap.

“Hi I’m Annie’s friend Lily.” Lily said shaking the newcomers hand.

“I’m Ava and this little guy is Tommy.” Ava replied with a smile.

“Oh sorry, geeze I didn’t realize that you two don’t know each other. Ava lives on the 4th floor... I actually used to babysit her when I was like 16 and she was 10.” Annie explained.

None of them knew that Ava hadn’t even been a twinkle in her moms eye when the first Saturday began and just a few days ago her parents had been a couple of love-sick high school sophomores.

“How are you parents?” Annie asked as she cooed the infant in her arms.

“Oh they’re doing fine. They’re at home balancing their checkbooks. Dad’s started coaching high school football... mom’s excited about margarita tuesday with the girls - you know, boring middle-aged person stuff.” Ava replied with a smirk.

“God don’t even say the ‘m-word’. I’m turning 30 in a few months!” Lily groaned.

Annie playfully slapped her friend.

“Oh don’t even Lily! 30 isn’t middle-age anymore. 30 is like the new 20! We won’t be ‘old’ until we’re in our like mid 40s.” Annie countered.

“Is that why you’re dating an older guy? So that no matter what you’re always the ‘hot young arm piece’?” Lily teased.

Ava’s eyes lit up.

“Ooo Annie is your mysterious guy here?” The 23-year -old asked.

Annie pointed over to Trey who cringed and waved at the trio of attractive young women now looking over at him.

“I wonder if he knows my dad.” Ava pondered thinking that she could never date a guy as old as Trey.

“Ava!” Annie said with a chuckle thinking that that was an embarrassing way to frame her boyfriend.

“What? I feel like all of the older people around here know one another. I get stopped in the halls all the time from some lady telling me that I’m the spitting image of my grandmother and I have to tell them that my grandmother is a

gray haired bat in her mid 60s that just got a hip replaced so that's not really a compliment!" Ava said laughing.

The baby reached up and grabbed Annie's boob nearly popping it out of her bikini top.

"Woooooah kiddo. Kitchen's closed! You want 24-hour service you go to mama." Annie joked handing the baby back.

"Is that it Tommy? You want to come to mama? Mama?" Ava asked holding her infant son up and nuzzling his nose.

The baby reached his pudgy arms back toward Annie.

"Uh oh... looks like someone's got a crush!" Lily joked and the girls all laughed.

Harold and Trey observed the 20-somethings sitting around in their bathing suits with the baby and Harold nudged his elbow into his buddy's side.

"You should ask for a 4-some!" He whispered.

"Man..." Trey began to respond.

"HAROLD!" An angry husky voice called out behind them.

The two men turned around to see Harold's wife Destiny standing over them in a one-piece bathing suit and a wrap with her hands on her thicker waist and her dark hair tied up in a bun.

"What honey? I just dipped down here for a bit to get a bit of sun and relax... I know you don't like me drinking in the house..." Harold replied sheepishly.

Destiny's 47-year-old face was beginning to develop jowls as she scowled at her lecherous husband and stared bitterly at the young attractive women around and in the pool.

“I know exactly what you’re doing! You said you’d fix the grout in the shower today but here you are lazing around oggling young girls! You’re sleeping on the couch tonight mister!” Destiny bellowed, slapping the man on the back of his balding head.

“Ow jeez! Alright! I’ll go upstairs and fix the shower!” He assured her as he jumped up and hurried out of the pool area.

Destiny sighed, fanning herself and wiping some sweat from her lined forehead.

“Hi Trey... I hope my idiot husband wasn’t causing too much trouble.” She said sounding sweeter now that Harold was gone.

Trey chuckled and smirked.

“Like he said - just getting some sun and relaxing.” Trey replied holding a beer up to her.

“I’m sure... how are you doing. I heard about your separation... Somedays it doesn’t sound like too bad an idea.” The curvy 47-year-old said with a bit of a flirtatious smirk.

She adjusted her sloping breasts in her bathing suit and pulled off her wrap resting it on the chair that her husband had been sitting in. Then the middle-aged woman strutted toward the pool. Her wide ass, dimpled with cellulite, spilled halfway out of the bottoms of her suit, jiggling with each step.

Destiny reached up and pulled her hair out of her bun letting the dark mane fall around her shoulders as she slid a veiny hand down the rolls of her side down to her bare thigh which was also rippled with a fair amount of cellulite. She then took a breath and dived into the pool as Trey watched on.

Upstairs Katie was laying naked in her bed trying to keep her saggy breasts from spilling off to the sides of her chest and her dignity along with them as Jonny banged her. She was getting sweaty and out of breath and her hip was beginning to hurt from holding her legs apart this long but Jonny was really

good at sex and was making her feel things that she hadn't felt in a while. The 51-year-old woman slicked back some of her graying brown hair from her sweaty face and closed her eyes gasping out a series of moans as the younger man thrust into her.

"Oh god! Oh god Jonny! Oh wow! Oh! OH! Oh fuck - what time is it?" She suddenly cried twisting her torso around to reach for her phone on the bedside table.

"It's like almost 6." Jonny said still inside her and admiring how her older leathery skin bunched when she twisted her naked body like that.

"Damnit! I completely forgot - I have an appointment... it's a stupid thing but I can't miss it. I'm sorry!" She explained pulling up away from him.

"So... we have to stop?" He asked her.

"Yeah. I'm really sorry - this was nice. I mean it. You're great!" She said leaning up to kiss him.

"Oh okay... uh can we do this again?" He asked as the older woman climbed out of bed and quickly began to get dressed.

"I would love that! Here let me give you my phone number... or do you like to do e-mail better? A friend of mine wrote an article about how young people are e-mailing more than calling... or was it texting?" Katherine rambled as she struggled to get her support bra around her chest.

Jonny got up and helped her, clasping the bra for her. He wrote his number down on a sticky note.

"Here you go. You can call me or text me or whatever just - let's do this again okay?" He said sticking the note to her bra.

Katherine hopped into an ankle-length skirt and moved the sticky note to her phone.

“Yes absolutely - and hey on your way out you should grab the snack I made you.” She said.

“When did you make me a snack?” He asked.

“When we took a brake so that I could go to the bathroom... I figured we were going so hard that you might be hungry afterwards. It’s wrapped up in a to-go plate on the counter.” She said, giving him a smile that creased all of the wrinkles on her cheeks.

“Ha, thanks... you sure you don’t have any kids. You’re really good at the ‘mom’ thing.” He said to her.

She blushed.

“Jonny, I’m not sure that that’s exactly what a 51-year-old woman wants to hear from the much younger man she just had sex with but... thank you.” She replied.

Jonny leaned in and gave her a kiss on her thinning lips and then left the room. Katherine’s hand shot up to her lip wide-eyed as she realized that she had also forgotten to wax her lip this morning and the little whiskers she had gained after menopause were still there.

“Dear god...” She groaned as she finished getting ready and headed off to her appointment.

Downstairs in the pool area Annie, Lily and Ava were still chatting and taking turns holding Tommy while Destiny shamelessly flirted with Trey in the pool as the twin teens quietly mocked her.

“So hows your sister doing? I heard from my mom that she’s getting a divorce.” Ava said to Annie.

The blonde girl nodded.

“Yeah she’s hanging in there – honestly she’s soooo much happier now. I set her up on a dating app so she could start meeting guys that aren’t total assholes...” Annie replied.

“I made a profile for my mom on that app too! Her screen name is ConfusedCougar53!” Lily said with a grin.

The young women all began to giggle profusely but their laughter was interrupted as the baby began to cry. Ava felt his diaper and frowned.

“Uh oh looked like a certain little guy needs a diidee change!” Ava said in a sing-songy voice.

“Oh I can do it! I’m actually kind of a pro at this.” Annie said grabbing the diaper bag and the baby.

“Really? But you don’t have any kids.” Ava said surprised.

Annie shook her pigtailed head.

“Nope and I never want them... but I do have two nieces and a nephew and a sister who was squeamish about touching poo so....” Annie said with a giggle.

She laid Tommy down on her towel and proceeded to change the babys diaper. Meanwhile at the other end of the pool Trey checked his phone and realized how late it was.

“Shit! I completely forgot!” He mumbled to himself.

He set his half-drunken beer down and got up from the deck chair quickly rushing over to Annie and her friends.

“Hey baby... I forgot that I have an appointment right now so I’ve got to run. I’ll see you this evening okay?” He asked leaning down to kiss her on the head.

“No sweat dadd-io! Catch ya on the flip side!” Annie said with a big grin as she fastened a diaper onto the baby with one hand and gave Trey a thumbs up and a wink with the other.

As the older man in the fedora jogged quickly to the exit, Destiny surfaced at the edge of the pool batting her eyes over at the empty deck chairs.

“Trey dear, do you have any sunscreen I could borrow?” She asked before realizing that she was talking to noone.

The 47-year-old blushed and then scowled at the teenage girls who were giggling at her from the other end of the pool. She climbed out with a grumpy look on her face as she readjusted her suit over her sagging breasts again and folded her arms bitterly.

In the hallway Trey passed the twins parents Conner and Melanie as the middle-aged couple chatted with Lily’s mother Sabrina who at 53 had gone completely grey and was taking on a more apple-shaped figure. As he waited for the elevator he overheard Melanie bragging that they just got news that their oldest daughter was pregnant and that she and her husband were about to become grandparents.

“Oh but you’re both so young!” Sabrina gasped.

“We’re not as young as we look! I’m 48 and Conner just turned 50!” Melanie replied conspiratorially.

Sabrina shook her head bewildered.

“Well, you’re both a few years younger than I am and I can’t even get my daughter to bring any boyfriends home to meet me!” The gray haired 53-year-old vented.

“Oh I’m sure she’ll bring someone home when she meets the right one!... What about you? I heard from Donna in the flower shop that you’re getting back out there...” Melanie said grinning at Sabrina.



The older woman blushed.

“Oh Lily had me on this dating app... I don't know much about it... there was another one I saw advertised in AARP magazine that seemed more my speed but Lily says that it's 'lame' and what do I know about that stuff right?” Sabrina said tossing her hands in the air dismissively.

“Well good for you! Why should all the young people have all the fun?” Melanie said patting the older woman on her flabby arm supportively.

“I'll tell you what though, dating was a whole lot easier and less intimidating when every part of my body was high and tight where it belonged!” Sabrina replied with a chuckle putting her hands on her roly waist.

The elevator door opened and Trey stepped in only to groan as Matt stood there in the elevator car. The 33-year-old man looked a bit tipsy and sad.

“Hey- hey Trey, right?” Matt said as the doors closed.

Trey sighed and forced a smile at the young man.

“Hi Matt. Come to grab some stuff from the apartment?” He asked hoping that the elevator ride would be short and sweet.

“I came to tell Chrissie I need her back! But she said... she said she doesn't want to see me!” Matt said slurring his words and looking like he was about to cry.

Trey ran his hand down his lined face and grunted as he thought about how best to handle this situation. Finally he put his hand on the younger man's shoulder and looked at him in the eyes.

“Sometimes when you love someone man, you just got to walk away and let them be.” Trey began to say in the sageiest voice he could muster.

Matt began to drunkenly cry shaking his head.

“No man, I love her man.” He mumbled through his sobbing.

Trey nodded and patted Matt on his arm.

“Yeah but we both know you’d got a lot of shit you’ve got to work out on your own – you’ve got to go deal with that first man. Give Chrissie and the kids some space... get yourself together and start loving yourself man!” Trey said poking the younger man in the chest to emphasize his point.

Matt began to nod sniffing.

“Do you think... if I get my shit together that, that Chrissie will take me back?” He asked the older man.

Trey inhaled deeply and shrugged.

“I don’t know but at least you’ll be in a better position to work it all out.” Trey replied, really hoping that Chrissie didn’t take this jackass back no matter how much he cleaned himself up.

“Thanks man. You’re such a good guy... you’re like... you’re like my big brother man! Or my uncle!” Matt blubbered as he drunkenly hugged Trey.

The elevator pinged for Trey’s floor and he squirmed his way out of the hug.

“Hey keep your head up. I’m rooting for you buddy. Hang in there and remember – don’t worry about her or the kids right now. Just work on yourself!” Trey said giving Matt double guns with his fingers from outside of the elevator.

“I will! I-” Matt nodded as the doors closed separating the two men.

Trey breathed a sigh of relief and checked the time, and hurrying down the hallway. He found Katherine standing outside of the apartment where his appointment was at, fixing her hair and fumbling with her purse.

“You’re late.” She said judgementally to him.

Trey tossed his hands up defensively.

“I had to deal with... you know, it doesn't even matter. You look like you just got here too!” He pointed out.

Katherine blushed quickly wondering if Trey could tell that she had just been having sex. She sniffed at the air near her husband.

“Have you been drinking beer? You smell like a bar floor.” She cringed.

Trey shook his head.

“No- well yeah actually I had a beer with Harold.” He admitted.

“Great. Harold...” Katherine snorted rolling her eyes.

“But that's not why I smell like this - I was accosted by a drunk guy in the elevator... and while we're at it I can smell wine on your breath so maybe you should be a little less judgy.” He pointed out.

Katherine opened her mouth to argue but the door opened and Bree, their 42-year-old marriage counselor stood in the doorway. The middle-aged Asian American woman was wearing a flowy blouse and a bunch of chonky necklaces as well as oval glasses. Her dark hair was done up in a top bun with a pair of ornate sticks through it. Her lined face was pinched in a tight but welcoming smile.

“Hello Trey and Katherine. Welcome back. Please come in.” Bree welcomed them.

The older couple followed the therapist through the apartment. They passed Hannah, Bree's 43-year-old wife who was helping their 14-year-old daughter Laura with her homework at the kitchen table.

“You both remember my wife Hannah and our daughter Laura.” Bree said by way of greeting.

Trey and Katherine smiled and waved at the middle-aged redhead who's skin was getting a bit leathery and crinkled from decades in the sun; and the thin ginger teenager who was sitting next to her. Trey wondered if Hannah had looked just like Laura when she had been that age.

Bree led the couple into her office and gestured for them both to take a seat in the push chairs she had set up there. On the walls her various degrees were framed and hanging, along her shelves were several books that she had published. No one could believe that this well-respected, renowned sex therapist had been a mere high school freshman as well as a virgin less than 120 hours ago.

“Please take a seat and relax. I want to remind you both that this is a safe space and that we must remember as we share our true selves that treating one another with basic respect and dignity is paramount. Understood?” The wispy middle-aged therapist said in a calm controlled voice as she took her own seat across from them.

The two 50-somethings mumbled agreement.

“Good. Now as I recall your homework from our last session was to step back and focus on working on yourselves. For Katherine to start loving Katherine and Trey to start loving Trey before we can work on Trey and Katherine's love for one another.” Bree said as she sat a notepad on her lap.

“I've been doing a lot of loving myself in the shower every morning.” Trey joked.

Katherine looked at him disgusted.

“Oh nice! A masturbation joke? To our couples therapist! Real classy Trey!” Katherine cried sarcastically.

“Hey what? What's wrong with saying that?” He asked defensively.

Katherine began to rattle off all of the things she found wrong with it.

“Now now, Katherine. It’s all right. Masturbation can certainly be a part of self love but I suspect that Trey made the joke to deflect his nervousness. So rather than exacerbate it with your frustration why don’t we ask him what’s making him nervous.” Bree interceded.

There was a moment of silence where all eyes were on Trey.

“Okay then – go ahead Trey. Tell us why you’re nervous – if that’s really true.” Katherine insisted.

Trey took a deep breath and shifted in his seat uncomfortably.

“Uh... Okay so... I guess... If i’m nervous it’s because... I’m worried that this won’t work.” He admitted with a deep sigh.

“Our sessions you mean? You’re worried that they won’t achieve the set goal of bringing your relationship back on track.” Bree clarified.

Trey nodded.

“Yeah. I’m just worried that we come here and talk and fight and you give us homework and it’s not going to change anything.” He explained.

Katherine tossed her hands in the air in frustration.

“Oh great. You’re not even giving this a chance huh? You’ve just decided that this is all a big waste of time. Once again I’m silly enough to think we can come together and work things out but no! Trey knows sooo much better!” Katherine ranted.

Bree held her hand up to pause Katherine.

“Let’s hear your husband explain why he is concerned about it before we jump to conclusions. Trey, what are you worried will happen if these sessions don’t work the way that you would like them to?” The therapist pressed.

Trey swallowed hard and looked over at Katherine who was folding her arms in annoyance back to Bree who was giving him the classic pensive look of a therapist listening to what he had to say.

“Well... It’s kind of hard to say. If this doesn’t work then... it feels like that might just be it for us. It kind of proves our fear that we don’t belong together and that we’re better off splitting up for good... and I don’t know man, I’m 56-years-old, part of me feels like I’m too old to start all of this shit over again with someone new.” He explained.

“Ha! That’s rich coming from you!... Do you know that he’s currently living with a woman in her 20s!” Katherine pointed out.

“Yeah but... that’s not the same. That’s just - like I told you when you found out about the affairs... I’m just a friendly guy and I just like... having fun. It’s not the same as a marriage Katie... Annie, she’s just a silly kid. It’s a blast sometimes but it’s not the same.” He explained.

Katherine sat silently gritting her teeth and mulling over his words. She hadn’t realized how much she missed hearing him call her Katie.

“And you Katherine? Have you been seeing anyone since the separation?” Bree asked pointedly.

The 51-year-old blushed and immediately shook her head, nearly falling out of her chair by getting so flustered by the question.

“Me? No! I... I mean - I haven’t been living with anyone! In fact it’s frankly been incredibly lonely in the apartment by myself... but, that is to say, strictly speaking if you’re asking if I have slept with anyone since the separation then... okay fine, yes. I have slept with someone but I wouldn’t say I’m ‘seeing him’.” She admitted in a burst.

Trey looked over at his wife in surprise.

“Really? Who?” He asked.

“Nothing! Nobody... you don’t know him.” Katherine waved her hand as if attempting to physically deflect her husbands questions and probing stares.

“What did you just pick up some random guy at a bar?” Trey asked, hating the idea of that.

Katherine shook her head adamantly.

“No of course not! What do you take me for?... He’s a friend of a friend... one of Sandy’s old classmates.” Katherine explained quickly.

Trey’s eyes widened.

“Sandy... our neighbor Sandy? She’s like 20 years younger than you.” Trey pointed out.

Katherine scoffed.

“She is not!... More like a decade younger...” The 51-year-old clarified nervously.

“Okay so he’s a younger man.” Trey clarified.

“Yes okay? He’s in his 30s... so still more mature than the teeny bopper that you’re screwing!” Katherine retorted.

“All right. All right. I think we’re getting a little off track. This isn’t about age differences or maturity of partners... I think it’s great that you’re both seeing people.” Bree said with a smile.

Trey and Katherine both looked at her surprised.

“You do?” They asked simultaneously.

The therapist nodded.

“It means that there is a lot of love in your hearts. You both seem so reluctant to admit that each of you has a great capacity for love and wants to *be* loved. Katherine - you were mad at Trey for sneaking around behind your back and seeing other people while you are married. But it wasn't the sleeping with other people part that bothered you was it? It was the lying and dishonesty. Trey you say you want to work things out with your wife and get back together - are you upset to hear that she's seeing this younger man?” Bree asked.

Trey thought about it for a moment and shook his head.

“No. No I'm not upset... I just want her to be happy.” He replied honestly.

“See and there it is. You both want each other to be happy... but you also both want to be able to trust one another and feel respected and loved. So I pose to you this - what would a marriage between the two of you look like if it wasn't monogamous. How would a relationship that's more open both in honesty and in partners make you feel? That's your homework for this week. I'll see you both here next Saturday at 6 o'clock.” Bree said with a smile.

“Wait - that's it for this week?” Katherine asked.

Bree nodded.

“It's a half hour session and you were both late... so like the song 'Breakfast at Tiffany's' I guess that's one thing you've got.” The therapist joked with a smile.

The couple stood up and walked out of the apartment. Trey turned briefly to see Bree and Hannah lovingly kiss one another in the kitchen and for the redhead to tell her wife that she looks so sexy in the therapist attire.

Once they were out in the hallway Katherine and Trey looked at one another a bit at a loss.

“She wants us to reimagine our marriage as an 'open relationship'?” Katherine asked laughing in disbelief.



“She’s a total quack.” Trey joked.

They both laughed and shook their heads.

“That ones on me I guess. I’m the one that found her.” Katherine said chuckling.

“Yeah but it’s my fault for making you look in the first place.” Trey said with a smile.

They stared at one another for a few moments and then hugged each other tightly in silence. When they pulled away the awkwardly shifted in a bit of a dance wondering if they should kiss each other goodbye or not. They finally settled on a quick peck on the lips.

“Bye.” Trey grunted softly.

“Bye.” Katherine mumbled back.

They turned to walk in opposite directions.

“See you next week.” Trey added looking over his shoulder to give her a wry smile.

Katherine smiled back, subconsciously tucking some of her graying brown hair behind her ear.

“See you then.” She said back sounding a bit excited for it.

Trey walked back to the elevator and rode it down to the third floor to head back to Erica and Annie’s apartment. Out in the hallway Erica was talking to Ethel, the 65-year-old woman who lived across the way.

“How’s retired life treating you so far, Ethel?” The 58-year-old woman asked.

Ethel smiled and shrugged, tossing her curly gray hair back over her shoulder and brushing off her some fuzz on her floral blouse.

“Oh it’s been lovely! I’ve been keeping myself busy with little projects around the house and I’m going on a seniors cruise next month!” The older woman bragged in a throaty voice.

Erica nodded impressed.

“Sounds fantastic! I’m looking forward to that life myself in a few years!” The aged fitness instructor replied.

Trey greeted the two women and headed into the apartment.

Later that night Annie was naked on all fours in the middle of her bed with Trey behind her out of breath and sweaty.

“OOOooo yeah! Spank me Daddy! Harder! I’ve been a very naughty girl....” She moaned wiggling her rosy pink ass at him.

Trey half-heartedly spanked the girl again.

“Can we take a break baby... my back-” He requested.

The young woman turned around and guided him to lay down in the bed.

“Awww Daddy’s tired. Just lay back and this bad girl is going to fuck your brains out...” Annie purred with a giggle.

Trey opened his mouth to suggest that they just cuddle until they fall asleep but before he knew it she was straddling him and bouncing on his cock.

Upstairs in his old apartment Katherine climbed into the queen sized bed and shut off the lights. She felt the empty space on the other side of the mattress and sighed and then reached over to the bedside table to the post-it note Jonny had written to her. She considered texting him but instead just closed her eyes and reached her swollen fingers down under the covers and proceeded to masturbate.

Down in the basement the handymen continued to stand around waiting for something to happen.

“Still nothing? What is this thing even for? Is it a water boiler?” One of the hardhats asked.

“Ain’t look like no water boiler I’ve ever seen.” Sully mumbled.

“Oh wait, I’ve seen this kind a gauge before - you’ve got to turn it 6 times.” One of the other guys suggested.

“I thought we had turned it 6 times.” The bald worker said.

“Nah we just turned it 5 times.” Sully said.

“Okay so I’ll turn it a 6th time.” The bald worker said wiping sweat from his forehead.

He turned the guarge again causing light to engulf the building above them once more.

Upstairs in apartment 513, 63-year-old Trey was waking up with a groan on a crisp sunny Saturday morning to his 58-year-old wife Katie. Laying in between the couple was a naked redheaded 21-year-old who had her hand on both of the older couples genitals.

To be continued...