

The Women of the X-Men in:

GEROPHOBIA

PART 8

By ChronoEclipse

Once all of the x-women were finally done, Jean lifted them all up out of their tubs with her telekenesis and set them down gently on their feet. The naked centenarians stood hunched over and dripping wet in the middle of the bathroom.

“I shall call down the winds to dry our old tired bones!” Storm declared.

She lifted her frail arms in the air but nothing happened. She scrunched her wrinkled old face in intense concentration trying to wield her powers over the weather.

“Ughhhhhhh!” She grunted straining her exhausted old body to conjure up a gust of wind.

Instead she just managed to rip a loud burst of flatulence out of her wide wrinkled old butt.

Kitty giggled.

“There’s drying fans on the other side of the room...” X-23 suggested squinting and pointing a crooked finger at the Dyson machines.

“How are we going to get all the way over there? Jean’s asleep...” Rogue pointed out as the former red head nodded off in a standing position.

“Oh fine I’ll do it...” Magik grumbled as she opened a teleportation portal to the other side of the room and her and her elderly friends passed through it crossing the room in barely one shuffling step.

Soon the decrepit naked women were standing in front of the machine blowing warm air on them with enough force to cause their loose wrinkly folds to billow behind them like flags in a stiff breeze.

X-23 lifted her bony arms up letting her white arm pit hair dry out as well as did Rogue and Kitty with their patches of scraggly gray pubes.

Once the old women were properly clean and dry they hobbled around for a few moments in a bit of disoriented confusion. They shuffled into one another and glanced around trying to remember where they were and what they were doing.

“Let’s... get...some... dentures!” Jean rattled suddenly as if it was a stirring rally cry.

The other women nodded and mumbled as she lifted them again in her telekenesis and they floated through the hallway naked once more looking for the supply closet.

Upon finding it the elderly x-women attempted to open the door only to find that it was locked.

“It’s locked... does anyone have a key?” Rogue asked jiggling the handle again.

“Where would we be keeping a spare key to the closet? In our hoo-has? We’re all in our birthday suits!” Magik snapped in a cranky voice.

“Well... Kitty kept all of those sweets in her wrinkled folds... so I thought maybe...” Rogue pointed out sensibly.

“Don’t worry, I’ve got this!” X-23 quavered confidently as she steadied her shrunken aged body and squared her slumped shoulders with the door.

Lifting her fists in the air and snarling and mean stare at the supply closet, Laura Kinney popped her claws with a snikt.

However the protrusions that extended from her hand looked rusted and brittle and after a moment then crumpled to rust-colored dust in a pile at her feet.

“Uhhh...” Magik cringed raising a gray eyebrow at the now clawless elderly female Wolverine.

X-23 scratched her white-haired scalp in confusion.

“Huh they must have rusted in the tub... I didn’t think adamantium could disintegrate like that...” She mused sounding not to broken up about it.

“Wh-what... are... we... going... to... do...?” Jean croaked in a frail voice.

X-23 shook her head and scratched at her wrinkly extended belly with her crooked fingers.

“Don’t worry... I also have foot claws! And those are made of bone!” She assured her elderly friends.

She slowly lifted her gnarled foot up as high as she could lift it and popped out her foot claws in an attempt to slice open the door.

But because of her advanced osteoporosis as soon as the claws came out of her feet they brittly broke off as well and crumpled into a pile of bone dust.

X-23 looked down at the remnants of her claws and then at the locked door, finally turning around to her friends and shrugging.

“I’ve got nothing.” She admitted.

“I’ll take this door down with the power of... a mighty hurricane!” Storm wheezed in grandiose declaration.

The elderly weather manipulator shuffled hunched over toward the door trying to bring the wind and rain into the hallway.

'FRRRRMP'. Another loud fart escaped her saggy rear.

"That sounded like a wet one..." Rogue cringed.

Magik looked around.

"Where did Kitty go?" She asked as the sound of the elderly mutants giggling echoed around them.

A moment later Kitty's wrinkly grinning face popped out through the door as she shuffled intangibly out of the closet. The door popped open revealing a treasure trove of items to aid the centegenarians.

The x-grannies all looked at each other and shrugged, happy that it worked out for them. They shuffled into the closet and began to grab the items that they needed.

Wrinkled trembling hands pawed at the packages of depends, as the elderly former superheroes began to slowly diaper themselves, then they grabbed hearing aids - causing a sonic scream that would make Siryn proud as they all fumbled with their hearing devices and turned them to the wrong frequency.

The old woman cringed and squirmed in pain as they struggled to turn down their hearing aids and stop the high pitched tone. Once they had managed that they all sighed and moved on to grab their glasses.

The ladies all slipped thick bifocals onto each others faces, blinking at how much more clearly they could see things.

"Wow Illyana - you're so wrinkled!" Rogue gasped as she blinked her sunken eyes at her elderly Russian friend.

Magik scowled at the old southern lady causing her shriveled face to bunch even more.

"And your neck looks like a Turkey!" The centenarian teleporter snapped back in a grumpy tone.

The ladies all grabbed walkers to ease their frail trembling legs as they leaned over tiredly on the four-legged metallic aids.

“These diapers don’t have any pouches! All superheroes need pouches - lots of ‘em!” X-23 insisted feeling around her depends.

She spotted some bags of good will items on the floor and pulled out a neon fanny pack triumphantly, slipping it around her wrinkly gut.

“Ah want one! Ah need a place tuh put mah pills, and my photos of mah grandbabies... and great grandbabies... and great-great-grandbabies... and my lucky poker chips...” Rogue insisted as she pulled out a yellow and green fanny pack.

“I require something with a bit more... class! By the winds! I need a chonky purse!!” Storm declared as clouds gathered on the ceiling of the supply closet.

She grabbed a white sequined granny purse with her gnarled hand and slipped it around her puffy arm. Jean and Magik also took a big gawky purses and began to stuff them with various items from the closet including more purses.

Kitty however opted to continue using the wrinkly folds of her skin to stash her belongings. Like her shriveled belly folds that she continued to stuff Werther’s hard candies into.

The ladies all hobbled slowly out of the closet with the aid of their walkers and lined up in the hallway giving wrinkled toothless smiles as Jean Grey used her telekinetic powers to pull dentures off the shelves and slip them into each woman’s mouth one after the other down the row.

Outside of being mostly naked, with exception of their Depends, the elderly mutants all looked like generic little-old-ladies. The kind you’d see shuffling around a bingo hall or slumped over in a family restaurant booth waiting for the early bird special.

“Now that we’re all geared up - I guess we better get on our way... there are villains out there!” X-23 rattled with slow, elderly bloodlust.

“What? There’s a Villianous Au Pair?” Magik asked in frustrated confusion.

“Vanilla Trout Square... yum! Hehehe!” Kitty shouted before X-23 could repeat herself.

Magik scowled.

“Oh for the love of - let me fix my hearing aid...” She grumbled, turning the volume up on the buzzing device.

But as she looked around waiting for someone to tell her what X-23 said the ladies were all busy shuffling to the front door.

They walked past big sign that said that all residents must check out at the front desk and be accompanied by staff or a family member before exiting the building. But the ‘young’ nurse monitoring the front desk was now a woman in her 80s who had fallen asleep at her post so she wasn’t able to stop them.

As they exited the electronic doors however a pair of old fogies dressed in nursing home uniforms stopped them.

“How on... aren’t you ladies residents? You’re not supposed to be out here...” One of the nurses mumbled with a bit of senile confusion.

Rogue shook her head adamantly.

“No we were just visiting.” She told them.

The two aged nurses scratched their gray heads.

“Are you sure you’re not residents? You look as old as dirt!” The other nurse chirped in a quavering voice.

“We’re super heroes!” X-23 rattled brandishing a frail, clawless fist at them.

The two aged nurses looked at each other and shrugged.

“Okay then...” They both said simply and shuffled back into the home.

The X-Ladies shrugged as well and continued to shuffle slowly down the sidewalk. They were beginning to feel a bit peckish and wanted to find some place to eat, despite the fact that Kitty kept offering them butterscotch candies she pulled out of various folds of her body.

The women came across a diner, in fact it was the same diner that they had been kicked out of earlier for starting a food fight. Though now of the aged women recognized it.

Now there was a big sign out front that said “Try our prunes!”

Storm, Jean and the rest of the ladies squinted at the sign through their bifocals and then nodded enthusiastically thinking that a nice prune break would really hit the spot!

They shuffled inside and were greeted by former teen server turned elderly waitress Gina.

“Hiya gals... feel free to sit in any booth you’d like. I’ll grab you some menus...” Gina rattled in a tired but chipper tone.

The inside of the diner was still a mess - covered in bits of meatloaf and soggy with water from the rain Storm had brought down on it.

“It’ll be nice to sit for a bit... We’ve been walking for two whole blocks!” Jean wheezed as she eased herself into the nearest booth.

“We should pick a booth in the back - by the door is a draft and that sort of chill cuts right through these old bones!” Storm insisted. “I remember one time I was so cold that... oh where’s my shawl?” She began to ramble and fumble through her purse.

The ladies all got up slowly and shuffled further down to a booth away from the door. Gina brought over menus that had stickers that said 'steamed prunes' replacing most of the previous items.

"Do you know what you might be in the mood for?" She asked looking around at the ancient faces of the six elderly women, who were now old enough to be Gina's mother again, despite her own advanced age.

"Prunes!" They all mumbled hoarsely in unison.

"How are you doing dear? How's your family?" Magik asked reaching over to pat Gina on her veiny hand.

Gina smiled with a bit of confusion.

"Oh all right I suppose... My mom and dad are both napping at home... as is my kid sister... she's supposed to be in class right now but she stayed home to knit... and nap..." Gina said with a wrinkly smile and a shrug.

Rogue looked over at Magik in confusion.

"Illyana that was awfully nice of you to ask about this ladies family..." Rogue said sounding impressed.

Magik nodded, patting the waitress on the hand again.

"This is my old friend... we've known each other for... a long time..." She mumbled, trying to remember how many years it had been - it felt like a lifetime.

In reality it had just been a few hours since she met Gina but her own aged mind and poor memory was just mistaking her recognition of the elderly waitress as a sign that the two of them were friend that went way back together.

"All right ladies. You sit tight and I'll bring your stewed prunes over in a jiff!" Gina said and hobbled back toward the kitchen.

Kitty was singing to herself as she quietly stuffed salt and pepper packets under her shriveled boobs.

The other women all looked at one another, vaguely wondering what they were doing in this town - with nothing on - looking like they were runaway nursing home patients with dementia.

“So... we should start planning our next move... as heroes. We can't let the bad guys get away with this...” X-23 mumbled.

“What bad guys?” Magik asked.

X-23 put her finger to her thin wrinkled lips and thought for a moment, forgetting about Geras.

“Super...neato?” She offered in confusion.

The other ladies nodded as if that was the clear answer but before any of them could continue any planning on how to defeat this villain they all nodded off in the booth.

“Huh... what?” X-23 woke up again to the smell of stewed prunes.

All of the aged heroes had napped long enough in the booth that the elderly staff at the diner had been able to make and serve their food which was now going cold in front of them.

“Eh? Did I order this?” Magik asked in confusion.

Kitty woke up and happily began to smush the prune on her plate with her shaky wrinkled hand like a child playing with her food as the rest of them women stirred and began to nom on their dinner.

“Ahhh these prunes are delectable...” Jean Grey mumbled as the juices from her meal dribbled down her wrinkled fuzzy chin.

All of the old women were making loud smacking sounds with their thin lips and gums as they nommed on the stewed fruit.

“By the goddess! I must retire to the washroom!” Storm declared, grabbing her gurgling belly with her gnarled hand.

Rogue cackled as she licked the prune juices off of her crooked fingers.

“Heh heh! I know what ya mean, dearie! These prunes sure keep us regular!” Rogue said as she farted in her seat.

“It’s a boon that I am wearing a diaper because this juice goes right through me!” Storm declared as she stood up and pissed herself.

The other elderly x-woman nodded in absent-minded agreement as they similarly soiled themselves in the booth.

“All right ladies... to the bathroom to go change our depends and then we’re off to fight evil doers!” X-23 quavered.

The five women slowly slid out of the booth and shuffled off to the bathroom to get dressed into fresh diapers. It was a laborious task as all of them were quite frail and venerable.

“What were we doing in here again?” Jean asks as she nodded off with her diaper hovering above the trash held by her pink telekinetic energy.

“I don’t know but I don’t like the way this ugly old woman is staring at me!” Magik grunted holding up wrinkly fists at her reflection in the mirror.

Kitty meanwhile was busy drying out her wrinkled tits and watching them flap like wind socks under the hand dryer.

After a while they all managed to get their diapers off, have storm rinse off their crotches and wrinkly behinds with the help of mini rainclouds causing mini hurricanes on their old tuckuses, and finally get fresh depends back on so that they could go about this afternoon.

TO BE CONTINUED...