

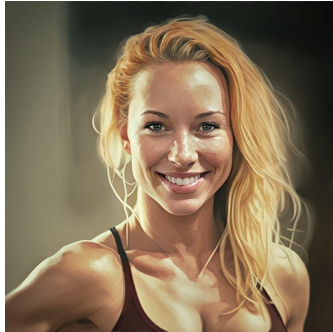
# From Bendy to Brittle

## Part 3: Relaxed Retirees

By ChronoEclipse

### Dramatis Personae:

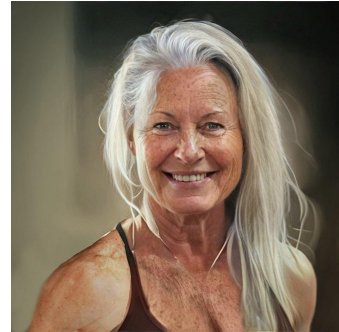
Kayla, 28, Yoga Instructor



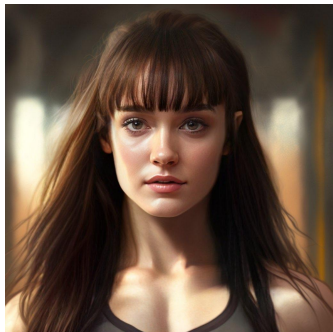
Kayla, 52, Yoga Instructor



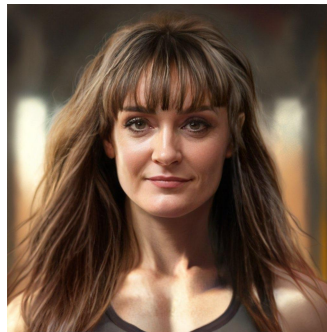
Kayla, 76, Seasoned Yogi



Jordyn, 22, Gymnast



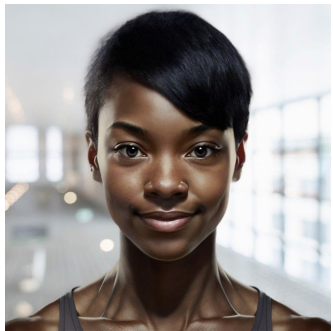
Jordyn, 46, Empty-Nester



Jordyn, 70, Gymnastics  
Grandma



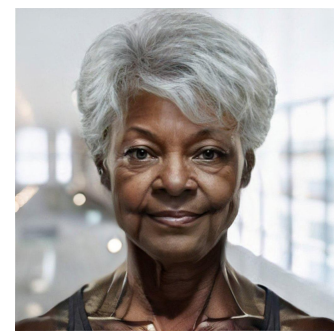
Dominique, 24, Gymnast



Dominique, 24,  
Gymnastics Instructor



Dominique, 72,  
Gymnastics Foundation  
Board Member



Sofia, 20, Ballet Dancer



Sofia, 44, Dance Teacher



Sofia, 68, Well-Seasoned Dance Teacher



Britney, 23, Hip-Hop dancer



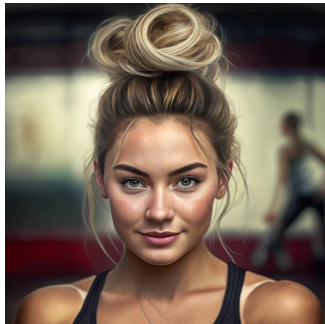
Britney, 47, Dance Mom



Britney, 71, Dance Grandma



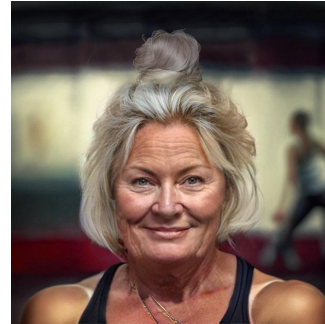
Lindsey, 21, Pro-Cheerleader



Lindsey, 45, HS Cheerleading Coach



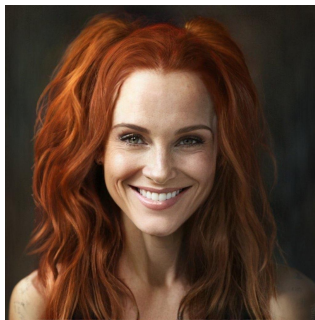
Lindsey, 69, Retired Gym Teacher



Haley, 19,  
College Cheerleader



Haley, 43,  
College Talent Scout



Haley, 67,  
College Sorority Den Mother



Peyton, 23,  
Actress (Ingenuae roles)



Peyton, 47,  
Actress (Mom roles)



Peyton, 71,  
Actress (Grandma roles)



Not pictured:

Rob, 22, Baseball prospect and Jordyn's boyfriend / Rob, 46, Retired baseball player and Jordyn's husband / Rob, 70, Retired baseball player and Jordyn's Husband

Brad, 25, Kickboxer and aspiring actor / Brad, 49, Action hero movie star / Brad, 73, Actor (Aging Action Hero Roles)

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“Ooooh my poor aching back!” 55-year-old Haley groaned in a husky voice as the formerly teenage cheerleader slowly raised herself back up to a standing position.

In fact the studio was a symphony of joints popping and bones crackling as the once youthful yoga class now found themselves all in their 50s/early 60s.

Several of the women began to pant and fan themselves as menopause hit them like a freight train.

“Ew I’m sweating like a pig! I never sweat this much! What the hell?” A 56-year-old Sofia grunted as she felt the perspiration pour down her lined face and down under her flabby arms.

Damp U’s of sweat stains were forming in the middle of many of the matronly women’s tops where sweat was pooling from under their sagging breasts. A 59-year-old Britney tugged at her tank top trying to air herself out and gasped at the freckled funbags she caught sight of hanging from her chest.

“WTF! What’s wrong with my tits! They’re huge and saggy... what’s going on?” She exclaimed pressing her veiny hands against her chest trying to squeeze them back to their original size and shape.

“I’m fat! How the fuck did I suddenly get so fat!?!... and...and bloated!” 57-year-old Lindsey screamed, her jaw dropping as she clenched her fluffy gut with both of her hands.

Dominique was backing herself up toward the mirror shaking her head as she looked around the room at the matronly women around her freaking out over their sudden 36 years of aging.

“Nope! Nuh-uh! I am not playing around with whatever this shit is - do NOT try and replace all my young friends with a bunch of old crusty white Karens to joke on me!” She insisted feeling hot and light headed as she bumped up against the wall and felt her much larger 60-year-old ass smooch against it.

Dominique turned around and gasped in shock at the graying older black woman staring back at her.

Peyton and Brad meanwhile began laughing at the sight of one another. Peyton’s 59-year-old face looked like it was in sad need of a face lift and her leathery skin looked pale. Even her blonder hair seemed highlighted with some light gray. While Brad’s muscular physique had grown soft and doughy at 61 and his once handsome face was looking puffy and haggard. It wasn’t until

they both questioned why the other one was laughing that they realized they they too were older. Both actors panicked as the 59-year-old woman felt her wrinkling cheeks and the 61-year-old man felt the top of his bald head. Peyton's lined face began to blush crimson as she realized that her cackling at Brad had caused her menopausal bladder to pee a little.

"Babe! Babe! It's sooo hot in here... I feel like I'm dying!" Jordyn, now a 58-year-old woman gasped in a throaty voice to her 58-year-old boyfriend Rob.

"Oh my god! Jordyn? Is that you? You look like your mom - OLDER than your mom even!" Rob exclaimed as he stared at his graying menopausal girlfriend.

She looked up at him with confused, crows-feet-laden eyes as she reached out a leathery arm and clasped his shoulder, her bingo wing flapping as she leaned forward and groaned from the intensity of her hot flash.

"What are you talking about babe... ugh I feel like I'm going to pass out... wait why do my feet look so veiny?" She asked as she wiped some sweat from her lined forehead and reached down to touch the wrinkled leathery top of her aging foot.

Her aging back protested her bending down that quickly and she straightened up again to look Rob in the face as the older man was busy staring at the wide sagging dump truck ass his grandmotherly girlfriend now possessed.

"Wait - why do you have a gray beard? Who are you? You're not my boyfriend..." Jordyn gasped through heavy breaths as she backed away from the older middle-aged man.

Kayla had stayed uncharacteristically quiet throughout this menopausal chaos. She had an idea of what was going on but felt that there was no sense in panicking everyone. She leaned in close to get a better look at the wrinkles forming on her aging face and the grays beginning to work their way through her blond mane.

She was old enough to be Jesse's grandmother now. When she pictured herself at this age she had imagined that she had married some rich guy and wasn't working anymore, instead she was traveling around the world with her much younger lover who she showered with money as he showered her aging body with sexual attention.

Another mental shift occurred and the class calmed back down. Kayla smiled at her 64-year-old self, brushing some grays out of her lined face.

"Ah well, one more year until I can retire..." She sighed and turned back to the her aging class.

"Damn right I'm not your boyfriend! I'm your husband! Been that way for the past 30-some-odd years!" Rob said gruffly.

Jordyn gave the bearded man a smile with her pretty aging face.

"Sorry dear... menopause brain." She said as she made a silly face and leaned in to give her husband a sweaty hug.

The once young couple now believed themselves to be the parents of women older than their original ages and the grandparents of a half dozen grandkids ages 2 - 10.

In fact Jordyn was wondering why she had opted to wear such a revealing brightly-colored tank top to the gym today instead of her normal baggy t-shirt that hid her flabby upper arms and proclaimed her as 'World's Proudest Grandma'.

"Ay I need some more water. I'm burning up." Sofia panted as she brought the bottom of her too-small workout top up to dab at some of the sweat on her lined face.

The once petite ballerina now plodded across the room as a husky matron over to her bag where she pulled out another water bottle. The 56-year-old dance teacher felt a little hypocritical interrupting class to go get more water since she recalled this past week going on a rant about her entitled Gen-Z dance

students always begging for breaks that the stern older woman refused to give them.

But many of the other women nodded in agreement at the breather, fanning themselves and catching their breath as they themselves took a water break.

Lindsey, the woman who had left her figure go the most out of the group, bent down over her bag with a groan causing her dainty pink yoga shorts to stretch and tear a bit at the seam under the girth of her large chunky ass.

\*Frrp.\* A small fart escaped her 57-year-old butt.

“Oh excuse me.” She grunted, her chuppy wrinkled cheeks blushing red.

Lindsey no longer thought of herself as a high school cheerleading coach. She was too old and out of shape to keep up with all of those perky teenage girls. (In fact, she now believed that the schools current cheer coach had actually been one of her former students a couple decades ago.)

Now Lindsey at 57-years-of-age had fallen into the role of high school gym teacher. A job where she could stand around in comfy sweat pants and a polo shirt and blow a whistle while kids played dodgeball. None of the boys at school had any fantasies about her unless their specific kink was overweight MILFs and she even struggled getting dates with men her own age (or rather, the men who had been old enough to be her dad at the start of the day). For a girl who just yesterday had been able getting rich celebrities slipping into her DMs, she was now on the verge of becoming a lonely, desperate spinster.

“It’s okay ladies. Take your time. ‘The Change’ can be an intense and spiritual experience. Lean in to the sweating and the shortness of breath. The heat just makes this more of a Bikram Yoga class...” Kayla said in a soothing voice, that was a little raspier and getting a bit of a rattle to it now that she was in her 60s.

Some of the ladies chuckled softly like a group of moms who just heard a cute joke at a tupperware party. Kayla demonstrated the next pose – a tree pose with her hand pressed together above her graying head and her veiny foot lifted up and pressed against the inside of her dimpled thigh.

“You can call this class whatever you like if it helps tighten my thighs and ass back up! My divorce just finalized and mama needs to find herself a new boytoy!” 60-year-old Dominique joked as she attempted to follow Kayla’s direction.

The women chuckled harder and a few even let out ‘woos’ of encouragement for one of their own getting back out there at their age. Dominique had a bit more style and class to her than some of these other frumpy middle-aged women.

She was used to still looking presentable for her age now that she was the head of a youth gymnastics foundation. Of course she was no where near flexible enough to do cartwheels or flips like she did as a gymnast nor even what she could pull off back when she was an instructor. But she still had some moves thanks to yoga classes like this one and had even impressed folks by doing a clumsy sommersalt on the mat at the new gymnastics center they opened last month.

“God job ladies and guys...” Kayla cooed as she looked out at the group of mostly pear-shaped Gen-X women who were struggling to balance on one leg.

Britney found herself wobbling and having to put her veiny leg down a few times to keep from falling over.

“Ugh if my girls were here right now they’d be laughing at their old mom for not being able to keep one stinkin’ simple yoga pose...” The 59-year-old groaned chiding herself.

Like Dominique, Britney now believed herself to be past her teaching years and was now in more of a behind-the-scenes administrative role. Her daughters were grown adults now in their mid to late 20s and so she was putting her energy toward keeping the books for her girls (and her own) old dance company.

“Okay let’s all take a deep breath and lower ourselves down onto the mat again for some kneeling cat/cow...” Kayla instructed her matronly class.



“Oh your daughters? How old are they?” Jordyn asked as she got down on all fours on her mat.

Britney knelt down on the mat next to her, her freckled sagging breasts flopping down in her top swaying between her reddish flabby arms.

“I have a 28-year-old and a 24-year-old. Ones a marketing exec and the others studying to become a lawyer.” Britney said proudly as she rubbed her aching hip.

“Our youngest is 29 and we have five grandbabies!” Jordyn bragged.

“Oooh cute! You’ll have to show me pictures.... Yeah my youngest is still at an age where she does all of those tik-tok dances and tries to get me to join so she can embarrass me in front of all her internet friends going ‘look how old and lame my mom is!’” Britney said snorting a laugh.

“Oh I don’t trust all of that social media stuff! It rots kids brains! Plus I hear China is using it to make kids eat tide pods!” Jordyn whispered sounding like an uninformed old person.

Neither woman realized that they had both had pretty active tiktok accounts only just an hour ago.

Jordyn’s couch-potato, long-retired baseball player husband Rob ripped a loud fart as he moved into the cat pose.

“Robert!” Jordyn hissed sternly.

“C’mon! Sometimes ya can’t help it!” The 58-year-old man with the salt and pepper beard said to his wife with a smirk.

“We’re in public!” The 58-year-old graying woman hissed back in embarrassment.

“Like you never do it! Remember two nights ago when we were trying to... y’know... Don’t sit there and try and tell me you didn’t queef and completely ruin the mood!” Rob shot back in a loud whisper.

Jordyn’s jowly jaw dropped at her husbands accusation.

“I threw my back out trying to get into a suitable position for you!... We aren’t talking about this now! But you better believe we’ll be discussing this at our next marriage counseling session!” Jordyn hissed curtly.

There was some awkward silence in the room as the group all knelt on their hands and knees, lowering their backs from the arched position they were in with various groans and crackles coming from the older crowd.

“You know, I won’t judge social media too harshly. I actually find that its a really effective tool for reaching people. It’s what most kids go to for news these days.” 61-year-old Brad interjected trying to break the awkward tension.

“God help us all!” Sofia groaned rolling her eyes, unaware that she had been one of the young people who got her news from TikTok earlier that day.

“I use my TikTok account to reach this younger generation and give them aspirational goals and words of encouragement!” The aging actor claimed.

“Oh can it Bradley! You’re not young and hip anymore. And we all know you just use your account to hit on girls a third of your age!” 59-year-old Peyton groaned bitterly as she blew some stringy graying blond hair out of her aging face.

The once in-demand young actress was once again at an age where her opportunities seemed to be drying up. She would occasionally get cast as the ‘eccentric older neighbor’ or ‘the wise spinster nanny’ in family films or, if she was lucky she might land a starring role as a woman with early onset alzheimers in a Lifetime original movie.

She was beginning to get fed up with the crappy double-standard and agism in Hollywood and wasn’t going to put up with Brad’s crap. Afterall he was still

enjoying a successful career into his 60s. Sure he was transitioning out of starring roles in big action blockbusters (though he still got to do those sometimes, usually in an installment of one of his old franchises where now he gets to mentor a younger analogue of himself.) But now he had made it to the age of 'dad rolls'. Where as a 61-year-old silver fox (despite being bald) with a still impressive dad-bod he could to play opposite some waifish 30-something in live action disney films where they played the parents of teenagers becoming super heros or archeologists or ninjas or whatever other bullshit that would give Brad the excuse to crack out his dumbest Bing Crosby meets Bruce Willis impression.

It incensed Peyton that Brad - a man she had played the love interest for a lifetime ago, who was 2 years OLDER than her was deemed young and virile enough to play a father to a young family while she was deemed too old to even play the mother of kids in college.

“He has a point though... some of my students convinced me to start using social media to reach kids on campus and it worked like a charm! Kids really love it! Its just too bad they're glued to their phones all the time! That's why cheerleading programs are so important!” 55-year-old Haley said as she arched herself back into a cat pose.

The former perky cheerleader was now part of the admissions office at UCLA, no longer spending most of her time on a sports field but rather sitting behind a desk with a carpal tunnel sleeve on her swollen wrist.

“Ooof these poses are rough... sitting at a computer all day has made my back so stiff!” The matronly redhead groaned.

The other middle-aged folks in the class all grunted in agreement as they lowered their aching backs once more. Kayla looked out as the class all transition from cat to cow pose and failed to notice the irony that these women, herself included, had themselves transitioned from spritely young kittens into old out-of-shape cows over the course of her class so far and were now looking up at her like a bunch of flabby graying heffers.

“You’re doing great everyone. Now breath out and lower your heads down, raising your buttocks into the air for Downward Facing Dog...” She instructed the class.

Kayla herself was looking forward to retiring soon. She was the oldest person on staff by several decades and just felt like she couldn’t keep up with these younger generations anymore. Sure she was still pretty flexible for her age - she had been practicing yoga all of her life after all - But she didn’t have the energy that she had had 30 years ago.

Unfortunately for Kayla her retirement was getting deferred even further as mysterious hands once again altered the master schedule taking her class from ‘Hot Flash Yoga’ and reediting it into a ‘Relaxed Retiree’ class...

*Relaxed Retiree: A yoga class for beginners with experience! Stay active even after retirement with simple breathing techniques and easy-on-the-joints exercises! Whether you plan on spending all your time gardening or taking a senior cruise this class will keep you going with an active, meditative lifestyle with some energy left over for a visit from the grandkids! Seniors in their 60s and early 70s LOVE this yoga class!*

And with the click of the save button Kayla and her class wrinkled and grayed another decade and some change.

Several of the wrinkly butts being lifted in the air let out toots as the now senior-citizens groaned from age and exhaustion. Many of them were struggling with fuzzier eye sight and fading hearing.

Lindsey experienced the odd sensation of her floppy 69-year-old tits swaying down and slapping her in her wrinkled face as she leaned down with her gray head between her leathery arms.

Peyton gasped at the sight of her wrinkly 71-year-old feet and how yellow her toenails looked. Similarly Sofia was looking down at her aging veiny 68-year-old hands and noticing arthritic joints on her fingers.

71-year-old Britney's long hair was no longer a vibrant red, it was thin and curly and looking like a pink-tinted gray. She reached up and grabbed a handful of it, crying at how old it looked and felt.

72-year-old Dominique meanwhile was trying to figure out why her knees were bothering her and reached down to feel swollen veiny flesh on her leg and recoiled, looking up to see a blurry reflection of herself with a head of snowy white hair.

Haley's 67-year-old hip was beginning to act up - something that the former teenager had never fathomed, and as her aged hand went down to rub it she moved across her belly and felt the wrinkling puffy skin and screamed.

70-year-olds Julie and Rob looked over unable to recognize one another as they both just looked like sad, unattractive old people to one another.

Kayla got up from her downward dog position to see why everyone appeared to be screaming and crying and gasped at the blurry sight of a dozen senior citizens freaking out over their lost youth.

She turned around and was stunned to see a graying puffy-faced 76-year-old staring back at her in the mirror. Her boobs were sagging halfway down her chest and the skin of her cleavage was wrinkled and becoming dotted with liver spots. Her neck was beginning to bunch under her jowly chin and her bonier shoulders rolled forward. The formerly spunky yoga instructor now looked like she needed a cane.

The screaming and wailing behind her stopped and Kayla gave her reflection a warm, wrinkly smile thinking how vibrant she still looked in her mid-70s. She could probably pass for 60! The aged yogi thought to herself proudly.

Kayla could hear the labored breaths of her retirees behind her and turned back to them, watching them all slowly get back up to their feet.

"All right let's re-center ourselves with some calm breathing exercises. I want you all to stretch out your arms as you breath in and then bring them back into yourself as you breath out..." She instructed, her voice growing shakier.

The grey-headed group followed her instructions, wrinkly jiggling arms and veiny old hands stretched out as the 60 and 70-something class took wheezing breaths.

“Oh this is fun! I should teach this to my grandkids. It’s a nice calming exercise AND a good stretch!” 71-year-old Britney rattled sounding impressed.

In her mind she now was the mother of middle-aged daughters who now had girls of their own that were school age so Grandma Britney traveled around the state with them entering her granddaughters into various dance and beauty competition like she had done when she was there age.

“What was that dear?” Dominique asked cupping her fuzzier ear having trouble hearing her classmate.

The 72-year-old former olympian had for some reason forgotten her hearing aid this morning. She would have to go home and get it before she had that gymnastics foundation board meeting that evening. The gray-haired senior was now too old to run the foundation so she graciously accepted a position on the board.

“She said that this is a good exercise to teach children!... Or young people! I always do breathing exercises before a role! It keeps me present and centered.” Peyton rattled loudly to Dominique.

The now 71-year-old actress was at an age where she was relegated to the occasional grandmother roles. Sure she had less competition at her age - many of her contemporaries were retiring but it still wasn’t steady work so she turned her attention to the stage where regional theater seemed more open to casting a woman over 70. She had just finished a run as Gertrude in Hamlet and was in talks to play the title character in Kimbery Akimbo at the Acme Theater in downtown LA.

“Yep yoga’s very helpful when you get to be our age, eh? It keeps me limber since I’m still doing all of my own stunts!” Brad chimed in with a slight wheeze as he patted his wrinkling gut.

The once big action star had now aged to the point of his career where he was getting more cameos or ensemble action parts - usually as the grizzled old former bad-ass that's getting dragged out of retirement for one more chance at glory.

"I'm getting too old for this... stuff." Haley piped up with a slight cackle.

The bald aging actor turned around to look at the wrinkled leathery fading redhead with her graying hair still in two ponytails.

"Huh?" He asked.

"That's your line isn't it? From those movies you did... except you don't say 'stuff', you say the bad word." The 67-year-old prompted.

Brad scratched the back of his wrinkling head.

"Uh yeah I guess that's my line... though I think some other guy said it first." He acknowledged.

"Oh my goodness I'll have to tell the girls in my sorority that I did yoga with a real movie star!" Haley said clapping her wrinkled hands.

"And a star of the stage!" Peyton added flourishing her wrinkled arm grandly.

"Uh sorry... my hearings not great anymore, did you say sorority?" Lindsey asked, raising a gray eyebrow skeptically at the woman who looked to be around her same age.

Haley blushed her wrinkled cheeks and chuckled.

"Oh yeah, no. I'm a den mother of the Sigma Kappa Phi sorority. I call them my girls because I'm like a proud mom to all of them even though they think of me like their big sister!" Haley insisted, even though the girls she was den mother to looked to the 67-year-old as more of their den-granny despite her embarrassing efforts to look and act young.

Lindsey snorted a laugh. She was a retired gym teacher now and was enjoying not spending all her time with young people anymore. Her puffy jowly face was devoid of make-up.

“I don’t know how you do it. I can’t keep up with younger people!” Lindsey chuckled as her saggy body jiggled with each inhale and exhale.

“Oh I know! That’s the whole reason Robert and I even got back to the gym! We’ve got 2 granddaughters in college and 3 in high school and we’re running around to swim meets and soccer practices and youngest grandbabies gymnastics competitions and we’re so dog gone tired at our age we don’t know how much longer we can do it!” Jordyn exclaimed with a sigh, scratching at some wrinkled skin on her pooching belly.

“Heh that might be why you came to the gym but I came down here to see if I could trade you in for a younger model!” Rob said with a wheezy laugh.

Brad smirked and nodded to Rob in solidarity and many of the senior ladies gave both haggard men the hairy eyeball.

Jordyn gently slapped her husbands arm with her bony hand and rolled her eyes.

“Pipe down Robert. None of the girls here want an old man with erectile disfunction.” She teased.

Rob grumbled. Now at 70 the highlight of his year was going down to old-timers day at the ballpark and sighing balls for middle-aged men that grew up watching him play. His aged graying wife was too focused on being an active grandma to their teenage grandkids that she didn’t notice that he didn’t seem to be interested in her sexually anymore. In fact he had no problem getting it up when he was viewing porn or womens volleyball on tv - it was when his 70-year-old wife was standing naked in the bedroom with her wide wrinkly ass sloshing about and her pickle tits swaying that he was softer than icecream on a hot summer day.



“Well if you don’t want him – I’ll take him! I haven’t been laid in over a decade!” Sofia chimed in with a cackle.

The other women chortled with laughter and Jordyn gave the 68-year-old latina a polite smile that didn’t reveal whether she found the comment funny or incensing.

“All right let’s all do our best to bend forward and touch our toes...” Kayla instructed through the laughter as she slowly lowered her 76-year-old body down one vertebrae at a time, reaching for her toes which were beginning to crinkle and become crooked from arthritis.

“I’m just kidding girlfriend. I don’t want to steal your husband. Not when there are so many tasty muscular available men around here...” Sofia added as she bent forward letting her shapeless soft tits flop down as she reached for her own wrinkled feet.

The 68-year-old was one of the few seniors still working. Though all of her students constantly wished that the crusty old bag would retire already. She had a reputation for being too old school and a bit of a relic in terms of dance recitals and instruction. She didn’t care, as long as she was healthy enough to keep plie and perouette she would continue teaching it to the spoiled, undisplained younger generations whether they liked it or not!

“It’s too bad they’re all young enough to be our grandkids!” Lindsey added with a huff and a wheeze struggling to bend too far forward with her wrinkly gut.

Something about hearing that caused Kayla to look up. Outside the window of the class she saw Jesse looking concerned at her. She wasn’t sure what he might be so upset about. He was such a nice young man, always looking out for a old fossil like her – but then she began to get flashes of a memory. Her naked body laying back on a stack of yoga mats with her feet up above her head beckoning Jesse to take her. She shook it off and blushed her wrinkled cheeks. There was no way that could have happened – she wasn’t that flexible or that young anymore and a nice young boy like Jesse would never want to have his

way with a wrinkled old woman like her - she was nearly half a century older than the poor boy!

But still as she looked at him outside of the classroom she couldn't shake the feeling that something was really off...

**TO BE CONCLUDED....**