

# SEEING IS BELIEVING

By Chrono Eclipse

## Part 1: Trip to the Coffee Shop

It was Zach's day off and he was looking forward to a relaxing day strolling around his town. He lived in a small college town by the beach. Zach had graduated from the local university several years ago now but as long as rent stayed affordable there was no reason for him to leave.

"Love to see it..." He thought as he watched a pair of coeds strut by his pad in just their PJs on the way to their morning class.

Zach's gaze followed the girl as they passed by and got a good view of their tight plump asses being hugged by their skimpy pajama shorts.

"Mmm fresh buns first thing in the morning. My favorite way to start the day." He said with a grin.

In a lot of ways, the area was really ideal for a horny single guy in his late 20s. He was constantly distracted by or actively flirting with college girls, or beach bunnies or skater chicks or sorority babes. His little corner of the whole seemed to have more hot women under the age of 30 per capita than anywhere else on the planet - and that was exactly how Zach liked it.

But this morning, he was maybe a bit too distracted. Because as he watched the girl's juicy rears move up and down as they walked down the sidewalk, Zach ran down the steps and crashed into a poor old woman who happened to be shuffling along with the aid of a cane.

"Ahhh! OW! OW!" The old woman wailed as she rolled back onto the sidewalk.

Zach quickly rushed over to help her up.

"Oh my god, I'm so sorry ma'am. Are you all right?" He asked, sincerely apologetic.

The old woman got back onto her feet and brushed off her dowdy skirt.

“I’m fine! No thanks to you! You oughta watch where you’re going! I could have broken a hip!” She screamed in a cranky old voice.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry! I didn’t see you there.” He explained.

She scowled her wrinkled sour face up at him in reply and wagged a gnarled finger at the young man.

“Of course you didn’t see me. I’m not one of those cute young women you were gawking at. Women get to be over a certain age and they’re just invisible to men like you, aren’t they?” She chastised him.

Zach shook his head defensively.

“No it’s not like that. I was just looking down the road and you came out of nowhere and I bumped into you. You’re not like ‘invisible’ or whatever you said. I love old people. My grandmother’s old!” He explained.

The old woman clenched her jaw and pursed her pruned lips, narrowing her sunken eyes at him.

“Let’s see how much you ‘love’ old women... From now on when you look at these girls you’ll see older women! Older and older the longer you’re gawking and then maybe next time you’ll watch where you’re walking!” She hissed as she swiped her hand out and gripped his arm tightly in her gnarled talon.

Zach quickly pulled his arm away, creped out by the old woman who was now eyeing him and laughing maniacally.

“Okay! I’ll be more careful next time and I’ll notice old women more where they’re around? Alright? Geez!” He said, shaking his head and walking away from the old crone before she could scold him any further.

“Oh you’ll notice old women all right... everywhere you go now...” She mumbled to herself with a grin as she shook her head, chuckling and continued to hobble on down the road.

Zach took a deep breath and tried to put the wrinkled old hag out of his mind and get back to enjoying his day. One sure way to perk himself back up, he figured, was a quick stop into the Bump ‘n Grind - his favorite coffee shop, with an especially cute barista he enjoyed flirting with who should be in the middle of her shift right about now.

The Bump ‘n Grind was the popular campus coffee shop, trendy modern music was always playing from the sound system and the attractive young staff all looked like they were models straight out of some Indie/Boho instagram account. Everything about the place screamed ‘cool, hip and now’ which was why it attracted a steady stream of teen/20-something coeds bouncing in for their regular coffee fix between classes.

Zach strutted into the place like he was mayor of the joint. He checked out a good amount of the attractive young women hanging around sipping their lattes or working on last minute assignments before class. A pretty red headed freshman girl, clearly cramming for a test wearing a long t-shirt with the university's name across it and shorts so short that it looked like she was completely barelegged, made eye-contact with the young man. She smiled at him and bit her lip nervously as he walked past and he winked back at her flirtatiously.

He walked up to the counter where his favorite barista was energetically taking orders. She was a cute young woman in her early 20s with dirty blonde hair bunched up into two scrunched balls in the back of her head. She had a nose piercing and tattoos on her arms visible below the sleeves of her uniform. On the green and gray apron she wore was a name tag stuck over her the left bump of her perky chest that read ‘Chloe’.

“Score! It must be my lucky day.” Zach said with a big goofy grin on his face as he approached the counter.

Chloe eyed him with a smirk, clearly familiar with Zach’s schtick.

“Oh yeah? Why’s that?” She asked skeptically.

“Because today I get to order the best cup of coffee from the hottest barista on campus...” He replied, eyeing her.

She giggled and blushed slightly.

“Aww thanks Zach, but I wouldn’t call that luck. I’m here every day.” She said, rolling her eyes and sighing.

“Why do you think I come in here every morning? As long as your pretty face is behind the counter I’ll be a loyal Bump n’ Grind customer!” He affirmed with a grin.

Chloe smiled at him and shook her head.

“Well good news for BnG then because I’m pretty sure, with how shitty the job market is now that I’ll be working here until I’m old and gray!... The usual, right? Anything else?” She asked him as she began to ring him up.

“Nah, just my regular. And what’s the matter with working here? This place is great! Cool atmosphere. Good music... awesome customers...” Zach said, gesturing to himself.

She smirked and looked at him with consideration and she wrote down his order on a cup.

“I don’t know, I just feel like I’ve been working here long enough as it is. But, you do have a point... I do get to meet some pretty rad people here... some that I’d even maybe like to see outside of work...” She said in a flirtatious tone.

Zach grinned from ear to ear and was about to respond when he stopped to notice the slight creases on Chloe’s cheeks as she smiled at him. Maybe she was right and she had been working here a bit too long. She suddenly looked a lot more worn down than the perky girl that he was used to seeing here every morning.

“Hey uh, you just graduated last year right?” He asked her. He had thought that she told him a month or two ago that she had just turned 23.

Chloe nodded looking more like 33.

“Yeah why?” She asked, confused.

He shook his head. It was probably just a trick of the light and maybe a sleepless night on Chloe’s part. She was still adorably hot.

“Uh no reason, hey - when you’re done with my order, if you’re serious about getting together sometime why don’t you write your number on the cup...” Zach suggested smoothly.

Chloe grinned at him, trying to contain her excitement.

“Okay! Let me um... go get that drink for you!” She giggled and bounced back toward the coffee machines.

Zach furrowed his brow as she left, he hadn’t realized how wide Chloe’s ass was. Her butt looked like it was really stretching out her skinny jeans. Weird he hadn’t noticed how MILFY the 23-year-old body was before now.

He turned around to clear his head and saw two attractive college girls chatting in line behind him. Both were dressed in fashionable midriff baring top, shorts and flip flops. One girl was a freckle-faced girl with chestnut colored hair pulled in a pony-tail, the other was an olive-toned girl with dark black hair who looked like she was possibly of Indian or Pakistani descent.

They were chatting excitedly about some frat party they were planning to go to that weekend and how their last party at that greek house had resulted in them fooling around with some guys drunk and naked in the rec center pool and the mad dash to get Morning After pills the next day. Both of the girls sounded like they were more than thrilled to top those events at this next event.

“Hey uh which house is-” Zach began to ask them, feeling like this was the kind of party he should be at.

But before he could get the girl's attention a voice called behind him.

“Here you go cutie, all set. It’s a little foamy so I left the lid off for you to lick the access off... unless you want me to...” A hoarse throaty voice called behind him with a giggle.

Zach turned around and gasped at the sight of the bony grandmotherly woman standing at the counter looking a bit passed retirement age. Her graying blonde hair was pulled into two scrunches behind her wrinkly head and her frail arms were covered in faded tattoos.

“I uh... thanks?” He said quickly, taking his coffee from the old woman’s weathered hands.

He looked back behind the counter to see where Chloe had gone and then glanced back at the wizened barista with a lined jowly face and oddly a sparkling piercing in her old beakish nose. Who was this old bat behind the counter, he wondered. Zach had never seen any employees in here over the age of 35 never mind 70!

“Oops! I almost forgot!” The frail woman chirped with a rattling laugh.

Her shaking gnarled hand grabbed a sharpie and she reached out and wrote a phone number across the top of Zach’s cup.

“Oh uh... thanks, ma’am. But actually that was mostly an offer for the girl that was taking care of my order before... y’know, Chloe?” He said, cringing.

The old woman furrowed her wrinkled brow.

“Zach? What are you talking about? *I’m* Chloe...” She said with a confused chuckle.

She pointed a bony finger to the name tag pinned now well above the bump under her apron where her sagging breasts rested on her wrinkly belly.

Zach squinted at the name tag and then up to the aged face of the woman who looked old enough to be Chloe's grandmother. Finally he snorted cynically, figuring that this was some kind of practical joke. Clearly rather than turn down his request for her number, the young barista had instead dressed an elderly relative - maybe her great aunt or something - up as her and sent her out instead.

"Ha right. Well um, enjoy your retirement Chloe and uh, I guess if you see the real Chloe tell her - no hard feelings! She's still my favorite barista." Zach said, giving the old woman a little salute.

The elderly woman behind the counter looked absolutely baffled and a little hurt.

"What do you mean 'real Chloe'? I *am* the real Chloe..." She insisted but Zach had already turned to go get a lid for his drink.

He shook his head and snapped the cover over his coffee.

'Ah well, Chloe's just one girl - there are plenty of hot chicks around campus like those two party girls...' He thought to himself.

He turned back to check out the girls in question again and find out what party they were going to that weekend. But oddly they were gone. Instead, two women in their 40s were standing beside the counter having just put in their orders to the wrinkled old barista at the register who was impressively bopping around with the energy of a young woman still new to the job!

Zach moved over to the pair of MILFs at the counter. One woman had brown hair with a few strands of gray in her ponytail. The other woman had a mane of salt and pepper hair and her lightly jowled face had deep creased down her nasal folds. Her olive-toned skin was a bit leathery and she had bingo wings jiggling from her sleeveless tank top. The paler of the two women had some

saggy cleavage dotted with brown spots of sun damage and a pooching muffin top peeking out from under her shirt.

The pair was oddly enough talking about a frat party this weekend and birth control. Zach assumed that maybe they had overheard the girls that had been standing behind him and were chastising the coed for their youthful ways. After all, these women would have to be a seriously thirsty pair of cougars if they were planning on going to the frat party themselves - and both of them had to be nearing menopause, so why would they be worried about birth control?

“Uh excuse me ladies... did you see a couple of college girls here a minute ago? A cute brunette girl with a ponytail and a hot Indian-American chick?” He asked them.

The two matronly women stared at Zach speechlessly for a moment, laughing uncomfortably to one another and looking around. Zach looked around as well and was amazed to see that the usually hip, trendy college coffee shop was populated by a much older crowd now suddenly. It looked like some retiree book club had decided to hold a meeting in here and kicked out all of the cute coeds.

“Um....” The middle-aged Indian-American woman began to reply, giving Zach a look like he was missing something obvious.

Zach scratched his head. Maybe there was some event for over-40 women happening right now that he was intruding on?

“Uh sorry to bother you ladies. Uh enjoy your day and let me just add that you’re both really rocking your daughters outfits. Nicely done!” He said awkwardly as he ducked out of there.

The two women gasped and looked at each other incredibly confused and pretty offended.



Zach walked quickly to the door. Things had gotten real weird here real fast. As he hurried to the door he bumped into another old lady who was walking out of the coffee shop at the same time.

The woman's stack of books flew out of her frail hands and scattered on the ground. Zach panicked, not wanting to piss off another old woman and have a repeat of the episode outside of his apartment. He quickly dove down to the ground to retrieve the fallen books.

"Oh my god! I am so so sorry. Let me get those for you!" He said adamantly.

He expected to get another earful from a cranky old hag but instead as he looked up to pass her her books he saw a smile of appreciation, maybe even admiration beam from her wrinkly face.

"Aww that's so sweet! My hero!" She quavered.

Zach was relieved that this old biddy seemed much nicer than the last old lady he had bumped into.

"Hey it's my pleasure, beautiful!" He replied, laying on a bit more of the 'Zach charm' to keep on her good side.

The frail old woman giggled and tucked some of her thin white hair behind her ear. She batted her sunken eyes at him as he looked her over - she was shrunken and stooped with wrinkled veiny legs that were completely bare and an impressive stack of textbooks in her spindly arms. A light bulb went off in Zach's head - not that this old lady had been the red haired freshman girl he had flirted with when he first walked in, which was true - but rather that by helping her he could maybe balance back his karma from pissing that first old lady off earlier that morning.

"Man that looks like a really heavy stack of books... would you like me to carry those for you?" He offered.

"Ohmigod! Seriously? That would be so awesome!" The college girl replied in a voice that sounded like it quavered and rattled to Zach's ears.

“Yeah it would be my pleasure! I could, like, help you cross the street or something!” He said to the woman who looked to be pushing 90 if he had to guess.

The 18-year-old girl raised a red eyebrow at the offering to help her cross the street. What did he think she was? Some old granny?

“Um... want to walk me to class?” She suggested.

“Class?” Zach asked confused but as he took the book from her wrinkled arms he saw that the elderly woman was wearing an oversized university t-shirt.

‘She must be one of those ladies that hadn’t gone to college back in the 50s because women weren’t expected to work so now that her kids... and probably her grandkids are all grown up she’s come back to take a few courses and get her degree. I’ve heard about that...’ He thought to himself.

“Oh right. Class. Yeah sure, i’d be happy to escort you to class ma’am.” He said, holding out his arm.

“Ma’am? Haha, my name’s Kimber.” She said as she took his arm and they headed out of the coffee shop.

As they walked down the street toward the campus buildings Kimber moved along at her normal swift pace but Zach kept cautiously getting her to slow down, worried about her walking too fast at her advanced age.

“You don’t want to fall and break a hip!” He said with a polite smile.

She laughed and shook her head at how unlikely it would be for her to break a hip at 18 but thought that his concern was really sweet.

“Haha yeah I guess...” She said with a shrug.

The girl kept sliding her hand down Zach’s toned arm to interlock her fingers with his so that they were strolling across campus holding hands, but every

time Zach felt bony crooked fingers hooking in between his own, he gently took her hand and placed it back up securely on his bicep where he thought that the old biddy would have a more stable grip if she were to lose her balance or her frail legs gave out or something.

“So uh what was it like during the war?” He asked, trying to make small talk and give the old woman an opening to talk about her life. He had heard that old people are very lonely and like telling stories about their lived experiences.

“Um what war?” Kimber asked, thinking that was a really random question.

“World War II?” He suggested. He was pretty sure that she was old enough to have been a young woman during that one.

“I don’t know. I’m not a history major, I’m a psychology major.” She said thinking that because of the history text book under his other arm that Zach had made a random assumption about what she was studying.

“Oh cool. Good for you at your age!” He replied, impressed that she was doing it despite being so old.

Kimber assumed he meant how young she was.

“Thanks! Yeah I’m, like, hard-core into it... I even started making tik toks about all the crazy stuff i’m studying.” She said proudly.

He looked over at the little old lady gripping his arm.

“Oh wow! You’re on tiktok. That’s sick. I can’t even get my grandmother to do text messaging.” He replied.

Kimber didn’t know how to reply to that since she had no idea how those two thoughts were related, so they continued to walk in silence for a bit until they got to the steps of her building.

“Seriously Zach, this was super sweet of you. You really didn’t need to carry my books and walk me to class.” The freshman girl said as she took her books back from the young man.

Zach shrugged and smiled.

“Hey, it was my pleasure. I just wanted to do my good deed for the day and y’know, let you know that I don’t think you’re invisible.” He said thinking back to what that old witch had said about how he treated old women.

Kimber blushed and bit her lip, looking down at her feet.

“Um so I know you sort of hooked up with Laura last semester and then she like ghosted you? Well um... so she kind of did that because she found out that I uh... Heh I feel so stupid right now... she found out that I sort of like you...” Kimber admitted blushing profusely.

Zach stood there dumbfounded as he blinked at the shrunken old woman with blushing wrinkly cheeks, staring down at her bent gnarled old toes. He had no idea how to respond to that. He remembered Laura - a cute freshman girl he had slept with a couple times in the fall.

“Is Laura your granddaughter!?” He blurted out.

Kimber shook her head and laughed and then paused at how crazy that question was and shook her head harder.

“No she’s... no! What? My granddaughter? She’s my roommate! I’m not... I’m barely old enough to-” The redhead sputtered in disbelief.

Zach gave the old woman a sympathetic smile and put his hand on her bony sagging arm supportively.

“I’m really flattered Kimber but you’re just... too old for me. I’m really only interested in girls my age or younger. I mean, if you were 60 or 70 years younger than I bet you’d really rock my world but... it was really nice meeting you and I honestly think it’s really cool what you’re doing here - getting your

degree in your golden years. So uh, take care and no hard feelings right?” He said quickly, assuming that the old woman was getting flustered in a moment of senility.

‘Gotta give old people a bit of dignity. She was probably used to getting guys like me back in her day... sucks getting old’ He thought to himself as he turned to jog away from her.

“What the hell are you *talking* about!?! I’m only 18! You’re like a decade older than me, you weirdo!!” Kimber screamed in frustration as he jogged away from her.

Zach shook his head hoping that someone could help the poor senile woman get to her class, since she was clearly confused and battling dementia.

**Next up: Sorority Carwash**