

THE RENTAL CABIN

By Chrono Eclipse

Part 3

All four women held their breath in excited anticipation as the drawer opened to reveal... a box. Jenna squealed enthusiastically as Chaela pulled the box out of the drawer.

“I think we need to enter the correct four letter code to open in.” Mel suggested pointing to the combination lock on the front of it that seemed to have 4 dials with every letter of the alphabet on it.

Chaela turned the box over and discovered that there were words etched on the bottom of the box.

“Woah - It’s like, a riddle!” She marveled.

““Two will carry you through most of your journey but you may need three by the end of your plight. Remember that no one will buy you heavy but some may sell you light.”” Bailey read over Chaela’s shoulder.

Jenna wrinkled her nose and scratched her head.

“No one will buy you heavy? Some may sell you light? What does that mean?” She asked looking at the others for ideas.

Mel rubbed the back of her neck that was beginning to ache a little.

“Hmmm maybe its something like helium? You’d want it to be light, not heavy...” The athlete suggested.

“I don’t know how to spell helium but I know its way more than 4 letters.” Chaela said turning the dial to H and E and L and another L.

“Ooo what if it’s like the chemistry code for it...” Bailey shouted in excitement.

“It’s atomic symbol?” Mel asked with a smirk.

“Whatever, I majored in communications not science!” Bailey replied rolling her eyes.

“It would still be just He...” Mel said with a frown.

“Well let’s all give it a think and go down and get some food... I’m kind of starving from all of this running around.” Chaela suggested, tucking the box under her arm.

The group headed back downstairs. Bailey took the opportunity to hop in the shower while Mel and Chaela tried out different four letter words on the box and Jenna began making everyone brunch.

“Love?” Mel suggested spinning the dials on the box only to find that it didn’t budge.

“Fuck.” Chaela shouted.

“What?” Mel looked up in alarm.

“No, I’m suggesting we try the word ‘fuck’.” Chaela explained.

Mel looked at her friend skeptically but then shrugged and tried it, not having a better thought. The box still didn’t open.

“Have you guys tried ‘Time’ yet? This whole game feels like ‘time themed’.” Jenna suggested as she brought over some grilled chicken salads for the girls.

“Yes! We’ve tried ‘Time’ and ‘Hour’ and ‘Ages’ and ‘Year’...” Mel sighed in frustration.

The bathroom door opened and Bailey stepped out of the steamy room wrapped in a pink towel. She twisted her foot to the side, raising her heel off the ground to give the group a generous look at her bare leg.

“Do any of you bitches have lotion I can borrow? I forgot to pack mine.” She called out to the rest of the women sitting around the fireplace.

“Yeah there’s some in my toiletries back on the sink you can use.” Jenna offered.

Bailey turned around and grabbed the bottle and then came over and sat in the arm chair, propping her barefoot up on the wooden table. She began to meticulously rub lotion up and down her leg.

“I don’t know if it’s the dehydration or what but my skin is puckering like a mother fucker and god so help me if I start getting cottage cheese thighs like my mother! I’m only 25!” Bailey ranted as she liberally applied the moisturizing cream.

A light went on in Mel’s head as she found herself distracted by the sexy display before her.

“Oh my god - that’s it!” She shouted.

“That’s what?” Jenna asked.

Mel grabbed the box back from Chaela and turned it over, re-reading the inscription on the bottom.

““Two will carry you through most of your journey but you may need three by the end of your plight. Remember that no one will buy you heavy but some may sell you light.’... SELL-YOU-LIGHT... Cellulite! It’s talking about legs! Two will carry us but we might need a cane when we get old and... yeah! L-E-G-S!” She explained excitedly as she entered the code.

There was a clicking sound as the box opened. The ladies all quickly gathered around looking at what was inside. Mel reached in and pulled out... a wrist guard.

“What is that? Is that like sports equipment?” Bailey asked, blinking in confusion.

“No - the old woman that trained me at my job wears one of these... it’s like for carpal tunnel or something right?” Jenna offered.

Mel nodded. She reached into the box again and pulled out some gloves and a knee brace.

“Yeah... and these are for relieving arthritis....” The nursing student said, holding them up between two fingers and frowning as if she was holding a used condom.

“Well is there another clue or something?” Bailey asked craning her neck over to see if anything was left in the box.

Mel shook her head with a confused shrug.

“So what... this is all one big like ‘Over the Hill’ gag? They trolling us? I mean - what even is this? We’re all in our 20s, its not like we’re close to needing any of this shit.” Chaela said looking unimpressed.

Jenna thought about it for a minute and then gasped with an idea.

“Okay what if... and here me out... what if like they do different escape rooms for different people right? And like next weekend someone booked this for like a 50th birthday party but the people that set all of this up got the dates confused. So we’re getting the Over the Hill birthday gags and next weekend those people will get our like - 20-somethings boozy girls reunion themed escape room!” The amateur model suggested.

Bailey sighed.

“Well then I’m definitely demanding a refund at the end of this.” She groaned, standing up from her chair and going to get dressed.

“But like... so what if the gags don’t make sense? We’re still having fun right? The puzzles are still cool... I say we roll with it!” Mel suggested.

“Yeah I’m down... but like, what next? We’re out of clues.” Chaela said with a shrug.

“My brains feeling tapped out anyway. I say we put a pin in all of this tomorrow and just like party...” Jenna said looking a little too sleepy to party.

“Okay! I’ll make margaritas!” Chaela cooed, jumping up and then grunting at the nagging pain in her back.

The girls reconvened a few minutes later for margaritas and dancing, though after a few songs they found that their feet were killing them and they were exhausted from running around all morning.

“I kind of want to just zone out and scroll on the internet for a while...” Bailey said with a yawn.

“Bad news, the reception in my room is gone. This place is a total deadzone and... no wifi.” Jenna said with a frown.

“Ugghhh what are we even going to do?” Chaela groaned as she made another pitcher of margaritas.

“Hey, you know... when we were looking around for clues earlier today I saw a shelf with a bunch of old board games on it.” Mel offered.

The 30-something ladies all looked at one another considering it and then shrugged.

“Game night, it is!” Bailey smirked.

Soon the four women were gathered around the wooden table playing Clue and sipping their drinks, joking and gossiping the rest of the day away. As the night crept in and their eyes began to grow too heavy to read the cards in their hands they said their goodnights and headed off to get ready for bed.

Jenna attempted to reach her boyfriend again but her phone had no signal so she quickly gave up with a sigh, feeling pretty tired anyway. She changed into her pajamas and crawled into bed.

The next morning the aspiring model woke up feeling incredibly stiff. She attempted to sit up in bed but her lower back was throbbing. She reached behind her and rubbed it, ignoring the bit of extra soft fatty tissue on her normally toned trim mid-section.

She reached over with a veiny hand to grab her phone and check the time but couldn't quite focus her eyes clearly enough to see. She figured it was still very early and flopped back onto the bed to try to sleep off her aching body a bit more.

One room down Bailey was also tossing and turning in bed, suddenly feeling very hot in her nightie and sheets. She pulled the teddy up around her shoulders and laid in the bed in just her panties. Half asleep she reached up to itch the sweaty underside of her right breast but found herself needing to lift the tit up in order to rub the skin under it.

Chaela woke up in a panic, her bladder was full and ready to burst. She had already gone to the bathroom 4 times throughout the night and had no idea why she suddenly needed to pee so frequently. She groaned and creaked as she sat up out of bed, her center of gravity felt off as she waddled half asleep down the hallway to the bathroom before she had an accident.

Mel meanwhile had woken up a bit later than she normally did and rubbed the nagging kink in her neck as she dragged herself out of bed. Her knees audibly made popping sounds as she bent them and she grunted as she stood up. She walked over to the dresser where her stuff was and glanced up at the bit of art hanging on the wall. It was an abstract drawing of an old woman with noticeable lines on her face - similar to the creases she had observed subtly showing on Bailey's face yesterday.

The line strokes in the art that made up the woman's frown lines were distinctly shaped in the form of ,/ \, like the symbol at the bottom of that clue they had forgotten about yesterday.

"Guuuuuuuys!" Mel called out to her friends in the other rooms.

She waited for a few minutes, not wanting to touch anything or open anything without the rest of her friend present. She heard some husky moans and groans down the hall and then shambling footsteps approaching.

The door opened and Mel gasped at the sight of three middle-aged women groggily lumbering into the room. It looked like her high school friend's moms had all shown up overnight to visit and were wearing their daughters ill-fitting pajamas.

Jenna was still fairly thin but her 44-year-old arms and stomach were no longer firm or toned. The laugh lines on her face and crinkles around her eyes had deepened considerably as had creases forming on her looser neck. Her hair was now salt and pepper as many more gray hairs had mixed into her auburn locks giving her the look of a stressed out mom that got saddled with organizing the school bake sale that month.

The puffy-looking latina matron next to her was clearly former party girl Chaela who was now rocking some chubby jowly cheeks and deep bags under her older eyes. Her neck was also creased but accented by a noticeable double chin. Her body had softened and spread in middle age and turned her hour-glass figure into more of an apple shape. The t-shirt she was wearing a pajama shirt looked snug around her big droopy breasts and wider gut and her boy-shorts were definitely being stretched to the limit by her wide 45-year-old ass.

Where Jenna had remained thin and Chaela had bloated a bit, Bailey was kind of inbetween. A slight muffin top stretched her ill-fitting nighty and her thighs had gone a bit flabby, showing off that dimpled cottage cheese look she had mentioned that her mother had. Her cheeks had deep frownlines running down them and her jawline was softening a bit into the beginning of jowls. Creases

etched across her forehead and neck and her breasts were beginning to flop down toward her navel.

“Mel!?” They all gasped in husky throatier voices.

Mel, with her athletic background was the only one of the four women that still had some muscle tone on her body, though even her stomach and biceps had softened a bit in middle age. Her skin freckled from sun damage and looked rougher, more leathery and her face showed the noticeable creases of middle-age.

“Yeah... oh my god... Jenna? Bailey?... Chaela!?” She exclaimed at the sight of her friends who all looked like they were nearly twice her age now.

The other women nodded in confusion but then looked to one another gasping in surprise and then down at their own bodies, groping their sagging chests and drier skin.

“A mirror! I need to see a mirror!” Bailey cried grabbing her throat at how old her voice sounded now.

The women all turned to hurry downstairs but found that their older creaking bodies weren't as fast or full of energy as they had been used to in their 20s. They waddled down the hall in at a brisk pace, rubbing their sore muscles and joints as they moved – they hadn't had the benefit of gradually accommodating to the stiff achey sensations of their 40-something bodies so those nagging pains hit them all at once making them feel awful and wanting to lay down on a heating pad as they made their way downstairs.

Chaela grabbed her chest with both of her veiny hands as the sensation of her sagging breasts slapping her jiggling belly was really bothering her. Her middle-aged flabby body wobbled and jiggled as she jogged quickly toward the bathroom.

Bailey was right behind her but felt a hitch in her side and paused to rub her offending waist, inadvertently glancing down at her veiny feet that now resembled her mothers.

“Oh god... my pedicures ruined!” She groaned.

Jenna beat them both to the bathroom and immediately grabbed fistfuls of her graying hair in dismay.

“No... no... no...” She groaned.

Mel joined her and felt the loosening skin of her neck and traced the lines on her face thinking of that symbol in the painting upstairs.

All four women now gathered at the large mirror agonizing over their faces and bodies that appeared to be two decades older than they should be. Bailey squinted at the digital numbers floating above their heads.

“Is anyone else having trouble reading the numbers? Everything is blurry...” She groaned.

“Yes!” The women all lamented in response.

“They say 45, 45, 45 and 44...” Mel confirmed as she got her face closer to the mirror and saw just how aged her skin looked - she was even starting to get little mouth wrinkles.

Chaela turned and put her hands on her soft doughy middle-aged waist as she looked sternly at her aged friends.

“Well damn, I don’t think this aging shit is just psychosomatic... I think we’re all getting pushed over the hill!” The 45-year-old party girl exclaimed in a dire tone.

To be continued...