

The Women of the X-Men in:

GEROPHOBIA

PART 9

By ChronoEclipse

“Where are we going?” Jean Gray asked scratching her liverspotted, white-haired head.

“Are we going to visit my great grand babies? It’s been so long since ah’ve seen them! They must be so grown up now...” Rogue mumbled.

X-23 sniffed at the scent of old person sweat in the air and led the group of geriatric women down the block.

“We’ve got to get to the... eh... dangerous room... for hero training!” Laura muttered, sounding a bit senile.

The other old ladies all nodded agreeing that that sounded right. The hobbled down the street to the local gym. Inside all of the former gym rats and fitness bunnies had been aged by Geras into frail codgers and shriveled old bats that could barely lift their own legs to walk.

And yet the X-ladies all currently had at least a decade or two on all of these puffy wrinkled old people attempting to do cardio without breaking a hip.

“Come on gals! We have to sharpen our skills if we’re gonna beat... er... beat old what’s-her-name!” X-23 grunted.

“Mesquite?” Rogue suggesting, mistaking the name of her own adopted mother (who now could pass for her granddaughter) for a type of bbq grilling.

Storm nodded, unsure what Rogue said but wanting to look like she was following the conversation.

“How does the danger room work again? We’re gonna be attacked by robots right?” Magik asked stroking some gray hairs on her chin.

“There’s one!” Kitty yelped pointing a shaky hand toward a stack of weights.

The x-ladies hobbled over and began trying to ‘fight’ the weights but couldn’t lift even the lightest one. They weakly shook their fists at the workout equipment and shuffled off absentmindedly.

“Oh no! These vines have got me!” X-23 groaned as she became tangled in a bunch of jump ropes.

She attempted to pop her claws again but only dust came out. Kitty had to phase her through the tangle.

“I’ve fallen and I can’t get up!” Rogue groaned as she flopped off of a medicine ball and her puffy gut bounced and rolled her across the stretch mat.

Jean, who was snoozing nearby woke up momentarily to use her tk to get Rogue back onto her feet and then fell asleep again.

“Don’t worry I’ll take this mean old lady that’s coming at us!” Magik declared hobbling with her walker toward her own reflection.

Storm had somehow managed to hobble herself into the pool area and floated face up down the lap lane with her wrinkly gut and puffy diaper acting as a floatation device.

“They’ve flooded the dangerous room!” Storm warned the rest of her team as she flailed her shriveled arms around trying to get out of the pool.

“We have to work as a superhero team to rescue s...sh...um...that one!” X-23 rattled, forgetting Storms name.

The old women all looked at one another confused and befuddled.

“What?” Magik asked cupping her ears.

“I call on the... the.. Winds!” Storm mumbled from the pool, wetting her lips as an unnaturally strong gust of wind picked her and the water from the pool and dumped it into the main gym effectively flooding it.

Magik took Storms hand and helped her back up to her shaky old feet, handing her back her cane. The old weather-manipulating mutant looked around, wetting her thin lips again.

“Why is it so damp in her? The staff should really keep this place a little nicer... that reminds me of the time... oh let’s see... when was it...” Storm began to ramble.

“All right. That’s enough hero training, gals. Good team work!” X-23 interrupted gruffly.

The other women all nodded, feeling tired. They decided to head on back to the park to take naps on the grass.

“Y’know... that was pretty nifty what you did back there with the water... do you think you could teach me how to do that?” Magik asked Storm as they shuffled through town.

Storm raised a white eyebrow in confusion.

“What water? Something I did?” She asked, completely forgetting.

Jean floated down the sidewalk, half-asleep, being carried by her own TK.

“That’s something too!” Magik mumbled, sounding impressed.

Rogue scratches her gray and white head for a moment trying to remember something.

“Wait ya’ll... I think we all have these far-out powers... and... and I think we all had code names didn’t we?” Rogue muttered in recollection.

“And clothes!” Kitty giggled jiggling her shriveled breasts at her friends.

“No that’s not right...” X-23 shook her head.

“Yeah I think she’s right dear, I think we did have clothing at one point... at least I don’t remember being so cold all of the time!” Magik corrected X-23.

“No but we called them something different...” X-23 mumbled, itching at the saggy dry skin of her belly as they hobbled to the park.

“Costume! We all had costumes... you know, back in my day costumes at halloween were all simple... nowadays all of these costumes... you know one time...” Storm began mumbling through a tangent.

“Costumes! That’s what we had... I wonder what happened to them...” X-23 pondered.

The 5 elderly X-women all eased themselves down onto a nearby bench and began trying to recall what their names, costumes and powers were.

“I think I called myself Magik-Magoo!” Magik insisted.

“Maggie-Magoo?” Storm asked cupping her hand to her ear.

“Magik! MAAAA-JIK!” Magik hollered.

“How do you spell it?” Storm asked.

“M-A-G-I-K! How else would you spell it?” The former blonde woman quavered.

The other grannies nodded, at their friends logic. Most had forgotten how to spell.

“Well MAH name was... uh.... It was somethin’ really intimidatin’.” Rogue mumbled, trying to recall what she went by.

“Oh I remember! You used to have hair like a skunk!” X-23 pointed out shaking a trembling finger at Rogue, whose mane was now just wispy white on white.

Rogue snapped her gnarled fingers and nodded.

“That’s what they called me! The Skunk-Haired Bandit!” Rogue declared with pride.

“Nobody called you that!” Magik snapped in annoyance.

“Well if you’ve got such a good memory Miss Wrinkly-Bottom what was my name?” Rogue challenged her.

Magik tapped on her wrinkled warty chin and tried to wrack her brain for what the code name was.

“Raccoon...? Ragoo? Rauchambo?... Rogue! Your name was Rogue!” Magik declared, suddenly remembering it.

The old ladies all began to chuckle.

“That doesn’t even make sense! What were my powers then? Stealin’ stuff?” Rogue asked with a chuckle.

“My name was Jeans Grey!” Jean piped up, having nodded off for a moment.

“Isn’t that just your name?” X-23 asked.

“No... I went by Jeans Grey because I used to always wear a pair of Grey skinny jeans... it’s been a while since my old puffy legs could fit into a pair now though...” Jean explained with a trembling senile voice.

“What’s your super hero name, dearie?” Rogue asked Kitty who was sitting with a glazed look on her face and her shriveled boob in her tootless mouth like a dog holding a chew toy.

The elderly woman spat out her tit and grinned.

“Kitty!!!” She clapped her wrinkled hands.

“THE Kitty. It sounds more heroic.” Jean corrected.

“And I was ‘Wet Girl’ because when crooks came around I would make them all wet!... Why, there was one time... this group of evil hoodlums came up with their skateboards... all up to no good and I warned them that I would box their ears if they didn’t straighten up...And they all said ‘Oh no, it’s Wet Girl!’...” Storm began to ramble.

“What about your name over there?” Rogue asked X-23 who was drooling and gazing off into the sky.

“Eh? Me... Oh I had a name... It was a funny one. It’s so hard for me to remember. I think there were letter and numbers... some capital letters and lower case one, with maybe a symbol in there as well... I really should have written it down...” X-23 quavered scratching her liver-spotted scalp.

“Sounds like one of those new fangled computer passwords!” Storm grunted, disapprovingly.

“Yeah that’s right... I think it was the same as my password for my AOL e-mail...” X-23 nodded with an excited smile.

She dug her finger in the dirt drawing out the characters as she remembered them.

“X... c...!...3...4...8...p...&.” She rattled.

The old women all nodded proudly to another as they help each other up from the ground, rambling about old half remembered heroic adventures. Once they were all ready the team of – Magik Magoo, The Skunk-Haired Bandit, Jeans Grey, The Kitty, Wet Girl and Xc!348p& began to hobble their way across the park looking for villains to battle.

“Look out evil doers!” Rogue wheezed.

“We’ll fight for whats... oh what was I saying?” Jean Grey mumbled half asleep.

“We’ll make you all wet!” Storm said shaking her bony fist and ironically wetting herself.

“Kitty!” Kitty Pryde yelled happily.

“Oh my old bones... I’ll fight you villains after my nap!” Magik grumbled.

“We’re the heroes you need AND deserve!” X-23 muttered, drooling a bit as she plodded along in her walker.

They shuffled and shambled their way over to where Geras was getting fed grapes by a couple of elderly women. The young evil mutant, tilted her sunglasses and looked at the 6 naked elderly women hearing their mumbling stories and threats as they approached.

“Oh you’re back to being heroes again are you? I thought I had forcibly retired you lot...” Gera smirked, rolling her eyes.

“We’re here to take a bite out of crime!” Rogue rattled.

“With what teeth?” Gera cackled at the old biddies.

“Well then... we’ll gum crime into submission!” X-23 offered.

Gera grinned at the old women, finding their persistence quite entertaining.

“All right, if you’re going to insist on being super heroes, you old bats should at least look the part...” The young mutant nodded.

She waved her hand and suddenly each of the women was holding a walker in the color and print of their most iconic uniforms. Rogue’s was green and yellow while Storms was black with gold trim. Magiks’ appeared to be strapped

with black leather while Kitty's was the dark blue of her old Shadowcat uniform. X-23's was gray and black with red triangles and Jean's was Red and Green in a Phoenix pattern.

"Wow, spiffy..." Rogue admired.

Gera chuckled and flicked her fingers in the direction of the x-women's wrinkly faces causing large horn-rimmed glasses to adorn their faces. Storms were accented with lightning bolts while Jean's had pink bubbly frames that resembled her telekenisis. X-23's frames looked like claws while Rogue's had her iconic white streak. Magick's resembled her Black hair spikes she had recently begun to accessorize while Kitty's looked like the mask she used to wear.

"And the finishing touch..." Gera giggled as she flourished her hand across the women's grey crotches.

Suddenly each of the 6 aged heroes were no longer completely naked. Now they were just mostly naked except for a pair of puffy depends strapped around their wrinkly waists. Each woman's adult diaper was printed with matching color scheme and pattern as their walkers, invoking their former costumes.

"There. Now you're ready to be heroes." Gera said trying to keep a straight face as she stifled a laugh.

The old diapered, bespectacled biddies clutched their walkers and looked around appearing far less intimidating then they had hoped and far less than they had when they were in their primes.

"Well... time to go find villains to fight then... I suppose..." X-23 grunted, looking around in a bit of senile haze.

Gera smirked at them again.

"Oh I think I can help you with that..." She said as she snapped her fingers.

Suddenly a bunch of the aged townspeople around them found their wrinkled old bodies dressed in absurd partial costumes - colorful granny panties and grandpa briefs with helmets and masks invoking old silver age-style henchmen.

TO BE CONTINUED...