

From Bendy to Brittle

Part 1: Bendy Blast

By ChronoEclipse

Kayla had been a yoga instructor at Time Crunch LA for a little over a year now. Her gorgeous body and energetic personality made her incredibly popular with both the members attending her classes and her fellow employees.

Case in point - the vibrant strawberry blonde was getting very friendly with one of her work-colleagues, a personal trainer named Jesse, in the supply closet a few minutes before her late morning class geared toward athletic women in their early 20s 'Bendy Blast'. This had been their regular routine for the past few weeks, they would sneak off into the closet, Kayla would strip down naked and lay back on a stack of yoga mats and the muscular 30-year-old man would plow her until orgasm.

"AHHH! OOOOH YES!!!" She moaned biting her lip and cupping her perky breasts as Jesse brought her young body to ecstasy.

"Yeah... Mmmm you like that baby?" The trainer asked through grunting breaths.

Kayla nodded and grinned, still running her straight white teeth along her pink pouty bottom lip.

"Mmmm yeah... we should start calling *this* Bendy Blast instead of my yoga class..." She purred with a giggle.

The kind of thick-headed fitness bro scratched the back of his head.

"Why's that?" He asked.

"Because I'm bendy..." Kayla responded, lifting her long sexy toned legs up in the air above them and crossing her smooth young feet above her head to demonstrate just how 'bendy' she could be. "...And you're blasting me!" She

added with a giggle before gasping in erotic pleasure from his dick thrusting deep inside of her.

A few minutes and one impressively loud wet climax later she was rushing to roll her skimpy booty-hugging yoga shorts back up her silky legs as Jesse tucked his dick back into his running pants and retied the draw string.

“You know, it’s my birthday today...” Kayla tossed out there as if she had been waiting for Jesse to ask her.

“Oh damn! Happy birthday! What is your 25th?” Jesse asked not knowing how old Kayla was – just that she was incredibly hot and younger than he was.

“Um, 28 actually...” Kayla said blushing feeling weirdly embarrassed to be actually older than the age he thought she was. She hoped Jesse wasn’t like a lot of the guys around Hollywood that dumped pretty girls once they realized they were approaching 30.

“Nice! Well if you don’t have plans later... Maybe I could take you out somewhere and we could... y’know, do something special to celebrate!” He suggested.

Kayla beamed. Maybe this meant that the hot trainer she had been secretly banging for weeks was ready to make this relationship official! She wasn’t getting any younger, after all.

“Yeah that would be awesome... I have plans to go out with the girl tonight but not until like later so we could do dinner before that... and depending how things go maybe I just ditch those other plans...” She replied with a big grin and a laugh.

Jesse came over and grabbed her by her tiny waist, lifting her up and spinning her around before bringing the blonde yoga instructor into a passionate kiss. When Kayla set back down onto her feet again she grabbed her phone and checked the time.

“Whew, cutting it close today! I would totally be running late right now if my class wasn’t scheduled right after one of those Yoga and Meditation for Advanced Seniors slots.” Kayla said as she tugged her sports bra down around her gravity defying tits.

“Oh yeah, what do we call those in the schedule again?” Jesse asked with a smirk as he opened the closet door to let Kayla slip out.

She twirled around and grinned at him.

“We call that class ‘Grammaste!’” She replied with a giggle.

And sure enough, by the time Kayla had finished getting dressed, discreetly exited the sex closet and pranced barefoot back to the yoga room there was still a parade of shriveled grannies from the early morning seniors class shuffling out of the studio.

“Good class today ladies. Don’t be shy about grabbing a Time Crunch cane or walker if you need it on your way out and just head on over to the entrance where we’ll have a van waiting to take you back to the nursing home.” Darla, the instructor of the earlier yoga class informed the old women as they hobbled out of the room.

“W-wait, I don’t live at a nursing home...I live with my boyfriend... I think there’s been a mistake. I came had an lunch meeting scheduled during my usual yoga class today but they told me at the desk that I could take the earlier class and it would be the same... and now I’m...” An 80-something woman in an ill-fitting tank top and Lulu Lemon yoga pants tried to interject.

There were always a few members like this after certain classes at Time Crunch, disoriented, confused about their age or their lives. So there was a standard protocol for staff members on how to help those poor folks.

“Shhh.” Darla replied with a phony smile as she rubbed the old woman’s wrinkled shoulder. “You did great today, Madison. Why don’t you head over to Shawna and she’ll make sure you get back home. I look forward to seeing you

next class!” The brunette yoga instructor said gesturing over to the attendant passing out walkers to some other confused old women.

Kayla sauntered over, smiling and waving at the old ladies as they finished hobbling out of the room. Darla smirked at her blonde colleague.

“What kept you? You cheerleading squads been gathered here for a while now...” The brunette yoga instructor asked, gesturing to the group of young 20-somethings waiting to take Kayla’s class – several of whom were literal cheerleaders.

Kayla giggled and gave her co-worker a wry smile.

“I guess I just got wrapped up in something and lost track of time...” She replied biting her lip and grinning harder, having a hard time hiding her excitement about her plans with Jesse later. She knew if they officially started dating there would be a lot of women around her incredibly jealous of her.

“Well whatever. Live it up while you’re young right?...” Darla said shrugging as she headed off to the locker rooms.

Kayla nodded, still beaming as she held the door open for her class. Bendy Blast had a core group of regular attendees that were all around the same age and worked in various professions that demanded that their bodies stay toned and limber.

There were Sofia (20) and Britney (23), a pair of dancers from one of the prestigious dance companies in the area. Sofia was one of the preeminent young ballet dancers in the country having been touring around the world since she was a child. Now the young latina ballerina was in a critically acclaimed production of Giselle in the lead roll. Britney meanwhile was a hip hop and contemporary dancer who had done a lot of high profile backup dancing on tour with many of the biggest pop stars and was already gearing up to perform at the superbowl half time show next year.

“Ugh! Why do we have to wait for the nursing home parade every day? Like, can’t they book us in a separate studio. Like, we actually have places to go and

better things to do then stand around while those senile old ladies try to remember where the exit is.” Britney groaned as she began to stretch.

“Yeah I’m probably going to be late for rehearsal after this. It’s just like, rude, that they move so slow...” Sofia added as she took a sip of her smoothie and checked out her perfect round toned ass being hugged by her yoga pants in the mirror.

Then there were Lindsey (21) and Haley (19) a pair of college cheerleaders who had aspirations of going pro and also kickstarting modeling careers. Lindsey, a busty, athletic girl with wavy golden brown hair was already in the final rounds of auditions for the cheerleading squad of one of the pro football teams. While the strawberry blonde Haley, still an underclassman was getting a lot of viral buzz with her cheer videos showing off impressive kicks, flips and splits.

“Ewww it even smells like old people in here....” Lindsey groaned, wrinkling her nose as she took out a little fruity body spray from her bag and sprayed it around the room.

“One of those gross old biddies probably peed themselves from the strain of trying to do poses at that age...” Haley smirked as she unrolled her promotional yoga mat that had been sent to her by a company wanting her to plug them on social media.

“You know, one of those shriveled bats tried to tell me that we hooked up one time at a bar? I was like ‘Granny, you gotta be senile.’” Brad, a 25-year-old actor said causing the women in the room to laugh and fawn over him as he entered the room and took off his shades.

Brad was an international kick-boxing champion and aspiring action star who had a couple big parts in some summer blockbusters coming out this summer, most of his parts were ‘young side-kick’ roles to older, more established actors but in at least one of them it looked good that the torch might be passed over to him as the future star if the film became a franchise.

“Maybe you like, fucked her great GREAT granddaughter and she like, got confused...” Lindsey suggested with a giggle.

The cheerleader flashed a flirtatious smile at Brad who winked at her back. But it the flirtations didn't go beyond that, because as much as the straight girls in the class would be interested in hooking up with a rising star beefcake like Brad they knew who had dibs on him first.

"OMG I swear to go if I'm late for my flight back to New York today I'm going to have my manager sue whatever nursing home let those senile mummies wander into my health club!" Peyton the beautiful 23-year-old acting Ingenue declared, texting furiously on her cellphone as she stomped barefoot into the room.

Peyton was the star of 'Venus Rising' a new show on Disney+ where she played the plucky, lovable high school student trying to navigate friendship, schoolwork and boys while also secretly being the Roman goddess of love trapped in a human body.

"Don't worry no one is going to be late for anything. Everyones already starting their stretches and warm up so we can jump right into the fun stuff!" Kayla assured the group.

"Good because I have a plans to go sun myself in a new bikini on my sugar daddy's yacht this afternoon and anchors up is promptly at 1!" Dominique, the 24-year-old gymnast bragged as she strutted into the class, setting her bag down and began to arch her back.

The raven haired young woman was a three time gymnastics gold medalist having competed in the last two summer olympics. She was gearing up to compete again in next years games knowing that, entering her mid-20s and the olympics only coming around every 4 years that it might be her last chance to compete at the top of her form.

"Come on Jordyn! Stop getting fingerbanged by your boyfriend and get over here! We're starting!" Dominique called to her fellow gymnast and U.S. women's gymnastics teammate in last years event.

Jordyn, the petite 22-year-old with light brown hair was indeed off to the side of the doorway sucking face with her Baseball player boyfriend Rob who had just gotten drafted by the Angels. The two of them hadn't been able to keep their hands off of one another since they started dating a month ago. Rob wasn't really into yoga - he much preferred weight training but Jordyn had convinced him to come to class with her twice a week by suggesting that the added flexibility would help the muscular young man's chances of staying at his preferred position at shortstop as he got older.

Plus it allowed the young couple more time together and Rob enjoyed getting a front row seat to all of these hot girls in skintight outfits, stretching their shapely bodies and showing off their flawless pedicures.

Kayla walked up to front of the class and put on her little cordless headset, looking out to see everyone ready to go on their yoga mats. She smiled wide at the group of sexy young yoga enthusiasts and stretched her arms up high, taking a deep breath before she began.

"Okay boys and girls... welcome to Bendy Blast! As always, I'm your Bendy, Butt-Kicking, BFF Kayla! Let's get get this party started! Go ahead and spread those legs out to either side of your mat and stretch your arms up high to the sky then bring your arms and your head down into a forward fold position!" Kayla instructed the group.

All of the young athletic people in the room had no problem limbering up and then placing their hands flat on the mat between their feet.

"I bet I could suck myself off from this position." Brad the kickboxing actor joked as he found his head at about crotch level.

The class giggled.

"Why go through all the trouble. You could just ask me nicely..." Peyton purred in response.

The other girls murmured playful agreement.

“Now walk your hands over to your left foot, raise yourself back up one vertebrae at a time and then lift your left leg as high as it can go...” Kayla guided them with her pretty, soothing voice.

All of the women were easily able to stretch their smooth toned legs straight up into the air so that their toes pointed to the ceiling.

“I’ve had to keep this position for like 30 minutes straight sometimes...” Britney said as she lightly gripped the back of her shapely thigh.

“We don’t need to hear every detail of your sex life girl!” Dominique teased the dancer.

Rob, who was the only one really struggling to get his leg up higher than halfway looked over to Brad and saw that the dude had his leg up higher than his head.

“Woah I’m impressed! I’m worried that I’ll pull a hammy if I go any higher than this.” The baseball player remarked.

“Well, you got to be able to get your leg up high to do roundhouse kicks my guy!” Brad explained.

“Now lets get into the really fun stuff! That’s why you’re all here right! Grab a partner and we’re going to start some acro yoga exercises!” Kayla said shaking her hips and grinning enthusiastically.

The class all paired up predictably with the two cheerleaders, the two actors, and two dancers each grouping together. Jordyn and her boyfriend Rob naturally paired up, leaving Dominique to partner with Kayla.

“Okay now no judgements but each pair has a more petite and less petite member of the pair. The LESS petite partner is going to get down on their back and be the anchor and the MORE petite partner is the flyer.” Kayla explained.

For the guy/girl pairs it was easy to decide. The cheerleaders also picked right away since 19-year-old Haley was normally the flyer in cheerleading and light

enough to toss and catch during routines while 21-year-old Lindsey was a more sturdy bottom of the pyramid anchor.

The dancer's deliberated for a bit since they both had lithe, slender dancers bodies but it was finally decided that Britney would be the anchor because she was a little taller.

Dominique and Kayla also deliberated for a few moments since they were both about the same slender toned body type and while Kayla was a little bustier, it was determined that it would be easier for her to direct the class from on top than from the bottom, and besides, Dominique had strong muscular gymnasts legs that made her a great anchor for these exercises.

The anchors all laid down on their back on the yoga mats as their partners stood in front of them. Kayla directed them to take each others hands and place the anchors soles into the lower abdomen of their partners.

"Now you're going to remain holding hands as you press your feet straight up into the air lifting your partners into a plank above you!" Kayla instructed.

The pairs all did what she described and soon five young women were lifted into the air by their partners feet.

"Great, now flyers, let go of your partners hands and grab your own toes behind your back, lifting your head up. And hold that pose." Kayla said as she reached back to grip her own ruby red toes and arched her back so that her perky breasts hovered high above Dominiques head.

"You look so hot right now babe, like a sexy hood ornament!" Rob called up to Jordyn as she posed above him and his feet pressed into her smooth flat midriff.

"Great! Looking awesome out there... now let go of your feet and lower your head down toward your partner's chest, gripping their ankles. Anchors, you'll grab your partner's shoulders and when they are ready they will lift their legs up off of you into a handstand!" Kayla guided them.

The class had no problem following these instructions, Sofia even playfully flexed her slender legs in bicycle motions in the air to demonstrate how easily she was able to maintain a handstand in the air above Britney.

“Cool! You’re all so fantastic at this. Now flyers, when you’re read bring your legs back down and resume a flat plank position with your partner’s feet supporting you in the air.” Kayla explained bringing herself back down effortlessly from her handstand.

And that’s when the class began to go off the rails. Because as the group was dismounting out of their handstands, someone was in the back office of Time Crunch changing the class schedule in the master calendar.

Now in the current time slot where “**Bendy Blast**: A fast paced acro yoga class utilizing flexibility and core strength, geared toward athletic women and men in their 20s.” had been slotted, it now read “**Live, Laugh, Lotus**: A blend of Ashtanga and Hatha yoga utilizing techniques aimed at keeping limber, getting back into shape and relieving daily stress. This class is geared toward professional 30-somethings and on-the-go parents of young children.”

Additionally whoever altered the schedule also went into the class registration and added Kayla’s name to the class roster. And with the click of a ‘save changes’ button everyone in Yoga Studio A suddenly aged 12 years.

Flat tummies softened into the soles of their partners as the women all aged more than a decade. Many of them felt a bit winded and lower backs were beginning to ache a little.

As Haley looked down at her partner Lindsey and she looked back up at her the two cheerleaders gasped at the sight of tiny crows feet appearing in the corners of their eyes.

Rob watched his girlfriend suddenly form a slight double chin under her pretty face and her arms softened and plumped with unshed baby weight from a pregnancy she had never go through.

Peyton was gasping at the sight of her skin that no longer had the dewy shimmer of a 23-year-old and began to look like she desperately needed moisturizer. While Britney the dancer felt her hips and waist expand noticeably on the mat while she supported her still petite but mature partner in the air.

Before anyone could truly freak out at the jump from their early 20s into their mid 30s their minds suddenly flooded with new memories and a new status quo to match their updated ages.

Haley was no longer a sophomore college cheerleader but now a 31-year-old pro cheerleader toward the end of her career working as a mentor for the young cheerleaders of the basketball team she cheered for. The girls in the locker room playfully teased her by calling her 'Granny Haley' for being the only woman on the squad over 30.

21-year-old Lindsey meanwhile had completely skipped over her cheerleading career and was now a 33-year-old cheerleading coach at a local high school. Unlike her younger yoga partner, she had the benefit of being one of the younger female teachers on the school staff and was reminded on a daily basis that despite approaching her mid-30s she still 'got it'. All of the high school boys all had huge crushes on her (the captain of the football team even said "Miss Lindsey your ass won't quit and neither will our team this year! Go Razerbacks!"). And though she was still single she had a few prospects among the male teachers and even had a dinner date this weekend with the assistant principal! She couldn't wait to brag about how she takes a yoga class with THE Brad Pace!

And that was because Brad had aged incredibly successfully. The 25-year-old up-and-comer was now a 37-year-old bonafide box-office-draw with not one, not two, but three action franchises that he currently starred in. Rumors were circling about who he was going to play in the MCU with nerds everywhere hoping that he would play Gambit. He probably wouldn't even be here, he'd be at his home working with a private trainer if not for the lucrative sponsorship deal he had with Time Crunch gyms. It was worth taking a class here from time to time even if he did have to put up with all of these washed up MILFs - in other words, women *his* age!

Peyton had gone in the opposite direction. Now a 35-year-old TV actress she was too old to be the star of a teen Disney+ show, and wasn't being considered for young ingenue roles at all anymore. But she insisted to her agent that she was still too young to be cast in the abundant field of 'mom' roles, seeing as how she herself wasn't ready to have kids yet. So she was stuck in a weird inbetween range many lesser known female actors in their early to mid 30s get regulated to - 'The Attractive Everyday Professional.' Her auditions mainly consisted on bit parts as 'woman doctor' or 'business woman talking on cell phone' or the occasional speaking role of 'Administrative assistant that comes in to remind boss of an important meeting.' She was currently up for a recurring role as a new ADA on Law & Order and was crossing her fingers on landing it, after all the other girls in the audition room hadn't looked old enough to pass the bar exam.

Sofia likewise had her star diminish as she jumped to 32. In professional dancer years she might as well have been 100. She was no longer as swift in her movements or as light on her feet as she danced on stage and now believed that it had been years since her last turn as lead dancer. Often she was cast as the mother of the lead dancer or the wicked queen or the nursemaid who was mostly in the production to mentor the younger dancers and make sure they didn't go out and party too much when the show was on tour. The aging latina dancer thought about all of the lithe 19 and 20-year-old ballet dancers, like she had been moments ago and rolled her eyes at how young they all seemed.

Britney, having gone from 23 to 35 had given up dancing all together and was now a Dance Mom to her daughter Tina. Her cellphone which had been filled with thirst traps and videos of herself working on various routines (as well as the occasional nip pic to send to guys that slipped into her DMs) was now completely filled with pictures of her 4-year-old in wearing tutus in every color of the rainbow. She was counting down the days until her daughter turned 6 and was old enough to start entering Junior Miss Dance competitions like Britney had when she was that age.

Jordyn the 22-year-old gymnast had aged into a similar path, having given up gymnastics in her mid 20s to start a family and now was a proud 34-year-old mommy-blogger and aspiring instagram creator (#GirlMom) with 3 beautiful daughters ages 5, 7 and 9. She stayed home now 24/7 to take care of them

while her pro-baseball player husband Rob (Who had just been her boyfriend of a little over a month just moments ago) played ball on the road for a variety of teams as he entered the back end of his career. Also 34 now, the former infield prospect had put in a few good seasons in his late 20s, playing shortstop for the Angels before his metabolism dropped off and his naturally muscular physique made him too slow and lumbering for such an athletic position. Now he was a first baseman and had played for different teams each of his last three seasons. Jordyn talked to him about retiring from baseball after next year but Rob insisted that he still had some gas left in the tank. Besides, if he could make it to 40, his hit and RBI totals would start climbing some of the all-time lists.

Dominique could relate. She now remembered participating in 3 more olympics than she had a moment ago. Her 2012 olympics when she had been 25 were a complete disaster having gotten disqualified on a dismount on a technicality and only metal in bronze in one event. She came back in 2016 when she was 29 - ancient for a gymnast, and struggled as well but was one of the feel good stories of the year when her younger teammates helped her secure one more gold in the team event. And despite all odds she had even made it back in 2020 at the age of 33 but being old enough to be the mother of some of her competitors there hadn't been any expectations for her to medal. She was just glad at her age she was still able to do a flip on the balance beam without embarrassing herself since her booty now was twice the size it had been when she was at her peak. Now with the next olympics coming when she'll be 37, she gracefully accepted a position as a coach for team USA to help the younger generation achieve what she had more than a decade ago.

She smiled up at the middle-aged woman above her wondering why they had decided that she be the anchor and the matronly blonde balancing on her feet be the flier. Because Kayla had aged up alongside her class and had jumped from a slender 28-year-old bendy girl into a more full-bodied woman of 40.

Kayla blushed her lightly lined cheeks and set herself back down on her feet with a grunt as she rubbed her back. She felt a little embarrassed to be a 40-year-old yoga instructor at a gym where she was the oldest employee. But... at least she was hooking up with one of the hot young trainers. She playfully

slapped her wider ass causing the softer plumper cheek to jiggle in her yoga shorts.

“Still got it ladies! Let’s all strike a warrior pose...” She instructed happily with a throatier more mature voice.

To be continued...