

SEEING IS BELIEVING

By Chrono Eclipse

Part 4: Beach Biddies

Zach took off his shoes and walked along the beach as teens and 20s somethings ran by him laughing and enjoying the beautiful day. On a normal day he would be scoping out the sunbathing beauties lining the sand and work his magic into picking up any of the beach babes that caught his eye.

But today was different. If his experience at the coffee shop and then the skate park and then the car wash were any indication - this beach would look more like sandy banks of a Florida senior center before long.

He plopped down on a fairly secluded patch of sand and closed his eyes, just breathing in the ocean air listening to the sounds of the waves crashing, laughter and yelling in the distance.

Zach needed to figure out what was going on or he feared he would never get to hook up with a young sexy woman again. Were they really aging? No one else seemed to react at all of the college girls that had shriveled up before his very eyes and the ladies themselves seemed to act like they were still their youthful selves with decades to go before they became the decrepit old biddies he was witnessing them turning into.

Maybe it was all in his head. Though that felt unbelievable too - after all, he felt Lindsey age and shrivel up in his arms. Did he need a doctor or a shrink or-

“Hey dude, are you alright?” A pretty young voice asked him.

Zach opened his eyes to see a beautiful brunette with copper-toned skin dressed in a thong bikini leaning over him and patting his arm with her hand. He gave her a quick once-over. Her large round breasts were barely contained by the triangles of her bikini top. His eyes traveled to her flat stomach and enticing crotch, down her long silky smooth legs to her cute feet adorned with purple nail polish.

“Yeah I'm fine.” He said quickly, closing his eyes again.

“You sure? Because you're sitting over here all by yourself rocking back and forth in the fetal position, looking like you just saw a ghost...” She said with a kind laugh, except her voice didn't sound young and sweet anymore. It had the deeper husky tone of a woman several decades his senior..

Zach opened one eye to look at her again and confirmed that the woman in front of him was no longer in her teens or 20s. She was a solidly 50-something woman leaning over her looking like some 'real housewives' faded former trophy wife.

The freckled tops of her floppy formless tits sagged and swayed in his face as she leaned over him, they threatened to pop out of her flimsy youthful bikini top any moment. Her tanned skin was incredibly leathery and her brown hair had several streaks of gray in it.

She was still rubbing his arm sympathetically with a veiny hand. Clearly she had come over to flirt with him and hadn't counted on becoming old to be his mother. The frumpy middle-aged woman was biting her lips and flashing him a 'come hither smile' as if she was still a hot young girl.

Zach shut his eyes tightly again - for the girl's sake and waved her off.

“No it's cool, I'm cool there's nothing you can do to help me right now ma'am- er, miss!” He said, shaking his head with his eyes screwed shut.

He felt something brushing up and down his leg and the shaky cackle of a senior citizen in response to that.

“Are you sure? Because I was thinking that maybe what you were looking for was just a little company...” She rattled in what would have been a seductive voice if it wasn't so shrill and shaky now.

Zach knew what to expect but even still, when he opened his eyes to see the scantily-clad 80-something woman rubbing her wrinkly liver spotted foot,

with purple-painted toenails up and down his calf, he audibly screamed and jumped back.

“What’s wrong cutie?” She asked, pouting with her toothless mouth.

She was hunched over, shrunken and shriveled. Her fried egg tits dangled sadly below her useless bikini top. Limp white hair hung down her stooped back and bony shoulders and her frail legs looked barely able to keep the elderly woman standing.

Zach looked at her wrinkled tanned skin hanging off of her decrepit body in folds and the aged face covered in criss-crossing lines looking at him in confusion.

“You’re old! All right? You’re incredibly fucking old!” He shouted at her in horror.

The old woman’s white eyebrows furrowed and her jowly jaw dropped in offense causing her loose waddling neck skin to jiggle.

“Fuck you! I’m only 25!... Fine! I’ll leave you alone! Excuse me for thinking that you were looking to hang out with a hot girl like me!” She shouted at him in response.

The old woman flipped him off with a bony shaking hand and turned to strut off down the beach. Her shriveled saggy ass cheeks dangled down over her elderly thighs, completely visible because of her thong bottoms. They flapped about as she walked away mumbling ‘Stupid weirdo!’ to herself.

Zach looked around to see that a lot of people were staring at him now that he had caused that outburst from the young girl turned granny. He scrambled up to his feet, shielding his eyes from any unsuspecting woman and ran off down the beach.

It didn’t take him too long, running without watching where he was going for Zach to trip over something and stumble in the sand.

“Oh my god, you knocked over my water bottle!” A girl yelled.

Zach looked over to see an opened bottle of water pouring out and draining into the sand.

“Ah shit! I’m sorry!” Zach said, trying not to look over at the girl.

“Why don’t you watch where you’re going?” She asked, sounding annoyed.

Zach held up his hands in conceit.

“Yeah, no this is totally my bad. Is there anything I can do to make it up to you? Get you a new water or...” He suggested still avoiding eye contact.

She thought for a moment.

“Well... if you really want to make it up to me... you could help me reapply my sunscreen...” She purred suggestively to him.

Now Zach couldn’t help but look over at her. She was a very cute golden-haired blonde girl who was currently holding her slender arm across her bare breasts because she had been laying topless out on her towel before Zach came crashing through.

“I-I don’t think that’s a good idea...” He replied nervously.

The girl pouted at him.

“Are you seriously going to turn down a chance to rub lotion all over my body? What, am I not your type? You do owe me, you know.” She asked flippantly with a giggle.

Zach took a deep breath and looked at the smooth dewy young exposed skin of the girl laying in front of him and that gorgeous fetching smile she flashing and gave in.

“...Okay fine, sure.” He said, nodding.

“Awesome. Here you go. You can start with my neck and shoulders and just... work your way down...” She purred with another giggle as she handed him the suntan bottle.

She rested her head back down and smiled as Zach moved behind her and squeezed some lotion into his hands.

“I’m Alexis by the way...” She told him as she reached up to gather her long silky hair and pull it down above her shoulder to give Zach access to her slender neck and upper back.

“Zach.” The young man replied, looking down at the blonde girl’s bare back and noticing that her skin was looking a bit drier than the supple dewy skin she was flaunting a few moments ago.

He guessed her to maybe be in her 30s as he began rubbing her neck and shoulders. Back in college he had hooked up with a young professor in her 30s and her body had felt a bit like this when he had given her massages – still smooth and toned but more mature, lacking the silky flawless feel of a girl in her teens or 20s.

“Do you work at the school? I think i’ve seen you around campus...” She asked as she laid on her stomach with her eyes closed. Even her voice sounded like it had matured about a decade.

As he worked his way down her sexy arms they quickly began to lose tone and definition, feeling like they were becoming flabby under his touch.

“Yeah uh... I work in the campus housing office. But I only graduated from here a couple years ago.” He explained, quick to point out that he wasn’t so far removed from his college days.

It was a little absurd for the 28-year-old to be so concerned about seeming young as he smeared suntan lotion across the pudgy, freckled back of a woman clearly surging through her 40s.

He looked down at her recently young pretty face resting on her hands and noticed a double chin rapidly forming under her increasingly lined face. Her blonde hair was also dulling and losing its shimmer.

“Yeah I almost asked if you were a student... I’m a sophomore...” Alexis added, though now she was starting to look like she was a middle-aged woman who had enrolled in college after her kids moved out of the house.

Zach slid his hands down the increasingly soft fleshy expanse of her aging back to her waist which was spreading and forming into jelly rolls before his very eyes. The sun was causing noticeable spotting and speckling across the leathery skin of this clearly 50-something woman.

He felt like some young cabana boy forced to massage lotion into the flabby body of his aging sugar mama as she cooed approvingly in an increasingly husky voice.

“Oh cool, a sophomore huh... did you, uh take some time off before college or uh go right after high school?” Zach asked as he felt the small of her back dimple and age beneath his hands.

Her breasts were spilling out on either side of her body beneath her, he saw as the sagging orbs oozed across her beach blanket like wet bread dough.

“L-O-L, I obviously came here right after high school. I’m only 20!... don’t worry though, I’m into older guys.” The AARP-eligible woman rasped back to him, craning her aging lined face around to give him a flirtatious wink with her crinkling eye.

“Right... 20.” He said to the tanned middle-aged matron.

Zach began to notice gray streaks weaving through her blonde mane as he pulled his hands away from her nearly 60-year-old body and began to wipe the remaining lotion on his shorts.

“Oo could you do my lower body too babe? And yes that means I’m giving you permission to touch my tight little bum!” She said with a giggle.

The woman wiggled her behind at him teasingly, not aware of the fact that it was twice the size that she thought it was and had become dimpled with cellulite and drooping skin. It sloshed around like the ass of a woman nearing retirement age.

He strongly considered leaving rather than having to continue touching this aging woman's body but curiosity got the best of him and so he reluctantly squeezed some more suntan lotion out and began to smear it on the exposed parts of her saggy ass.

"This is your account right? On Insta?" The senior woman asked him holding up her phone for him to see.

Zach could feel her ass cheeks melt into pancaking folds beneath his palms.

"Uh yeah. That's me." He replied.

"Cool. Followed. I'll DM you my deets for the next time you might want to hang out..." Alexis purred with an increasingly rattly voice.

Zach looked up to see the gray rapidly spread through her hair. She looked old enough now to be asking her grandkids how to unlock her smartphone, rather than flirting with guys by slipping into their DMs.

His hand slid down from her wrinkling ass cheeks to her withering thighs. Alexis looked like she was pushing 70 by this point and her once flawless skin was growing very loose on her aging frame.

"Uh so... what are you majoring in?" Zach asked.

He wished he was started with Alexis' thighs and ass. She looked like she had amazing legs and a cute bubble butt when he had begun applying suntan lotion to her. But now the grandmotherly woman had puffy wrinkled legs adorned with varicose veins.

“I’m a marketing major but I’m minoring in gymnastics...” Alexis rattled in reply.

She wasn’t looking particularly flexible anymore as the remaining muscle tone and even the fat melted off of her, leaving wrinkled folds of tanned skin bunching around bony brittle legs.

She kicked up her feet behind her, chortling an elderly giggle as his hands slid down from her melting thighs to her frail calves. Alexis was easily in her 80s now with long thinning white hair and liver-spots liberally dotting her wrinkled skin. She looked like an old woman who should be knitting sweaters for her grandkids rather than laying topless tanning on the beach.

He was beginning to feel a little light headed and queasy as he finished rubbing suntan lotion on her skinny old calves up her swollen puffy ankles to the tops of her veiny age-spotted feet. Her gnarled toes were bent and knobby from arthritis but still she managed to wiggling them flirtatiously at him.

“Uh i’m done.” He mumbled, sounding sick to his stomach.

He couldn’t believe he had seen that through to the end. Alexis looked ready to be shipped off to a nursing home somewhere and he had just rubbed his hands over most of her body.

“Are you okay babe? You don’t sound so good. When was the last time you hydrated?” She asked him in a quavering voice.

Zach just blinked and swallowed hard, staring at the decrepit old lady laying in front of him in just skimpy bikini bottoms.

“Here, have the rest of my water that didn’t spill out when you kicked it over.” She said gently, sounding like a kindly old lady.

Alexis grabbed her water bottle and rolled around to face Zach, propping herself up with one elbow while keeping her modesty with her other wrinkled arm, though Zach could see her withered nipples peeking out from below it.

Her belly was incredibly wrinkled and bunched up obscuring the blotch that used to be a sexy hip tattoo. Her face was criss crossed with hundreds of deep creases and dark liver spots showing how elderly she had become.

“I know what will make you feel better...” She said handing Zach her water bottle with the arm propping her up.

The young man took it and gulped a big sip of water trying to relieve himself of the queasy sensation he felt every time he thought about how this girl had gone from gorgeous to granny in the time it took him to apply sunscreen on her.

He heard her giggling and looked up at the elderly woman who was gumming her bottom lip suggestively and holding both of her arms out to flash him her chest. He stared wide-eyed at the shriveled tits dangling sad and empty down onto her puffy tummy looking like a pair of fried eggs.

“Oh god...” He groaned and spit out the water in his mouth all over the elderly topless woman.

“AHHH What the hell!” Alexis screamed, startled by having water spit all over her.

She jumped to her feet with speed and ease that no woman that looked as old as she did should have. Because she was focused on Zach and not on keeping covered up, upon standing up she inadvertently flashed her withered saggy breasts at a pair of college bros that happened to be walking by.

“Sweet! Check out those amazing titties!” One guy called over, pointing at Alexis.

The two bros high fived one another at getting a peak at the old woman’s pendulous breasts, which made Zach feel even queasier.

“Sorry! Sorry!” He yelled, clutching his muscular stomach and scrambling to run away from the scene once again.

He ran down toward the water and collapsed on the sand in front of a volleyball net.

Zach laid on his back in the sand for a few minutes just catching his breath and wondering what the hell was wrong with him. He heard cheering and laughter and sat up to see what was going on. His stomach knotted at the sight of the university's women's volleyball team doing a 3-on-3 scrimmage in bikini bottoms and sports bras.

"No no no, don't ruin this for me..." He mumbled to himself.

One thing Zach loved about this time of year was that it was Volleyball practice season. For years now he would hang out discreetly and enjoy the toned athletic bodies of the women's volleyball players jumping around in their skimpy clothes working up a sweat as they hit the ball back and forth over the net.

Seeing the girls with their flat muscular yet feminine stomachs glistening in the sun and their sexy toned legs and arms moving around athletically around the sand was one of Zach's great pleasures.

But as he watched a tall brunette with braided hair serve the ball he could already see some of these women's bodies were softening.

A girl with reddish blonde hair pulled into a ponytail ran a few steps in the sand and hit the ball back over the net toward the other team. Her firm bubble butt gained an extra little jiggle to it as she did so.

Some of these girls had an honest shot of trying out for the Olympics in a couple years when they would be the ideal age for it - their mid 20s. But as Zach continued to sit and watch them all 6 women looked like they were approaching the end of their olympic careers as they began to edge into their 30s.

A dark-haired girl wearing sunglasses dove for the ball and narrowly missed it. Zach could see ridges of cellulite dimpling up and down the backs of her thighs as she got back up and brushed herself off.

The shortest girl on their side, a tanned frizzy-haired woman with brown hair and blonde highlights began to clap her hands to rally her teammates. Moments ago she had been a petite, freckle-faced teenager but now was taking on more of the appearance of a high school volleyball coach.

Her taller brunette friend took the ball to serve again, also looking like she was transitioning from her playing days to her coaching days. She knocked the ball up over the net to a soccer-mom with short cropped pink and blonde hair.

The girl's abs were now melting into a small pooching belly as she bounced the ball over to a scandinavian-looking woman with a long platinum blonde braid.

All of the players were solidly in their 40s now. Cellulite and flab creeping up on their once young toned bodies. They all were still in good shape for their age but were jumping and moving in ways that even middle-aged athletes weren't typically able to pull off.

Case in point, the platinum blonde with the braid, bounced the ball into the space between her other two teammates and the pink haired girl ran it down causing her flabby middle-aged body to jiggle tremendously, she popped the ball into the air and the woman with the strawberry blonde ponytail, who was now rocking serious crows feet around her eyes, spiked it over the net.

The shorter woman with the frizzy brown hair leapt forward, causing her increasingly saggy tits to flop about in her youthful sports bra as she managed to keep the ball in play at the last moment.

Zach continued to watch as the girls' perfect bodies aged and gained cellulite as their waists and asses expanded. The now sextet of 50-somethings looked like the mothers of the schools Volleyball team had gone down to the beach to relive their glory days.

A couple of the brunette had visible gray hairs and all of the women had deep crevices creasing down their faces as they continued to laugh and cheer one another on.

The woman with the blonde ponytail was bouncing around with her head bobbing from side to side, singing a current pop song to herself as she watched the other team pass the ball around. Her swollen knobby knees looked like they weren't in the condition to bounce around like that and each bob of her head showed off her increasingly looser neck skin.

All of the women had flabby wrinkling guts as they passed into their 60s. They looked even too old to be coaching volleyball anymore and were nearing retirement. The gray-haired former brunette with the braid spiked the ball over the net too sharply for any of the aging blondes to get to it. She cheered and did a little dance causing her increasingly saggy curves to slosh back and forth.

The woman with pink and fading blonde hair took the ball, stretching her flabby arm back and served, causing the bingo wings she had developed in the past few minutes to flap.

All of the women were now transitioning from middle-age into senior citizenship. The wrinkles on their faces were multiplying with every slap of the ball. Asses were sagging down onto wrinkled thighs well below the seams of their bikini bottoms.

But the volley-ball playing grannies weren't hobbling around like the doddering, frail elderly women they were morphing into, rather instead they were still running and jumping around like they were at the peak of their athleticism.

The woman who had started the game with dark hair, now turned snowy white, did an incredible cartwheel on the sand causing her sagging aged breasts to flail about and slap her body.

The other gray haired biddies all giggled.

"Come on Tasha, get your head back in the game!" The shrunken former brunette with frizzy gray hair cackled.

The elderly scandinavian-looking granny with the long white braid held up a thin wrinkled arm and served the ball.

The old woman that had just demonstrated a cartwheel charged forward and slapped the ball back over the net.

The granny with pink and gray hair jumped up causing her wrinkled body to jiggle and tapped the ball but it tilted off away from the net in Zach's direction.

The elderly woman with the ponytail came running toward him for the ball. It was a hair-raising sight, seeing an 80-something woman running across the sand at full speed when she looked old and frail enough to require a walker to shuffle forward a few steps.

She leapt into the air, Zach saw a blur of pale wrinkled skin flying toward him, the woman slapped the ball back toward the net and Zach quickly lunged to catch her before she fell and hit the ground.

If one were to judge by what he had just witnessed this group of venerable women accomplish in terms of athletic ability, durability and stamina - one would assume that had the lady fallen she would have been fine. She would have laughed it off, brushing sand out of the folds of her wrinkly body and then hopped and skipped back to the volleyball court without a second thought.

But Zach couldn't help but see this old woman falling toward him, a woman looking older than his own grandmother, and fear that upon impact she was going to shatter every bone in her body.

He held his arms out and she fell into them like a baseball tumbling into a glove. He wrapped his arms securely around her wrinkly waist and put a hand securely on her hunched back.

She looked up at him with sunken eyes, giving him a gummy toothless smile.

"Ha, you didn't have catch me. It's just sand!" She laughed in a quavering voice.

“I was afraid you were going to break a hip!” He replied honestly.

She chortled an old lady laugh.

“Break a hip? What am I? 80?” She cackled.

He honestly thought she looked even older than that. His hand and arm were resting over the soft wrinkly paunch that used to be her firm flat stomach. She tucked some stray strands of gray hair behind her ear and sat up while still letting him hold onto her.

“Well aren’t you my knight in shining armor...” She purred in a quavering voice.

Deep down he knew that this old lady was really a sexy young college girl that he had found incredibly hot just minutes ago. But every one of his senses was signaling to him that she was a frail old granny. She looked incredibly wrinkled and elderly, her voice sounded like the shaky rattling quaver of an old woman, her body felt soft and saggy and she even had the kind of dead flowers and moth balls smell that women over a certain age get.

“So does the cute guy that came to my rescue have a name? I’m Taylor, by the way.” She said flashing him another toothless smile.

He helped her quickly back up to her feet and then turned and ran away.

“I-I’ve gotta go.” He blurted out as he got out of there as fast as he could.

Peyton looked at him completely confused and then shrugged and joined her teammates.

“Peyton, who was that guy?” Her pink hair friend asked.

Peyton shrugged.

“I thought he was my booty call for tonight, but I guess not!” She laughed and went back to playing the game.

Zach meanwhile left the beach. It was quickly becoming overwhelmingly filled with white-haired, shriveled old women from his perspective. He was a nervous wreck as he walked down the sidewalk wondering what he was going to do. Then his brother called.

“Heeeey Zachy!” His brother Jake said into the phone.

“Oh my god Jake! I’m having the weirdest fucking day!” He replied.

“Yeah I know - your friend Lindsey texted me saying you were freaking out over something. I’m out with some friends from work, why don’t you come join us and you can tell me about whatever’s got you so worked up.” Jake said, sounding cool as a cucumber.

Zach breathed a sigh of relief. His brother always had a way of making things feel completely calm and like everything was going to be okay.

“Sure but uh... are your work friends all guys?” He asked warily.

Jake laughed.

“Yeah bro, they’re all guys. Sorry if you were planning on hooking up with one of my work colleagues...” Jake said in response.

“No it’s not that-” Zach began to explain.

“Listen, don’t worry about it. Just come to the address I’m texting you. We’ll meet you there.” Jake cut him off.

“Okay sure. See you soon.” Zach said and hung up the phone.

He quickly grabbed an uber and headed down to the address his brother gave him.

Next: The whole wrinkly finale!