

SEEING IS BELIEVING

By Chrono Eclipse

Part 2: Bikini Car Wash

‘God, what’s with all the olds today? Where are all the young perky girls at?’ He thought to himself as he jogged down the street with his coffee.

As if the universe was answering his request, the parking lot Zach was jogging passed was holding a fundraising car wash for sorority sisters of Zeta Mu. A dozen smoking hot young women in white t-shirts and bikini briefs were sudsing each other up and spraying themselves and the line of cars down.

‘*Bikini tops not necessarily included’ one of their signs boasted.

Zach saw some empty lawn chairs set up off to the side and eagerly hopped into one, sipping his coffee and enjoying the show, hoping to forget all of that weird old lady stuff from that morning.

It was a pretty brilliant system, by the horny young guy’s assessment:

Two girls peel off their t-shirts and begin sudsing up the incoming car, being sure to lean over and arch their backs while doing so, giving the driver a front row seat to their ample perky breasts jiggling in their bikini tops as they slide back and forth across the hood of the car before moving down the sides of it and pressing their toned young bodies against the windows smooching their cleavage against the glass.

Then a giggling coed with a hose sprays down the soaped up car and any sorority sisters around it who then squeal and jump up and down.

After that another pair of girls lay out some terrycloth of the vehicle and proceed to dry it off with their plump round bums, doing twerks and booty shakes whenever possible.

Finally, if the driver then provides a good tip the girls in white t-shirts will line up and let him pick one of them to get soaked in the hopes of finding whichever girls are bare breasted underneath their tees. If the driver is lucky he gets to catch a glimpse of some nipples before driving off in his sort-of-clean car.

“Where’s your car?” The pretty voice of an attractive young woman called out to him.

Zach looked over to see one of the girls – a gorgeous brunette girl with blonde highlights and a copper-toned complexion laying across the hood of a bright yellow sports car dressed in a blue and magenta polka dot bikini. She was clearly there to entice drivers to slow down and come into the carwash.

“Uh I didn’t bring one!” Zach called back honestly to the girl who was in the process of rubbing oil up and down her long toned legs to make them glisten more in the sunlight.

“Well if you don’t have a car then we might have to find something else to rinse down...” The young woman purred flirtatiously as she applied oil to her flat exposed stomach.

“Or maybe I could clean you up, you dirty girl!” He called back boldly.

She smirked at him and licked her plump lips.

“Oh? How would you do that?” She asked, sounding interested.

Zach thought for a moment, he looked over to see a pretty brunette with large bouncy tits in a tiny red triangle bikini rubbing a big yellow sponge across the front of the car that the girls were currently cleaning.

“I’d give you a nice long sponge bath!” He blurted out excitedly.

There was an awkward pause in response.

“...A sponge bath? Like what they give grannies in nursing homes?” The girl asked, sounding weirded out.

Zach face-palmed his forehead. 'A sponge bath'? What was he thinking! That wasn't sexy. Those gross biddies from earlier really messed him up. Now he had old ladies on the brain!

"Uh no, I mean-" He stammered trying to recover from the awkward moment but the girl posing on the yellow sports car had already moved on, waving and yelling 'hey cuties!' loudly over Zach to a couple of guys driving by.

Zach sighed and turned his attention back to a pair of brunettes, one with frizzy hair and the other with a pixie cut both in thongs who were rubbing their juicy peach-shaped ass cheeks up and down the car doors. When they were finished doing a full-assed but half-effort job drying the vehicle off they called for the sorority sister that handled the cash.

"Gabby! This ones done!" The brunette in a blue leopard print thong called over to the perky young girl in a sorority tee and floral print bikini bottoms.

Gabby was leaning halfway into the passenger side window of the last car that the sisters had washed, giggling and flirting with the driver well past collecting payment for the car wash. Her pert rear stuck out into the open air and her pale slender legs kicked up off the ground as she hung out of the side of the car.

"Gabby!" The petite strawberry blonde holding the hose yelled to get the girl's attention.

"Oh just let her flirt! You know how wet she gets for older guys!" The stacked brunette in the red triangle bikini called back to her friends.

"How wet does she get, Lily? Like, this wet?" The girl with the hose asked and then playfully sprayed it on the girl in the red triangle bikini.

The brunette squealed and jumped out from under the water, gasping and wiping the dark brown hair that was now clinging to her forehead aside.

"Oh Melanie! You bitch! I knew I couldn't trust you with the hose!" Lily yelled back to the strawberry blonde.

“Jess, would you please take the guy's cash and see if he wants to leave a tip?”
Melanie called to the frizzy haired girl in the thong.

Jess nodded and bounced over to the car door, shaking her assets as she went. A moment later she held up a 20 dollar bill.

“He tipped 10 dollars!” The brunette declared triumphantly.

“Okay! Line up froshies!” Lily shouted and snapped her fingers above her head.

Zach watched as the youngest of the girls all ran over dutifully, lined up in their white t-shirts waiting to get hosed down. He realized that the sorority sisters had put their pledges up to be the ones participating in the wet t-shirt portion of the fundraiser. The pretty teenagers all giggled nervously waiting for the driver to pick which of them was about to get soaked.

“Number 2!” The driver called pointing over to a slender latina girl.

The girl tensed up and cringed, closing her eyes and biting her lip in anticipation for what was about to come next.

“Two it is! Sorry Ava!” Melanie shouted, sounding more gleeful than sorry and she turned on the hose and blasted the girl.

Ava's white shirt soaked clear in a matter of moments, sticking to her flat stomach and revealing the white bikini top underneath.

“Womp womp. No boobies for you. Thanks for coming though!” Lily said with a laugh waving the driver along and gesturing for the car behind him to pull up.

Zach looked back over to Ava and the other pledges as the girl shivered and peeled the wet shirt off of her body. Zach gasped and then blinked a few times rubbing his eyes. The group of girls in the white tees didn't look like 18-year-old freshmen, they were more like upperclassmen - maybe even graduate students.

If he was put on the spot and had to guess he'd honestly say that Ava was around his own age of 28 as he watched the curvy latina tug a too-tight white t-shirt over her womanly frame.

He looked back at Lily who was sponging off the front of the sedan in front of them along with an equally busty tanned, pig-tailed brunette wearing a bright blue bikini.

As the two college girls stretched their sexy bodies across the sleek silver hood Zach could swear that their large perky chests were losing their fight with gravity before his very eyes.

Lily's tits drooped lower and lower toward the hood of the car, losing their shape and firmness until a pair of soft saggy matronly breasts were dragging across the front of the vehicle.

The other girl, or rather now *woman*, similarly had an aging chest that drooped down to rest on the hood of the car, pulling her skimpy blue bikini top down and showing off a lot of her freckled deep cleavage. Gray hairs were wearing into her pigtails and her back tattoo was becoming faded and distorted due to her developing rolls of back fat.

The two women now looked like middle-aged moms of sorority girls now rather than sisters themselves. Still they hopped up and down with the energy of young coeds causing their saggy tits to flop about and their soft pooching bellies to jiggle. They moved along the sides of the car pressing their spreading, flabby middle-aged body's against the car doors and windows.

Zach was amazed that the dudes in the car didn't immediately start screaming at the sight of the out-of-shape cougars rubbing their scantily clad aging bodies against the car suggestively. He wondered if maybe these dudes were into MILFs.

Speaking of into MILFs - the car Gabby was flirting in drove up in front of him. He was shocked to see the cute ass and sexy legs he had seen dangling out the car window a few moments ago were now a wide dimpled rear of a woman in

her late 40s and chunky thighs riddled with cellulite. Her middle-aged feet kicked up in the air showing off calloused older soles.

Zach peaked into the car to see an attractive 'for her age' MILF making out with a man young enough to be her son. He could swear he had heard one of the girls say that Gabby liked older guys but as he watched the couple say their goodbyes he was sure that Gabby was nearly twice this dudes age.

"I gotta go but I'll see you at the party this weekend!" The guy said to her, pulling away and grinning at the woman's jowly lined face.

"Okay! You better text me! Drive safe baby." The matronly woman told him, pouting like a girl with a crush but sounding like an overbearing mom.

She hopped out from his passenger window with the energy and grace of a woman decades younger than she appeared to be, Zach watched as the ridges of cellulite on the exposed parts of her saggy ass trembled as her bare feet slapped against the ground.

"Oh my god, he's soooo cute! My moms going to kill me if I start dating him..." Gabby said to outloud to herself.

Zach raised an eyebrow thinking that a cougar like Gabby probably didn't have to worry what her mother thought anymore since the old bat was probably senile in a home somewhere.

He heard squeals and screams but they weren't the high pitched girlish squeals he had been hearing since he got here - they were the throatier groans of matronly women in their 40s and 50s.

Sure enough as he looked over he watched as a haggard-looking 50-year-old Melanie with fading reddish brown hair and a leathery, pear-shaped body sprayed the hose over a similarly aged Lily and the woman with the graying pig tails.

The bikini-clad MILFs screamed and jumped around as water dripped down the new creases and folds of their older bodies. They wiped the hair from their

lined foreheads and raised their flabby arms in the air, jiggling them as they 'wood' like sorority sisters despite looking like den-mothers.

Once the car was rinsed off Zach watched as two bottom-heavy PTA moms bounded forward excitedly in thongs that were not at all flattering on their wide chunky rears.

The young man rubbed his eyes as he got a better look at their lined, matronly faces and the butterfly tattoo on one of the women's pooching tummies and realized that they were Jess and the pretty blonde girl from before - only now they looked like they had more than doubled in age.

The two frumpy ladies chortled as they laid down the terrycloth on the car's hood and then sat their saggy asses onto them, smooshing around their big dimpled booties around the chrome of the car.

Again the dudes in the car were eating it up happily as if these girls hadn't just suddenly aged 30 years and their bums hadn't suddenly doubled in size and taken the shape of a pair of overstuffed sacks of nickels.

As Zach watched the women playfully slap and jiggle their cellulite for the boys, Gabby skipped up to the car and asked them for a tip.

"They want to know how much to spray ALL of the girls!" Gabby called excitedly to her sorority sisters.

The middle-aged women all giggled and looked at one another, their lined frumpy faces lit up with giddy anticipation for hitting their fundraising goal.

"Tell them one hundred!" Melanie shouted back in a hoarse-sounding voice.

Gabby leaned in and talked to the two enthusiastic guys and then popped back out with a stack of 20s in her veiny hand.

The cougars all cheers and jumped up and down with excitement, none of them seemed worried about pulling back muscles or twinging their knees despite

flabby backs that looked very strained by their saggy chests, and swollen veiny knees supporting the chunky thunder thighs of a group of soccer moms.

“Okay pledges! Line up!” Lily called, clapping her veined leathery hands.

The women in white t-shirts all ran into position, giggling and fussing like teenagers while looking anything but. They were still clearly the youngest women in the parking lot but that wasn't saying much. These 'freshmen girls' now all looked to be pushing 40s. Some had strands of gray in their hair; some were sporting new double chins; all of them had at least a little cellulite on their legs and asses and many had muffin tops peeking out from under their tight t-shirts thanks to the natural softening and spreading of middle-age.

“Okay... one... two... three...” Melanie called before turning on the hose.

She sprayed down the line of women who now looked more like college faculty than sorority pledges. All of them squealed from the cold water drenching their aging bodies. Half of them had white bras under their soaked shirts so all they showed off after the spray of the hose was the new rolls of belly fat they had gained in the past few minutes but half of the girls were braless and their sagging breasts appeared visible to the world with their dark round nipples pressing against the translucent fabric. They hopped up and down, using their flabby arms to try and maintain their modesty even while their drooping tits flopped around.

Zach couldn't believe what he was seeing - these were the girls - the same sorority girls from minutes ago but... how could they be? They were all old enough to be their own mothers now! He looked around at the drivers waiting to get their cars washed and no one seemed to be freaking out or even acknowledging the girls sudden aging, least of all the girls who were running and prancing around as if they were still college kids, playfully squeezing sudsy sponges down one another's droopy leathery cleavage or spanking each other on their saggy rumps. Everyone was just acting like this was your average sorority girl bikini car wash even though it was populated by a bunch of frumpy cougars!

“You know, we should really charge you...” A creaky voice rattled next to him.

Zach looked over to see who was talking to him.

“That is, of course, unless you can think of another way to repay us for the free show...” An incredibly elderly woman with well-oiled wrinkled exposed skin quavered at him.

She tucked some of her white hair behind her ear and gave him a wink with her sunken, milky eye. Her tits were hanging empty in her bikini top and her loose wrinkly skin was dangling off of her formerly toned limbs in jiggling folds.

“AHHH!” Zach shouted, pointing at the formerly hot coed who was now old enough to be his great grandmother.

The old woman pouted as she attempted to pose sexily on the hood of the sports car, her dangling turkey wattle neck jiggled as she talked.

“And don’t suggest ‘sponge bath’ again.” She rattled, looking like she was now old enough to regularly get them.

Zach swallowed hard and jumped up from his seat. Glancing over he could already see that the rest of the girls were looking increasingly wrinkled as they approached retirement age.

He knocked over the lawn chair as he scrambled to run away. The old lady in the neon polka-dot bikini hopped down off the hood of the car with the grace and ease of a cheerleader a fourth of her age. She marched over to the chair and picked it up and set it back to the way it was.

“God, what’s up with you? Spazz!” The granny snapped in frustration.

Zach scrambled with his ass sitting on the grown to back up away from the aging woman.

“S-stay away from me!” He said, holding his arms up defensively.

The old woman looked at him in surprise - never having had someone tell her to 'stay away' from them before. Then she rolled her eyes and flipped him off as she walked away from him.

"Whatever, loser." She grumbled.

"Mikayla! What are you doing? You're supposed to stay on the car and look all sexy to keep attracting customers!" He heard Lily shout, her voice now sounding like an old ladies shrill rattle.

"Yeah I was - I am. I just had to deal with some weird creep." Mikayla quavered back as she swiftly hopped back up onto the hood of the yellow sports car and stretched her bony old body across it.

Zach quickly got to his feet, glancing into the parking lot to see a lot of gray haired old women in bikinis and then turned to get the hell out of there. He didn't know what was happening but he needed to talk to someone, he needed the comfort of someone he trusted - his friend-with-benefits/fuck-buddy Lindsey!

He opened his phone to text her. 'Hey, u around? I'm spooked!'. She texted back a moment later 'ya i'm over at a demo.' Lindsey was a bad-ass skater chick so he knew exactly where to find her and headed over to the skate park.

Next up: Skater MILFs and Punk Grannies