The Car Wash

Mon Aug 15, 2005 02:36

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The annual fundraising car wash for the Memorial Middle School girls' soccer team had created somewhat of a controversy the previous year. A number of the girls were apparently comfortable enough, and confident enough, with their bodies to wear two piece bikinis in the scorching summer heat while not only washing down the customers' cars but also while standing along the curb to draw the attention of passing motorists and prospective clients. The girls obviously had futures in marketing and advertising as they knew what sells and the results showed in the record breaking amount of funds raised for the team.  
Unfortunately the city council did not think exploiting young girls as a good thing and declared later that month that all future car washes would require the students to wear colored t-shirts and shorts that came to the top of the knee. Needless to say the girls' softball and cheerleading teams raised very little money in their efforts later in the summer. This fact was not lost on some of the mothers of members of the soccer team.  
Stacy McKennon was 31, and kept herself in great shape. She had shoulder length blonde hair and was about 5'10" and an athletic build. Her daughter April was the starting midfielder on the team.   
Margaret Childs was 35 with brunette hair that she had colored into a darker shade to make her look more exotic along with her fake tan. Margaret was 5'8" and had surgery done on some of her areas to make her into the stunning object of so many of the fathers' attention at the Parent/Teacher conference night. Her daughter was Penelope who started at striker.  
It was no coincidence that these two were the chaperons for this years car wash. They were always involved directly with all of the teams doings, and in fact were the chaperons at last year's car wash. They themselves had encouraged some of the girls to show a little skin in an effort to make some money. They were rightfully distressed about the restrictions that had been placed on their efforts this year. The team needed money as they had growing needs for money to enter in many of the different tournaments during the season. So with half heartedness they told the girls to give it their best and try to draw in some customers.  
After an hour our devoted soccer moms were in a terrible panic. To the girls this was more just about having a little fun, but to them it was serious. They needed to drum up some business and fast. Stacey and Margaret gathered themselves at the back of Margaret's SUV.  
"Stacy what are we gonna do? We've made five bucks in an hour. There's no way we're even going to bring in half the money as last year."  
"I think I have a plan," Stacy replied, "but is going to take a little doing on our part."  
"Well we put everything else into this team, what more could there be?" Margaret asked.  
"The council restricted what the students had to wear. Not us," Stacy said flatly looking at Margaret with a sly grin. She looked at the brunnette stunner who was wearing a long summer dress with floral print that fit her curvaceous body quite well. Sexy but not slutty.  
"I think I'm catching on," Margaret said with a smile, "but I'm not sure how to go about it."  
"Well obviously one of us will have to flag down the cars with a couple of the girls out by the road. The other will have to stay back and help wash the cars."  
"Sounds good to me," she responded. "There's only one problem. I did not bring anything to wash cars in, and I'm not about to get this dress soaking wet. It was very expensive."  
"I know. You told me about how you had to lie to Larry about the cost at the last practice." Stacy had hit a minor roadblock in her brainstorm. She herself was wearing a pair of gym shorts and sneakers that showed off her fine legs along with a white t-shirt. She had not worn a bra because she had put on a hooded sweatshirt as a coverup for the cooler weather. She thought she could wash the cars with the girls and maybe take off the sweatshirt. That should keep the guys happy once they were drawn in. But how to draw them in she thought?  
"What are you wearing under that?" Stacy asked Margaret pointing at her dress.  
"A black thong," she answered matter of factly not knowing what her co-conspirator had in mind.  
"No bra?"  
"Not today. I was feeling a little naughty this morning."  
"Maybe that will be just as well," Stacy said as she turned and opened the door to her SUV parked next to Margaret's. She pulled out a armful of towels.   
"Take your dress off."  
"What?"  
"You heard me. Take it off. No one can see us behind here."  
"What are you talking about?" Margaret had suddenly become a little worried about this.  
"Look we need someone to draw in the cars and someone to wash. I'm better dressed to wash and my manicure doesn't cost near as mush as yours."  
Margaret looked quizzically at Stacy, "But I'm not dressed to draw in the cars."  
"That's why you have to take your dress off. We'll wrap one of these towels around you and it will look like your naked. That will get 'em."  
"Oh Stacy I don't know!" Margaret stammered. "I mean I want to help the team, but standing on the side of the road in a towel is going a little far."  
"C'mon. You stuck your own daughter out there last year in little more than a piece of string. Besides, don't you have a little bit of exhibitionist in you?"  
"None!" Margaret looked at Stacy stearnly.  
"Look I be willing to do it if you were gonna wash cars in your dress, which you won't do. But my breasts won't hold up one of these towels, and yours are."  
Margaret took a deep breathe and new she was beat. All the arguments fell against her and the team needed help.   
"Fine. Unzip me." She turned around and looked back and forth nervously. All the girls were gathered around the buckets and hoses talking. The rest of the area was deserted. She heard the zipper slide down her back and she got a little chill as the dress fell from her beautiful body. She instinctively covered her breasts with her crossed arms and began to kick off her high heels.  
"No leave those on," Stacy said. "They'll make you look taller. Wow, those will definitely hold up a towel." The adiration was evident in her tone.  
"Yes, why don't you hurry up and give me a towel before someone comes along," the nervousness was mounting in her voice.  
"Oh sure." Stacy began sorting through the extra towels she had brought for the car wash. "Here this will do." She handed Margaret a towel who promptly began wrapping it around her tanned body and making a knot on the side of her keft breast to hold it in place. She looked down at herself.  
"Um, this will not do," she said. While the towel went fully around her body, it went down to only inches below her crotch. The full extent of her tanned legs all the way up to her uppermost thighs were visible. She could only imagine the view from behind if she bent down.  
"Margaret that's the biggest one I've got," as she threw the remaining towels back in her SUV along with Margaret's dress. "Besides you look totally hot."  
That brightened Margaret's mood a little, but she still was not very keen about the idea.   
"Hey what about you?"  
"Oh," Stacy started feeling a little guilty about putting her friend out on the street nearly naked. "I'll take off this sweathshirt. With all that water it will look like a wet t-shirt contest back there." She took off the sweathsirt and put it in her SUV and shut the door. The cool air and excitement of the plan had perked her nipples up.  
"You know," Margaret said, "I bet we beat what the girls pulled in last year." The enthusiasm and competitiveness was beginning to overshadow her modesty. "This might be kind of fun."  
The two women made quite a sight coming from behind the SUV's toward the group of girls gathered on the other side of the parking lot. They all looked up in unison in total shock at what they were seeing.   
"Mrs. Childs, what happened to your clothes?" asked Sara.   
"There's no time to talk about that now," Margaret said confidently. "You and bonne bring your towels and come with me to flag down customers."  
At that point some of the girls began to catch on and smiles came across their faces.  
"I guess we're back in business," April offered.  
"Come on the rest of you. Let's get things ready here," Stacy said. The girls readily noticed her nipples poking through her shirt.   
"Mrs. McKennon, you know it gets awfully wet back here don't you," one of the girls asked.  
"That's the idea silly," Stacy replied while filling a bucket with soap.  
Out at the street, Margaret was feeling a little uncomfortable. The minute she got to the curb traffic began to slow and she could feel the eyes of dozens of men learing at her. She wasn't sure what to do out there. Bonnie and Sara were several feet down the curb from her cheering and waving their towels. Instantly two cars pulled in. Margaret began to feel a little better, but she was not sure what to do as she had not brought a towel to wave around, and she wasn't too keen on waving her arms above her head anyway. She saw the speed limit sign a few feet in front of her and thought she might sort of lean on it and try to act a little sexy. The traffic was really beginning to slow now and the cars were pouring in the parking lot.   
Meanwhile, Stacy was up to her arms in suds as she was helping the the girls soap up the cars then rinse them off. In minutes her t-shirt was nearly transparent and as the customers slowly left the parking lot the could see plenty. Stacy, who had developed a playful and naughty attitude after her divorce two years ago, liked to tease a get men's attention. She was loving this. Then she had another idea. She told Penelope to tell the customers that car washes were $20 not $5, and that she was going out to flag more cars and send Bonnie and Sara back to help. She told her to wash the cars as fast as possible because they were about to be pouring in. Stacy then went over to one of the buckets and squirted a bunch of soap in it and a little water to make it all sudsy. Then she pulled off her t-shirt and pulled down her soaking wet shorts. She was momentarily standing there in only her wet cotton knickers and sneakers. Then she began to dabble the soap bubbles over her breasts to cover them. The soap was thick enough that they covered quite well. The she did the same around her knickers. Stacy the picked up the bucket and went out to the curb.  
Bonnie and Sara could not belive what Mrs. McKennon was wearing, but they figured they best go back and help their teammates wash cars. Maragret was quite shocked at the appearance of her friend too.  
"Stacy! What the hell are you doing?"  
"Trying to drum up a little more business. Things aren't going near as well as they could be. Plus I jacked the price up to 20 bucks so I've got to do something to keep them coming," she said as she put her bucket down and began to shout and wave to passing cars. The honking horns were nearly non-stop, but the line going into the car wash was so great that it was deterring many motorists from stopping.  
Margaret felt a little competition from her friend to up the ante a bit so she began doing a little bit of a pole dance on the speed limit sign post. she kept both hands toward the top and began to gyrate her hips and spread her legs further and further in her high heels. She looked over at Stacy who seemed to have taken up the challenge. She began doing jumping jacks which caused some of the foam to fly from her breasts and knickers. It was not long before her nipples were becoming evident.  
Maragaret then turned it up a notch by turning sideways to the oncoming traffic and slowly raising the bottom of her towel until it revealed the strap of her thong knickers. Then, with her feet together, she hooked her thumbs in the straps and slowly slid them down her tanned legs to her feet as she allowed the towel to lower again.   
At this point traffic was stopped. Cars were no longer trying to enter the parking lot. The girls were not even washing cars. They along with everyone else were watching the show being put on by the two spirited soccer moms who apparently were in their own little competitive world paying no attention to the goings on around them.  
Stacy, sensing, she was falling behind, raised the bucket of thick soapy water over her chest and slowy poured the suds over her body which was now glistening from the sweat of her activity and the soap. This coated the entire front of her body anew in slow moving thick bubbles which served to conceal her breasts and knickers again. She was about to trump Margaret now she thought. She raised both of her arms high above her head then put her feet together and slowly brought her arms downto her sides. Then, making sure that the bubbbles were progressing down the front of her body, she began to slowly slide her knickers down so that nothing was revealed. Then when her bikini area was covered with soap, Stacy began to push the bubbles from around he rmidsection further down and around her backside to insure nothing was being exposed. Then she brazenly kicked off her knickers, smiling in defiance at Margaret.  
Margaret could not believe this. What trash she thought to herself. Well, she was not about to lose to trash like that. Margaret too kicked off her knickers and making sure that she was still covered in all vital areas by her towel began again with her pole dance on the speed limit sign which she had gotten quite good at. Only this time Margaret's amateur status cost her her modesty. She made the fatal mistake of squatting down with one hand holding high up on the post of the sign and the other hand between her legs so as not to expose her nether region to the audience. But as she was down in a squatting position, the bottom of the towel covering her beautiful butt became hooked under the pointed heels of her shoes. As she quickly stood up out of the squat, her towel fell to her feet. Her large tanned breasts came into clear view and her cleanly shaven pussy was on display front and center. For one of those moments frozen in time, Margaret stood stark naked. The shock of her losong her covering quickly brought her back to reality and she was mortified to see the dozens upon dozens of onlookers.   
"Oh shit!" she said aloud as the laughter began. She quickly reached down to pick up the towel, but as she was still standing on it with both feet was unable to lift it. Next she covered her pussy with one hand and her ample bosom in her other and began running for her SUV to the uproarious cheers of the crowd.  
Stacy could not help but stand there laughing with them as she had bested her friend in whatever bizarre competition had come about over the course of the past half hour. Her fine body was still covered in the thick soap. It was then that she had a shock of cold water hit her in the back. She turned out of instinct to take to full blast of icy water from two hoses. Apparently some of the motorists getting their cars washed did not think it a fair ending to the competition and had taken it upon themselves to rectify the situation.   
Stacy's soapy covering was washed away as she stood intitially shielding her face from the spray of the hose. Then she turned away again towards the road only to hear cheers again coming from the crowd. She looked down to see her bare breasts with her nipples stuck out as far as they've ever been in plain view. Further down she saw her pubic mound finally making its appearance. She too attempted to cover up as she ran for the SUV's where Margaret hid waiting for someone to bring the keys. The crowds chering drowned out the sound of the approaching police cars.

