

The Women of the X-Men in:

GEROPHOBIA

PART 4

By ChronoEclipse

The elderly X-Men gummed at their soft food in relative silence, gumming at their dishes and making a lot of the smacking, slurping and numming sounds that old people make when they are eating.

Gina came by their table carrying plates for one of the other diners and Jean's prune juice. Magik watched the elderly waitress hobble along balancing the food on her frail wrinkly arms and scowled.

"I'll show you a senior moment..." Magik grumbled under her breath as she reached out and fired a bolt of hellfire magic at Gina's saggy behind.

The old woman yelped and tumbled forward tossing the plates of soft pureed foods into the air and spilling the glass of prune juice down the front of her uniform. The plates and bowls of apple sauce and puddings soared across the diner and landed on the laps of a group of cranky old ladies who had until recently been the mean girls of the local high school.

"Watch where you're walking - spazz!" One of the old ladies hissed.

The aged popular girl chucked a stewed prune in the direction of Gina but the poor waitress was slow to get up from her tumble so instead it sailed over her head and hit the back of an elderly former construction worker.

The white-bearded old men at that table began to hurl buttered bread back at the elderly high schoolers and soon food was flying every which way.

Storm was smacked in the side of her wrinkly cheek with a dollop of tapioca and the weather witch peered around the room to see who had thrown it.

“This is unacceptable behavior! Stop acting like such children! In my day food only went in our mouths! I have seen starving villages and would never waste such scrumptious food in this manner! I remember a time... or how many years ago was it now? I was 6... or was it 7?... Well, to tell you that story I will need to tell you another one first-” Storm began to rant.

She was interrupted by a steamed yam slapping onto her face. Storm wiped the orange mush from her eyes and looked across the way to see Shadowcat giggling with her wrinkled hands wrapped around two more yams.

“Kitty!” Storm blustered incredulously.

Then the weather-controlling mutant dipped her own hands into the side of mushy peas that came with her meatloaf and tossed it back at Kitty Pryde. However, Kitty phased just in time and the peas traveled through her and hit the old people in the booth behind her.

Shadowcat giggled and tossed her yams at X-23 and Magik who tossed some of their food back at her only to have her phase again and for the food to hit other patrons and staff.

Soon all of the X-ladies were engrossed in a serious food fight with the rest of the diner that covered everyone in mashed potatoes; gravy; diced liver and various flavors of jello. The food fight only stopped because the elderly people in the diner ran out of energy to throw things and then forgot what they were doing due to senility.

Food was dripping from everywhere and everyone. The X-ladies looked around at one another and how sloppy and disheveled they were now that they had food and sauces on their clothes and in their gray hair.

“By the goddess...” Storm moaned.

“We’re filthy! Oh this won’t do at all!” Jean Grey said shaking her head and making chittering noises.

X-23 began to lick the food off of Magik’s wrinkly neck.

“Ah think we could all use a good shower! Maybe give the boys down at the local spa a fun show...” Rogue said with a wink of her sunken eye.

“Bath time!” Kitty mumbled serenely.

“Yes. Indeed it is Kitty. LET THE RAINS – COME FORTH!!” Storm bellowed.

A dark storm cloud formed along the ceiling of the diner and withing moments a deluge of rain poured down all over everything, soaking everyone inside.

When the rains parted all of the elderly diners wiped the water from their faces and rubbed their wrinkled arms shivering from the cold. Those that still had teeth were chattering fiercely from the chilly dampness.

“Storm we’re all cold and wet now!” Jean shivered.

“Not to worry Marvel Girl – I CALL UPON THE WINDS!!!” Storm cried.

Gusts of hot air blew through the diner knocking everything toward the back wall like someone had aimed the worlds largest hair dryer through the door of the place. All of the old people were jossled around or knocked onto their wrinkly keisters by the wind.

When it settled the old people all slowly attempted to stand, groaning and disoriented. All of their wispy white hair was standing on end from the blow out and their clothes were all in disarray.

The diners and staff all looked like they had just made it through a war zone and were all glaring at the X-ladies – especially Storm. Gina scowled her wrinkly face at the group and pointed to the door.

“Oh but we haven’t paid ya’ll yet. Let me get mah change purse...” Rogue rattled and pulled out a mall change pouch and began to count out nickels on the table. “One... two... three... four...”

“Go!!” Gina and the other staff shouted.

The mutants climbed out of their booth as quickly as they could manage and shuffled out of the diner.

“I didn’t even get to try the prune juice...” Jean lamented sadly.

“Who even started it?” X-23 asked, forgetting.

“Beats me – probably some punk kids!” Magik snarled in a cranky tone.

“Ah haven’t been kicked out of a diner in a crocodiles age!” Rogue said putting her hands on her puffy hips.

“Next time we should choose an establishment that is not so chaotic! Where did all that water come from?” Storm asked trying to pat down her frizzy white hair.

“We’re all messy!” Kitty observed gleefully. She slipped a gnarled finger across a bit of chocolate pudding that was still stuck in Jean Gray’s wrinkly cleavage and scooped it up and stuck it into her toothless mouth with a giggle before skipping down the sideway humming to herself.

Back at the park Gera was gleefully sitting on a throne of elderly men and women – specifically the former Mayor and his staff. The old man with the long bushy white beard groaned as his back creaked under the weight of the young villainess’ deriere.

“Oh quite you! I’m very light!” She snapped at him as she stared at herself in a handheld mirror, admiring a necklace around her neck that had been ‘donated’ by one of the townspeople.

“But I’m very... weak... my back can’t handle much more...” The mayor rasped.

Gera rolled her eyes.

“Ugh fine – you can have a break for a few minutes and go take a nap old man.” The young woman said and then scanned around the other old people around

her – finally settling on a plump stocky granny. “You there! You were one of the Mayors young aides right? You’ve aged into a pretty thick, sturdy looking old dame. Come be my new seat cushion.” Gera ordered.

The young mutant motioned for the plump old lady to come lay down on her back behind Gera. Then the villianess sat herself smuggly down on the woman’s sagging breasts and bulging belly. Gera then turned her attention back to the line of geezers who were holding cash and valuables to give to her.

“All right whose next? Remember, for every \$1000 I get I’ll consider making you a whole month younger! And if I don’t? Well... you’re all eligible for social security now anyway!” Gera announced to them with a cackle.

A bald old man shuffles up and drops several stacks of cash down on the table in front of the young mutant. Geras face lights up at the payday.

“Nice! This is a good haul... 60,000... 61,000... 62,000... what were you a hedge fund manager or something before I forcibly retired you? This might even be enough cash to put some hair back on your head, cueball!” Gera laughed happily as she shoved the stacks into a bag.

“Th-thank you mistress...” The old man quavered as he hobbled away.

“What do you got for me granny? Enough to inflate those flat boobies back up? Enough to get your teeth back?” Gera taunted the old woman who was next in line.

The old woman set down a jewelry box and a small stack of cash.

“Mmm this doesn’t look like enough to lift a single wrinkle, i’m sorry to say.” Gera said, frowning at the modest haul.

The old woman nodded sadly and shuffled away as Gera caught something glittery on her and held her hand up to stop her.

“Hup hup hup! Where are you going? I said I wanted *all* the jewelry there Betty White. What’s that on your hand?” Gera said pointing at the diamond ring on the old woman’s gnarled finger.

The old woman looked down at it and wet her lips trying to remember and then had a moment of clarity.

“Th-this? This is my engagement ring... my fiance... had just proposed to me... last week...I think...” The elderly woman explained slowly.

Gera smirked and held out her hand for the ring.

“Well you’re way too old to get married now. Go find your decrepit senile fiance and tell him to go get you a golden wedding anniversary present.” The villainess demanded.

The old woman slipped the ring off of her shaky hand and reluctantly handed it over to the young mutant and then shuffled off.

“Next!” Gera screamed happily.

A frail elderly woman with long grey hair tossed down a few loose bills, some spare change and an old cell phone.

“What’s this? Where are all of your valuables, you old bag?” The young mutant snapped at the aged person in front of her.

The gray-haired woman shook her head and shrugged nervously.

“I don’t remember...” The old woman quavered.

Gera folded her arms and gritted her teeth, glaring at the elderly woman in front of her.

“Think quick granny because this is simply unexceptable.” The villainess warned.

The old woman tapped her wrinkled chin that was growing a few coarse hairs from a mole on it.

“I... lets see... I was younger... I didn’t make a lot of money... because I was... studying... yes that’s it... I had no money because I was in school... wasn’t I?” The wizened old woman said, unsure.

Gera sighed and rolled her eyes.

“You were a poor college student before I aged you? That’s your excuse? Well, like I said this is unexceptable and now I need to set an example of you.” Gera said coldly.

“Wh-what?” The old woman asked nervously.

“You heard me, you deaf old crone. I need to show the rest of the town that they can’t skimp out on giving me what I’m owed... and honestly I’ve been kind of wanting to test the limits of my abilities anyway... I mean - I know I can make you all old. But how old? I don’t want to accidentally aged everyone to the point that they keel over. That would be so boring! So I’m really curious to see how far I can go before you become a pile of dust!” Gera explained with a giggle.

The old woman shook her head, her sunken eyes growing wide as she stumbled back away from the young mutant. But she was too slow at her current age.

“I bet 90 is fine...” Gera said as she held her hands out in the old woman’s direction.

Energy pulsed out of Gera’s hands like heat from a microwave, aging the elderly woman further. Wrinkles multiplied on her face and her gray hair turned white as her arms and legs grew thinner and bonier and her back hunched more.

“How about 100?” Gera asked pointing her hands at the old woman again.

The former college girl's face grew incredibly shrivled, dark liverspots dotted her skin and her white hair began to thin. Her teeth disappeared from her mouth causing her lips to tuck around her gums. Her legs shook and she needed to grasp the nearby table to remain standing.

"Someone bring this biddy a wheelchair because we're going up to 110!" Gera called.

An elderly attendant dutifully wheeled over a chair for the aging college coed to collapse into. She shrivled further until she was just wrinkled skin clinging to bone. Her eyes glazed over with cataracts and her turkey waddle neck hung down loose in front of her.

"Dare I go to 120? Yes I dare!" Gera said with a laugh and pointed her hands at the ancient woman in the wheelchair.

The woman's hair began to fall from her wrinkly head revealing her liver-spotted scalp, more hairy moles appeared on her cheek and chin. Her body curled in on itself as she her back stooped terribly. She looked old enough to be the grandparent of all of the other old folks around her - just a frail withered husk of a woman.

"I'll stop there. You're impressively old now. How does it feel?" Gera asked.

The 120-year-old woman mumbled incoherently in a raspy voice, sticking her tongue out of her shriveled mouth hole occasionally and staring off into the distance with her milky white eyes.

"Ah right - you're so old you're probably too deaf and senile to really hold a conversation anymore. Oh well - next!" Gera shouted, sending the wheelchair bound super-centenarian away.

The aged women of the X-Men witnessed this as they stood at the edge of the park a few dozen feet away.

"Did ya'll see that? She turned that woman into a mummy!" Rogue gasped.

Jean Grey shook her head sadly.

“What a shame... that poor woman...” The former redheaded telepath tisked.

“We should do something! She can’t get away with that!” X-23 mumbled attempting to pop her claws but only managing to crack her arthritic knuckles.

“And she’s robbing old people to boot!” Magik pointed out angrily.

“Old people like us now – wheeeeeee!” Kitty rattled with a senile smile as she accidentally wet herself and then phased her incontinent accident onto the grass.

“Kitty? Do we need to find you an adult diaper? You cannot keep phasing your urine onto the ground!... Now there is no shame in having control issues... why I remember a time when–” Storm began to lecture.

“Everyone quite! We were about to do something... heroic I think?” Magik snapped impatiently.

“What’s that dear?” Jean Grey asked, having trouble hearing her friend.

“I... I don’t remember...” Magik mumbled, embarrassed.

“We were going to fight someone I think!” X-23 quavered, wetting her wrinkled lips.

“We were? Are you sure... we were looking over at that young lady over there and then Rogue said–” Magik recalled slowly trying to recollect what they were planning to do.

“Yoga! We were on our way to that senior yoga class in the park ya’ll!” Rogue interjected pointing behind Gera to where a group of aged formly lithe and limber women were stretching on yoga mats.

The other old x-ladies all began to nod their gray heads and murmur in agreement, misremembering that they had all signed up for yoga in the park or

being too embarrassed about 'forgetting about their yoga class' to argue to the contrary.

"Oh yoga? I love yoga! I used to be very good at it... I knew all the poses..." X-23 chirped enthusiastically as she cupped her wrinkled hands over her heart.

TO BE CONTINUED...