

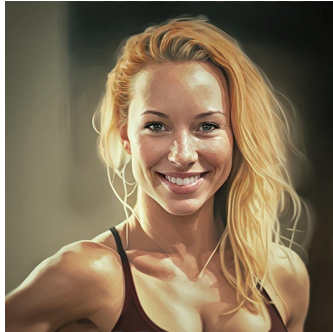
From Bendy to Brittle

Part 2: Suburban Stretch

By ChronoEclipse

Dramatis Personae:

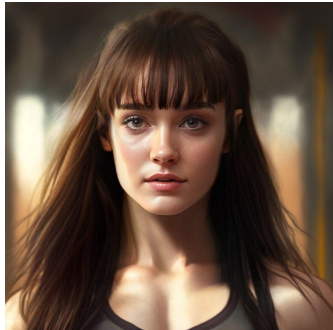
Kayla, 28, Yoga Instructor



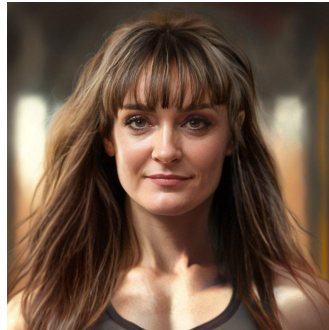
Kayla, 52, Yoga Instructor



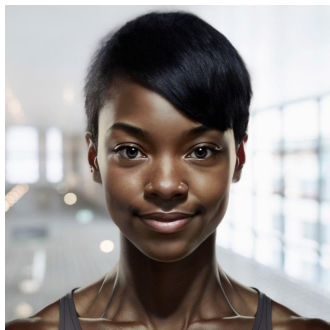
Jordyn, 22, Gymnast



Jordyn, 46, Empty-Nester



Dominique, 24, Gymnast



Dominique, 24, Gymnastics Instructor



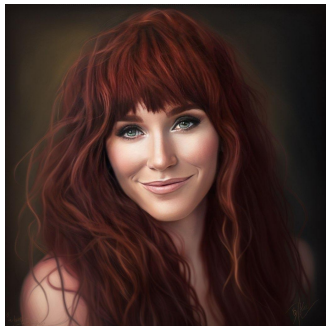
Sofia, 20, Ballet Dancer



Sofia, 44, Dance Teacher



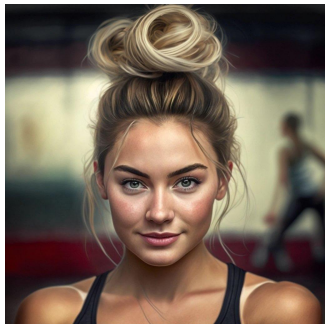
Britney, 23, Hip-Hop dancer



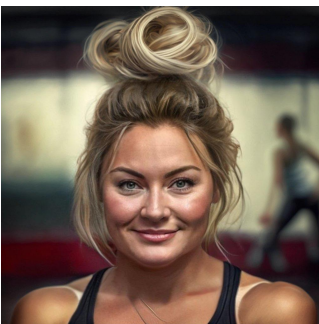
Britney, 47, Dance Mom



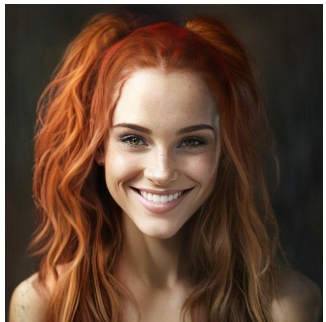
Lindsey, 21, Pro-Cheerleader



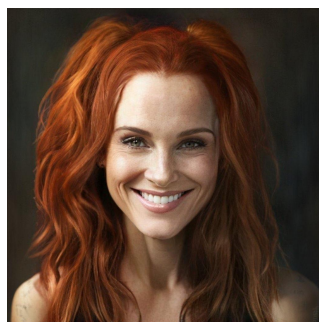
Lindsey, 45, High School Cheerleading Coach



Haley, 19, College Cheerleader



Haley, 43, College Talent Scout



Peyton, 23, Actress (Ingenu roles) Peyton, 47, Actress (Mom roles)



Not pictured:

Rob, 22, Baseball prospect and Jordyn's boyfriend / Rob, 46, Retired baseball player and Jordyn's husband

Brad, 25, Kickboxer and aspiring actor/ Brad, 49, Action hero movie star

Kayla, the now middle-aged 40-year-old yoga instructor planted her veinier foot out on the mat and demonstrated a Warriors Pose as she waited for the class to shift out of their partnered positions and get back up onto their feet.

"Oo oo - watch it babe! You're pushing on my bladder." 34-year-old Jordyn groaned as she did her best to dismount from her boyfriend-turned-husband's legs and tenderly clutched the softer belly.

"Uh sorry hun..." 34-year-old Rob shrugged scratching the back of his head that still had a fair amount of fuzz unlike his receding hairline.

As Jordyn assumed the Warriors Pose and flashed an embarrassed chuckle to the other 30-something year olds around her.

"It's not that I have a small bladder... it's just, you know, after three pregnancies everything's a bit delicate in that area..." The now retired gymnast explained blushing.

"Oh? You have kids? I have a 4-year-old myself. I just started putting her in dance competitions... Mommy's little angel looks so adorable in her pink tutu!"

I'll have to show you pictures after class!" 35-year-old Britney, the hip-hop dancer turned Dance Mom, cooed at the couple.

Jordyn smiled and nodded.

"Ours are a little older. They're 9, 7 and 5... but remind me when I get my phone and I'll add you to our parents group slack! It's a lot of fun! We plan all sort of cool events for the kids!" Jordyn responded seriously, now in full Momfluencer mode.

Kayla took a deep breath and questioned for a moment why she had challenged this group with an acro yoga routine a moment ago. This class - Live, Laugh, Lotus was more for active young parents that were looking for a bit of calm and exercise between dropping their kids off and picking their kids up from soccer practice.

"You're all doing great. Now lunge forward putting as much weight on that forward leg, feeling that burn in those thighs of your as you lift both arms up into a Sun pose..." Kayla said as she patted her own exposed thigh and felt the developing cellulite jiggle from her pat. She was in decent shape for a woman her age but nowhere near how toned and taut she had been in her 20s.

As the class moved into the pose she was demonstrating Lindsey the cheerleader who was now a 33-year-old high school coach leaned in to chat with the women in front of her.

"I don't have any kids myself yet... I'm waiting to meet the right guy. But I feel like a mom to all 16 members of my cheer squad. God, that makes me sound so old! They're all teenagers. I should say, I feel like their 'big sister'!" The attractive cheerleading coach said with a wink.

The other women chuckled at the joke, all being able to relate to the feeling of not wanting to be old enough to have a teenage child yet.

"God, some of my teammates call me 'mom' or 'granny' when they're really trying to turn the knife!" 31-year-old Haley, who had just been a teenager herself moments ago before aging into a pro-cheerleader, laughed.

Dominique, the now 36-year-old Gymnastics coach shook her head.

“Awww you’re just a baby yourself girl! Don’t let those little brats bully you! Just because we’re a bit more experienced doesn’t mean that we’re old and washed up! I mean, god! We’re all only in our 30s right?” The dark-skinned former olympian said proudly.

“Yeah but most of us are in professions where being in your 30s makes you ancient! I’m only 32 and that’s like 80 in ballerina years!” Sofia, the hispanic ballet dancer who had just been at the beginning of her career a few moments ago pointed out.

“Okay now bring you feet together, slowly raise your hands high above your heads and lift on leg up in front of you, balancing on one foot...” Kayla said in a soothing voice. She was overhearing the cross talked and wasn’t thrilled about all of these attractive 30-somethings talk about how ‘ancient’ they were - especially since at 40 she was the oldest person in the room.

“I can’t relate. I’m at the top of my game right now...” Brad, the now 37-year-old action star said with a shrug at Sofia as he stretched his muscular body out into the position Kayla was demonstrating.

“Yeah, same... This is SUCH an exciting time to be a woman in Hollywood... 30 is really the new 20. I don’t even have time to have kids right now. I’m just constantly in auditions...” 35-year-old Peyton insisted, professing a bit too much. The reality was that she was constantly in auditions now because she wasn’t landing nearly as many roles as she had a decade ago. Now that she was in her mid 30s and the sheen of her ‘hot young party girl’ vibe had dulled significantly she was in desperate need of proving herself as a bankable actress in the next couple years or she’d have to pack it all up and go into real estate.

Or... she was still attractive enough to land the lucrative gig of ‘trophy wife’. She glanced over at the hunky kick-boxer turned actor and attempted to flash him some flirtatious looks. A simple TMZ report that the two of them were together would be enough to get some decent opportunities.

Brad tried to pretend that he didn't see the thirsty blonde actress firing bedroom eyes at him or that she kept flashing the soles of her feet in his direction, (She had seen something on reddit that Brad had a serious foot fetish). He sighed, it was nothing he wasn't very used to. Peyton, along with the other women in the class were attractive and all, but a little old for his taste. When he signed up for this he was told that he'd be surrounded by the types of women he usually like to hook up - athletic babes right out of college, but these chicks in the Live, Laugh, Lotus class were *his* age!

Rob didn't mind being around all of these hot 30-somethings as they stretched their still fairly toned bodies in a desperate attempt to stave off signs of aging. His own wife, Jordyn was no longer the lustful, sexual hell-cat she had been back when they were dating. Now that they had 3 kids, the couples sex life seemed non-existent, and besides, Jordyn's body hadn't been the same since the third pregnancy. She had stretchmarks all over her abdomen, her thighs and ass refused to lose the baby weight and her vagina was like a balloon that had had a basketball pulled out of it.

But the rest of these ladies were practically in heat! They were all in their 30s, most of them still-single and feeling like their biological clocks were ticking! He was constantly getting thirsty looks from these women or subtle flirtatious encounters, the occasional "oh I lost my balance and fell into your lap..." or bending down in front of him and thrusting their shapely asses towards his face under the pretense of doing 'warm up stretches.'

Rob had even had brief flings with Sofia and Haley, the two youngest women in the class, having hooked up with them on days that Jordyn needed to stay home and watch the kids. Peyton had flashed him a couple lusty looks and kept wiggling her ruby-red manicured toes at him every time he glanced over, inviting a jealous scowl from his wife when he turned back. He'd have to wait until his youngest daughter got chicken pox before he could take his shot with the beautiful desperate actress.

"Okay now bring your hands down in front of your chest in a prayer pose and lean forward stretching that raised leg back and pointing your toes to the back wall until you're balancing in a capital T formation." Kayla instructed. She had been observing the subtle enticing looks between her class members and the

flirtatious gestures they were making toward one another. She sighed remembering how even just a couple years ago she would have been in the mix of that flirtatious game. A lot of the men and even some of the women used to sign up for her yoga class for the explicit motivation of getting her into bed. But that was back when she was in her 20s. Now that she was entering her 40s she found it tougher to compete with these young gorgeous women. At least she had her younger lover Jesse around to still make her feel sexy...

But as she and the class took another deep breath and extended their still fairly athletic bodies the hands at the computer in the office decided to change the master schedule once again. This current yoga session was no longer a Live, Laugh, Lotus class. It was now a Suburban Stretch.

Suburban Stretch: *A moderate stretching and breathing class geared toward men and women in their 40s who would like to get back into shape and regain some of the flexibility they had back in their prime. This class is for the soccer moms and hockey dads out there that want to be able to get through grocery shopping without getting out of breath or rekindle that flame in the bedroom without fear of pulling a hamstring!*

And with the click of the 'save changes' button Kayla's yoga class aged another 12 years.

As Kayla pressed her folded hands together against her chest she felt her boobs soften and slide farther downward. She opened her eyes and saw that her breasts in her sports bra looked leathery and the top of her chest was freckled with noticeable sunspots.

She wobbled on the leg she was balancing on as ripples of cellulite appeared on the back of her thigh and her 52-year-old body lost a bit of strength and coordination. Luckily the aging yoga instructor was able to bring her raised leg back down to steady herself again before she toppled over.

Others in her class weren't as lucky or as graceful. She heard several 'oofs', grunts and plops down onto the mat as the now 40-something class in front of her found that their centers of gravity had shifted or that their middle-aged bodies weren't able to stay balanced for that long. Luckily many of the women

who fell over found that the added cellulite to their once firm tight asses cushioned their falls.

The class all looked at one another in a moment of panic, temporarily aware of the fact that they were supposed to all be over 2 decades younger than they currently appeared to be.

“Oh my god, babe? Is that you?... You look like your mom!” Rob blurted out at the sight of his 46-year-old girlfriend.

Middle-aged Jordyn scoffed back at him.

“You’re the one with the dad-bod!” She gasped poking at her 46-year-old boyfriends doughier physique.

“Damn... how did my ass get so huge?” A 48-year-old Dominique groaned looking at her middle-aged booty in the mirror.

“What the fuck happened to my abs!?” Lindsey, now age 45, cried looking at the soft gut forming around her mid-riff.

Peyton just cupped her sloping tits - her agent and the producers on her Disney show had all cautioned her against getting a boob job too early in her career, since the public loved naturally-perky looking breasts. But now she saw how those same money-makers would lose their gravity defying majesty by the time she was 47 and droop down toward her belly.

“No no no no no, what’s happening?!” She cringed as she tried to heft them back up to where they normally rose high on her chest.

“Is that a gray hair!? I can’t be going gray I’m only 20-years-old!” The now 44-year-old Sofia exclaimed in a throatier voice.

Kayla was also now standing close enough to the mirror in the studio to examine the lines that had appeared on her now a half-century old face. She looked like one of those graying new-agey women that spends her afternoons

in bead stores shopping for supplies to build homemade dream catcher that she pays for by selling homeopathic oils out of the back of her old volvo.

She wondered what Jesse would think of her now that she was old enough to be his mother. But before she could dwell too hard on her now 20-odd year age difference with the guy she had hooked up with that morning, her mind flooded with new memories of her 52 years of life.

Kayla smiled her wrinkling face at her reflection and fixed her sweaty dull blonde hair. She might be a whole generation older than her coworkers here at the gym but she was still one of the best damn yoga instructors this side of the Valley and loved showing how you could still stay flexible and centered well into middle-age. The young trainer's here were such cuties too... especially that Jesse. She smirked and hoped he had a thing for cougars, after all it had been a while now since she had gotten laid...

Jordyn and Rob's arguing about their flabbier, older bodies suddenly shifted into an argument about Rob checking out on one of the female trainers on his way into class. The two former 22-year-olds now argued like a married couple that had been together for over 20 years.

"She's the same age as our daughter, Robert!" Julie insisted as she folded her leathery arms across her saggier chest.

"No she's not! That's a full grown woman out there. Our girls are still in school! Besides! I was just complimenting her on her shirt! I didn't mean anything by it!" Rob insisted, tossing up his own hairy arms to block the hand towel his wife tossed at him.

In their minds, their three daughters were 21, 19 and 17. Jordyn, now long retired from gymnastics to become a stay-at-home mom was in the throws of empty nester syndrome now that her youngest was applying to colleges. Her husband Rob meanwhile was a decade retired from baseball and did some scouting and minor league coaching. Mostly he sat around bars waiting for a REAL baseball fan to recognize him from his time on the 2002 World Championship team.

Jordyn knew she didn't have the body she used to have when she and her hubby first met - something that was painfully clear whenever she had to compete with one of her oldest daughters college roommates for Rob's attention over the holidays, but she thought this suburban stretch class would be a nice way to spend time together in the hopes of regaining some of her former flexibility and spicing things up in the bedroom. She figured this would be a safe place to bring her husband too, after all the gals in this class were all middle-aged teachers or soccer moms like herself, she just hadn't considered that younger sexier women would be prancing around right outside the studio door.

She looked over at her longtime friend Dominique who smirked at the husband with the wandering eyes. As the 48-year-old former Olympic gymnast frowned and shook her head in disapproval at Rob, the creases on her chin and the corner of her mouth bunched.

Dominique was now a full-time gymnastics instructor who had worked with a lot of the young women competing on the national level. Many of these girls (Her own former friends and teammates in reality) she remembered knowing from when they were little girls and helping them grow up into competitive athletes. She was nearly 50 now and had gray streaks in her hair to prove it but it didn't slow her down.

Sofia was in a similar boat. At 44 she no longer had the speed or range of motion to perform ballet professionally. So now she taught dance to at a local prestigious dance studio. She was know for being strict and demanding - the kind of dance teacher that she would have told you she hated, earlier that afternoon when she was still 20. But her mature mind now felt that was the only way to teach discipline to these girls that aspired to go on to do great things. Her petite body stayed relatively thin but her appearance had lost a lot of it's youthful babyface quality making her look a lot more like a stern snooty middle-aged Karen.

Britney now had memories of her own girls being students of Sofia. She was now 47 and believed herself to have a 12 and a 16 year old daughter. Unlike Sofia who tried to maintain her figure into middle-age, Britney had let herself go. You didn't need to be in great shape to be a dance mom! She managed her

daughters recitals and performances and lived vicariously through them, a bit jealous of her older teenagers youth and beauty.

“Okay let’s all take a deep breath and bring our hands together above our heads then lower those hands down to the center of our body...” Kayla informed the middle-aged group.

As Britney brought her flabby arms up above herself she looked down at Haley’s bag that had the national cheerleading association logo on it.

“You know, my oldest is on the cheerleading squad at her high school. I told her just to focus on dance and doing the ribbon twirling for collar guard but she wanted to try out for cheer as well!” Britney mentioned

“All of the popular girls are cheerleaders... at least they were back in *my* day...” 43-year-old Haley replied to the middle-aged mom with a hearty laugh like only women over 40 can pull off.

The former college cheerleader had now gotten her NCA bag last fall for competing in the national competition but now that she was too old to be a cheerleader she believed herself to be a talent scout for her former alma mater. She flew around the country watching high school kids perform tosses and splits and offered the most athletic ones cheerleading scholarships. She also felt a twinge of jealousy and whistfulness when she watched the teens all huddle up, giggling and performing their routines – thinking back to her own heyday of being captain of her squad. But that was a couple decades and a handful of cellulite on her thighs ago...

“Oh I know! My daughter’s very popular at her school. She’s always bringing these cute little hunky boys home. But then I’ll come down to make dinner in an old pair of booty shorts and no bra on while they’re gathered around the kitchen table watching a youtube or whatever and suddenly I’m the popular one!” Britney replied with a mom laugh.

“Stacy’s mom has got it going on...” Sofia chimed in rolling her arms and doing a little corny dance to the song.

The ladies all chuckled amongst themselves as Kayla instructed them to get down into a plank.

“You know, I have a girl named Stacy in my health class and I asked her if her moms got it going on and none of the kids even knew what I was talking about!” 45-year-old Lindsey now chimed in.

The former pro-cheerleader turned high school cheerleading coach now was a full member of the teaching staff becoming a health teacher at the school. Still being attractive for her age, she still caught the eye of many of the older male teachers on staff but now didn't have many crushes from the male students as she remembered getting a few moments ago when she was still a fresh-faced cheerleading coach. Now it was her that pined over some of her 18-year-old student, suggesting they take off their shirts during class and playfully suggesting that she could offer extra credit at her house after school. It was a sad state of affairs for a girl who just this morning could land a date with any member of the Oakland Raiders she wanted.

“I don't get these kids and the things they're into nowadays. It's like they don't have any culture! I told some of my daughters friends that I used to be a back-up dancer for Christina Aguilera and they all looked at me like I had two heads! They had never even *heard* of her! I'm like 'not even from The Voice'? Nothing! But yet they all know who Lil Pup is or whatever the hell he's called.” Britney shared, shaking her head and smirking.

Several of the other women nodded and rolled their eyes in commiseration. Except for 47-year-old Peyton who still tried to keep up with current teen trends to seem like she was younger than she really was. When people asked the nearly 50-year-old blonde her age, after scoffing at the question she would insist that she just turned 32.

“It's Lil' Pump... and I don't know about kids being out of touch, my co-stars are always telling me how much they loved me in my old show 'Tina's Totally Un-fair Life' even though it was almost certainly off the air before they were born. Nowadays teens seek out all the things we loved when we were growing up right off the internet!” Peyton corrected Britney in a haughty voice.

Aging actress Peyton was once again a recurring character on the Disney+ teen show 'Venus Rising' except instead of playing the teenage title character she was now cast as the mother of Venus' teen heart throb love-interest Adonis 'Donny' Papadopolus. Playing 'Mama Papadopolus' might have been awkward seeing as how she had just been filming takes making out with the actor that played Donny last week and now she was filming scenes where she grounds him, but luckily Peyton didn't remember her real age. Instead she was thrilled that she had landed this role (even though she insisted that she wasn't old enough to play the mom of a teenager) as a nod to her own turn as Tina in the old 90s Disney sitcom 'Tina's Totally un-fair Life'.

This was a chance to rekindle her career that had fizzled out in the early '00s. Lately she had mostly been landing cameo roles as 'Annoyed Karen in line at the coffee shop' or the mom in a paper towel commercial, relieved that her paper towels are strong enough to clean up that juice spill - or that one IBS commercial that had played during the superbowl...

She was hoping her recurring roll as Mama Papadopolus would revitalize her career and maybe lead to other recurring rolls as 'the mom' in other shows or maybe even a 'wacky but sexy aunt' stand-out part in something. Her agent had even booked her an audition next week to read for the part of Emma Watson's mother in an upcoming Rom Com. Peyton wasn't realistically old enough to be Emma Watson's mother (Unless it was a teen pregnancy) but the aging blonde was happy to suck it up for the chance to be in a high profile film.

The added irony being that last summer at the teen choice awards a then 22-year-old Peyton had approached the 33-year-old Emma Watson to tell her how much the Harry Potter actress had inspired her growing up. That watching her movies as a kid had been what had inspired Peyton to get into acting in the first place. Now she was up for a chance to play her childhood idols mother!

"Now go ahead and walk back your hands on your mat keeping your feet together and raise those lushious buttocks into the air for Downward Dog..." Kayla called out playfully in a huskier voice.

“Excuse my big butt in your face... I hope it’s not blocking your view of the instructor.” Lindsey turned and apologized, her lined face blushing as she raised her ass up off the ground in her skin-tight yoga pants.

The 45-year-old local high school teacher couldn’t believe that action-hero-celebrity Brad Montero was stretching out his muscular body right behind her! That guy was in Marvel movies and now here he was, with a front row seat to her chunky junk trunk! Wait until the ladies in the teacher’s lounge hear about this on Monday.

“Don’t even worry about it, beautiful.” Brad said graciously. He had to keep his reputation of being a nice, down-to-earth guy in public, after all. Even if he was really wishing that he wasn’t surrounded by flabby wash-up cougars right now.

Because, while Peyton was begging and praying for middle-aged mother roles, Brad was still enjoying an amazing career as an action star and heart-throb right at the edge of 50. In fact, Emma Watson had just been announced at the female lead and love interest for Brad’s next summer blockbuster. So even though at 49 he was 2 years older than Peyton he was seen as a more appropriate romantic pairing for an actress that could play her daughter. And even Emma Watson herself was a bit ‘long in the tooth’ compared to the girls that the nearly 50-year-old Brad dated.

Sure he had begun seriously going bald, he just kept a completely shaved head – and sure his physique was getting a bit doughier than it had been 20 or even 10 years ago, that could all be fixed digitally or hidden by his costumes. He had that natural gritty tough guy look and could still growl one-liners and throw a punch with the best of them!

“Oooo ‘beautiful’! Did you hear that Sofia? He called her ‘beautiful’! Throw some of that sunshine over this way handsome... or better yet, don’t! I take yoga to lower my heart beat, not raise it!” Dominique joked with a matronly cackle as she arched her back and looked over toward Brad.

“Did you see those young hunks at the front desk when we came in, girlfriend? I might not have any kids like some of you other ladies but those boys can call

me ‘mommy’ any time they like!” Sofia called out causing the other ladies in the class to laugh.

In reality, a few minutes ago when Sofia had checked in to the gym as a 20-year-old dancer the two guys at the desk had flirted with her heavily and she had blown them off. But now that she had aged into a cougar twice their age she was hungry to show them what a mature latina dance teacher could teach them.

“Well, if we’re going to keep up with all of these hot young studs then we’re going to have to keep flexible... isn’t that right ladies? Now slowly walk your hands back down your mat into a forward fold and slowly raise your body back up one vertebrae at a time...” Kayla instructed the class of middle-aged men and women.

But as the class followed her instructions, the mystery person in the office began to edit the master calendar once again, changing their class from “Suburban Stretch” into a “Hot Flash Yoga” class.

Hot Flash Yoga: A beginner level yoga course for menopausal women and the men who love them. This course specializes in stretching to combat water retention and weight gain common when one reaches a certain age; balance to counteract vertigo and dizziness; and meditation to center yourselves as your hormones get out of whack. The perfect course for women in their late 50s and early 60s looking to sweat together through the change!

And with another click of the mouse on the main office computer, Kayla and her class all suddenly aged another dozen year into late middle-age. As Kayla pressed her head down into her chest to roll her body back up to a standing position she felt the skin under her jawline punch into a slight double chin. She opened her eyes and saw that her breasts in her top looked less shapely and more droopy and they sunk further down her 64-year-old body.

She looked around the room at the rest of the class but found everything appeared fuzzier, as if she needed glasses. But she could hear the groans and achey grumbles of her attendees as they slowly lifted their aging bodies back up to a standing position.

“Ooooh my poor aching back...” A now 55-year-old Haley, who was the youngest person in the room groaned in a throaty older voice.

And like the name of the class promised – that’s when they hot flashes began to sweep across the yoga studio.

To be continued...