

THE RENTAL CABIN

Part 7

By Chrono Eclipse

The four matronly women all gathered around the card table, easing their stiff backs down into folding chairs.

“Are we seriously going to play bridge?” Bailey asked in a husky voice.

Chaela nodded her graying head.

“Mmm hmm, Manita.” The heavy-set woman nodded her head causing her chin rolls to bunch as she smiled and began shuffling the cards.

“But Bridge is for grandmas! It’s literally what my granny played with her friends every Sunday when I was a kid.” Jenna pointed out, folding her leathery arms across her saggy chest in protest.

Mel adjusted her reading glasses on her nose to make sure she could read the cards clearly.

“Well technically speaking we’re all biologically old enough to be grandmothers...” The aging med-student pointed out.

The other women at the table all groaned in annoyance at Mel for point out this morbid fact.

“That can’t be possible – we’re only like in our 50s. That’s like the age of the Sex In the City women.” Jenna insisted, in complete denial as she brushed some of her silver hair out of her face.

“It’s totally possible-” Mel responded adjusting her bifocals.

“It’s Sex AND the City, Jenna... besides, they’re really the ‘And Just Like That’ women now – oh god, are we really the same age as Sarah Jessica Parker and

Cynthia Nixon?” Bailey interjected, cutting Mel’s response off as she cringed causing the deep lines on her brow to bunch.

“Think about it – even if all of us had had babies a year or two from now when we were in our late 20s, those babies would all be in *their* late 20s by the time we were in our mid 50s... so they could have babies or little kids of their own by now, which would be our grandkids!” Mel continued explaining.

Jenna and Bailey let out slight wimpers and stared somberly down at their veiny hands resting on the table.

“Y’know, I saw somewhere that the women from that ‘And Just Like That’ show are all the same age as the Golden Girls were in their first season. Who gives a shit? We’re not little shrunk abuelas yet. So let’s play some fucking Bridge!” Chaela declared firmly as she began dealing out the cards.

“Ooo someone is getting cranky in their old age...” Bailey teased as she playfully kicked Chaela’s flabby calf across from her. But as she lifted her veiny foot up her swollen knee made a loud pop, drawing attention to her subtle under-the-table flirtation and making the aging blonde blush.

Chaela explained the rules of the trick-taking game to the rest of the group getting a bit of help from Jenna, though both of them had only played when they were children and their memories were foggier than usual. Still both women remembered enough of how everything worked that they were all able to muddle through it.

“God, I can’t even tell the difference between the spades and the clubs right now – everything is so blurry...” Jenna grumbled as she squinted and held the cards as far back from her lined face as her leathery arm would allow her.

Mel got up with a grunt and went over to the counter where she had left the box with the rest of the reading glasses inside and brought it over to the table. The other women gratefully took them and put them on, finding it much better to see while wearing them.

Soon the ladies began to get into the game, playing cards and taking tricks. Their competitive sides came out as they strategized and fretting on which cards to play.

“Oooo suck it! I made you eat that ace of diamonds!” Jenna cackled to Chaela as she dragged a pile of cards in front of her with her veiny middle-aged hand.

“Yeah, yeah. Celebrate all you want. We’re still ahead on tricks honey...” Chaela smirked back causing her puffy cheeks to dimple.

Mel flexed the swollen fingers of her right hand as she held her cards in her left hand and debated what card to start the next round with. Her knuckle joints were beginning to really bother her as she held her cards up in front of her.

“I think my years of playing games on the playstation has finally caught up to me.” She grumbled as she tossed down a Jack of Clubs and began massaging her finger joints.

“Because for all of your skill at first-person-shooters you suck at playing cards?” Bailey asked with a grin that caused the bunching skin under her chin to wobble.

“No because all of that time spend holding those stupidly designed PS4 controllers in my teens and 20s is now starting to give me rheumatoid arthritis.” Mel explained with a haggard sigh.

Jenna cringed and cupped her weathered hands to her lined face in horror.

“Oh my god! Like you’re going to become a hunch back!?” She cried, attempting to reach around and check to see if her own spine was okay.

Mel pinched the creases above the bridge of her glasses and sighed deeper.

“No sweetie, that’s osteoporosis. Arthritis is inflammation in your joints... I’m going to go upstairs really quick and try to find that carpal tunnel brace, that may help alleviate some of the pain.” She said standing up with a groan.

The remaining 50-somethings played through the rest of the round while Mel went upstairs. When she came back down she was sporting a thick hand and wrist brace with a flesh-toned fingerless glove under it.

“Welp, it’s not perfect but I guess it’ll do for now.” The aging med-student said with a shrug as she creaked back down into her chair.

“You see any spanks up in any of those secret compartments? My 50s has all my business flabbin’ out all over the place!” Chaela joked with a hearty chuckle.

The other women burst into a fit of hoarse giggles.

“I didn’t see any but knowing this house – there are probably 4 pairs of them waiting for us to find them somewhere... whose turn is it?” Mel asked delicately picking her cards back up with her braced hand and peering at them.

“It’s Bailey’s – come on Bae, Mel and I are going to kick your saggy ass regardless of what card you play so stop holding up the game!” Jenna teased and then coughed and tapped her leathery chest with a fist.

But Bailey wasn’t paying attention to her friends teasing comment. She had been looking at her hand of cards and suddenly became distracted by her own aging cleavage. The deep creases and red blotchy crags of her formerly pristine chest were filling her with disgust as she stared down the sloping abyss of her boobs.

“My poor tits... not even the best plastic surgeon could get rid of these cleavage wrinkles...” She blanched as she grabbed a random card from her hand and tossed it onto the center of the table in depressed indifference.

Jenna callously ignored her friends lamentations about her aging bosom and instead took Bailey’s distraction as an opportunity to win another trick, playing a high card in the suit.

Chaela spoiled her celebration a moment later as she tossed down a high trump card while keeping her crinkled eyes trained solely on the fading blonde across from her.

“Well for what it’s worth. I think those little caverns and valleys on your chest are muy sexy Chica Madura. But what do I know?” The full-bodied latina purred with a wink.

Bailey’s jowly cheeks blushed as she looked over at the heavy-set matronly woman fluttering her eyes at her. The trust-fund blonde had often been hit on by older men and women in the past and had always responded with something along the lines of ‘not in your wildest dreams, ma’am.’ but she couldn’t help but feel all tingly at Chaela’s flirtations. Besides, it wasn’t exactly like Cha was the ‘older woman’ here. They were the same age and had both become a pair of sad lonely cougars.

“Last round. This determines the winner, ladies!” Jenna declared, biting her thinner lips with excitement as she counted the number of tricks both teams had.

She tossed the card down on the table – a 10 of Spades, and then looked at Chaela in anxious anticipation. The chubby latina matron flaunted her best poker face at her thinner friend before smirking and flopping down the Queen of Spades onto the table.

“Ooo you sneaky bitch!” Jenna gasped.

Chaela shrugged.

“What can I say? I’ve been playing this game for a while, honey... Not as long as it LOOKS like I’ve been playing it. But long enough to know a few tricks.” Chaela replied with a husky chuckle.

Mel flopped her card down on the table. It fell face down on the others as she yawned and itched at the sweaty crevice under her floppy right tit.

“Ah well, good game.” The middle-aged brunette grunted.

Jenna reached across the table and turned over her partners card to reveal the 3 of Hearts. She let out an audible gasp of delight.

“Mel! That’s a trump card! It beats Cha’s Queen!” The thin graying former model chided her sleepy partner.

Mel snorted a laugh and shrugged.

“Oh woops. Can I blame it on menopause-brain?” The aging med student asked.

The other women smiled and rolled their eyes and then they all looked to Bailey who was still holding her lone card in her veiny hand but instead focused on a red skin tag she had discovered on her doughy midriff.

“Bailey!” The other women snapped in hoarse mature voices.

The graying blonde looked up at them in surprise.

“Oh is it my turn? Here. This is all I have. Did we win?” She asked as she tossed a 5 of Clubs onto the pile.

Jenna squealed with delight and then had another coughing fit and patted her chest. Chaela smirks and reached across the table to grab Bailey’s hand.

“No honey, we did not... but that’s okay though. I still love you anyway.” Chaela said, stroking the leathery back of Bailey’s hand with her finger.

“We won! We totally kicked your asses!” Jenna said, jumping up to do a celebratory dance but immediately seized from the pain in her lower back and knees.

“Go us... so... what did we learn?” Mel prompted, remembering that the entire point of the game had been to hopefully gain another clue or puzzle to get them closer to escaping the cabin.

Jenna looked to Mel and then to Bailey and then to Chaela who all looked to be at a loss.

“We learned... *nothing*? We won but like – what did we even win!? A game of Bridge? Is that all our lives are going to be now? Just sitting around this stupid card table playing Bridge as we get older and grayer and more arthritic and shriveled!?” Jenna exclaimed, flipping the card table over in anger.

“And... that there is a menopausal mood-swing.” Mel pointed out calmly.

“Where’s the lie though? We’re all only in our 20s and we look older than our own mothers.” Bailey chimed in, making a sour face and folding her flabby arms across her aging chest.

Mel opened her mouth to offer some sort of silver lining but then looked down at her exposed thighs that were flattening against the folding chair she was sitting in. Her formerly smooth, toned legs were puckered and beginning to get varicose veins. She grimaced and attempted to tug her shorts down to cover them but she had bought these short-shorts specifically to show off her muscular athletic legs so when she felt the crack of her ass begin to be exposed Mel instead opted to just cover her unflattering lumpy thighs with her hands.

“I have an idea – let’s get fucking *DRUNK*.” Chaela piped up as she stood with a creaky groan.

“What are we just going to kill the rest of what we brought?” Bailey asked as she got up stiffly from her chair.

“Why the fuck not? We’re all going to be old ladies tomorrow since we can’t figure out how to open the door to this goddamn cabin! Might as well have one last bender before we can legally retire!” Jenna said tossing her arms in the air in frustration and ignoring how much her biceps fluttered as she did so.

Mel nodded, in agreement and Chaela wasn’t going to wait for her friends to change their minds. She waddled over to the kitchenette and pulled out the remaining bottles of alcohol, popping them open and poured everyone a stiff drink.

After their second drink the ladies took the remaining alcohol and dragged themselves up to Bailey's room, gathering on her bed and drinking straight from the bottles.

Chaela had taken off her sweat-stained top and was resting against the wall with her big veiny tits hanging out into the open, flopping onto her belly rolls. Bailey was sitting next to her with Mel leaning into her, allowing Bailey to braid her graying hair. Jenna was sitting at the foot of the bed in her panties and a t-shirt, attempting to rub her aching calloused feet.

"This is going to look cool right?" Mel asked with a bit of a drunken slur as she reached up to rub her crinkling neck.

"It will if you stop moving... it's hard enough to braid with these thick sausage fingers I have now..." Bailey grumbled as she paused to flex her own aging hands from the cramps she was getting.

"Trust her Chica Madura... braids make you look... um... they're like..." Chaela began to trail off in thought.

"Make me look what?" Mel asked anxiously.

"I... wow, I can't think of the word in English... Mas Joven... I can only think in Spanish - how crazy is that?" Chaela said with a laugh.

"Younger. You're saying the braids will make Mel look younger." Bailey prompted.

"Gracias, mi amor." Chaela chuckled with a nod and then added: "Thank you." Like trying to translate to English was a bit of a struggle suddenly.

"Yeah old ladies with braids are super cute... I wish I could say the same about my pedicure. Why are older women's toes so boxy and our heels so rough?" Jenna pouted with a tipsy wobble.

“High heels babe. Its just our bad luck that we got all of those decades of wear and tear in a single weekend.” Bailey informed her friend.

“God, what part of being in our 50s doesn’t totally suck?” Jenna grumbled attempting to apply some moisturizer to her leathery calves.

“Well... at least we learned a new game...” Mel offered with a smirk causing the creases on her cheeks to accentuate her developing jowls.

The ladies all drunkenly cackled at the joke.

“And... there’s no way weren’t getting carded any more when we go to la discoteca... er da club!” Chaela added rubbing her flabby glistening gut.

The women laughed harder.

“Ooo oh! And guys won’t constantly be hitting on us and trying to fuck us... unless they’ve got total hard ons for graying fucking MILFS!” Bailey spouted out drunkenly, making graphic sex gestures with her hands.

“Ohmigod! Ohmigod! Stop! I’m drying!” Jenna gasped, her lined face red with laughed as she attempted to breath.

Her eyes suddenly when wide and she jumped off the bed. The crinkled bags under her eyes were watery with tears as she attempted to stifle her giggles.

“Are you okay Jenna?” Mel asked, laughing at how hard Jenna was cracking up.

Jenna shook her gray head covering her crotch.

“No! I just laughed so hard I peed myself!” She cried and hurried out of the room to the bathroom down the hall.

“Ew! Oh no, you better not have made any wet spots on my bed!” Bailey warned.

“God help us if we find a clue tomorrow that leads us to a package of depends...” Mel groaned morbidly.

The other two women were silent for a moment dreading the idea of getting so old that they’d need to start wearing adult diapers but then burst back into a fit of cackles.

In the bathroom Jenna peeled off her too-tight, stained panties and her snug t-shirt and glanced over at her matronly nude body in the bathroom mirror noticing how her saggy C-cups hung on her leathery chest. She cringed realizing that she resembled what her mom and aunts probably look like naked. My still flirted with her divorced mom and she knew at least one of her middle-aged aunts still had an active sex life, having heard all about Aunt Susan’s adventures with Tinder last thanksgiving.

She posed in profile for a moment looking at her slightly pooching muffin top and her cottage cheese thighs. Did the guys falling over her mom and aunts really get hard at the sight of a body like this? She slapped her saggy ass watching it jiggle and wobbled gruesomely. She picked up her cellphone from the counter and opened up the image of her boyfriend she had set as her background. Would Trent get hard at the sight of a body this old?

Jenna propped her phone with the picture up on the shelf in the shower and turned the water on. She stepped into the tub and began to rinse off her aged body, letting the water soak her graying bush and roll down the ridges of cellulite on her inner thighs.

“Hello cute boy... would you like to hop in the shower with a hot horny cougar?” Jenna asked drunkenly with a husky voice to the image of young Trent on her phone.

Her veiny hands began to rub their way around her sloping breasts down her soft belly to her crotch.

“Ooo what a naughty young man you are... mama will have to spank you...” She purred before gasping as her fingers ran across her clit.