

SEEING IS BELIEVING

By Chrono Eclipse

Part 5: Strip Wheeze

As the car pulled up to the place where he was meeting Jake, Zach's mouth went dry. He looked at the big neon pink sign above the building. 'Landing Strips'. His brother had invited him to a strip club.

"Eeeeeey! There he is!" Jake said putting out his cigarette as Zach reluctantly got out of the car.

The two brothers hugged. Zach looked at his brother, dressed in a suit and tie.

"I thought you said that you were out with some MALE friends from work!" Zach said in exasperation to his brother.

"I am! One of our clients, Mark Grecco owns this place, so we come here a couple times a month to have meetings." Jake explained.

Zach felt like he could almost see the big double-D breasts of the neon stripper on the sign start to droop and sag.

"Uh could we go like... anywhere else?" He asked hopefully.

Jake pulled his younger brother into a headlock and mussed up his hair.

"What, you're afraid you're going to accidentally bust a nut in there and stain your clothes? Come on! You love shit like this - and the girls are soooo premium! They're all like JUST out of high school!" The older brother said enthusiastically as he led Zach to the door.

"Not for long... Soon they'll be JUST about to retire..." Zach mumbled.

"What was that?" Jake asked, slapping his brother on the back.

“Nothing. Let’s just get this over with...” Zach said with a deep sigh.

They entered the club and Jake wasn’t exaggerating. All of the women inside were young and incredibly hot. There were sexy women in skin-tight tank tops and panties strutting around serving drinks and a series of platforms and poles guys could sit around to watch women dance.

One of Jake’s colleagues waved them over to where they were gathered between a pair of stages - to the right was a cute perky tattooed blonde girl in black lacy underwear crawling on all fours on her platform, and to the left was a young toned black girl in red underwear twirling around her metal pole, showing off her thong-clad bubble butt.

Above them were two beautiful ladies swinging on plexiglass swings in opposite directions. One was a curvy brunette in boots and a corset, her well-toned ass was perfectly visible hovering above the guys heads as it rested on the see-through seat of the swing. The other girl was a thin waifish platinum blonde in a sheer teddy. Her bare legs and feet dangled above the patrons as she swung back and forth above them. She giggled and scrunched her rudy red toes at Zach as he glanced up at her.

Jake quickly introduced him to the other guys there but the music was so loud and Zach was in such a daze that he didn’t catch any of their names. He just sat down in an empty seat in front of the stage trying not to look harder at any of the women dancing or strutting around half naked around him for fear of what they might look like if he did.

“This place is fun right!?” His brother yelled over the noise.

Zach gave a half-hearted smile and nod - sure it was fun now while the joint was filled with lots of young women with tight perfect bodies and perky titties but he knew that it was going to look like the world's horniest nursing home up in this piece by the time his brother was ready to leave.

“Awwww yeah - this is what i’m talking about! I love redheads!” The bro next to Zach hollered clapping his big mitts together as an incredibly attractive young woman with a crimson bob pranced out onto the stage.

She was wearing a short skirt, an unbuttoned denim jacket, a white strapless bra and go-go boots.

“Hey boys.... Meet Tanya!!!” A sultry voice announced over the intercom.

The young woman stalked seductively over to the pole, swishing her hips from side to side as she walked forward. She grabbed the pole with a delicate hand and wrapped her long creamy leg around it, lifting herself into the air and gracefully spun around the pole.

By the time she had made a full rotation she no longer looked like a young girl trying to save up for college and instead looked to maybe be in her early 30s - more resembling a high school teacher who worked the club as a night job, rather than the recent high school grad that she most likely was.

The aging redhead flashed a coy smile to her audience and slipped her jacket off of one shoulder and then slid her arm out of the sleeve as she danced about on the stage. Tanya was amazingly athletic and flexible for a woman approaching her 40s.

She leaned back with her jacket still half on, and rolled her body in a fluid sexual motion, whipping the other sleeve off of her arm and twirling the garment up in the air before flinging it off stage.

Her abs were softening and lines were beginning to appear on her formerly fresh face. The guys around Zach were cheering and whooping at Tanya as she continued to strip, almost as if they were egging her on in her journey into MILFhood.

Zach watched her jawline begin to soften as her young face became the wider face of a middle-aged woman. Her body was almost suffering from the mid-life spread that women in their 40s go through as a slight muffin top oozed over the waistband of her skirt and her breasts gained a cup size but began to droop in her strapless bra.

Tanya grabbed the bar and spun around it some more, lifting her chunkier thighs up and twirling them around the slick metal pole and flipping herself upside down with the ease of a girl half her apparent age.

Zach watched the 40-something redhead hang upside down from the stripper pole and witnessed gravity do what it does best as her saggier tits flopped up out of her bra and hung out toward her chin.

Curiosity got the best of him and he turned his head to look around the room. The club now looked like it exclusively catered to MILF-lovers as all of the women had suddenly gained about 25 years of aging since Zach had walked in.

Soccer moms in skin-tight shirts that hugged their saggy tits and flabby biceps, pranced around flirting and serving drinks to patrons; Young men were sliding dollar bills into the g-strings of frumpy 40-something-year-old women who looked like someones recently divorced aunt.

To his right the tattooed blonde dancer wasn't especially cute or perky anymore as deep creases had formed along her nose and mouth. Her skin was getting leathery and as she knelt down on all fours to shake her ass at the crowd of guys around her, Zach saw cellulite forming on the back of her thighs in real time dimpling the skin and distorting the tattoos of a string of pink bows that she had on the backs of her legs.

On his left was a curvy black woman who now looked a solid ten years younger than all of the aging white ladies around her. But with much of her body exposed, Zach could see that though her face still looked young she was just as middle-aged as the rest of them, with stretch marks lining her waist and thighs and a jiggling ass that was much wider and had much more wobble to with every time she leaned over and smacked it with her veiny hand.

He looked up at the two nearly 50-year-old women swinging above him. The brunette woman had put on quite a bit of weight in middle age and looked far too heavy now to be swinging on the fragile-looking swing. Zach kept expecting any moment to hear the sound of cracking plexiglass or a snapping rope and then looking up to see a lardly half-naked cougar come belly-flopping down on top of him. But despite her doubling in size she

appeared to be as light and graceful as she had been in her early 20s. Still, the sight of her massive dimpled bare ass flattened and expanded across the entirety of the plexiglass seat was a horror-show in and of itself.

The blonde on the opposite swing remained thin, however this just added to the now stern, severe 'Karen' look she now had in middle-age. The skin of her face and body was beginning to get wrinkled and bunching unappealingly around her bones. She continued to dangle her legs back and forth like a ditsy school girl showing off her veiny feet and rougher soles to the guys below her, but now she looked more like the strict librarian or school principal.

Zach turned his attention back up to the stage in front of him where the now 50-year-old Tanya was shimmying out of her too-tight skirt. The fact that her hips were wider or that she was sporting serious cottage cheese thighs was lost on the aging stripper as she danced and swiveled said hips in time to the music playing and then kicked the skirt back off stage with no effort at all.

She laid down on her pooching stomach and reached out with a veiny older hand to grab some tips from the edge of the stage. Zach could see some grays start to sprinkle through her red mane as the now 50-something woman rolled over onto back and kicked her legs up in the air showing off the varicose veins she was beginning to develop.

Tanya shoved her tips up into her go-go boot and then put her feet down and lifted herself back up without using her hands - in one fluid motion she was back up on her feet even though she looked like she was at an age that most women would need a hand just to get up from the couch!

In fact all of the strippers now looked like a bunch of empty-nesters who came here to recapture the glory days of their youth from 30+ years past. Gray hairs and sagging tits were becoming a common motif anywhere Zach looked.

The graying redhead in front of him was now teasing that she was about to take off her overtaxed bra. Her fat saggy boobs were already practically spilling out of the youthful strapless garment which was at least a cup size too small for her 55-year-old freckled udders.

She reached down to the front clasp and unhooked it, pulling the cups away but keeping her leathery arm over the bare breasts teasingly as she spun around and danced on stage.

Zach watched her cheeks droop into jowls and her neck skin grow looser with every smile she flashed the crowd. Her red lipstick now emphasized the crinkles of her pruning lips.

As Tanya neared 60 she dropped her arm away to reveal big heavy tits hanging down toward her gut with pasties covering her nipples. The other guys in the crowd groaned that they were being teased again.

“Oh dude she has the perkiest fucking titties man!” A guy next to Zach declared.

Zach smirked, clearly that guy must be thinking of some other stripper because Tanya’s breasts were drooping halfway down her chest and beginning to flatten out and lose their shape. The tops of her tits were speckled with freckly sunspots from decades of sun damage and the crease between her two milkers that one might generously call ‘cleavage’ was beginning to wrinkle and prune like the rest of her.

The aging stripper laughed and then popped the pasties off of her wrinkly nipples one at a time and flung them into the crowd. Young guys aggressively dove and wrestled for the graying woman’s nip covers as she blew kisses toward them with thinning wrinkled lips.

All of the women in the club looked old enough to retire from whatever office job our real estate agency they would have landed at once they had gotten too old for stripping (which they all had been for about the past 10 or 15 minutes).

Tanya had her arms outstretched showing off her exposed chest in all of it’s saggy glory. She began to shimmy and shake sideways across the stage causing her bingo wings to flap and her hanging tits to flop around wildly.

None of the men watching seemed to notice or care that all of the half-naked girls around them now looked old enough to be spending their weekend baking

cookies for their grandkids. They just tossed loose bills at the stage and cheered the seniors on. The women themselves also showed no signs of slowing down - Tanya was working the pole masterfully with the flexibility of a college girl even as the last of her red hair went gray.

She spun around the stage with one veiny leg lifted amazingly high in the air, flossing her deep wrinkly cleavage with the chrome pole in the process. The nearly 70-year-old landed on the stage with no hints of aches, pains or windedness that would befall a normal woman her age pulling off these incredibly athletic dance moves.

Tanya bit her thin lower lip mischievously, her wrinkled face was even beginning to gain some slight whiskers on her cheeks and knobby chin. She seductively approached the edge of the stage in just her shimmery panties and white gogo boots.

“Boys... I know you’ve been wondering this, and the answer is - Yes, the rug *does* match the drapes!” She cackled in a reedy voice.

The elderly stripper then ripped her panties away in one smooth motion revealing the scraggly gray bush and aging pussy underneath.

“Dude!!! I called it! Yes! Fire-crotches are so hot!” One of Jake’s pals shouted as he made it rain on the stage.

Other guys were equally thrilled to see the strippers exposed pubes, though they kept describing it as red, whereas Zach thought that her crotch looked more like a brillo pad or a clump of steel wool.

The guys around him were also remarking at how tight and wet she looked but Zach couldn’t help but stare at the loose dangling labia of the woman in her mid 70s and just think about how dry she must be down there.

He forced himself to look away from her aging pussy like peeling his gaze from a train crash. But he made the mistake of looking up and caught an eyeful of the shriveled pancake ass of the former brunette swinging above him. Her body had shed some weight in old age and she looked like a puffy gray haired

granny, her loose folds of wrinkled skin on her stomach, thighs and exposed bum looked like it was melting down and pooling against the glass seat of her swing.

“Yoo hoo! Hey baby... you having a fun time?” A rattling voice called.

Zach glanced over to see the former platinum blonde who unsurprisingly had a head of thinning snowy white hair now. She was wiggling her ruby red toes at him but her toes were now warped from age and arthritis and just clenched inward. Her wrinkled calloused soles were old-looking and unappealing and her frail wrinkled body looked like it should be in a nursing home, not swinging on a swing in a strip club.

In fact all of the women now looked like someone should bring them some canes or walkers or something but none of the shriveled old biddies needed them as they kept dancing and twirling with the energy and talent of girls in their teens and 20s. – Hell the tattooed granny on his right had just done a flawless cartwheel on stage and the old black grandma on his left was literally holding herself up on her pole by only one of her chunky wrinkled legs.

“Okay who’s the lucky guy that gets to taste some fire?” Tanya asked as she got down on all fours and wiggled her wrinkly bum at the crowd.

Some guys raised their hands eagerly or shouted at the old woman to pick them, but Jake and a few of his friends began to point at Zach who was adamantly shaking his head ‘no’.

Tanya looked over her bony shoulder and smiled, winking at Zach before lifting her frail elderly body into an impressive handstand. Her tits dangled downward to her chin as she walked on her hands down the stage in Zach’s direction.

He attempted to stand up and get out of there before whatever was about to happen but Jake’s hands came down on his shoulders keeping him in his seat.

“What are you a virgin all of the sudden? Just sit back and enjoy it. Every other guy here wishes they were you right now!” Jake said, laughing.

He let go of Zach's shoulders just in time for Tanya to lower her gogo boots down over them and squeeze Zach's cheeks with her wrinkled baggy thighs. She then used her leg muscles to lift her upper body off the stage and down onto Zach's lap.

She gripped his knees with her gnarled hands, her tits dangled down toward his lap as her crotch slid down onto his face. All of the guys were hooting and hollering as an elderly stripper in her 80s rubbed her aged gray vagina around Zach's face.

All he could do was try to keep his mouth and eyes shut. Her crotch smelled like moth balls and all of the wrinkly loose skin tickled. Finally he felt her old body pull away from him and he gasped for air.

The little old lady in the gogo boots stood to her feet and looked at Zach in confusion and a bit of disappointment.

"Huh, I've never gotten that reaction before... I'm sorry but... are you gay, baby?" She asked him seriously.

Zach shook his head and wiped his mouth.

"No uh, sorry... it's not you. I think it might be me. You uh, remind me of my grandma." He told her.

The old woman's jaw dropped in a mix of shock and offense at his statement.

"Wow! Okay, what the fuck?" She said as she turned and stormed away from him.

Zach was about to call after her to try to explain it better but Jake put his arm around him and got him up to his feet.

"Hey, I don't know what the hell is wrong with you today but..." Jake began to say as he led his brother away from the stage.

A group of half-naked old women were gathered by a bright red door waiting for them. They were all a solid 65 years older than they had been at the start of their shifts and looked more like they were stripping to put their great-granddaughters through college instead of themselves.

“It’s nothing that some time in the champagne room can’t fix!” The older brother declared and slapped Zach on his back, shoving him toward the eager grannies.

Two old women who he recognized as the black stripper and the former blonde on the swing, took each of his hands and giddily brought him through the door.

“Your brother is veeery generous to get three of us in here with you...” The puffy former brunette quavered as she sat Zach down on a velvet throne waiting for him.

She lifted her wrinkly leg up and rested it on his shoulder.

“N-no, wait- this is going to sound crazy but I need to tell you about a- a curse that was put on me!” He said quickly.

“Shhhhh, don’t worry baby, we’re good at breaking curses - we’re like your very own good luck charm...” The gray haired black granny whispered to him as she leaned her hunched body over to nibble his ear.

The former brunette wrapped a saggy sweaty arm around his head and leaned her wrinkled old naked body into Zach, smooshing his face into the soft loose skin of her pillowy old breasts.

Zach struggled to breath as the fat granny smothered him with her saggy tits thinking that things couldn’t get any worse.

The formed blonde had her wrinkled old foot in his lap, stroking his crotch over his shorts as she leaned into the opposite ear as her black friend.

“And your brother threw in a little extra as long as we didn’t leave here until you got to fuck all three of us.... We don’t usually do that sort of thing but... we

all think you've cute and it was a LOT of money..." She giggled in a shaky voice and proceeded to gum each of his fingers.

"We all saw the way you were checking us out on the floor, don't be shy. Just lay back and let three hot young girls have some fun with you..." The elderly former brunette purred as she continued to have him motorboat her.

"Oh god..." Zach groaned, giving in to defeat and letting the decrepit withered strippers have their way with him.

In his head he heard an old crone cackle.

The End.