I’d been unaware of one of the Desert Spice Saloon’s discreet yet cherished traditions until the summer after I started working there. It began years back when the previous owner recommended an old porno to Mr. Fleischman, the new owner, before retiring to the Bahamas with his trophy girlfriend. This was around the same time that he clung to the 1980s, back when analog video tapes were still considered the future. According to legend, the supposed porno involved a sexy car wash with attractive nuns desperate to keep their convent being taken over by an evil tax collector. Simply put, it did more than arouse Mr. Fleischman, and the old brown bear was inspired to use it for the better of the community (and to gain charitable contribution tax deductions from Uncle Sam).

Thus, the Desert Spice Saloon’s Annual Charity Car Wash was born!

Taking place in the middle of Pride Month, Desert Spice advertised two options for those wanting to have their vehicle cleaned; a ‘standard service wash’ involved employees and/or volunteers in regular family-friendly clothing out in the building’s parking lot. It all seemed like a regular car washing event for anyone in Crossroads City looking to have their car’s exterior properly cleaned.

Though for carded adults or registered club members, they had the option of a private ‘full-service wash’ in two closed-off tents behind the main building. Faraway from prying eyes. One consisted of sultry female washers and the other of muscular or lithe male washers. Whichever was chosen still guaranteed a show. These private ‘full service’ washes included fully displayed privates, all sudsy and wet as the car owners sat in their own vehicles, watching through the windshield and surrounding windows. A full view of a soaked and sudsy wonderland of strippers cleaning their car.

“Kevin!” Felicity appeared through the tent’s exit, the tarp opening as the effeminate mink shook soap suds from his long, androgynous headfur. As he pushed past one of the bouncers guarding the door, he informed me, “Next customer asked for you and Jonah. If Fleischman asks, I’ll be on break.”

“Old pervert masturbating?” I surmised with a smirk, my white tail swishing amusedly. “And did he try for an HJ?”

Typically, jacking off wasn’t allowed on the premises. Not in front of the dancers, at the bar, or even in the bathrooms. However, Mr. Fleischman informed everyone participating that full-service customers could do as they pleased in their vehicles as we washed them—on the condition they stayed there, and we didn’t do anything other than provide the standard car wash fantasy. No exceptions. None of us were prostitutes, after all.

“Asked repeatedly for a BJ,” he giggled while walking for the break room. “At least he couldn’t get out of the car though. Your customer’s a himbo tiger in a Fjord truck. Hehe. Have fun!”

Rolling my eyes and adjusting the bulge of my red banana hammock, I put on the green LED mask, stepping out into the massive tent as Toddy Neon.

Contrary to expectations, I remained straight. Being surrounded by gay coworkers or leered at by closeted/gay onlookers didn’t change that. I still enjoyed dating girls Airbender lusted after women like any other heterosexual arctic fox. Being a stripper catering to gay males didn’t change my sexuality. Not as I playfully had one of my muscular stallion coworkers lift me onto the hood of the large truck, then switch between seductively washing the windshield as well as lifting my ass in the air in various directions for the customer inside to drool at. Are you even giggled at the site of the same tiger himbo Felicity had mentioned, furiously masturbating with unzipped jeans as he watched behind his soaped windshield.

Of course, I wasn’t the only one cleaning. The stallion I mentioned earlier, he went by Smokey, wore just a pair of cowboy boots as he commanded the hose. He sprayed himself all over repeatedly when not rinsing the truck, often giving our feline customer a wonderful view of his soaked muscular body dripping with water. Contrary to how he acted onstage, I got to know Smokey as a rather soft-spoken horse behind the curtain, separating his personal life from his professional life in a way I immediately came to understand.

Jonesy was a diva wolf veteran at the Desert Spice Saloon, working there since high school graduation and staying popular despite approaching his fortieth birthday. Yet his charming Californian accent and a see through, soaked t-shirt clinging to his construction worker’s body still impressed the most perverted of men. Although he didn’t get along with the others, I somehow found myself on his good side more often than not. Particularly when I let him take the lead in a dual dance onstage, performing together. Or in the current case, letting him lustfully caress my body in full view of the seated tiger as Smokey playfully doused us with the hose again.

Thank God that my LED mask happened to be waterproof. Thank God that the mask also hid my blushing and hysterically amused face as I heard the tiger inside the truck speak up, growling and mewling loudly mid-ejaculation. I also thanked God that we didn’t do interior cleaning for the car washes.

By the time the next vehicle crawled inside the tent, I sighed in relief as I surveyed the sidewalk across from us. The small band of Bible-thumper protesters shrunk significantly since we’d started. They picketed not just our existence or the Desert Spice Saloon as an operating establishment, but our audacity to give our earnings to charity. Pure irony, in my honest opinion. After all, it wasn’t like we put the two full-service wash tents up for no reason, and we took precautions with the city council. Hell, a few police officers had their cruisers be given a standard cleaning, with one off-duty sergeant (and a secret fan of mine) opting for the full-service treatment with his kinky wife in the passenger seat, both of them enjoying the show together.

At the end of the day, we raised $4,021.69, all of it being donated to a halfway house for homeless families in Crossroads City. I left for home that night with a bonus, a few days off, smelled of soap all over, and wore a satisfied, happy smile on my face.