

Soccer Mama in the Making

For SeriousSentence

By TheSpiralledEye

Nathalie did her best to navigate through the twisting streets of the new city she had found herself in. When she made partner at the firm she had thought the extra money would help ease the stress of her life somewhat. Turns out, being forced to drive cross country to meet with other branches constantly and secure mergers was hardly worth the extra money in her account. She still did it though, there were more promotions in her future if she did. She was only twenty five but she had big dreams, she wasn't going to be some nobody stuck at home changing diapers and doing thankless chores for an ungrateful high school sweetheart turned drunk husband. No, she was already a successful business woman and she intended to keep it that way.

Which made it all the more frustrating when, while finishing up her phone conference call, she made a wrong turn and ended up surrounded by fields and minivans. The green grass stretched on, split into several white line fields all surrounded by kids and parents. A banner stretched across the archway to the car park she had just entered and Nathalie grimaced.

'Little Kicks Soccer Finals!'

That explained all the SUVs around; and all the cheap dye on the heads of the women walking between the fields. Nathalie couldn't help but smirk a bit; soccer mom was such a cliché stereotype but it existed for a reason. Did all these women realise they were essentially just wearing variations on the same outfit? There were so many pairs of washed out jeans and yoga pants it could almost double as a tacky fashion show.

Unable to turn around, Nathalie had no choice but to drive into the parking lot to complete the loop before getting back on the road, giving her a full view of the muddy fields and the adults cheering around them. Her eyes locked with one woman in particular; dyed blonde hair, big sunglasses, sagging breasts. She held a small baby in her arms and a toddler napped at her feet while she jumped up and down cheering on somebody named 'Johnny'.

She couldn't have been much older than Nathalie but her children had aged her no doubt; at the very least it would explain why she felt the need to wear so much makeup. Nathalie smiled to herself; that was exactly the life she had chosen to avoid.

She was so busy feeling superior she didn't notice her doom until it was too late. The car lurched as her wheel dipped off the edge of the gravel and sunk into the wet mud at the side of the parking lot. Swearing under her breath Nathalie slammed the vehicle into reverse but only succeeded in spiralling mud all over the side of her gorgeous porsche.

"Fucking hell, really?" She swore, letting the door fly open and stepping out to assess the damage.

That was her second mistake. Immediately her stiletto thin heels sunk into the mud and she shrieked. She had only bought these last week! And for a high price too and now they were ruined! Awkwardly she stepped through the mud, her feet sinking each time until her heels were basically flats, forcing her to tug them out each time. She wobbled, desperate to keep her balance but it was impossible.

"Oh no!"

She put her hands out to try and mitigate the fall but it was no good, she ended up falling face first into the grass and mud; her expensive suit jacket and pencil skirt instantly became cold and wet as the moisture soaked into them.

"Oh ma gawd! You poor thing!"

Suddenly hands were lifting her and she spluttered, desperately trying to wipe the mud from her eyes.

"Ya poor thing." Cooed some hick sounding woman, "come 'ere, let's getcha tidied up, Sammy! Get mama a paper towel from the trunk."

A paper towel? A paper fucking towel?

"Don't touch me you hick!" Nathalie hissed, pulling away, "I'll deal with this!"

"Ain't no need to be rude." The woman said, Nathalie could barely see her through the mud caked to her expensive eyelash extensions.

"Ain't no need to use proper English either, apparently!" Nathalie jeered, copying the woman's thick Minnesotan accent.

Her would be savior huffed, storming away and good riddance. Nathalie wobbled her way to a water fountain and pressed a muck covered hand to the button and splashed water over her face. It was icy cold and made her shiver but at least it got rid of the mud clogging her vision.

Lacking any better options she reached into her soaked pocket and drew out her compact, opening it to help give her a guide as to where to clean. She cleaned her hands first before slowly swiping at her cheek and neck, sighing with relief as the sticky mud washed away.

Then she paused; her nails, there was something off about them. Nathalie always kept her nails short and neat, professional. She paid to have them manicured once a week and glossed into French tips. Yet as she looked at them now, they were bright, neon blue, complete with a little rhinestone at the tip on each finger.

She hated bright nail polish, it was tacky and yet as it gleamed, still wet from the fountain it brought a smile to her face. Yes, she remembered now, she had spent an hour this morning painting them, getting the sheen just right. She had wanted to look her best today, since it was the big day out and all.

She continued to wipe the brown muck away from her dyed blonde roots, happy to see that her hairstyle was still intact. Then again, it took so much hair spray to hold a do like this in place that really shouldn't have surprised her.

With her face cleaned she nodded, already feeling much more herself again. Her clothes though, that was another matter. No amount of freezing cold fountain water was going to help her there. Luckily, she was always prepared. Rushing back across the muddy ground she returned to her SUV and flipped open the boot, sighing in relief to see her spare clothes neatly folded next to the spare diapers and her son's shin guards.

"Every time." She sighed, shaking her head.

He was goalie, yet somehow Vincent seemed incapable of remembering to take his shin guards with him when he went to the pitch. He was so excited to get going every week that he rushed out of the car as soon as she parked it.

She grabbed them, along with her clothing and headed for the toilet block. As she walked she couldn't help but feel a strange niggles in the back of her mind. Hadn't she had a different car when she pulled up? She had run it into the ditch while mocking women who spent their Saturdays surrounded by kids at sports games but...no she couldn't have. She was a loving mother, of course she would come to her sons' games!

Then...how had she ended up covered in mud? Her brow furrowed as she walked over the ground again, spotting bright orange spots in the trampled grass. Oh of course! She had been carrying the orange wedges and tripped! That was how she ended up covered in mud.

Nathalie giggled to herself, the daydream of being some bigshot business woman driving a Porsche suddenly seemed so very silly to her. She jumped over the orange peels, thankful for her trainers keeping the mud from her socks as she ducked into the toilet block to change.

It was such a relief to peel the muddy clothing from her body, especially because the outfit aloof a sudden felt far too tight. What on Earth had she been thinking trying to squeeze into a size 6? She unrolled her jeans and felt much more comfortable feeling the stiff material slide up her thick thighs and rump. Some women hated being bottom heavy but not Nathalie; she loved the way people turned to watch as she walked past. It was part of the reason she always bought the skinny style jeans; so her cleft could still be seen even as the material stretched over her cheeks.

All those skinny bitch moms looked down on her for being more heavy set, she knew it. But the best comeback she had was to not care. She pulled the light, flowing blue shirt over her head, pulling one sleeve down so it became off the shoulder style. Her bouncy breasts hung free beneath the fabric but what other choice did she have? She couldn't wear a wet bra, she'd end up with great circles right on the front of her clean top!

She stepped out of the cubicle and smiled at her reflection; heavy set or not she knew how to rock her body. Quickly she took out her compact once more, reapplying a quick layer of makeup where the water had washed it away. As she bent over the sink she felt something hard pressing into her right butt cheek and she reached for the pocket, delighted to find her favourite bright red lipstick.

"Tha's where you went!" She laughed, letting her thick accent bounce around the cinderblock room, "Finally ah I can look ma best."

She pouted, pursing her lips and applying a thick layer of liberty red back to her lips and smacking them a few times. There, you couldn't even tell she'd had a spill now! She was perfect!

With one final wink at her reflection she turned to leave. Stopping for the briefest of moments to look at the pile of muddy office clothes still sitting in a crumpled heap on the floor. With a shrug she turned and abandoned them; they would probably need some expensive dry clean job anyway. What had she been thinking wearing that here anyway? Or

buying the outfit in the first place? It wasn't like she ever needed clothes like that anyway as a stay at home mother.

She stepped out into the fresh air and took a deep breath, filling her lungs with cool morning air. She could never spend her Saturdays hollid up in some stuffy office when all this existed!

She jangled as she walked, her hoop earrings swayed with her movement as did all her bangles and anklets. She was grateful none of them had been too soiled by the mud. They were all cheap, fake gold and silver of course but still, she did her best to try and make them look real. She pushed her hair into place as a gust of wind threatened to dislodge it and grinned, watching her rhinestones catch the sunlight.

Finally, she arrived at her son's pitch. There he was, her Vincent, seven years old and trying hard not to wince as the ball slammed into his shins.

“Vinnie!” She hollered, “Shin guards!”

The boy blushed, quickly rushing from the goal post to snatch them from her hands before running back. She shook her head, exasperated. One day it would get through that thick skull of his. One day.

“Nathalie, did you get the oranges?” Patricia asked, handing over Nathalie’s sleeping daughter as she did so.

Nathalie cooed at the tiny baby, thankful she was being so well behaved despite the nip in the air.

“Nah, soz girl.” She shrugged, “Took a tumble and lost ‘em.”

“Seriously? You had one job.” Patricia cursed.

“Well, ya welcome to eat ‘em out of the mud.” Nathalie rolled her eyes, “Ah’ll do it again when it’s ma turn.”

“It’s been your turn for three weeks and not once have you actually managed to-”

“Goal!”

Nathalie yelled over Patricia, waving as Vincent's team scored. Patricia just rolled her eyes and walked away and Nathalie smirked watching. Sooner or later they would stop asking her if she messed it up enough times. Cutting enough oranges for the whole team was a pain anyway, all that mattered to her was her little prince and baby. Everybody else's kids could go suck it.