

THE RENTAL CABIN

Part 9

By Chrono Eclipse

The four women stood in the bathroom morbidly tracing the deep lines on their face in the mirror.

“Ew, my cheeks are all jowly now!” Bailey groaned as she pinched her own wrinkling face.

“And we’re all starting to get like turkey gobbles under our necks...” Jenna cringed as she patted the loose, crinkling skin under her chin.

“Hmmm it seems that against my best efforts i’m going to be hampered by bad knees and the beginnings of osteoporosis at the end of my career.” Mel grimaced, adjusting her glasses and bending down with a creak and a groan to examine her veiny aged legs.

“Ay yi yi, talk about pechos caidos...” Chaela shook her gray head as she hefted her saggies up into her chubby hands and let them flop back down onto her pruning gut with a big slap. The two droopy fun bags dangled and swayed in front of her looking like they were soon going to be dragging across the floor.

“We’re like literally old women now! We could all be grandmothers by the looks of us, for christ sake!” Bailey exclaimed as she attempted to fix her unkept graying eyebrows.

“You know, if any of us had gotten pregant in our mid 20s it wouldn’t be a far stretch to imagine that we’d have grandchildren in college by this age...” Mel pointed out as she examined a cluster of moles that had formed on her puffy upper arm and made a mental note to get it checked when they got back.

The other women wailed at the thought.

“Not helping, vieja...” Chaela, patting the medical retiree on her stooping shoulder.

“So is this just it now? Our youth is totally gone? I just started a new job and now I’m old enough to retire!” Jenna exclaimed in a shrill voice.

Mel shrugged and nodded her head causing her gray braid to toss about her slumped back.

“It appears we’ve reached a complete dead-end with the puzzle. The only other option I can think of to get out of here is to wait until either the owners or the next renters come to let us out... On the bright side, if we aren’t past menopause and hotflashes today we’ll certainly be done with them by tomorrow - and we all seem relatively healthy for our current age, weight gain, bone and joint degeneration and dulling of senses aside...” Mel offered, thinking that there were far worse things a group of 60-somethings could be grappling with other than arthritis and failing eyesight...

“Wait - my hearing is getting bad. It sounded like you’re suggesting we wait until people come and get us. When are people supposed to be coming here?” Jenna demanded looking over at Bailey. She hardly recognized her friend without her normally blonde hair and smooth rosy cheeks.

“... The next group doesn’t have this place booked until Thursday... I considered booking us for longer but I figured you’d all bitch about having to get back to work on Mondy...” Bailey offered cringing.

“Thursday!? Ladies - it’s Sunday and we’re already in our 60s! Do you know how old we’ll be at this rate by Thursday!?” Jenna screamed.

“Well... the owners or whoever would probably come or send a cleaning crew to get things ready for the next group before then...” Mel offered with a grimace, knowing that that wasn’t much better.

“Great - they can show up Wednesday morning and cart 4 senile nonagenarians off to a local nursing home and try and get rid of our nasty old lady smell before the next group shows up to lose THEIR youth!” Jenna cried as she swiped a bunch of beauty products off of the sink with her wrinkled hand in anger.

“Jenna, honey... getting pissed about it isn’t going to make us any younger. It’s just going to deepen those frown lines on your pretty face...” Chaela chuckled as she affectionately lifted Jenna’s chin in her hand.

“Easy for you to say – you don’t have to come up with a way to explain to your new boyfriend how you suddenly have saggy tits and a gray bush. I’m legit twice his age now!” Jenna groaned.

Chaela smirked and waved her plump hand in the air.

“Psshhh, if he doesn’t love you at 64 he didn’t deserve you are 24, mama.” The flabby old latina asserted.

Mel and Bailey nodded in agreement.

“Yeah – fuck it. I mean, am I happy about how i’m older than my parents? Fuck no! But like – we’re either going to figure out a way out of here and get our youth back or we’re going to get out of here and go find some hotties that are obsessed with GILF that enjoy giving us sponge baths? Right ladies?” Bailey offered with a wrinkly grin.

Soon the four women were chilling out in the living room, sitting around as Chaela played some music and danced in front of them with the aid of a cane.

“Apple bottom jeans (jeans)

Boots with the fur (with the fur)

The whole club lookin’ at her

She hit the floor (she hit the floor)

Next thing you know

Shawty got low low low low low low low low.” The music blasted causing the room to thump with the sound of the base.

The 65-year-old former party girl turned Latina Mrs. Claus was shuffling around in time to the beat. As the refrain of ‘low’ began she playfully leaned over swishing her fat wrinkled tits lower and lower until they grazed the floorboards. The other ladies cackled.

“I can’t get as low as I used to – like, last weekend but for 65 I can still make my booty drop...” Chaela declared as she gripped her dimpled thighs with her hands and attempted to shake her rump, emitting an audible fart.

“That’s one way to shake a booty. Senior GI tracks are... not for the club...” Mel offered, stifling a giggle.

“I bet Bailey could still make her wrinkly old ass BOUNCE! I’ve seen you pop it girl, come on Bee show us what you’re working with!” Chaela called out, motioning for the former blonde to come join her.

“Oh god – I think if I even TRY to twerk at this age I’m going to break my hip...” Bailey replied shaking her head.

“I’ll dance but I need to be waaaaay drunker first.” Jenna offered.

“We killed the booze back in our sexy cougar days...” Bailey smirked.

“There’s that bottle of champagne in the fridge...” Chaela remembered with a devilish grin across her puffy face.

“Plus it’s not even noon...” Mel added.

“I mean, yeah but we’re also all not even 30 and look at us? Who cares how early a bunch of retirees drink?” Jenna retorted with a shrug and got up with a groan to go grab the last remaining bit of alcohol they had left.

The aged former model grabbed four wine glasses from the cupboard and the champagne. She brought them all over to the others and poured out the glasses, missing the rattling sound coming from inside of the bottle.

“A toast – to lifelong friendship!” Bailey offered holding up her glass with a veiny hand.

The other women smirked and toasted, clinking their glasses and pouring the champagne down their wrinklier throats.

“You know, I wish we had figured out how to get the computer to work. I might fiddle around with it some more this afternoon before my eyesight fully and truly goes. I feel like there’s something we’re missing. You don’t just hide a whole monitor behind a bookcase for nothing...” Mel mused as she sipped her beverage looking over at the dusty computer across the room.

Jenna noticed Chaela had finished her glass and sipped the rest of hers as well.

“Here Cha, there’s a little left – let me top you off...” The youngest of the four old women offered as she grabbed the bottle and poured some into her own glass and then Chaela’s.

As the last drops poured out something small and metal clinked its way into the glass as well.

“What is that?” Mel asked squinting and putting on her glasses.

“It’s a key!” Bailey said peering into Chaela’s glass at the small skeleton key floating at the bottom of the pale yellow champagne.

The women all looked into each other’s crinkled eyes and gasped and then quickly scrambled up out of their chairs. Jenna, who had the thinnest, boniest hands, fished the key out of the glass and held it up triumphantly.

“We can get out of here!” She declared in happy disbelief.

“God I really hope we become young again when we walk through that door... I was trying to put on a brave face to get through this but... It sucks being old! I want my blonde hair back! I want perky boobs!” Bailey exclaimed.

“I want to not pee myself whenever I laugh!” Jenna added.

“I would really love not to have arthritis in my fingers and toes anymore...” Mel admitted sheepishly.

“And I want an ass that doesn’t hang three feet behind the rest of me!”
Chaela let out a husky laugh.

They all scrambled to put the key in the front door and let themselves out... but as soon as they crowded around it they noticed – the door didn’t have a keyhole.

“Uhhh the hell? Where are we supposed to put the key to unlock the door...?”
Bailey asked as she felt along the crack in the door to see if there was something she was missing.

“That doesn’t make any sense – it’s a key and we have a locked door so... what else would it be for?” Jenna asked scratching her gray head.

Mel stroked her chin, noticing that she now had a couple small gray whiskers growing on it.

“...That’s not the only locked door...” The former med student realized softly.

“What are you talking about? I think we all would have noticed if there was a back door to this stupid cabin...” Bailey grumbled as she attempted to stab at the door with the key.

“I’m not talking about a back door. I’m talking about the door... up there...”
Mel explained, pointing up the stairs.

“Oh shit... we forgot about the attic...” Jenna gulped.

The four 60-somethings looked at the staircase with exhausted dread and then slowly dragged themselves over to it. Chaela leaned on her cane while the other ladies leaned on Chaela.

“I was really hoping I wouldn’t have to take any more trips upstairs with these knees today...” Mel grunted as she grabbed the bannister and began to plod upward.

The other ladies formed a single-file line behind her, each using the railing to support their weight as they slogged their way up to the door to the attic.

“This better work – that was exhausting.” Bailey panted as she leaned against the hallway wall to catch her breath.

“It was one flight of steps! A couple days ago you could have backflipped your way up here!” Jenna pointed out.

“Yeah well – I wish we had found that stupid key and explored the attic back then before my joints got all stiff and my calves began to feel like a pair of lead balloons...” Bailey groaned back.

“Are we even sure my old fat ass will fit up there anymore?” Chaela pondered as she patted her puffy widened gut.

“Our trip back upstairs wasn’t in vein, friends. They key fits!” Mel declared triumphantly as she clicked it open.

The door in the ceiling swung down suddenly about an inch, nearly whacking Bailey in her gray head and then eased itself down slowly the rest of the way as a small ladder extended down to the floor.

Mel gripped the sides of the staircase with her veiny hands.

“I suppose we don’t have to all go up there but it would be beneficial to get as many eyes investigating the new space as possible...” She said as she slowly began to climb up the stairs.

The other women looked at one another and then at the path to the attic that felt incredibly precarious and daunting at their current age. They all hesitated but all of them were susceptible to Mel’s guilt trip even more than they were susceptible to broken hips at this point.

They each sighed and filed in behind the formerly athletic woman, climbing up as slowly and carefully as they could manage. Once all four women had made

their way up to the dusty attic they squinted and peered around the room. The space was dark but not as dark as they were expecting because -

“There’s an open window up here!” Jenna shouted in surprise.

The women all crept closer to the wide open window at the front of the attic. The bright blue sky was visible beyond it and a cool summer breeze was blowing in from the opening hitting the women’s lined faces with the refreshing scents of the woods and lake.

“I nearly forgot how we haven’t been outside in a few days.” Bailey mentioned, smelling the fresh air.

“Yeah it was getting pretty musty downstairs but I guess we were too preoccupied with how musty WE were getting to notice...” Jenna smirked.

Mel stuck her head out the window, her long gray braid flopped downward toward the grass below.

“It’s too far down for us to jump out - we would likely break something if we attempted it, even if we were our correct ages...” The former med student mused as she looked for ways to climb down.

The other women looked around for ladders or some way of getting out via the window. Bailey opened up a big cardboard box and found dozens of bundles of yarn in various colors.

“Guys! What about this!?” Bailey asked, holding up a clump of lavender-colored yarn in her pasty hand.

“Um like as a rope? Honey that would snap in seconds if I tugged on it with my weight... and I know my body looks like a bean bag now but its not going to feel like no bean bag when I hit the ground from up here...” Chaela said, snapping her swollen fingers.

Mel tugged on a strand to feel how strong it was and quickly shook her head, agreeing with Chaela.

“Yeah this is thick but not strong enough to support any of our weight like a proper rope might...” She pointed out, adjusting the glasses on her lined face.

“Sure but... what if we knit a thicker sturdier rope!” Bailey offered, pulling several pairs of knitting needles out of the box.

Mel considered it for a moment, the divots of her jowling cheeks creased further as she nodded, conceding that Bailey’s idea might be a credible option.

“I don’t think any amount of yarn is going to hold this Gordita!” Chaela said with a laugh, grabbing her floppy tits and jiggling her lumpy tummy.

Jenna suddenly screamed from the other side of the attic.

“Oh my god. Did she discover another gray pubes – Stop staring at your pussy Jenna! We get it – it’s getting old like the rest of us!” Bailey groaned sounding annoyed.

But as the other women shuffled over to see what their aging friend was screaming about now, they gasped themselves at the sight of four elderly figures sitting around the table.

“Are they... are they supposed to be US!?” Jenna asked looking at the arrangement.

Sitting at the four sides of a tall square table were a quartet of female mannequins. Each was sporting a gray-haired wig. One had glasses on a beaded chain and wore a housecoat; another was sporting a track suit and visor; another was in ‘Worlds Greatest Grandma’ sweats with a colorful fanny pack and the final one was wearing a modest blouse and skirt. On the table between all of them was a Mah Jong board filled with tiles.

“Great... are we going to have to learn how to play Mah Jong now?” Bailey ask folding her arms across her saggy chest.

“Don’t look at me this time – I’ve got no idea how to play that one.” Chaela shook her head.

“I’m willing to learn as long as we don’t have to dress up like these girls...” Jenna scrunched her nose at the old lady fashion.

“I don’t know – this track suits pretty fire...” Chaela observed, running her fingers across the valour sleeve.

“Great – put that on and we’ll get you a rascal scooter and you’ll be ready to spend your afternoons tooling around the local mall...” Bailey smirked.

“I wonder if one of the boxes up here has got any mumus...” Chaela mused as she began to poke around at the storage boxes.

She found a granny gown and some fuzzy pink slippers. Bailey peaked at the tag.

“Ooo Jenna... just your size...” The former blonde teased.

“Oh my god – don’t even! I wouldn’t be caught DEAD.” Jenna giggled, slapping the slippers to the floor.

“Mel you want to try on an underwire bra...?” Bailey called over.

“Mmm what? No I’m fine I just...” The aged med student replied, distracted by the Mah Jong board.

She didn’t really know how to play but she did notice that the tiles were arranged in a specific pattern – there seemed to be three suits, and then a set of three dragon tiles; four tiles representing seasons; four representing plants and then a final four with the Chinese characters for each of the cardinal directions – north, south, east and west.

“Except... North and west are in the wrong place...” Mel mumbled, remembering a bit of what she had learned in the Asian studies course she had taken as an undergrad.

She reached over with her knobby fingers and pulled the two tiles in question up and swapped them on the board. A loud click echoed through the attic and a panel opened in the floor beneath the table.

“Oh my god, Mel did you find another clue?” Jenna gasped as they hurried over to see what was discovered.

Mel adjusted her glasses and knelt down to look at the revealed compartment and the contraption inside.

“I think it’s... the internet router.” She offered, pulling the device up from the floor and showing it to the group.

TO BE CONTINUED...