

THE RENTAL CABIN

Part 8

By Chrono Eclipse

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.

She laughed at how well she seemed to do at playing the role of a cougar. It felt easy since she felt so ravenous for sex at the moment.

“You know... I was kind of a little hottie when I was young... You wouldn’t have been able to keep your hands off of me!... Oh? I can’t keep your hands off of me NOW? Well come on handsome... make this 50-year-old Karen feel sexy again...” She moaned as she closed her eyes and slid her hands around her lumpy thighs to her saggy rear, imagining that it was her young boyfriend’s hands cupping her dimpled ass cheeks.

“Mmm yeah... squeeze my frumpy ass. It’s not as firm and tight as it used to be but I still know how to shake it...” She purred with a husky laugh as she playfully wiggled her aged ass at the phone.

“What’s that? You like watching your sugar mama’s old ass jiggle? Oh baby that gets me so hot...” Jenna groaned as she stumbled in the tub and wiped some sweat from her lined forehead.

She was so caught up in the moment that she didn’t realize that the heat she was feeling was actually from menopause. She raised her creased older face up to the shower head and gasped in relief as the cool water poured over her.

Jenna reached up with soapy hands and groped her own drooping tits and moaned softly again.

“Well hello young man... I guess you couldn’t keep your hands off mama’s soft saggy titties huh. Want to suck on them?” She asked her imaginary young lover and then proceeded to heft her left tit into her mouth. She struggled to get her pruning lips around the hardening nipple and after a few tries gave up with a deep sigh and proceeded to pinch the tip of her nipples instead.

Jenna let out a loud audible moan and her body shuddered. She was feeling so turned on by her fantasy that her breath was becoming heavy and her aging body was trembling with desire.

“Oh god... I wish you were really here right now. I want to feel you inside of me so bad...” She groaned as she pressed on her crotch with her veiny hand and squirmed in the shower.

Jenna bit her lip and opened her eyes, quickly scanning for something she could use to finish her masturbation session. Her eyes landed on a long-handled scrub brush with a rubber tip hanging up on the wall. It was the kind of thing older people used to clean hard-to-reach places on their bodies.

“You’ll do nicely... Come on handsome, this MILF desperately needs your young cock in my mature pussy...” She grunted with a laugh as she stared at the picture of her boyfriend on her phone while she positioned herself to insert the brush handle between her legs.

“Ooo you’re really girthy... that shouldn’t be an issue though because you’ve gotten me totally drenched young man... we’ll have no trouble slipping you in-” Jenna purred as she began to stick the rubber tip up between her labia.

Her thoughts were interrupted by a sudden uncomfortable sensation, like how sex felt whenever a guy had attempted to fuck her without properly warming her up. The feeling of chaffing and rubber scuffing against skin. How could that be? She wondered. She felt like she was wetter than the Amazon basin!

Jenna quickly pulled the handle out from between her legs and moved her fingers down to probe her slit. Her fingertips felt the wet graying hairs of her pubes, damp from the shower and her pussy lips moist from the water pouring down on her as well, but as she slipped her index and middle finger up into her vagina her eyes went wide. She was bone dry.

“Oh my god - I’m so old now that I need lube!!” She cried in horror.

Across the hall in Bailey’s room the other 50-somethings were sitting on the fading blonde’s bed and struggling through some collective hot-flashes.

“Oh sweet Jesus, it feels like a sauna in here... I think it’s time for the shirt and bra to come off.” Mel groaned as she fanned herself.

The formerly athletic aging medical student struggled as she peeled her top off her softening torso and up over her braided gray-haired head. She did the same with the strained sports-bra she had on underneath, letting her freckled saggy tits pop out and dangle toward her crinkling belly.

“Oof much better.” She sighed as she tilted her head back and took a deep breath and then frowned down at the state of her 55-year-old leathery chest and stomach.

“Yeah okay... that’s a good idea. I can feel pools of sweat forming under my tits right now.” Bailey nodded as she panted and fanned herself.

She grabbed her shirt and attempted to tug it off like she normally would when disrobing but the garment was too tight and became tangled up in her floppy breasts, head and flabby arms.

“... A little help? I think i’m stuck.” The spoiled blonde groaned.

Chaela reached her portly hands over to give her friend some help in getting her top off of her middle-aged body. Bailey grunted and fumbled and finally the shirt ripped and came off of her. She pouted but exhaled in relief at being free from it and able to air out her soft saggy tits.

“Okay... much better.” Bailey sighed with a chuckle.

Chaela let out a loud fart and blushed as her large round belly jiggled.

“Oof - don’t laugh. La menopause is making me gaseosa!” The over-weight latina admitted.

The other women laughed and shook their heads before grunting through another intense hot flash.

“If it’s any consolation, menopause rarely carries on into ones mid-60s so we should all be over this by morning.” Mel pointed out as she fanned herself and stretched out her veiny legs.

“Thank goodness for small favors...” Bailey smirked her lined face and rolled her eyes.

Chaela groped at her floppy breasts and looked over at the other two topless women on the bed with a wry smile.

“Hey remember that night after the mid-term mixer Junior year when we all got a little... tipsy and took our shirts off to compare ta-tas?” The tanned skin woman prompted.

Mel and Bailey looked at her, blushing and grinning as they remembered everything they had gotten up to that night 5 years ago.

“Well... we’re all hanging a LOT lower since than night...” Bailey said smirking as she patted her hanging boobs with her palms for emphasis.

“You both still look really good for your age... our age... our NEW age, I mean.” Mel stumbled over her words as she drunkenly admired her middle-aged friends exposed chests.

Bailey’s crinkled eyes twinkled at the compliment.

“Oh yeah? Even though I look like my own moms out-of-shape twin?” The aging blonde asked biting her thinning lip.

“Out-of-shape? Chica, please! You’ve got a little more cushion for the pushin’ but at least you didn’t age up into a ballena like me!” Chaela replied playfully, slapping her sizable gut.

“You both hold your extra weight quite nicely in my opinion...” Mel nodded encouragingly, mentally trying to hold back any advice on weight loss routines or long-term health suggestions about slimming down and exercising regularly. She really did find both women very attractive for their age and was curious to explore the sensations of their softer curves and warm pillowy body parts.

“Hey – remember that night that Chaela mentioned when we all gave each other ratings on our boobs? We took turns squeezing them and then judged them on a series of criteria?” Bailey interjected with a hopeful grin.

“Want to try that again to see how much they’ve changed in 5 years?” Chaela asked with a wink. Her portly face grinning ear to ear.

“Or 35 years depending on how you’re counting...” Bailey nodded excitedly. Her hand was rubbing her crotch subtly as she felt a dry itchiness between her thighs and found that her hormone changes were making her quite horny.

“You know, are our age... our CURRENT age, it wouldn’t hurt to check each others breasts for lumps or abnormalities...” Mel offered, trying to pass this off like it was simply a practical exercise.

Chaela didn’t need any further invitation. The former party girl hefted her bloated half-naked body up on the bed, licking her thinning lips happily as she thrust her two leathery mits out toward her friends chests. As she squeezed her sausage fingers around Mel and Bailey’s sagging boobs both women let out a pair of husky moans.

Bailey bit the corner of her mouth nervously, batting crows-feet laden eyes over at Mel who was looking equally shy but anxious to make a move. She remembered back to that night when they were all attractive, busty college coeds and how excited she had been to massage another girls breasts. Unlike Mel she had still been in the closet about her bi-sexuality back then and it had thrilled her to just be herself the way Chaela was always comfortable doing.

Now in this situation she felt self-conscious again. What if they became disgusted by how her body had aged? How her skin was wrinkling and her curves were drooping ever downward. But then she felt the fat hand greedily carrassing her breast and the attractive silver-haired cougar giving her lusty looks from the other side of the bed and remembered that her friends had aged just as much as she had and she was still getting really turned on seeing all of their new creases and folds.

Bailey reached her sweaty hand up and brushed her thumb across Mel's other breast causing the aging med-student to smile and come closer until Bailey's hand was completely squishing the droopy tit down against Mel's stomach and the two 55-year-olds began kissing.

Soon all three middle-aged topless women were rolling around in a pile on the bed groping, fondling, licking and sucking on one another's older bodies.

"It's amazing how much softer everything is now than it was even yesterday..." Bailey commented as she took a breath from sucking on Chaela's fat tit.

"Loss of elasticity in the skin cells and additional fatty deposits replacing atrophying muscle..." Mel mumbled up from between Bailey's cottage cheese thighs.

Chaela let out a deep guttural laugh as she caressed Mel's back and dimpled ass cheeks.

"What's funny?" Bailey asked as she kissed her way up to Chaela's sweaty chins.

"We look like if our moms all had a three-way together right now!" Chaela burst out in a fit of throaty giggles as she pointed across the room to their reflection in the glass of the wide-screen TV on the dresser.

The women all paused, curling their naked bodies closer together as they squinted and donned glasses to see themselves. Bailey gasped at the fact that from the obscured black glass they did all bear more than a passing remembrance to their own mothers.

"Do you think this is what our moms get up to when they meet up for tupperware parties?" She asked with a drunken smirk.

The other women laughed heartily at the thought.

“No but that’s their loss...” Mel replied playfully as she slipped her veiny hands between the other two women’s legs and stroked their slits.

Chaela and Bailey let out deep moans and grinned at her. The larger of the two women shifted to reposition herself with a series of wheezing grunts. Baile put a hand on her sweaty chest to stop her.

“Wait – I want to be in the middle this time. You got to be in the center last time Cha...” Bailey pointed out.

“That was 5 years, 100 pounds and a thousand gray hairs ago chica...” Chaela smirked causing her flabby cheeks to dimple.

But she eased herself back into a seated position at the head of the bed as Bailey moved her naked body onto all fours abover her and Mel knelt behind the aging blonde’s flabby ass, gently stroking the ripples of her inner thighs.

Bailey sucked on her fingers for a few moments lubing them up to stick them up Chaela’s hole as she leaned forward and kissed the overweight latina while Mel knelt behind her and ate Bailey puffy menopausal pussy out.

“OOohhhhh!” All three women groaned happily as they gyrated together on the bed.

Bailey’s tits flopped under her slapping her belly as she leaned forward to Chaela and back into Mel feeling pleasure from both sides. Then suddenly sharp pain followed by numbness along the side of her back.

“Ooooh!!!” She cried out in agony.

“You like that chica?” Chaela cooed as she reached out to play with Bailey’s sagging breast.

“No! – I mean yes – I mean... I think I just threw my back out!” The 55-year-old faded blonde cried.

The other two women paused in concern and Mel quickly and gently took Bailey's hips in her hand trying to help her stabilize on the bed.

"Okay... Okay. Just - carefully extend your legs back. Keep your back as straight as you can while you lower your body down... that's it... good girl!" Mel directed as she helped her friend flop down onto the mattress.

"Stop talking like you're trying to unbeach a whale!" Bailey snapped in a cranky tone as she whimpered and laid down on her chest next to Chaela.

Mel gently examined Bailey's flabby back massaging it in tender circles from her ass crack up to her shoulders.

"You may have a herniated disk hun." The med-student explained.

"A herniated disk? I thought I just pulled a muscle! Which is bad enough... I was able to take advanced kick-boxing last weekend without even breaking a sweat and now I just try 10 minutes of menage a trois and I'm totally bed-ridden!" Bailey groaned back.

The other women commiserate and the three of them proceeded to affectionately cuddle on the bed in positions that wouldn't hurt Bailey's aching back until they all passed out in Chaela's bed.

Mel opened her eyes blearily the next morning and found her cheek nuzzled against the soft saggy mass of Chaela's right tit. It felt softer and emptier than it had the night before. They hung to either side of a puffy gut that was beginning to crinkle.

There were some light grunts and groans coming from different parts of the bed as Mel peeled her lined cheek from her friend's chest and grabbed the glasses from the side table to take a look at her.

Both of her friends laying next to her were a decade older than they had been when they fell asleep. Chaela was now strongly resembling a Central American Mrs. Klaus with steely gray curly hair and loose jowly cheeks that were

criss-crossed with lines. Her double chins looked as puffy as her belly had become.

Bailey was also sporting shoulder-length gray hair that had become tangled and disheveled overnight. She was still sleeping on her stomach, her own saggy boobs were flattening against the bed, flopping out on either side of her chest. Her ass had gotten a bit chunkier overnight as well and as if on cue, she let out a small toot from her rump as Mel cast her gaze on the curdled saggy cheeks, causing them to wobble like jello mold.

“Oh excuse me...” Bailey groaned in a huskier voice.

“Guys, I think you should wake up... it happened again.” Mel said loudly, clearing her own throat as she found her voice had gotten a bit hoarse and shaky overnight.

She looked down at her own body that just days ago had been in peak shape and found that she had lost quite a bit of muscle tone in her 60s. Her skin was freckled with age spots and looking rough and leathery as it clung to her remaining muscle and cellulite.

“What? Whose talking? Where are we?” Bailey groaned as she flopped over onto her back.

“Why are you whispering chica?” Chaela asked in a groggy tone as she opened her crinkled eyes.

“I’m not, you’re just going losing hearing in your ears as you age.” Mel explained as loudly and clearly as possible.

Chaela nodded and grimaced thinking about all of the loud concerts and clubs she had spent the past few years in. She had thought she would have decades before her hearing would pay the price – but here she was.

“Ugh, how much did we drink last night? I feel like total shit...” Bailey groaned as she laid flat on her back and attempted to pool her formless floppy tits back up onto her chest with her veiny hands.

“How is your back? Can you sit up?” Mel asked as she got up with a groan and shuffled around to go help Bailey.

“It actually doesn’t feel too bad... just really stiff!” The former blonde said as she reached a hand around to brace herself as she slowly and creakily sat up.

The door opened and Jenna padded into the room groaning and holding her gray haired head like she had a massive hang-over. The other women gasped, even the ones that couldn’t see her clearly because they weren’t wearing their glasses could see that the formerly beautiful young model was now a pruned matronly woman in her mid-60s who was beginning to look quite grandmotherly.

“Guys, I think we aged again!” She groaned feeling the loose lined skin on her neck and face and grimacing at the sight of her three half-naked aged friends in the bed.

It took a bit of extra time but with help from one another all four women got up and dressed into some ill-fitting clothes and then headed downstairs.

“How can we be aging still? We were so old yesterday! How can we possibly get even older?” Bailey wailed as she hobbled stiffly down the steps and towards the downstairs bathroom.

They had all linked flabby wrinkled arms together for support once they got to the bottom of the steps and plodded their way across the first floor of the cabin, trying to go gentle on their swollen knees and ailing backs. Chaela tried to remember if they had found canes at any point over the past few days because she wouldn’t mind a bit of something to lean on at this point.

“We were only middle-aged women in our 50s yesterday. Today we’ve officially reached retirement age. Welcome to your mid-60s ladies. Welcome to the start of old age.” Mel declared solemnly as they entered the bathroom and looked at their wrinkly reflections with the numbers 64 and 65 hovering above their gray heads.