

# The Women of the X-Men in:

## **GEROPHOBIA**

### **PART 5**

By ChronoEclipse

The group made their way over to the yoga class and slowly picked out mats, unrolling them on the grass. The women all managed to take off their boots and shoes after a bit of a struggle. Rogue and Jean stood barefoot in their outfits revealing their veiny aged feet and thick yellowed toenails painted with red nail polish. Magik and X-23 were both still in socks and Storm insisted on conducting yoga with her boots still on.

Kitty giggled as she attempted to take the easy way out of prying her shoes off and instead phased through them. Unfortunately she also phased through her socks and leggings as well leaving her bottomless from the waist down except for her panties.

“Undie yoga!” She chittered whimsically as she showed off her bony varicose-vein covered legs and her swollen knobby knees.

The other women around them though didn’t seem to mind too much. They were all struggling to hear what poses were next and then struggled to do said poses with their now elderly bodies.

“Eh what was that? Downward doggie style? That doesn’t sound right...” One old lady quavered as she slowly bent forward, gripping her aching lower back with her hand.

This time yesterday all of these women had been young flexible yoga enthusiasts in their 20s, 30s or 40s enjoying an invigorating session of yoga in the park. Now most of them were so old they could barely stand without the aid of a cane and many couldn’t reach down to their mats for fear that they would never straighten back up again.

“That’s what she said... I think she’s confused again.” Another elderly woman croaked as she laid on her back unable to stand back up.

At the front of the class was a senile old woman with very long wavy gray hair dressed in ill fitting speedo shorts and a matching sports bra. Before Geras had used her powers on her, the instructor had been a beautiful vibrant young yoga influencer of not yet 30-years-of-age who often posted images of herself on social media showing off her incredible flexibility.

Now she was a pile of wrinkles that was still amazingly able to reach down and touch her toes and even do a split on her mat. But her aged mind had gotten quite fuzzy so now she just stood there showing off her saggy old body in her work-out clothes trying to remember and rattle off various yoga poses.

“Uhhhh... salute the sun?” The yoga instructor mumbled tapping her fuzzy wrinkled chin.

The old women, including the x-ladies all groaned as they lifted their frail legs and set them forward on their matts, then lifted their trembling arms up into the sky allowing for the flaps of saggy skin dangling from their biceps to flop about in the breeze.

Several of the women lost their balance at their current age and crumpled to the ground. The X-grannies all help tight despite being a bit shaky.

“Errr emmm.... Triangle pose...” The instructor called out absentmindedly.

The women stretched their legs as wide as they could manage and bent forward lifting one of their wrinkled arms in the air. Rogue was the first to lose her balance and topple over onto her wide behind but several of the other women also fell.

“See? I told you I was good at yoga!” X-23 bragged.

She was teetering from side to side precariously and Magik squinted down at the elderly Wolverine’s matt to see that Laura had popped her foot claws into the ground to keep herself steady.

“No fair that’s cheating!” Magik shouted.

X-23 just flashed her elderly companion a smug wrinkled grin.

“We never said we couldn’t use our powers... I want to win this.” X-23 insisted.

“It’s not a competition Laura, we’re doing this for exercise... By the goddess, we need it at our age.” Storm corrected her clawed friend.

Magik grew frustrated that X-23 was doing so well at the yoga poses that she opened a teleportation portal on Laura’s yoga matt and dumped her back down onto it from a foot higher up.

X-23 crumpled with a clattering of popping sounds and crackling bones. Causing the other women to all look at the aged mutant in concern.

“Ow! I think I shattered my hip!” She groaned.

But upon looking at the frightened faces of the other old women around them she quickly added:

“Don’t worry - I’ll be fine! It’s already healing back. See?” X-23 explained and pulled down her pants below her hip bone to show her healing factor working its magic on her old brittle bones.

Kitty was busy just trying to touch her own toes. She remembered that touching her toes was something she used to be able to do but couldn’t remember why she suddenly struggled with it. As she grunted and stretched her knees popped and loudly and she toppled backward onto her mat.

“I’ve fallen and I can’t get up.” She said with a giggle.

She then slowly got back to her feet.

“Oh wait sorry. I’ve fallen and I *can* get up.” She corrected with a senile giggle.

Jean was out of breath after the third pose. She stood panting and rubbing the flab of her lower back.

“Was this always... such a struggle? I can hardly bend over and stand back up again without needing a nap!” The aged redhead gasped between breaths.

Rogue chuckled and shook her head.

“I know what you mean. And pardon me gals. I seem to be tootin’ every time I spread my chubby ol’ legs apart!” Rogue said blushing her jowly cheeks.

Gera watched the awkward yoga class with serious glee and amusement. The women had hardly any strength or flexibility any more. It was glorious!

She thought about how people would usually be flocking around to see a bunch of sexy super heroes stretch and do yoga - showing off their amazingly toned athletic bodies. But no one was interested in standing around watching a bunch of retirees struggle and groan through yoga poses they could no longer manage.

“Hmmm I wonder if naked senior yoga would be more popular...” Gera thought aloud wickedly.

She used her low-grade telepathic abilities to nudge all of the women in the yoga class to drop their inhibitions and conduct the rest of their session in the buff.

“Naked yoga... there’s no shame in it... it’s just your natural bodies... aren’t those clothes so restraining...” Gera sent as thoughts into the women’s aged minds.

The X-ladies and other women doing yoga began to tug and fuss with their outfits suddenly feeling very constrained by the fabric.

“I can hardly breath in this stupid thing... I’d rather just do my stretches in my birthday suit!” Magik announced.

She unzipped her top and pulled it off revealing her pale sagging breasts underneath and then began to peel her pants and panties down her wrinkled old legs.

“Yeah nakeeeeeee!” Kitty screamed clapping her gnarled hands as she phased out of the rest of her clothes leaving the shrunken batty old lady completely nude.

Storm took a deep breath.

“Yes! I shall shed these restricting garments and fly naked across the plains!... Like I used to when I was a young girl... you know back in my day you could see for miles and miles across the grasslands... there wasn’t all of this smog and pollution and there was no buildings. Not like today... everyone is looking to build this or that...” The weather goddess rambled as she struggled to remove her top.

Storm’s old ashy breasts flopped down to her wrinkly belly as she bent down to take off her boots and pants. Jean Grey likewise was dropping her own bunched tights down her now spindly veined-covered legs revealing her faded red bush to the world.

“My it does feel liberating to disrobe like this! I don’t know why I don’t do it more often!” Jean rattled in a grandmotherly voice.

Rogue popped her grey head out from her own top and stood proudly as her pillowy breasts sunk down into her old gut.

“I’d go shirtless like the boys every day if it didn’t embarrass all my sweet grandbabies seeing their grandmama flyin’ about with her funbags danglin’ this way and that!” The southern granny joked.

She reached down to shove her skin tight pants down her wrinkled thunder thighs but her big granny booty was making it difficult to scooch them off of her.

“Darn... uniforms... too tight! Musta... shrunk in... the wash!” She grunted.

X-23 came over and used her claw to cut Rogue out of the pants. The southern gal breathed a big sigh of relief as her fat saggy ass wobbled behind her in the open air.

“My suit doesn’t fit either - I remember it used to be snug around my chest and arms now it’s pretty baggy...” Laura quavered as she used her claw to cut herself out of her own uniform.

The reason for the change in fit for X-23 became apparent as her shredded garment fell to the ground. Her breasts had lost a lot of their shape and hung flat and wrinkled on her rib cage like half filled water balloons and the muscle on her legs and arms had disappeared in her old age leaving the mutant with thin frail bony limbs.

“Ahhh much better... I feel much more comfortable!” Magik declared as she stretched her naked wrinkled body in the sun.

She felt something pinch the wrinkled skin of her ass cheek and jumped in surprise, wincing and gripping her back in pain from the sudden movement of her decrepit body.

“Wrinkly bum!” Kitty declared as she hobbled over to pinch Jean’s saggy ass next.

Jean cupped her flabby cheeks defensively and used her telepathy to send Kitty back to her yoga matt.

“You can’t go around pinching other ladies keisters Kitten.” She said kindly but sternly to her senile friend.

“Uhhh Warriors Pose...” The yoga instructor rattled now also completely naked and scratching at a hairy mole under her sagging breast.

The x-women all attempted to do the yoga pose but because the instructor was too old and senile to demonstrate it and they themselves were a bit addled and

unsure of what it looked like - they all began to stretch and pose in their typical super hero poses.

Jean Grey stretched her crooked back and placed her hands on her temples causing pink energy to emanate from her head. As she posed she used her telepathy to lift her pendulous breasts up so that they floated in the air back up to where they would have resided when she was young and everything was firm.

Unfortunately at her current age she wasn't able to hold objects for very long with her mind and ended up accidentally dropping the breasts back down to her belly suddenly. They slapped her wrinkled torso loudly causing the old redhead to fall forward onto her mat.

Storm similarly had taken into the air in a gust of wind that smelled a bit like potpourri and farts. She lifted her flabby wrinkled arms about her and her tired wrinkled eyes flashed with sparks of lightening.

But once airborne she lost control of the wind she was riding on and flew backward into X-23 who was taking a fighting stance with her feral granny body right behind her. The aged mutants gritted snarl didn't look as intimidating when she no longer had any teeth.

Laura saw a big wrinkly booty flying towards her suddenly and managed to pop her claws back into her hands at the last minute to avoid injuring her friend but not before the weather controller's ass crashed straight into X-23's horrified face.

"I'm so sorry Laura! I must have lost my balance...That reminds me of the time that I was flying in the desert and was attempting to calm a sandstorm..." Storm groaned as she literally sat on her teammates face.

X-23 scrambled to push her friend's fat ass off of her. The impact had broken the aged mutants nose and given her two black eyes. But they were already beginning to rapidly heal.

“It’s okay... I’m fine...” Laura moaned as she crawled out from under the aged naked former goddess.

Rogue was attempting some kind of spinning move causing all of her sagging skin and folds to lift up off of her body and flop about due to centripetal force.

However she too wasn’t too sturdy at her current age and spun back toward Kitty who narrowly phased at the last second causing Rogue to continue her momentum around and slapped Magik across the face with her two dangling heavy breasts.

Magik fell over from the force of the loose dangling old lady breasts smacking her across her wrinkled face and Rogue, having accidentally made flesh-on-flesh contact with another mutant, began to inadvertently create teleportation portals all around her and causing the other old ladies to fall through a never ending loop of portals.

“Weeeeeee.” Kitty squealed as her elderly body went into freefall through the pair of portals above and below her.

She had accidentally peed herself as her naked body perpetually fell through the air and the stream of urine poured down above her never quite catching up to hit her.

Rogue attempted to get Magik’s borrowed powers under control but just ended up sending more naked old women into free fall. Wrinkled sagging body parts flopped in the cool air like wind socks as the confused and worried old woman tumbled through their portal loops.

Finally Magik stepped in and grumpily waved her bony wrinkled hands around removing portals and rearing others until all of the free-falling old ladies were all set softly on their naked shriveled behinds in the grass.

A portal opened up above Rogue and a cesspool of all of the accidents that the elderly women had had while they were stuck in their perpetual tumbles came barreling down at the southern granny as she contorted her puffy lined face in



horror. Magik cackled feeling that it served her teammate right for stealing her powers, forgetting that it was an accident.

Jean Grey sleepily held the pee suspended above Rogue, who was cringing and shielding herself with her raised arms, hoping that her fat wrinkly bingo-wings would protect her from the onslaught.

“Illyana...” Jean rattled tiredly.

Magik sighed.

“Oh fine...” The elderly teleported grumbled.

She flicked her arthritic fingers at Rogue opening a portal above the southern mutants grey head. The waste dumped into the portal and was teleported to a nearby port-o-john.

**TO BE CONTINUED...**