

THE RENTAL CABIN

By Chrono Eclipse

Part 4

The four middle aged women all clustered around the mirror tugging at purple bags under their eyes and tracing their softer jawlines like this was the bathroom at a 25 year high school reunion.

“H-How- 44!?! I can’t be 44! I’m not even old enough to rent a car yet!” Jenna exclaimed as she examined her newly creased neck.

Chaela traced deep lines running down the creases of nose all the way down to the dimples of her jaw and then pinched the pocket of loose flab under her jaw.

“The hell! Why do I look so much older than the rest of you? We’re all supposed to be the same age!” The aging party girl groaned.

“What are you talking about? I’m supposed to be the youngest and do you see how many gray hairs I have now?” Jenna shouted, not taking her eyes off her older reflection as she tugged a handful of her long graying brown hair up above her head.

Bailey stood behind them and began upbuttoning her pajama top and rolling her bottoms down her cellulite riddled thighs. The women noticed their blonde friend disrobing behind them and turned around.

“What are you doing?” Mel asked in a huskier voice truly baffled that her friend was stripping naked at a time like this.

“I need to...urgh-” Bailey began to explain as bent down to peel her panties off of her wider ass and immediately shot back up to grip her aching back.

She took a deep breath, closing her eyes and then slowly bent down again and removed her underwear leaving the 45-year-old standing stark naked in front of her friend.

“You need to...?” Jenna prompted, trying not to stare at her rich friends soft saggy tits flopping out in the open air.

“-Not that anyone is complaining! I’ve always had kind of a thing for cougars...” Chaela interjected, biting her thinner lip excitedly as she took in Bailey’s MILFy body.

“I need to assess the full damage.” Bailey replied simply as she stepped forward to examine her full body in the mirror.

The other women looked at one another and shrugged, suddenly morbidly curious themselves, despite dreading what the extra decades had done to them. They all began to take off peel off their youthful pajamas as well. It was a struggle but soon four naked middle-aged women were crowded around the bathroom mirror examining the changes to their bodies.

“Oh god, look how low my tits have sunk!” Bailey lamented as she cupped her older breasts in her hand, heaving them back up her chest to where they had resided a couple days ago and then dramatically letting go of them and watching them flop sadly back downward.

“Our butts have all gotten bigger too!” Jenna groaned as she strained to look over her shoulder at her formerly tight heart-shaped bum which now was looking widered and slightly dimpled.

“Then it’s not all bad right? You know what they say, the bigger the ass the more jiggle as you pass!” Chaela laughed as she playfully spanked Bailey’s older rear.

The blonde girls flabbier behind jiggled and wobbled after the slap and Bailey blushed with embarrassment, reaching behind to cup her chunkier cheeks to get them to stop wobbling. She turned around in the mirror to get a better view of it and behand to test smacking her bum herself to determine whether the extra jiggle in her 45-year-old booty was sexy or awful.

As Bailey stood there spanking herself in the mirror Mel frowned and pitched at her softer mid-section.

“God, I look like such a soccer mom now... I have a muffin top!” The athletic woman lamented looking at her middle-aged self in the mirror. Her body was still in good shape for her age but it didn’t hold up to a comparison to her 25-year-old self.

Chaela bumped Mel aside with a grin, cupping the soft rolls of her own middle-aged belly.

“Pssh you’ve got nothing to worry about girlfriend. You’ve got less of a tummy than I had back when we first got here! Now look at me. Mama’s got a big bowl of jelly now!” The aging party girl said with a laugh as she jiggled her gut causing her friends to cringe and giggle at the same time.

“Yeah I suppose if we’re really in our mid-40s our metabolism has taken a dive.” Mel nodded as she curled her arm in the mirror and checked out her softer bicep.

“Totes! I mean - look at Jenna here. Babe’s as thin as my pinky and she’s still rocking some cellulite on the backs of her thighs.” Chaela pointed out.

“I’m what!?” Jenna screamed as she quickly reached behind her legs and felt the sensation of lumpy ridges running up the backs of her formerly smooth pristine thighs.

The former model began to sob trying to cover up all of her aging imperfections. Chaela brought her into a supportive hug.

“It’s okay baby, you’re still beautiful.” The flabby middle-aged woman assured her skinnier friend.

“We all look like our moms now.” Bailey groaned, checking out the cellulite on her own inner thighs.

“What? You’re saying our moms aren’t beautiful? Our moms are hot... for their age.” Chaela asserted.

“But that’s the problem – we’re not ‘our age’... so we might all look good for 40-something women but we look awful for a pack of girls in our mid-20s. A person’s supposed to get used to these changes gradually over time. Now we have to face them all at once!” Mel pointed out.

The girls began to get dressed back into their pajamas again.

“It’s the cabin right? It’s got to be the fucking cabin – we went to bed the first night and woke up yesterday in our 30s and then woke up this morning in our 40s! And we haven’t left this stupid cabin since their all started happening – so it stands to reason that if we leave that we’ll go back to being our normal young selves!” Bailey explained in a pitched voice feeling like she was teetering on the verge of screaming.

The blonde woman stomped out of the bathroom to the door and tried the handle. It was still clearly locked. So she began trying to kick it down.

“Bailey! Bailey! Stop you’re going to hurt yourself! You’ve not even wearing shoes!” Mel insisted, rushing after her.

Bailey wasn’t listening, instead she went over to the kitchen and grabbed a counter stool and attempted to heave it toward the window. As it left her hands she yelped and bent forward in pain grabbing her shoulder.

The stool sailed through the air toward the window. It bounced off the glass without even causing a crack and broke into a dozen wooden pieces onto the ground.

“Bailey! Are you all right!?” Jenna cried as she and the other women rushed over to see if their blonde friend was hurt.

Bailey winced as she began attempt to roll her shoulder and stretch her arm.

“I’m fine... I think I just pulled a muscle or something... getting old sucks so much!” She groaned.

Jenna went over to the kitchen and grabbed a knife.

“For real! That’s why we have to get the hell out of here – Chaela, grab the fire poker!” The thin middle-aged brunette ordered her south American friend.

Chaela grabbed the metal rod from next to the fire place and the two women proceeded to attack the wooden door of the cabin while Mel tended to Bailey’s shoulder. After a few minutes the women were sweaty and exhausted and all they had managed to do was just scratch up the interior of the door.

“Guys! Guys! You’re not going to bust down the door. You’re just going to end up hurting yourselves!” Mel called to them to quit it.

Jenna panted and rubbed her lower back.

“What are we supposed to do? Just sit around and hang out while we progressively shrivel up into senile old grannies!?” Jenna shouted between breaths.

“I wouldn’t mind the sitting around part...” Chaela interjected, dropping the fire poker on the ground and plodding over to one of the chairs where she tossed herself down into it with a tired sigh.

“It’s obvious that the only way we’re getting out of here is by solving the escape room puzzle... the aging is just part of it – like an extra challenge to overcome. We solve the puzzle, the door opens, we become young again and then we can all laugh at how ridiculous we all looked as gray haired wrinkled old ladies!” Mel explained.

Bailey snorted and got up to make herself some coffee.

“Sorry about your deposit Bee.” Chaela grunted still out of breath in the chair.

Bailey smirked causing the creases around her mouth to accentuate.

“Oh it’s fine... I’ll make it all back with the money they pay me when I sue their asses for... premature MILFhood!” The blonde woman declared.

Jenna wiped some sweat from her lined forehead and sat down herself.

“Okay fine. So we need to solve the puzzles – TODAY! Because I swear to god I’m not letting myself get any older than 44 until the 2040s!” The aging beauty queen insisted.

“I’m with you! I don’t want to be in my 40s right now either! I just started my residency and I’m already older than all of my supervisors at the hospital!” Mel replied with a sympathetic smile that bunched up the creases around her eyes.

Bailey came back around to them with a cup of coffee in hand, bracing her aching back.

“So what’s the plan because I’d really like to go soak this sore frumpy body of mine in a tub right now.” The fading blonde smirked as she sipped her coffee.

Mel thumbed her hand toward the staircase.

“Well there was that clue I was trying to show you guys when we uh... all found out that we suddenly resemble our mothers...” The 45-year-old nursing student explained.

Chaela groaned in her chair, running her pudgy thighs.

“No way I’m running up and down stairs again like we did yesterday. My knees can’t take that shit anymore! I’ll take first shower and you girls can just tell me what you find...” The aging latina grunted as she got herself up from her seat and headed to the bathroom.

The other middle-aged women looked at one another and shrugged, heading back upstairs.

“Oof – Chaela makes a good point. Going up and down these steps is a lot less fun than it was when we were in our 20s...” Jenna sighed once she got to the landing.

Mel nodded feeling discomfort in her own knees as she notices squiggly little veins visible on the sides of her once toned pristine legs.

“Yeah well, hopefully we can figure out the rest of this puzzle and then get back our muscle tone, bone density and stamina back...” She said as she led them back down the hall to her room.

“And my waistline!” Bailey added pointedly as she squeezed her soft middle-aged sides with her veinier hands trying to cinch it back into an hour glass.

The trio of middle-aged women hurried back into Mel’s room, groaning a bit from their aching backs and throbbing knees.

“God why does just walking up the stairs and down a hallways feel like I fell off a building!” Jenna grunted rubbing the leathery skin of her lower back.

“I think we’re just experiencing the normal joint and muscle pain that comes with being in our 40s but we didn’t get a chance to get used to it gradually so it feels like we’ve been hit by a truck!” Mel offered as she squinted and looked around the wall of her room.

She hadn’t needed glasses in her 20s but now that she was in her mid 40s the pre-med student was finding that it was time to go see an eye doctor since anything that wasn’t inches away from her face appeared to be really blurry and out of focus.

“Hurry up and find this thing already - I really need to pee all of a sudden...” Bailey whined in a husky mature woman’s voice, bouncing from flabby leg to flabby leg.

“Jeez Bailey’s so old now that she needs an adult diaper.” Jenna teased, playfully tapping her friend on her wider dimpled ass.

The aging blonde whipped around looking horrified at the thought. She pointed a finger at her middle-aged aspiring model friend.

“Don’t. Even!” Bailey warned.

Mel moved closer to the painting on the wall where she had seen the symbol earlier that morning and moved her hand along it feeling until she ran her fingers across the indents of the ,/\, brushstrokes making up the woman’s frownlines on the artwork.

“Here guys! I found it! Look, it’s like the symbol!” Mel said as she grabbed the painting and pulled it off the wall.

“There’s a panel behind the painting!” Jenna gasped as she hurried over to slide the door of the hidden compartment in the wall open.

The three middle-aged women’s mouths dropped as the compartment revealed 4 differently styled canes.

“Great! They’re trolling us again! Ha ha! We get it. We’re ‘over the hill’ now open the stupid door and give us our youth back!” Bailey shouted up to the ceiling, sure that whoever put this together were watching them through hidden cameras somewhere.

“Oh god... how old do they intend for us to get?” Jenna gulped as she grabbed one of the canes down from the wall and examined it.

For all her aches and pains and her swollen fluid-filled kneecaps she knew that she was still too young to need a cane to get around but now wondered if she’d be relying on the object in her hand by the end of their stay.

“Hey wait - there’s something written behind here...” Mel said leaning in close to the wall and squinting at the words carved into the back of it.

Bailey noticed her friend appeared to be struggling to makeout what it said and attempted to save Mel some embarrassment by shoving her aside.

“Here let me see. Okay it says: ‘When you’re young its easy to get steamy but a mature woman seeks a bit of romance, later in life sex may seem novel but

your fantasies can keep you warm from May to December.’” Bailey read with her hands on her hips.

“Okay... what does that mean?” Jenna asked scratching her graying head.

“It means we should take these canes and chuck them into the fire for kindling...” Bailey said reaching to gather them up.

“No, no, wait! I don’t think the clue has anything to do with the canes... steamy... romance... novel... fantasy... It’s talking about a book!” Mel insisted pointing to the clue.

“Bailey, isn’t there like a whole bookshelf of trashy romance novels in your room?” Jenna asked.

The blonde woman sighed and nodded, dropping the canes down on the ground. The trio all left Mel’s room and headed in different directions – Bailey rushed to the bathroom to relieve her bladder and Mel slipped into Jenna’s room to grab the drawer full of reading glasses.

Jenna headed into Bailey’s room and scanned the bookshelf in there. There were plenty of books on these shelves that Jenna had laughed at in the line at the grocery store or seen her mom read at the beach when she was growing up. They usually had some beefy hunk on the cover and some wispy blonde in a sheer nightgown swooning on horseback.

“Any luck?” Mel asked as she came into the room.

“Soooo I looked through all of them – the clue mentioned May and December so I was thinking like... maybe the book we’re looking for is about a May/December romance? Which would narrow things down to these four books here...” She said pointing to a small stack she had created.

Mel shrugged.

“Sounds good to me. Let’s bring them downstairs and scan through them for clues.” Mel suggested.

When the ladies got back downstairs with the books in hand, Chaela was reclining in a chair by the fireplace with her flabby body and graying hair wrapped in towels. She opened one eye at the sound of her friends coming down the stairs.

“Hey chica’s. Bailey said you found some more old lady shit upstairs?” The aging latina asked.

“Yeah we found some canes. But another clue led us to these books. Maybe inside is the answer on how to get out!” Mel offered optimistically.

“Ugh - why couldn’t the clues lead us to like a foot massager or something.” Chaela groaned propping her thick legs up onto the coffee table.

“God seriously! Though - I don’t even want to think about my feet right now! I think i’m starting to get bunions!” Bailey groaned.

The wealthy blonde woman was pouring herself a glass of wine and looked ready to head into the bathroom.

“Ew! Same... if Trent were here he’d totally massage them for me...” Jenna pouted, excentuating her new frown lines.

“I’ll massage yours for you Bae.” Chaela offered her blonde friend with a flirtatious wink.

Bailey smiled back causing the creases around her chin to dimple.

“You’re a doll. I may take you up on that after I soak in the tub for a while...” The rich woman replied, raising her wine and heading into the bathroom.

To be continued...