

THE RENTAL CABIN

By Chrono Eclipse

Part 5

A little while later when Bailey came back out her friends were sitting around the fireplace each engrossed in a different romance novel. Each of them was sporting reading glasses over their crinkling eyes and Jenna had even brewed the ladies some tea which they were sipping out of porcelain tea glasses.

“What the fuck is this? Sunday book club? Didn’t we come out here to party?” Bailey asked thinking that the whole scene made her middle-aged friends look so *old*.

The ladies chuckled and rolled their eyes.

“It’s hard to party, Mami, when my back aches this much. Besides, this book isn’t half bad – it’s lowkey steamy!” Chaela said fanning herself not just to emphasize the steaminess of the novel but also because she was feeling a bit flush and sweaty.

Bailey smirked at her.

“Babe, I’ve got big heavy knockers now too but I’m not letting it bring me down... no pun intended.” The aging blonde replied.

Chaela let out a husky chuckle and lifted her top up to show off the large veiny melons that her breasts had aged into.

“Not as big and heavy as mine chica!” The 45-year-old Latina retorted.

Jenna putted her nose out of her own book.

“Bailey! We’re trying to find the next clue so that we can get out of here and become young again! Because right now I’m a decade older than my new boyfriend instead of the other way around and I don’t think being the cougar in

my relationship is going to be nearly as hot and glamorous as this book makes it out to be!” The youngest of the aging women snapped.

Bailey sighed and flopped down next to Mel grabbing one of the book and propping up her bare legs on the table, grimacing at how much cellulite she had gained overnight.

“I’m going to get some more wine...” Chaela declared as she made a wincing sound and lifted her middle-aged body up from her comfy chair.

The flabby matron waddled over to the living room while her 40-something-year-old friend continued to read. The women sipped wine and became engrossed in the trashy novels well into the evening. However eventually the silence of their reading circle was interrupted by gurgling sounds coming from Jenna’s tummy.

“Oh god – did that sound come from me?” The 44-year-old asked, not use to her body making gassy noises.

She put her hand to her soft pooching belly and cringed at how untuned and squishy it felt.

“I guess we got so wrapped up in our books that we lost track of the time. I can whip up something for dinner!” Chaela suggested as she grunted and got up out of her chair again.

“Nothing too spicy – that bruschetta we had at lunch gave me a bit of heart burn.” Mel pointed out, sounding exactly like her aunt who had a bunch of dietary restrictions.

Bailey plopped her book down onto her dimpled lap and looked up at her friends.

“Okay so what did we learn?” She asked.

Jenna brushed some of her long graying brown hair away from her aging face and bit her thinning lip sheepishly.

“Well... in the book I was reading ‘May’s December Fire’ I learned a lot of interesting tricks for how to keep a guy interested when he’s half your age... I mean, hopefully I won’t have to use them with my boyfriend but... it doesn’t hurt to know that guys can get into a lady with more experience...” The 44-year-old brunette admitted with a bit of hope in her throatier voice.

“Yeah totally... and likewise, in the book I was reading – ‘Lust on the other side of the Hill’ the protagonist, Linda, does all this stuff to stay in shape and maintain her energy so she can keep up with the younger women she’s fooling around with. And, though obviously I won’t need those routines for another couple decades... it’s good to know, right?” Mel offered.

“Speaking of technique, my book ‘Eternal Exstasy’ there were all kind of different positions in there – whew! It was like the karma sutra up in this piece! And all of them a woman can do when she’s not all that flexible anymore!” Chaela said tossing her flabby arms up in the air and laughing.

The other women cooed lecherously.

“Fun! You’ll have to tell me about those later!” Jenna chuckled.

“Better yet we could all take turns trying them later. What else we gonna do? Dance some more? I’ll probably get a hernia with these big bowling balls swinging from my chest!” Chaela teased with a grin.

“Ooo well, my book ‘The Matron and the Mason’ listed off some of the erogenous zones that older women get later in life... like the back of the knee or, did you know that some ladies’ nipples get more sensitive when they grow older?” Bailey asked waving her book up as proof.

Mel nodded and Chaela leaned in to learn more about this. But Jenna sank into her seat, realizing something. She looked around at the lined, bespectacled faces of her friends.

“Wait so... no one found any clues or like leads to the next puzzle?” She asked despondently.

The other women paused to consider the question, they rifled through the pages of their books with their thumbs and shook the books over their laps by the spines to see if there was something stuck in them that they had missed. But when nothing new presented itself they shook their heads and shrugged.

“No... I guess not. A lot of interesting insight into being a woman over a certain age though...” Mel replied, adjusting her glasses and then massaging her aching knees with her veiny hands.

Jenna stood up and tossed her book down on the floor in frustration.

“So Bailey was right!? This whole thing was some idiotic ploy to- to- get us to form a stupid reading circle like some bunch of lonely boomer women with no social lives!?” The 44-year-old screamed in frustration.

The blonde on the couch waved her hand and smirked in a ‘I don’t want to say I told you so but...’ kind of way.

“Hey, at least the books got our heart rate up right? I mean lordy! My book so damn steamy! Look! I’m practically sweating from how hot it made me!” The fading blonde said fanning her creased face.

The 45-year-old trust fund girl was glistening with sweat as it beaded alone the deep lines of her forehead and dripped down the folds of her middle-aged cheeks and down her crinkling neck.

“That’s not from the book Bae, I think you’ve got a hotflash coming on.” Mel pointed out as she lifted her own veiny hand to feel how warm and red her friend’s skin was getting.

“A hot flash... from like menopause!?” Bailey gasped and then sunk into the couch, spreading her cellulite-riddled thighs and continued to fan her body.

Mel took a deep breath and tugged at her own neckline letting some air down her saggier chest as she began to feel hotter herself suddenly.

“Mid 40s would be a completely normal age for it to start...” Mel pointed out as her breaths grew heavier out of her nostrils and she began to rub the back of her reddening neck.

“Oh god! Oh fuck I feel really light headed...” Jenna gasped as she closed her eyes and swayed where she stood from her sudden dizzy sensation.

She reached from the arm of her chair, trying to get her bearing again and settled carefully into it as she panted and flapped her top feeling her body begin to over heat.

“Ahhhh...” Bailey moaned and her friends moaned from their own hot flashes in chorus with her.

“Are we going to have to start waxing our upper lips!?” Jenna whimpered as she felt around her aging face to make sure she didn’t have any stray whiskers yet.

“What are you talking about?” Bailey groaned as she opened her towel and stretched her sweaty naked body across the couch over Mel’s lap.

“My grandma has like a little gray mustache and I asked my mom why when I was growing up and she said grandma got it when she hit menopause!” Jenna explained, sounding distraught.

“That-That’s true. Menopause can significantly lower the amount of estrogen and progesterone that your body produces causing... well, some slight facial hair growth for instance.” Mel explain between gasps of breath.

The women all let out another round of horrified groans.

“What else does it do? Is there a way to stop it!?” Bailey grunted as she took the cool base of her wine glass and pressed it down flat against her bare sagging breasts.

“Uh well, sometimes your fat cells change and you gain weight... and as far as stopping it... no, it’s just a part of getting older.” Mel said rolling her shirt up above her stomach and letting her softening belly hang out in the open air.

“Oh god... I can feel my poor ass doubling in size....” Jenna wailed reaching around to squeeze her sweaty butt cheeks.

“We’re all going to be pear-shaped hairy old biddies because we couldn’t solve this stupid puzzle!” Bailey cried.

“It’s kind of ironic... my mom hasn’t even gone through the change yet... I actually beat my own mother to menopause...” Mel mused dismally.

Suddenly all three women gasped and screamed as Chaela came over and dropped ice cubes down each of their cleavage. The aging women sighed in relief as the cold sensation against their overheated bodies as they grabbed the ice cubes and began to rub them over their breasts, necks and thighs.

“Oh thank god...” Jenna panted in relief.

“My mom’s been dealing with hot flashes for the last year... she goes through a lot of ice trays...” Chaela smirked as she dropped several cubes down between her own floppy tits.

“Hotflashes are... exhausting. I’m so fucking spent....” Bailey puffed as she sat back up naked on the couch.

Mel check the time.

“It is getting late... I mean, not for a group of 20-somethings, but for a bunch of women in our 40s it’s kind of late...” The middle-aged medical student offered.

The women began to get up to get ready for bed.

“I never thought I’d live to see the day when I went to bed before midnight...” Chaela shook her head as she plodded to the bathroom to go brush her teeth.

“God knows what we’ll even look like when we wake up again...” Bailey sighed as she grabbed a brush to comb her thinner, more brittle, blonde hair before bed.

“Wait guys! Bailey’s got a point!” Jenna exclaimed holding out her hands to signal them to stop what they were doing.

“Right - we should all apply some anti-wrinkle cream masks before bed... I think I can put one together from what we have around. It may not smell great but-” Bailey nodded rummaging through her toiletries bag.

“No, I mean - we’ve been getting older every night. So the cabin or whoever must be aging us up while we sleep right? So... what if we pull an all-nighter and don’t go to bed. Then maybe we’ll stay our current ages and can try and solve the puzzle tomorrow without have to worry about poorer eyesight or jankier joints-” Jenna explained.

“Saggier butt...” Chaela interjected.

“Exactly! I mean, c’mon, we’ve all pulled all-nighters right?” Jenna insisted not wanting to wake up tomorrow morning and find herself older than her own parents.

Mel considered it and nodded.

“It’s worth a try. Jenna’s got a point. We have been aging up over night... I’ll put on some coffee.” The middle-aged med student offered as she turned and headed toward the kitchenette.

“I’ll blast some jams!” Chaela announced with her hair now up in a bun.

The songs from the girls high school days began blasting out of the speakers causing the ladies to bob their heads and sway their hips to the music as they sipped their coffees.

“God... we all look too old for this music now...” Jenna groaned in embarrassment looking at her friends grooving to the 2010s pop songs.

“What are we supposed to be jammin’ to? What do women in their 40s get all nostalgic for? 90s shit like the Backstreet Boys and Mariah Carey?” Chaela asked with a laugh.

“No thank you! We can just be older women with good taste in modern music!” Bailey said as she headed up the stairs to go get changed into her nightie.

“Still maybe I should put some Britney and Christina on the playlist – some of that turn of the century oldies stuff is FIRE.” Chaela declares as she shimmied over to the couch.

But as she moved she felt a stitch in her side as her muscle spasmed.

“Oof!” The flabby central American woman grunted as she clutched some fat on her lower back and hip.

“You okay Cha?” Jenna asked from the comfy chair.

Chaela nodded, though she was wincing.

“Fine – I guess I need to just start limbering up before I do even like a little cha cha slide... I’ve got a massager up in my room, I’m gonna go get it and bring it down.” Chaela replied as she staggered to the stairs.

“Hey bring down any of the clues we left up there too. I’m going to try organizing everything we found so far and try to see if I can find any patterns.” Mel called out as she spread out the clues left on the coffee table.

“Ooo that’s not a bad idea. Since we’re staying up, I’ll go through the romance novels again... there’s got to be something in there that we missed.” Jenna said opening on the book up, squinting at it and then putting her reading glasses back on.

Upstairs Bailey was attempting to get dressed into her nightwear. Her youthful sexy clothes no longer fit her 45 year old body. She had completely given up on

bras and tugged her nightie down over her bare chest, frowning at how much her breasts visibly sagged.

She sat on the bed and attempted to pull her lace panties up her veiny legs but as she tried to get them up the dimpled cellulite of her middle-aged thighs, the flimsy garment tore open.

Bailey held the useless destroyed panties between two fingers and grumbled, pulling out some more sturdy silk panties but even those refused to cover her wider ass. She tossed them aside and padded down the hall to Chaela's room.

Chaela was a full figured girl even in her youth so Bailey surmised that panties that fit around her plump booty at 25 would fit around Bailey's rump now at 45. She assumed her friend was downstairs with the other girls, and failed to hear the sounds of heavy panting coming from inside the room as she pulled open the door.

Bailey's jaw dropped at the sight of her curvy middle-aged friend laying naked and spread eagle on her bed with a massage wand between her chunky thighs vibrating on her clit.

"Oh my god Cha! I'm sorry! I-" Bailey blushed backing out of the room.

Chaela sat up, her face flush and smiling.

"Don't sweat it chica. I was just, you know, rubbing one out." Chaela explained.

Bailey snorted a laugh, still avoiding eye contact with her friend out of embarrassment.

"I can see that..." She replied, feeling a little envious.

"I don't know what it is - maybe its the crazy cougar hormones or maybe its those stupid trashy novels but since this afternoon I've been feeling crazy horny." Chaela explained.

Bailey now looked over to her friend in surprise and confirmation.

“I know right? Me too!... Honestly, I’m kinda jelly that you got to sneak off and uh... you know. I wish I had thought of that... though, fondling this older body feels kind of weird... like fondling my moms tits or something...” Bailey replied with a nervous laugh.

“Well you could uh... give me a hand... and I’d be happy to, you know... return the favor... That way it would be more like diddling each other moms or something...” Chaela offered, batting her long-eyelashed eyes and grinning, causing her laugh lines to bunch as she attempted to seduce and entice her friend.

Bailey smirked, still blushing a little. She couldn’t help but admire Chaela’s full-figured body even with the added sags and wrinkles.

“Still kinda weird but... yeah sure I’ll help. I mean why not right? YOLO.” Bailey said as she peeled off her nightie and climbed her aging naked body into the bed with Chaela.

The two 45-year-old began to curl their cellulite-riddled legs and veiny arms around one another as they began to kiss. Bailey’s hand gripped Chaela’s big saggy breasts and squeezed it feeling how soft and pillowy it was becoming while her other hand reached down and continued the work that the massage wand had been doing.

Chaela’s hand stroked Bailey’s aching back down to the back fat forming around her waist and onto her wider dimpled ass cheeks.

“Mmm you’re getting a booty mama...” Chaela purred as she kissed her friend’s aging face.

Bailey smirked at her.

“Yeah I actually came in here to see if I could borrow some panties – none of mine even fit anymore...” Bailey admitted.

Chaela just responded by letting out a loud husky laugh and kissing Bailey's lined neck as the two middle-aged women continued to explore each others mature bodies.

"Ahhh that's it... oh god chica, your fingers are magic..." Chaela moaned in a throaty voice as she closed her eyes and shuddered her flabby body under her lovers touch.

"Too bad for you we didn't do this on our first night here... I'm starting to get boxy sausage fingers in my old age." Bailey cooed as she continued to work her way around Chaela's g-spot and the other erogenous nether zones she had read about that evening.

"Ah! AH! OOHH! FUCK!" Chaela cried out as she began to cum.

She rubbed her hands up and down her floppy breasts as her body writhed and spasmed in the bed. Soon she flopped, satisfied and sweaty, down next to Bailey trying to catch her breath.

"Okay now it's your turn..." The aging South American girl purred to her blonde lover.

Chaela scooped her flabby body down the bed and got up on her hands and knees with a groan as she moved between Bailey's legs. The 45-year-old rich woman's pussy looked a lot looser and drier than it had been two nights ago.

"Ew my labia's getting all stretched out. Sorry... you don't have to go down on my. I totally get it if eating out a 45-year-old pussy is too gross..." Bailey offered self consciously.

Chaela just smiled and laughed.

"It's okay girly... I'll just pretend I'm sucking on some fine oysters..." The larger tanned woman offered with a laugh.

Before Bailey could change her mind, Chaela leaned down and began to lap at the blonde woman's slit as Bailey closed her eyes and cupped her own soft saggy breasts feeling waves of pleasure surge through her middle-aged body.

"Oh god.... It's so intense now... it's never felt this intense... do you think it's because of menopause?" Bailey asked.

Chaela just shrugged and continued to go at it until suddenly she felt her friends pussy growing even looser and drier against her mouth. Her tongue was making larger and larger circles around her hole and she could feel the pussy lips losing more elasticity as Bailey's thighs crinkled a bit beside Chaela's cheeks.

Bailey could feel her breasts growing softer and saggier in her hands as she moaned on the bed. She opened her eyes as Chaela pulled her head up from the aging blonde's crotch and the two women gasped at the sight of one another.

"Oh god, it's happening again isn't it?" Bailey asked in a huskier more mature voice.

To be continued...