

# The Women of the X-Men in:

## ***GEROPHOBIA***

### ***PART 11***

By ChronoEclipse

“Well if it isn’t my favorite group of wrinkly senile heroes...” Gera cackled pointing at the group of extremely elderly women in colorful diapers gripping their matching walkers and wetting their toothless mouths in confusion at her.

“I don’t like your tone whippersnapper! Don’t you get fresh with us now young lady!” Rogue warned.

Gera laughed harder and smirked.

“What are you going to do granny? Call the cops? They’re all old like you!” The teen mutant taunted.

“We’ll-” Magik chimed in trying to remember what she used to do when someone threatened her.

“We’ll box yer ears and knock ya for a loop!” X-23 growled, slapping her bony fist into her gnarled clawless hand.

Gera was practically crying with laughter at how pathetic these former super heroes had become.

“Do you old bats even remember who you are?” She asked them seriously.

The X-women all looked to each other for help answering the question and then scrunched their shriveled faces in concentration as they tried to remember their identities. The voice of young Jean Grey shouted from the Astral Plane ‘Come on... Come on... you’re the X-men! Remember who you are!’

“I’m...” Elderly Jean began to mumble as if something was suddenly dawning on her.

There was silence as they all looked to the former redhead as she wet her thin wrinkled lips and continued.

“I’m... in need of a changing if it’s not too much of a bother young lady. I’ve accidentally wet myself again.” She explained.

Gera looked relieved for a moment and let out a mocking laugh. She snapped her fingers and a fresh pair of Depends with Jean’s old uniform print appeared around her bony waist and puffy gut.

“I’m a great-grandma!” Rogue declared proudly.

“I’m hungry!” X-23 snapped in a cranky tone itching at the dry skin under her collapsed left breast.

“I’m a little tea pot short and stout...” Kitty began to rattle through the nursery rhyme making stiff jerky motions that accompany the song.

“I’m her sister-in-law!” Magik quavered hoping that would gain her some sympathy.

“And I am known as... Windrider!” Storm declared boisterously as she let out another large fart and stumbled forward knocking the table with her walker.

Gera was absolutely beside herself with laughter. She would take the X-women out on the road with her as she moved on to other towns aging up the population bit by bit until she was finally the only young person on earth. These pathetic old grannies would be her comic relief to entertain her as she became the young empress of the world!

Unfortunately for her, she wasn’t paying attention to how stable her chair was and when Storm had bumped the table it had teetered Gera on the edge so that when she burst out in their final fit of giggles it caused her to lose her balance and fall backwards off of her throne and down to the rocky hill.

The old women gasp as they watch the teenage super villain tumble and fall dramatically to the ground. They shuffle and gather around Gera tch-ing and wagging their fingers at the irresponsible young woman.

“That’s why you don’t horse around on chairs and tables!” Magik snaps in a cantankerous voice.

“I’m always telling my grandbabies that they can’t go climbin’ on the furniture. It’s not safe!” Rogue shook her head.

Jean Grey used her telekenesis to bring a pillow over and rested it under the young mutant’s head.

“There, there dearie... the X-Grannies will take good care of you until help arrives.” The kindly aged telepath assured the groaning, disoriented teen.

“Oh that’s going to leave quite a lump, that’s for sure! What were you doing up there? Ya darn kids just think you can do whatever you want and never get hurt! Like you’re just going to live forever!” X-23 scolded Gera who was barely conscious.

“You know in my day teenager had more sense! Why I remember as a child on the streets of Cairo I wanted to climb up a tall building but instead I had the common sense to fly to the top of it - because it was safer!” Storm ranted.

Gera’s eyes flickered as the old women took turns scolding her and doting on her. Everything was going blurry and fading to black as she slipped out of consciousness.

“There, there... just take a nice nap...” Kitty cooed as she brushed her withered hand over the young mutant’s unconscious forehead.

“I feel... odd...” Jean mumbled beside her.

“Ah’m feelin’ mighty strange myself Jean! Wait - I remember now. You’re Jean and ah’m Rogue! Ah’m a sexy southern belle not some craggy old southern

mee-maw!” Rogue declared as her skin began to smooth and the color returned to all but one part of her hair.

“By the goddess we’re growing younger!” Storm shouted, her gut melting away as she flew into the air and enjoyed the lightness she was feeling.

Gera’s mutant powers had lost their effect as soon as she slipped into unconsciousness. All across the park and the rest of the town the doddering old people were finding themselves young and full of life again.

“We’re back to normal!” X-23 laughed happily as she raised her fists and brandished her reformed claws again. SNIKT!

A bunch of small objects rolled down Kitty’s smooth skin and onto the ground as she no longer had the wrinkled folds to hide them. One sticky red lollypop stuck to her ribs under her perky right boob.

“What the heck-??” She looked around herself in confusion at what her senile self had gotten up to.

Magik stretched and smiled proudly as she cupped her own chest which was impressively denying gravity again.

“Hell yeah! Everything is back where it’s supposed to be - I have teeth again!” She shouted grinning.

The once more rejuvenated x-women all smiled and hugged in relief and then pulled away quickly realizing-

“Eep! Where are our clothes!?” Jean Grey cried, their collective nakedness settling in.

“And why are we all wearing diapers with our costume patterns on them?” X-23 cringed pointing at her friends Depends.

“And why are mine so damp!?” Kitty screamed.

Magik quickly opened a teleport and the heroes popped around town looking for their missing costumes so that they wouldn't be naked except for adult diapers when their teammates arrived.

They popped into the bingo hall where the school cheerleading squad was looking at each other awkwardly dressed in old lady house coats and fuzzy slippers. Even though they were all teenagers again they had to admit that bingo had been pretty fun.

The X-Men teleported over to the diner where they found a college-age Gina adjusting her waitress outfit.

“Hi ladies! If you're looking for dinner I'm sorry but uh... the cooks blended all of the food for some reason so we have to close early...” The formerly elderly waitress informed them in a perky voice.

“That's okay - I feel kind of full of prunes anyway...” Magik admitted as they teleported away.

They came back to the park where the rejuvenated yoga enthusiasts were waking up to find themselves naked on the grass and unaware of how they had got there. X-23 spotted the discarded outfits and the women all quickly took off their diapers and got dressed again.

As they were getting back into their uniforms the Mayor and his staff, now back to their 30s and 40s walked over.

“Thank you X-men for saving our town... I don't remember what happened today or how I became dressed in this ridiculous get-up, but I know we have you to thank for getting things back to normal.” The mayor declared holding out his hand.

Jean shook the Mayor's hand and smirked.

“Didn't you try to run us out of town a few minutes ago?” She asked.

“Because you wanted to get rid of the 'older generation'?” Magik added.

“You’re like twice as old as us dude.” Kitty pointed out.

The mayor’s mustache twitched and he bristled.

“Yes well – I... you’re all very attractive young women, obviously and um, we were clearly all under that evil mutant’s influence.

“Speaking of which – how are you going to handle her? What if she wakes up and makes us all old again!” One of the mayors younger staff members interjected, remembering how decrepit she had just been a few minutes ago.

The X-ladies looked at one another somberly and headed back to the unconscious Gera.

“I’ll absorb her power and use it against her so that she’s a harmless old granny lady.” Rogue offered.

Jean and Storm nodded in agreement as Rogue slipped the glove off of her hand and placed it on Gera’s cheek. After a moment she stepped away so that she didn’t absorb the power permanently.

“Okay she’s out like a light. Now I’ll make sure that when she wakes up she won’t remember who she was or how young she was...” Rogue explained as she waved her hand in Gera’s direction.

Quickly the young out-of-control mutant shriveled up. Her belly bloated and her body became puffy. Her short black hair grayed and her face became craggy and shriveled.

Once it was done another X-jet landed and Cyclops, Beast and Iceman disembarked.

“Hey team, we got worried when we lost communication earlier today.” Cyclops said as he came over and gave Jean a hug.

“It was quite strange, the entire town appeared unreachable. It was if you all proverbially fell off the face of the map.” Beast added.

The X-ladies all looked at each other and shrugged.

“We had a rogue mutant that caused some havoc but we eventually got things under control.” Storm explained.

“Even though it felt like it took a lifetime!” Kitty added.

Iceman went over and looked at Gera who was geriatric and sound asleep behind them.

“What? This old bag? She must be over 100! I could have beaten her in about 3 seconds!” Bobby declared arrogantly.

“Try 70 years...” Magik smirked.

“What?” He asked in confusion.

“Nevermind, lets just get back - I’d like to take a hot shower...” Jean insisted as she sauntered toward the blackbird, carrying Gera telekenetically behind her.

“Or a sponge bath!” Kitty giggled as they all followed.

As the jet took off to fly back to the mansion Jean set up a telepathic link between her squad.

“No one has to know about the x-grannies...” She suggested.

“You just don’t want Scott to find out how puffy and saggy you’re going to get in a half a century...” Magik teased back with a smirk.

“Oh lord - remember how cranky Illyana was in her old age?” Rogue remembered, trying to stifle her giggles so that the boys wouldn’t notice.

“She started a food fight because that poor old waitress didn’t bring her stewed prunes!” Kitty mentally cackled remembering their time in the diner.

“How do you even remember that? You were battier and more senile than Deadpool with Alzheimers the whole time we were there!” Magik retorted.

“Pffff I was NOT senile!” The young brunette insisted.

Storm raised a white eyebrow at her younger teammate.

“Kitty... I do recall that you hid quite a few sweets in your wrinkly... folds...” The African goddess reminded her.

“Well, at least she didn’t give a long-winded speech about ‘kids these days’ every five seconds...” X-23 said pointedly, grinning at Ororo.

“I’m surprised I got a word in edge-wise with Rogue constantly carrying on about her imaginary ‘grand babies’...” Storm playfully retorted.

“Did ah... did ah seriously brag about having grand babies that much?” Rogue asked blushing. She had never even considered having kids but the thought of being a ‘proud grandma’ even in her 20s kind of excited her.

“YES!” The rest of the women psychically shouted back.

“Hush now... Don’t forget I could give all you pretty gals some premature gray hairs again if ya’ll rile me...” Rogue grinned, tugging at her glove.

The other X-women laughed and smiled but quickly backed off.

“You know... while you DO have Gera’s powers... Pixie, Monet and Jubilee were teasing me this morning about being too old for the ‘New Mutants’ ... wouldn’t it be fun to see what they’ll be like when they’re all X-Grannies?” Kitty suggested with a wicked grin.

“Ooo and Psylocke... I think Betsy is supposed to be doing a swim wear modeling shoot at the mansion in the morning...” X-23 added, rubbing her



hands together excitedly at the idea of making the purple-maned Brit's hair turn gray.

The ladies all giggled at the mischief they could get up to with the borrowed aging and reality-warping powers. Suddenly there was a playful twinkle in Jean's piercing green eyes.

"You know who would be REALLY fun to use Gera's powers on..." The redhead began to say.

"EMMA!" The rest of the women finished the thought collectively with a fit of cackling laughter as the jet hovered over the mansion.

**THE END?**