

# The Women of the X-Men in:

## **GEROPHOBIA**

### **PART 6**

By ChronoEclipse

Gera sat on the backs of a few of her male victims and watched the whole scene cackling wickedly. She enjoyed watching the elderly x-women bickering with one another like the cranky old biddies that they now were. None seemed to catch on to the fact that they didn't have a stitch of clothing on anymore. Their pendulous breasts and grey crotches dangling out in the open air as they shook their bony old fists at one another.

“They're just a bit too spry still, aren't they?” She asked rhetorically.

She held out her hands in the direction of the aged super heroes and her eyes began to glow.

“If this old bat had watched where she was going then she wouldn't have touched my body and stolen my powers!” Magik grumbled sounding annoyed.

“If anyone tries to cop a feel on my old bones they're gonna get a claw where the sun don't shine!” X-23 quavered.

“Now Laura, no one is trying to cop a feel... let's just all calm down and enjoy this nice day. I wonder what Scott and the boys are up to. This would be a wonderful day to take a nice quiet drive around Westchester...” Jean cooed, romantically imagining herself and Scott as seniors on a peaceful Sunday drive.

“It wasn't me that bumped into you, it was you that bumped into me buttercup! Ya'll gettin' clumsy in your old age. Gol-ly! My sweet little grandbabies cause less chaos than you pack a wrinkled wildabeasts!” Rogue ranted.

“Everyones bumping into one another, no one pays attention anymore. When I was young I could fly across the serengeti without opening my eyes and feel nothing but the wind on my skin...” Storm began to ramble.

“I was young yesterday! So were you! And you! And you! And you! And...” Kitty declared gleefully in a moment of truthful senility.

But as the women continued to rant and bicker their bodies began to age further. The gray and white hair on their head thinned and grew snowy white and wispy, their back hunched forward more. Knees were knocking together and the ladies that had until now still kept their teeth now found their thin shriveled lips tucking around toothless gums as their sunken eyes grew foggy and their bodies grew frailer and even more wrinkled.

Their incredibly aged minds were finding it harder to form coherent thoughts as the centenarian x-women struggled to even stand, thin dangling skin sagging off their bony ancient bodies in folds.

“Maybe if you... uhhh... mebbe... wha was ah saying?” Magik mumbled, wetting the lips of her toothless mouth as she hunched over on trembling legs, tapping a crooked finger on her hairy wrinkled chin.

“Who’s dat? Can ya help a widdle ol’ lady to a comfy chair?” Laura rattled as cataracts formed on her eyes and she began to shuffle around with her shaking hand on her crooked back.

“Anyone seen my... great... great... grandbabies around? They’re supposed to... bring me... to the home... ah’m a great... great... grandma... so old... my grandbabies even have grandbabies uh their own... now...” Rogue rattled slowly looking around for a place to rest her old bones, her imaginary grandkids in her mind had aged up along with her and become grandmothers themselves now that the former superhero was well over 100 years of age.

“Wha? Speak up dearie... izzat Scott over there? Warren? Those nice young boys were supposed to come by and give me my sponge bath...” Jean Grey began to ramble as she trembled and began to involuntarily piss herself.

“A what?” Storm mumbled, drooling a little as she leaned on her bony old friend.

“A sponge bath... I want to be fresh and clean when I see Professor Xavior later... he’s so handsome. But I’m too old for him... he could be mah grandson! Hehe.” The 100-something year old Jean cackled lecherously at her former mentor.

“What was I doing? All of these youngins shuffling about...” Storm rattled waving a weak hand up at the other seniors who all looked young enough to be the x-ladies sons and daughters despite their own advanced ages.

“You calling me Storm?” Laura mumbled.

“What? No... I um... I er, lets see... I call upon the wind!” Storm declared absentmindedly and then released a loud fart from her shriveled baggy ass.

Kitty laid her ancient body on her exercise mat, fumbling with the empty sacks of skin that were once her perky breasts and just made raspberry noises with her tongue and wrinkly lips since she was in a deep state of elderly dementia.

“Where’s muh wheelchair?” Magik asked with a groan as she slowly crumbled onto the ground next to Kitty.

“I need to go back to the home and take a nap...” Rogue mumbled as she flopped down next to her ancient friends and farted herself.

Their mutant powers had all greatly diminished now that they were all on the other side of 100 years of age so as Rogue rested her sagging shriveled nude body against the other old women she was barely absorbing anything other than body heat.

“Where’s my cat?” Laura snapped in confusion as she crawled weakly over to the pile of extremely old mutants.

Jean and Storm joined them already half nodding off and babbling incoherently from their toothless mouths.

“So tired...” “Let me just rest my eyes for a bit...” “Is it time for applesauce?” The X-team members muttered as she cuddled their frail aged bodies together in confusion and exhaustion.

They were all far too old to stand up on their own now. Their once toned athletic legs were now just wrinkled blotchy skin hanging in folds around brittle old bones.

None of the former super heroes had much of their faculties left. As they laid on the ground half sleeping/half mumbling nonsense to themselves, they peed and crapped themselves with no ability or even awareness to stop it.

Even the sharpest among them was a doddering, bumbling senile old biddy with a poor memory, barely able to string a few coherent sentences together. The few clear thoughts that they still possessed were about how they had lived for over a century and were now residents of a nursing home for elderly former heroes somewhere in Westchester New York. They had all completely lost any thought of their mission or Geras or the town they were currently in. It would be a lucky guess if any of the 6 of them were able to say correctly what year it currently was.

The ancient women had no consideration of modesty anymore, nor really any sexual feelings. Their bodies were too old, withered and tired to even consider having sex or being desired sexually. So as they laid in the park naked, pawing at one another with trembling gnarled hands, it was out of their own doddering stupor and a desire to get warmer and more comfortable - without even a thought to how, if they had all been 80-years-younger what they were doing would have been a good start to a really rocking orgy.

Instead they just continued to wet their wrinkled lips, press their wrinkly naked forms together and babble softly until they were all fast asleep snoring in a geriatric heap.

Jean Grey then awoke - not in the physical world but rather in the astral plane. Her psychic self, still young and beautiful, was alert and able to call forth to the minds of her companions for the first time.

“Hello! Kitty? Laura? Storm? Magik? Rogue? Can you hear me?” She cried out mentally into the mindscape of her companions.

“Wha? No need to shout dearie...” The saggy gray mind of Laura called back as her centarian self appeared on the astral plane in front of Jean.

The young telepath covered her mouth in shock and disgust at the over 100-year-old version of her young friend. But just under the wrinkles she could see a twinkle of youthful energy glowing beneath the surface.

“Jean!” A distant echo called from deep inside the elderly woman.

“Laura! Hear me! Follow my psychic presence! Come forth!” Jean called.

The redheaded mutant’s astral projection reached into the shriveled chest of the aged Laura Kinney and grabbed the mental essence of her younger self from within, pulling her out of the dusty senile mind to join Jean here on the astral plane.

“Ahhh! God... that felt like swimming in thick gray oatmeal...” A young mental form of Laura gasped in relief upon being pulled out of her elderly mind.

“Something buried us deep in these senile versions of ourselves. We have to rescue the others!” Jean informed her companion.

The young astral projections searched across the plane for their other teammates.

“I think I’ve found Kitty!” Young Laura called out to Jean as she gestured toward an elderly astral projection who was floating around a foot off of the ground singing to herself and falling asleep intermittently.

“Lalalala ZZZZ lalala ZZZzz...” The aged Kitty rattled, slumping in and out of sleep.

Laura reached into her form from behind and pulled out the astral projection of Kitty's young self.

"What the - Wait... is that nana Pryde? What is she doing on the astral plane?" The young brunette asked, cringing at the sight of the ghostly old lady.

"That's you. No time to explain, come on just help me find the others." Laura said with a shrug as Kitty gasped at the pathetic form of her elderly self.

"I found Storm!" Jean called to them telepathically.

The elderly black woman was sitting in an astreal rocking chair chattering away to noone in particular.

"In my day they didn't have all of this. We just had simple things... and that's the way we liked it! Nowadays these young ones are always going on about their new things but the new things are never as good as the old things! I remember back when we used to run for miles and-" Storm droned on in a shaky voice.

Young Jean took a deep breath and focused herself before reaching inside of her aged friend and pulling her youngerself out of her astral form. Young Storm breathed a sigh of relief, taking flight once more.

"Ah Jean! I thank you! Being trapped in that decrepit form made me feel so... suffocated." Storm said hugging Jeans astral form.

A storm cloud appeared over her aged self as the elderly black woman continued to rock in the chair.

"My arthritis is acting up... I think there's going to be weather..." The elderly Storm mumbled.

Nearby, Kitty and X-23 had found Rogue and were cringing at the sight of the naked southern granny bent over with her sunken eyes closed, muttering to an unseen boy-toy.

“Well aren’t you handsomer than a prairie dog in a bowtie... Why don’t you cuddle up for a spell and give my old droopy flapjacks a taste while I brag about all my grandbabies...” The elderly mutant cackled.

“Okay I can’t watch another second of this, I’m pulling her out!” X-23 growled.

“Wait! Wait! I kind of wanna findout who Rogue’s fantasizing about when she’s an old lady!” Kitty protested.

Laura rolled her eyes and stomped forward, cringing in discomfort as she inserted her arm up the rear of the elderly woman’s astral projection, pulling the aged Rogue out of her own metaphysical aged ass.

“Wha? Where am ah? What’re we all doin’ here?” Rogue asked and then turned around to gasp at the flabby granny behind her.

“...Or maybe ya’ll wanna get a good squeeze of mah ol’ saggin’ belly-knockers here... huh whippersnapper? Do ya? Now that mah powers are weak you can touch me anyway you like...” The elderly Rogue purred shaking her saggy loose body.

Young Rogue looked physically ill as she stuck out her tongue in disgust.

“Okay ya’ll. Nobody saw this and we’ll never speak of it again...” She insisted, pulling X-23 and Kitty into a huddle.

“I just want to know who the boy you’re dreaming about is-” Kitty interjected.

“Never. Again.” Rogue said sternly.

“Ladies! We found Magik but her aged self is proving a challenge... we need you to come help...” Jean shouted into their heads.

The astral forms of Kitty, Laura and Rogue quickly flew off in the direction of the psychic signal leaving the projections of their elderly selves behind.

When they reached Storm and Rogue they found themselves in a manifestation of the Xavier Mansion with fire pits blasting up from the ground and a big 'No Solicitations! No Trespassing!' Sign on the door. On the porch stood the astral projection of Magik dressed with curlers in her white hair and fuzzy slippers with a magic shotgun under her bony arm.

"You damn kids! Get off my lawn!!!" The aged mutant screamed.

"Her crankiness is feeding into her form here on the astral plane making her more powerful by the second!" Jean warned.

"What do we do? She's at peak grumpy old lady mode!" Kitty asked in a panic thinking about how her best friend who she used to read bedtime stories to as a tween was now looking like Granny Clampett from the Beverly Hillbillies and as mean as the old biddy that used to live next door when Kitty was a kid.

"Kitty, you and Rogue cause a distraction while Storm and I hold her off and X-23, you sneak around and catch her by surprise. Once her true self is separated she'll pose no threat to us." Jean explained.

The X-Men sprung into action - Jean and Storm flew up above the astral lawn of the mansion, using Jean's psychic abilities and Storm's winds to hold by the energy Cranky old Illyana was unleashing.

Meanwhile Kitty and Rogue had made their way up to the entrance where Magik was standing. They weren't sure how to distract the old bat so they decided to improvise.

"Woah cool garden... bet we can totally hang out and party with all our teenage friends and smoke reefer..." Kitty said, affecting her best stoner-teen voice.

"Uh... yeah ya'll! And like, make fun of smelly old people! They're so wrinkly and slow!" Rogue added.

"Damn kids!" Magik grumbled and aimed her psychic shot gun at the pair and fired.



Kitty quickly grabbed Rogued and phased so that the blast went straight through them.

“It’s working! Um... Yeah old ladies totally smell bad! And... and are boring! We should steal this old hags medicine!” Kitty said as she spotted X-23 sneaking up behind Magik.

The old woman shook her gnarled fist in the air and raised the shotgun.

“If any of you young punks takes even a step closer to my medications I’ll send every last one of you delinquents to Limbo!!!” Magik bellowed angrily.

As she did so, X-23 reached up into her from the back and ripped out her younger self’s astral projection. The Russian Blonde girl brushed herself off and shook her head.

“Woo - looks like granny hasn’t had her coffee yet...” Young Magik joked with a smirk.

The mansion and the grounds vanished around them and Illyana’s older self stood there ranting to thin air. The 6 young forms of the X-men gathered together to catch up on what was happening.

“So while we were gathering all of our younger selves I used my telepathy to scan our minds and see what occurred in the time since we arrived. As we feared - out in the physical world our bodies and minds have been grotesquely aged into the figures that you’ve all witnessed. We are frail and decrepit, our powers waning or barely functional and worst of all - we have gone senile and have little to no sense of what has happened to us or even that we need to fix it.” Jean explained.

“You mean that we’ve been turned into old ladies and we don’t even remember that we’re supposed to be young?” Magik asked in horror.

“If the six of us hadn’t fallen into a deep sleep I wouldn’t have even been able to gather us to have this conversation.” Jean said gravely.

“So when we wake up...” X-23 surmised.

“Yes when we awaken we will all go back to being old and senile.” Jean confirmed.

“Then how do we fix this? Can telepathically reach out to Scott or Psylocke or someone! I can literally feel myself just peeing my panties as we speak!” Kitty groaned.

Jean shook her head.

“Unfortunately because my physical body is so aged and my mind so addled I don’t have the telepathic range that I normally do in my prime. I can’t reach anyone outside of the city limits and believe me... none of them are any help.” Jean explained.

“We must do something. If this new mutant Gera is allowed to continue unchecked who knows the damage she could cause!” Storm moaned.

“Yes the stakes of this go beyond the group of us getting our youth and vitality back... if we don’t find a way to stop Gera and soon, we are looking at a reality where every other person on earth would be over the age of 65.” Jean stated ominously.

“Gol-ly! Restaurants would go out a’ business from givin’ away all of those senior discounts...” Rogue gasped.

“So what’s our plan, because I’m not spending the rest of my life needing dentures!” Magik said focusing the group.

“We could all wake up at any second and I have no way of knowing when or if my telepathic signal can reach someone young enough to help us... our best hope is for me to do what I can to keep our young selves close to the surface of our senile minds - they will still be burried and our elderly minds will still be driving us, but maybe if our true young selves aren’t buried as deeply we can influence a bit of our aged selves actions or at least try to remind our older selves of the superheroes that we used to be!” Jean offered.

Before anyone could respond they all suddenly vanished one by one in a puff of astral smoke.

**TO BE CONTINUED...**