

Young Avengers in: The Alien Ritual

By ChronoEclipse

It had been a long hard-fought cosmic battle involving all of earth's heroes versus the fourth Annihilation wave. It had ended with the forces of good triumphing and restoring balance to the universe once more. Now the current line-up of Young Avengers were headed back to their home planet for a well deserved rest.

"This is a distress call from the people of Ogathor IV. We are being besieged by Kree mercenaries! Please! If you hear this message! Come to our aid!" The alien voice pleaded, translated through the com systems of the Quinjet.

Iron Heart, piloting the ship, turned her head around to look at the reactions of her team members.

"The planet's just a hop and a jump from here - what do you think gang?" She asked with a smirk on her young face.

"We have to help them right? I mean we're heroes - that's what heroes do!" Stature insisted, her blonde ponytail flitting about as she nodded her head.

"Yeah, no matter how sore and tired we are or how desperately we want to go soak in the tub..." Silk added.

The tall Korean-American woman linked her fingers together and stretched out her toned arms and rolled her neck from side to side, limbering up.

"It's always something, isn't it? Never a moment to chill when you've got super powers." America Chavez laughed, shaking her head and tightening her fingerless gloves over her hands.

"Is there any question here? Like Cassie said - we're heroes. If someone needs help - we help them! No matter what!" Ms. Marvel insisted from the co-pilot's seat.

"Yeah, yeah... We're already on course for there. I just didn't want to speak for everyone. We're all pretty beat." Riri said grinning at her friend sitting next to her and playfully leaned over to nudge Kamala's elbow.

Ms. Marvel grinned back and nodded.

“But we’re young! We bounce back quickly!” The teenage team leader pointed out.

A few minutes later the team had landed the ship and were running or flying over to the alien village which was under heavy fire from a rogue battalion of Kree soldiers. “Those poor aliens! They’re completely defenseless!” Silk exclaimed seeing a crowd of humanoid villagers dressed in robes huddling for cover from the Kree attack.

“That’s why we’ve got to act fast, team! Ironheart, we need some air support!” Ms. Marvel said as her long stretchy legs bounded toward the battlefield.

“On it!” Riri nodded as her helmet formed up over her young face and repulsor rays lit from her hands.

The armored teenager swooshed across the field firing blasts of energy down in front of the Kree soldiers with almost surgical precision to suppress them. She spun in the air gracefully as she blasted out warning shots to the aggressors.

A group of Kree were manning large plasma cannons that caused devastating destruction to anything that they hit. One energy blast came within inches of hitting Iron Heart but she swiftly maneuvered out of the way at the last second.

“We need to take out that heavy artillery!” Ms. Marvel yelled to her teammates.

“Don’t worry, I got this.” America Chavez declared with a grin.

The latina hero kicked her muscular leg into the air and popped out a star-shaped portal with the rubber sole of her sneaker. Hopping through it she appeared in the middle of the Kree soldiers. Punching out the two mercenaries closest to her she flew a few feet over to where the plasma cannons were. The tanned, athletic heroine grabbed one of the machines and lifted it up above her head with ease and then swiftly brought it down hard onto the other cannon, trashing both in the process.

“I’ll start wrapping these jerks up!” Silk informed her friends as she began to shoot silk strands from her fingertips that wrapped around the defeated soldiers, cocooning them securely.

“Great - Stature, ready to do some giant-sized cleanup with me?” Ms. Marvel asked, grinning at her blonde compatriot.

“Oh i’m ready in a big way!” Stature replied with a grin.

“Embiggen!” Ms. Marvel shouted as her body swelled and enlarged to the size of a building. Beside her, Cassie had also activated the pym particles in her suit to make her grow 20-feet-tall.

The two giant teenage heroes stomped over to either side of the Kree forces and swept their arm across the field, knocking over and disarming the remaining troops. Ms. Marvel spotted the person who was leading them, standing up on the hill holding a Kree rifle.

“It’s Dr. Minerva!” She informed the rest of the team pointing up at the blue-skinned woman standing aimed at them.

“She’s... pretty hot, not gonna lie...” America said observing the curvy villain dressed in a skin-tight red and blue suit.

“Why thank you - and if you just get out of my way i’ll be able to keep my beautiful looks forever while I age civilizations to dust under my heels!” Minn-Erva shouted at them.

“Oh okay, so she’s hot AND insane.” America corrected herself.

“They always are...” Riri said with a sigh as she flew in to take-out the villain.

Dr. Minerva fired her weapon at her forcing Ironheart to quickly dodge and back off. Ms. Marvel took the opportunity to wrap her embiggened hand around the Kree renegade.

“Okay, now that we’ve mopped the floor with you, time to tell us your terrible scheme and why you were attacking these poor defenseless people!” Kamala said to the woman being held in her fist.

“How about I tell you - in hell!” Dr. Minerva screamed right before pressing down on a mechanism on her palm that electrified her outfit causing Kamala to flinch and let go of the villain.

Minn-Erva made a graceful flip down onto the ground and quickly ran away as the other heroes crowded around their injured leader.

“Ms. Marvel! Are you okay?” Statured asked, putting a supportive hand on Kamala’s shoulder.

“I’m fine - my skin is a lot thicker when it’s embiggened - stuff like that still stings though.” The young hero explained as she opened her hand to reveal a small burn mark on her palm.

“I should go grab her. She can’t have gotten far.” America offered.

Ms. Marvel shook her head.

“Let’s leave her for now. She’s on her own and stranded. We can call in Captain Marvel to pick them all up and help us bring her in. Let’s go see how the villagers are doing.” Kamala suggested.

The heroes were greeted by a warm welcome from the appreciative aliens. The villagers all had vibrant toned skin from all the colors of the rainbow. Their bodies were very similar to humans with the exception of pointed elf-like ears and thick, finger-length antennae that protruded out from their foreheads. Children cheered and parents wept with happiness as the heroes walked by. Young men and women smiled and eyed the heroes in attraction and admiration.

“Friends! We thank you! You have saved our people from doom and destruction - and not a moment too soon!” A bright blue-skinned man in gold robes announced to them.

“Yes! Thanks to you the ritual can commence without delay!” A primary-yellow woman beside him informed them.

“Happy to help. It was fortunate that we were passing through the area!” Riri said, opening her helmet back up to reveal her youthful face.

“Please - please, stay with us for the ritual. We would love for the opportunity to repay your kindness. I am Ke’van the village elder, this is my wife Sa’rei.” He said, gesturing to the pink-skinned woman to his left.

“Hi I’m Ms. Marvel - this is Ironheart, Silk, Stature and Ms. America. We are the young Avengers.” Kamala introduced them, taking Ke’van’s hand.

“Speaking of young - you’re pretty young for a village elder aren’t you?” America quipped noting that the alien man looked no more than 30 human years.

“America!” Silk hissed, elbowing her friend for being rude.

But as the heroes looked around they noted that all of the aliens looked young and full of life. There wasn’t a person among them that appeared to be over the age of 40.

“It’s alright. I understand the question. I am a lot older than my appearance would reveal... many of us here are.” Ke’van explained.

“On our world there is a tree that has granted us a great gift - the gift to stay young and strong and comely cycle after cycle so that we may continue to work and build and thrive without the hindrances of age and decrepitude.” The yellow-toned woman elaborated.

“Yes, as Hal’da says, we remain young for our lives so that we may continue to share in the labors and rewards of our society... but on one day a year we offer our youth as a sacrifice to the great tree of life so that we may experience the wisdom and hardship of old age.” Ke’van continued.

“Wait - so the ritual you were talking about us staying for...” Riri began to say, putting two-and-two together.

“Yes! It is our Frail-Day. Please stay - there will be feasting and dancing and merriment in the lead up to the shedding of our youth - it is a one-of-a-kind experience and i’m sure you will find it rewarding!” Sa-rei insisted, jumping up and down in excitement.

The heroes all looked at each other, unsure, as the people around them pleaded for them to stay.

“Well, we were talking about needing some R&R...” Ms. Marvel reminded them.

“But... Do we have to get old too though? My boobs will be down to my knees!” Stature asked cringing.

“Awww the wrinkles will only be temporary... it’s temporary right?” Silk assured her and then quickly checked with the village elders.

The aliens nodded their young heads.

“Yes, just as the tree has done for centuries hence, tomorrow morning it will bear rejuvenating fruit that will restore you to your present age.” Hal’da assured them.

The Young Avengers all looked at one another and then shrugged.

“Okay! We’re in!” Ms. Marvel announced to cheers from the crowd.

A short time later the women of the Young Avengers were laughing and celebrating with the people they had just rescued. Kamala was dancing with a bunch of adolescent boys and girls showing them Bhangra and walking them through the steps.

Silk had joined a bunch of young adults who were tossing off their youthful clothing and skinny dipping in a small pool of water at the foot of the hill. It felt great to peel off her hot sweaty body suit and she enjoyed the looks of admiration and desire from the men and women in the pool as she stretched her naked, athletically toned body in front of them.

Riri had also taken her suit off and was reclining in the spandex body-suit that she wore underneath her Iron Heart armor. A muscular young alien with bright green skin brought over trays of delicious food to her which the young hero happily began to stuff her face with.

America was flexing her muscular arms for a couple of magenta-skinned alien women who were giggling and showing off their assets to her as well. A few feet away, Stature was back to being 5’4” as she sat on the grass flirting with a bright-orange teen boy.

A horn sounded as Ke’van stood under the impressive ancient tree at the top of the hill. Villagers began to beat on drums rhythmically building toward something.

“Brothers and sisters - It is time! The great tree is absorbing our offering. Behold! The ravages of age!” The elder proclaimed.

A musky pine smell wafted through the air as the tree emitted its magic across the land. Kamala stopped dancing and began rubbing her back as it suddenly became stiff.

In the pool a group of matronly alien women and balding alien men were climbing out of the water, their naked bodies dull and sagging. Their fat, chunky bellies and wide asses weren’t going to fit in the skimpy, form-fitting clothes that they had discarded a

few minutes ago. Silk offered to weave the overweight, middle-aged aliens some better fitting clothes but they instead opted to hobble over to a stack of sack robes that were waiting for them. As the older aliens slipped them on over their aging bodies the material hung formlessly on their bodies obscuring their roly-poly figures and sagging curves.

Silk herself began to climb out of the pool, wondering why her body suddenly felt so much heavier. As she caught her breath at the side of the pool she looked down in shock at her formerly muscular stomach which was beginning to bloat and expand before her very eyes. Her bare breasts which had also been round and perky a moment ago were flopping down onto her flabby gut and swaying back and forth as she slowly got up onto her feet with a groan.

Riri was having a similar experience to the other two women as her waist spread and her stomach pooched out in her singlet. Her thighs were swelling and becoming dimpled with cellulite as her body began to ache all over.

“Oof I feel like I just got body slammed by the Hulk!” The aging black woman groaned, grabbing her throat as the sound of her huskier voice.

America Chavez was busy watching her biceps melt into flabby bingo wings and a beer gut take the place of her six pack. She blushed, embarrassed to suddenly look like an out-of-shape matron in front of the cute young aliens she had been affectionate with, but when she looked up at them she found a pair of gray-haired, plum colored cougars with stretch marked bellies and chunky asses of their own.

Stature hadn't been paying attention to the ritual or what was happening to her friends, she was too distracted making out with the orange-boy on the grass. But as the teens kissed she began to feel tired. Her knees that had been tucked under herself throbbed from lack of circulation. The blonde girl could feel her tummy puffing out and her waist spreading as her impressive perky chest sloped lower and lower toward her lap.

She pulled away from her kissing partner and gasped at the sight of the aging bald man with a hairy chest and wrinkly face looking back at her. Abby felt her cheeks and found that they too were beginning to wrinkle and form into jowls. She grabbed her pony hair and brought it into her line of sight to discover that her hair had gone completely gray and then yelped as one of her teeth fell from her mouth and into her lap.

All of the villagers had aged into elderly men and women, even the children were now wizened codgers. Their skin tones had darkened and took on more muted tones as they aged so where before the crowd was a vibrant rainbow, now they were a faded drab-looking sea of wrinkles.

Ke'van the elder, now living up to his title as a wizened old man with a long scraggly white beard and Sa'rai his wife, now a plump grandmotherly woman with a hunched back, began to hand out ceremonial canes to the old men and woman in the crowd.

Ms. Marvel accepted one gladly and gripped it in a veiny hand. Her body looked puffy, stretching out her costume around the waist and hips as her figure became pear-shaped. Her long hair was a mix of grey and white and she deep creases on her wizened face.

“How is everyone holding up?” The 60-something muslim woman asked in a scratchier voice, trying to focus her tired eyes on her friends.

“Like I should be sitting in a rocking chair somewhere knitting sweaters from my fingertip threads...” Silk cackled beside her.

The asian hero only had two of her teeth left and bunching loose skin that dangled far below her chin. It had taken her forever but she had managed to put her knobby old legs and arthritic feet into the legs and booties of her costume and was trying to get the top part over her exposed belly and breasts. Everything jiggled as she fumbled with her suit.

“Stupid costume doesn't fit anymore...” She grumbled as she tried to stretch the material around her midsection. The sleek, form-fitting costume wasn't designed for the rolls of flab and fat that the formerly slender hero now possessed.

“Why'd you take off your clothes Cindy? You knew we were going to get old!” Kamala asked, averting her tired withered eyes from the topless Chinese-American woman.

“I just thought we'd be getting little crows feet and a streak of gray in our hair or something. I didn't know we were all going to become fat, saggy wrecks!” Cindy rattled in astonishment.

The spider-themed hero was forced to use her silk powers to bind the top around her. It hugged her folds of elderly flesh in the most unflattering ways giving her a figure that resembled a stack of pancakes.

“I’m gonna need help up, my butt now weighs as much as my whole body did a few minutes ago!” Riri rasped holding out a chubby wrinkled arm to whoever could help her.

The former teen engineer now resembled a classic fat black grandma with frizzy gray hair poofing out over her jowly, lined face and a saggy round body that jiggled as she moved.

“Give me a second to get over there and I can give ya a hand!” America called, wheezing over to Iron Heart.

The formerly statuesque hero was now looking more like her abuela with long gray and white streaked hair and pillowy breasts that rested on her wrinkled gut pooching out from under her t-shirt.

America braced her back and creaked up onto her veiny, thick, elephantine old legs with a series of grunts. The two frail old women beside her chattered comments of impressed approval that the Young Avenger was able to stand up on her own.

“Damn, even standing up feels like a workout! I’m so slow now and my hips are killing me!” The aged latina complained, rubbing her side as she waddled over to help Riri up.

“My feet are killing me!” Cassie groaned behind her.

The other heroes turned to see that the former blonde teen was now a granny past retirement age with an incredibly wrinkled face and skin that hung off her fat flabby arms and legs in folds. She was also correct about her chest which was hanging halfway to her waist and swaying comically as she hobbled over. She felt a bit unsteady on her feet so she grabbed a long staff to use as a walking stick, which could still function as a cane when she grew taller.

“Now I understand why grandma always asks for foot rubs!” The old woman with the gray pony-tail added with a sigh.

“It’s my knees for me!” Silk chimed in as she shuffled over.

America made it over and grabbed Riri’s hand hefting the chubby granny up as both women winced and grunted, sweating profusely from their wrinkled faces once Iron Heart was back on her feet.

“Well it’s nice at least that we can enjoy our temporary old age in this peaceful village and not have to worry about fighting monsters or stopping armed robberies.” Ms. Marvel said with a wrinkly smile.

“Damn, you think we’ll be doing that kind of stuff when we’re really this old?” Riri asked as she reached around to rub the back of her bunching neck.

Kamala turned to answer but there was a scream from behind them. The heroes turned to see Dr. Minera, now with crows feet and streaks of white in her dark hair, standing under the Great Tree holding above her head the console that had been embedded into its trunk.

“She has defiled the sacred Tree!” Hal’da cried in a frail, rattling voice, crying into her bony old hands.

“You fools! Now I have the power to age or regress people at my will! And you’re all too old now to stop me!” The Kree villain declared with a cackle.

America turned to Ms. Marvel.

“You jinx it!” She said to the team leader with a wrinkly smirk.

“Jinx what?” Kamala asked as she scratched her gray head.

“This is terrible! Without the modulator the Great Tree won’t bear its rejuvenating fruit!” Ke’van rasped in distress.

“You mean we won’t be able to grow young again?” Stature asked in a shrill voice, holding her jowly cheeks in concern.

“It’s worse than that! Without the device the tree’s full effects will unleash, causing our minds to age and degrade...” Hal’da explained through heavy labored breaths.

“We have to hurry then!” Ms. Marvel insisted as she began to hobble slowly in the direction Minn-Erva ran.

“It’s worse than that... without the thingy from the tree here... our minds will age and um... what was I saying?” Hal’da rattled and then pressed a bony finger to her thin lips in confusion.

“That’s working faster than I thought... she just said the same thing twice right? My memory feels fuzzy.” Silk asked as another tooth fell out.

“Ew what are all these old people doing here? Where did that cute boy wander off to...” Stature quavered, forgetting that she was just as old. Her gray ponytail was growing longer every minute as more wrinkles appeared on her face.

“You’re old too! So is your new boyfriend... you just forgot that... forgot that... forgot that you... oh I forget!” Silk mumbled, shaking her head.

Stature felt her face and gasped and the flabby wrinkled jowls of her cheeks. Silk and America tried to console her while Kamala began shuffling off in the wrong direction.

“Ms. Marvel? Where are you going?” America rasped as she noticed the team leader shuffling off.

Ms. Marvel plodded forward a few steps and then turned around, her long gray and white hair tumbling down her crooked back as she leaned on her cane and clasped a wrinkled brown hand to her hairy ear.

“Eh?” She asked.

“Where are you going?” America shouted again.

“I promise i’ll get to the bottom of whatever made you girls turn old but I have to get back to class before today’s big test...” Kamala explained.

“We know what aged us you crazy old biddy!” America shouted, losing her patience.

“It’s the senility! It’s setting in on all of us! We have to... have to... there was something we had to do...” Silk mumbled as her big aging gut burst one of the bands of silk she had holding the top of her costume in place.

“We’ve got to get the... whatsit back from Minerva. Somebody help me get back into my armor!” Riri requested urgently.

The other women looked over at the armor.

“Honey, I don’t think you’re fitting into any of that again...” America said honestly, putting a hand on Riri’s sloping shoulder.

Iron Heart squinted at the equipment and then down at her rotund saggy form and sighed.

“Okay fine, help me get the boots and gloves on at least!” She said in a cranky tone as she shuffled toward her discarded armor.

After a few exhausting minutes and a lot of quavering groans from a quintet of frail, obese women past the age of retirement, Riri had managed to stuff her pudgy hands into her gauntlets and got her rocket boots up around her cankles.

She fired off some propulsive fire from her feet to lift her up in the air but found that her balance was completely off and ended up swaying like a drunk from left to right before kerplunking back onto the ground.

“How do these darn things go again?” She asked, wetting her lips.

“Don’t sweat it - I’ll get us to where we need to go with a... a... what’s the thing I do all the time?” America rasped rubbing her chin which had now grown a grey whisker.

“A portal?” Stature quavered.

“No... that’s not it... a... a portal! That’s what I call ‘em. All right now, hold on to your wrinkly butts!” America mumbled as she attempted to lift her pudgy dimpled leg up into the air.

She had to lower it back down immediately as it throbbed in pain from the strain and her lack of flexibility.

“Don’t worry - don’t worry... I can punch them too!” She rattled and then tossed a very weak punch into the air.

A star portal formed and then crinkled showing an area only a few feet away from where they were standing.

“Well... it’s better than nothing...” Kamala said, shrugging her old shoulders and causing her arms to sag and pool down to the ground.

And with that the 5 elderly heroes shuffled forward in search of their villain.

Part 2

It was taking quite a while for the superheroes to make any kind of distance toward their target. The ladies all moved much slower than they usually did, leaning on one another for support as they shuffled and hobbled through Ms. America's limp portals. They also were constantly stopping to ask each other what it was they were supposed to be doing again.

"Wh-what are we doing again?" Kamala asked, rubbing the gray whiskers on her chin.

"We're going too darn fast! I'm an old woman, I can't be running around like this! I'll likely break a hip!" Cassie Lang rattled, shaking her staff at the group.

"You're not an old woman - you're a teenager... we all are... we just need to catch Doctor... Doctor... oh I forget her name! But we need to catch her to become young again!" America explained to her elderly friends while catching her breath and grabbing her wrinkly stomach.

Her words were met with vague mumbles of agreement and the sounds of Riri snoring.

"Iron Heart's nodded off again..." Silk rattled and another of her teeth fell out.

The Young Avengers were very much the Old Avengers now and getting increasingly older as they hobbled along. Silk and Ms. Marvel were developing large hunches on their backs and Stature's hair was thinning and falling out. Riri William's suit extended tubes up her nose to help with the old woman's shallow breathing.

America's hands were beginning to shake and she was having a hard time even punching the air anymore to make her portals. Her wrinkled skin was bruising and her bones were getting brittle but she easily forgot about this at any moment and tried to punch and kick like a young woman, or worse - fly only to be fortunate enough that Kamala had enough awareness in these moments to embiggen her wrinkly old hands into a giant soft mat to cushion the Latina heroes tumbles.

"Wait - something feels funny..." Silk mumbled as the hairs on her now unshaven legs and arms stood on end.

“Your arthritis acting up? Mine’s aching like crazy...” America said as she lifted her bony arm to stretch her joints, revealing a big tuft of gray hair under her armpit.

“No... I feel a tingling...” Silk said, trying to shake the feeling from her bony head.

“Maybe there’s gonna be weather...” Riri mumbled.

“Maybe you have to go to the bathroom...” Stature suggested.

Kamala squinted her tired sunken eyes on the spider-themed hero while also reaching over and scratching at her gray, hairy armpit.

“Wait... that tingle... it sounds familiar... oh! Your spider-sense!” The old woman from New Jersey finally remembered.

“My... spider... sense?” Silk asked, thinking that it only sounded vaguely familiar.

“Wait - do you hear that?” Riri asked as she felt vibrations in the ground.

“What did you say?” America hollered holding a veiny hand to her ear.

“Who are those little blue men? Are we being invaded?” Stature asked, pointing a gnarled finger in the direction of a Kree battalion charging towards them.

‘Charging towards them’ was a generous way of putting it, the Kree mercenaries had succumbed to the same effects as the Young Avengers and were now hobbling in the ladies direction at a snail's pace. They were wrinkled and many of the men had long white scraggly beards. Some were using their blasters as make-shift canes, others were just tumbling to the ground and crawling along without the use of their tired old legs.

As the two groups got close to one another the kree soldiers looked like they were confused and angry. They were hollering in shaky old voices and shaking wrinkled fists at the aged heroines.

“What do we do?” Silk asked, feeling her heart-rate go up.

Kamala stood there blinking as she thought for a moment. Her dangling chin skin stretched and drooped nearly to the ground as she contemplated what to do. They were just a bunch of puffy old grannies - what were they supposed to do?

But an elderly kree soldier had managed to remember how to fire off his blaster - if not aim it - and shot a warning blast over the women's gray heads.

"We fight, team! We fight 'em!" She yelled shrilly as she attempted to embiggen her body to giant size but only managed to make her hands swell to the size of boulders as her jiggly frail arms stretched and pooled on the ground.

"Don't worry - I'll handle them!" America said confidently as she cracked her knuckles and then her back trying to limber up.

The old latina woman dressed in an ill-fitting t-shirt which her sagging massive gut was seeping out of, and spandex shorts that her cottage cheese thighs were actually tearing - managed to jog a few feet toward the soldiers, stopping after a moment to catch her breath. She leaned forward and put her worn hands on her swollen purple knees as she wheezed, her long white hair falling in her face.

A wrinkly blue-skinned female kree soldier hobbled up to her angrily and brought her fist down on America's slumped back. The woman was too old and weak to cause real damage and America slowly stood back up straight and delivered her own weak punch at the elderly warrior.

While the two frail old women were having the slowest, weakest boxing match one could imagine - Riri was trying to remember how to work her 'doo-hickeys'. She clapped her metal gauntlets together and tried clicking her metal heels.

"Metal gloves - Do your thing!" She commanded, aiming her hands in the direction of the soldiers.

Nothing happened and she slapped the back of her gauntlet like it was a TV that was on the fritz. As she raised her hand again she accidentally fired a repulsor blast over the head of Silk who immediately whizzed a stream of silk from her fingers onto the ground in fright.

"Sorry... darn new-fangled machines... remember the good old days when you could just..." Iron heart rested her eyes for a moment and fell asleep with her boots hovering her pudgy elderly body a foot off the ground.

She woke up and panicked at the realization that she was no longer standing on solid ground.

“Help! What am I doing up here!? Somebody get me down from this thing!” Riri screamed, her fat saggy body jiggling and throwing the old woman off balance and zooming through the air in various directions.

Her frizzy gray hair was a blur as she flipped around firing off ray blasts from her hands as she tried to set back down. Luckily the blasts all happened to land around Kree mercenaries, causing the old soldiers to scatter or crumble to the ground in terror and confusion.

Riri herself was feeling dizzy and disoriented as she hovered around. Her large stomach gurgled and a puff of gas expelled from her chunky sagging behind causing her to propel forward and crash into Kamala who was in the process of scooping up her access arm skin.

The two elderly women collided and Ms. Marvel tumbled backward with her fat, frizzy-haired teammate tangled in her wrinkly arms. Their fall was broken and their frail bones cushioned by the enormous baggy cheeks of Kamala’s rear end that bounced like a pair of water balloons against the ground and enveloped the old women as they settled to a stop.

Riri pulled herself up with a groan, nursing her aching back and neck before dusting herself off while Kamala laid back on her enormous bum, panting and out of breath.

“That was smart thinking Ms. Marvel, embiggening your booty like that to break our fall.” Riri grunted.

Kamala wobbled her body to stand upright again and looked behind herself confused.

“What was that? I didn’t embiggen anything...” The elderly polymorph rattled.

Silk managed to fire off some webs from her fingers but they arched limply onto the ground in front of her only hindering the Krees that were within a few feet of where she was standing.

“Has anybody seen my glasses?” Stature creaked as she began patting her aged body looking for reading glasses.

“You weren’t wearing any glasses... I don’t think...” America wheezed to the size-changing granny.

“What?” Stature hollered, holding a shaky hand to her ear.

“She said you didn’t have any glasses!” Riri barked at Cassie.

Cassie shook her head, getting down onto her trembling hands and knees to search the grass.

“I know I don’t have my glasses – that’s why I need to find them! I can’t see anything!” Stature explained, mishearing Iron Heart.

As the former blonde hero crawled forward slowly she accidentally grew to giant size. The elderly kree battalion had no hope of getting out of the way as she crawled toward them, her massive pendulous breasts swaying from side to side the size and length of oak trees as they swung and hit elderly mercenaries like a pair of wrecking balls, sweeping the battle field clear in the time it took her to move across it.

She stooped and rubbed her sore knees, shrinking back down to normal size as the trail of groaning incompetated Kree laid in her wake.

“What was I looking for again?” Statured asked, scratching her gray ponytailed head.

“Good thinking Cassie! Use your size to your advantage!” Kamala rattled, hobbling over to help the old woman back up.

“I did?” She asked, completely confused.

“Hey! What’s that building over there? Is that where all these bad guys came from?” Silk asked, squinting at a ship not far from them.

“Eh? What about it?” America said as she turned and shuffled away from the elderly Kree woman she was fighting, forgetting about their battle and causing the old blue-skinned woman to tumble forward and pass out.

“What was it we were doing again?” Stature asked, running her tongue across her lips.

Both her and Silk were completely toothless at this point and Kamala was missing a few teeth, many of the women had gray hair growing all over their wrinkled bodies - from their legs to their armpits to the insides of their ears. In fact if they stripped off their costumes a new might find a stray hair or two on their nipples and certainly a mess of tangled grey pubes.

“The tree!” Kamala mumbled, though wasn’t very sure what she was saying.

“What key?” America shouted.

“I just hope that the metal building up there has a place to sit down! My feet are aching and I need a good place to rest my eyes for a bit!” Riri muttered as she began to clomp forward toward the building - which was actually a Kree command ship.

After another few feet of shuffling and moaning about various aches and pains, the five very elderly women stood outside of the ship that seemed to be sealed up tight. A menachinal eye snaked out of a compartment above the door.

“INTRUDERS! VACATE IMMEDIATELY OR SECURITY MEASURES WILL COMMENCE!” A robotic voice warned as red lights flashed from the side of the ship.

“What did that robot say?” Silk asked, scratching her belly peeking out from between the top and bottom of her costume.

“I don’t know! The least they could do is leave out some benches for a bunch of old women like us so we can catch our breath!” America wheezed and shook her fist at the eye.

A woman’s cackle echoed from the speaker.

“It’s Min... Doctor... Minnie.... Minnesota! She’s taunting us from inside this ship here!” Kamala cried pointing to the speaker, her finger expanding and drooping toward the ground like ice cream on a hot day.

“FIVE... FOUR... “ The security bot counted down while Dr. Minerva’s sinister laugh echoed.

“If this machine tries to fight us... we might be too old to fight back...” Stature creaked pathetically.

Silk's threads spilled from her fingers to the ground again in fear.

"THREE... TWO..." The mechanical voice called, ominously.

"Oh I'm not scared of this contraption! I'll box it's ears!" America said holding up frail fists as the other women watched her sagging atrophied biceps flap like wings in the breeze.

"We've got to be smart if we want to... um... if we... oh! Riri... how are you dear? When did you get here?" Kamala quavered, distracted by the sight of her old friend.

"Tired! My feet're aching; My thighs are sore; my hips got a twinge in it and my back is hurting something awful! I need to find somewhere to rest, hun!" Iron Heart complained

"ONE..." The voice declared as big mechanical arms and laser cannons unveiled from compartments on the side of the ship aimed to attack the old women.

Riri listed her hand to motion for the robot to quiet down but instead fired a massive blast that blew the eye and most of the door off the ship. The rest of the weaponry immediately powered down and the remaining part of the metal door creaked and swung down, collapsing onto the ground.

"Iron Heart! You did it!" Silk said happily, wetting her toothless mouth.

"Did what now?" Riri asked, confused.

"There's a way in!" Kamala exclaimed in a shaky voice.

"Good! I hope they have a bathroom..." America grumbled shuffling inside.

As the ancient Young Avengers hobbled into the ship they found a few dozen elderly kree soldiers shuffling around in their own world of senility. None of them seemed to notice or pose a threat to the wizened Avengers as they shuffled through the ship. A blue-skinned old woman was holding a frail trembling hand above the ship's controls trying to remember how they all worked while her equally elderly male co-pilot snored in the seat next to her.

A hunched, grandmotherly Kree soldier whose wrinkly blue gut was sagging out of her uniform stood in the mess area pouring a luke-warm liquid from a pot onto her boots absent-mindedly. Kamala hobbled over to her.

“Is Bruno working today?” Kamala asked, squinting at the Kree woman.

“Eh?” She replied, not understanding Ms. Marvel.

“Whose Bruno... she doesn’t know what you’re talking about, Marvel!” Riri grumbled rubbing her large jiggling rear.

“But... isn’t this the Circle Q? My friend B... Brandon? No, Benji, works here all the time...” Kamala replied, almost tripping on her now floor-length white and gray hair.

“Circle Q? This is a... a... Kree spaceship! I used to see these all the time when I was young...” America hollered, wrapping on the metal wall with her swollen knuckles.

“You are young! We all are... I think... You don’t look very young to me... you’re a fat old grandma! Heh!” Silk cackled as she poked a bony finger into America’s wrinkly stomach causing the old woman to inadvertently pass gas.

“Ladies! Focus! We have to find eh... um... is Stature asleep?” Kamala asked, pointing at the wrinkled white woman who had shrunken down to half her size and was nodding off on the counter. Her gray ponytail also now reached down below her feet.

“Stature! Wake up! We have to find Minerva!” Riri mumbled nudging her elderly size-changing friend.

Stature startled awake and grew to her normal height suddenly, gripping onto Iron Hearts flabby arm to steady herself.

“Silk? Where are you going?” America asked as she watched Cindy shuffle out of the room.

“I have to warn Peter about the Inheritors...” Cindy mumbled as another band of silk snapped from her chest allowing her wrinkled gut to become visible.

The other old women followed her into the next room of the ship which looked more like the day room at an old folks home than the debriefing room of a military force. More Kree soldiers were sitting around or shuffling aimlessly drooling in their own

little worlds. In the back of the room a babbling old woman in an ill-fitting red costume sat in a nest of her own long white hair, hugging the Tree Console in her wrinkled sagging arms.

“HAHAHAHA you’ll never stop me now! I’m going to make everyone ooooooold...” The decrepit Dr. Minerva mumbled with several of her teeth missing.

“Eh? What?” Kamala asked embiggening her ear so that her tuft of gray ear hairs were the size of a pomeranian.

A white-bearded soldier shuffled into the room slowly, his round gut bulging out of his suit as he charged at the heroes with his wrinkled blue face twisted in rage.

“For the empire! For the Supreme Intelligence!” He hollered in a horse voice.

He tripped over Kamala’s cane which she had absent-mindedly discarded on the floor and tumbled at Cassie’s feet, gripping at her spandex pants to stand up again.

“Don’t get fresh with me boy... My grandson is Ant-Man!” Stature rattled, wagging a gnarled finger at the old man in disapproval.

“Ant-Man’s your dad! Not your grandson!” Silk corrected in a cranky tone.

“Really? That doesn’t seem right...” Stature mumbled, as she stroked her gray chin whiskers, unsure.

“Excuse me? Do you know where we are... My friends and I are lost...” America rattled.

“Mommy? Is that you... I’ve been oh so naughty...” Minerva babbled.

“Well i’m gonna rest my fat ass down and take a nap.” Riri declared sitting in one of the seats with a big flopping groan.

“Oh yes... I need to rest... for my date tonight...” Cassie chirped with a nod of her wrinkled head.

“Is this cafeteria serving tapioca? I need soft foods...” Silk muttered, also sitting down and gathering up her long white and gray hair into her lap.

“You’re all doomed! DOOM... Do-” Minerva yelled as the rest of her teeth slipped out of her mouth and her shaking hand reached up to feel her thin wrinkled blue lips.

“Wait... you’re Doctor... Doc... Doctor Octopus! And you stole that thingamajiggy from those nice old people we met before...!” Kamala said, vaguely aware of what was going on.

“You’ll never stop me Mar-Vel! With this um... you.... Who are you again? Where am I? Do I know you? Are we friends from Starforce?” Dr. Minerva asked, wetting her lips and looking around in senility.

“X-Force? I’m not a mutant, I’m an Inhuman... wait, do I know you? Are you on the Champions? It’s so hard to keep up with all the new faces at my age...” Kamala mumbled back squinting her tired eyes at the villainous woman.

“Champion? I’m not an Elder of the Universe... everyone will be an elder of the... an elder when I... I... what was I doing?” Minerva quavered absent mindedly.

“You stole that thing! You need to give it back!” Ms. Marvel cried.

She reached out with her rubbery arms and wrapped her veiny embiggening hands around the console.

“No! It’s mine! Back away or I’ll turn you into an old woman!” Minerva hissed.

The other aged women chuckled at the comment.

“Ships sailed on that, dearie - we’re all as old as dirt! Hehehe.” Iron Heart cackled.

Kamala and Minerva weakly tugged the rectangular metal plate back and forth, panting from the exertion.

“Let go... and the elders can put us all... back to normal...” Ms. Marvel quavered in a brief moment of clarity.

“You let go... so I can rule... the... oh what’s the word for it... you know what I mean... the thing we all live in... I can rule the... rule the universe! Yes, that’s it!” The villain rattled as the two women continued their elderly tug of war battle.

“I need this for my science project Zoe...” Kamala rattled.

“There’s a Shi’ar boot-maker... finest boots you’ll... and burn it all...” Minerva babbled in a trembling voice.

Soon they were both muttering incoherently in quiet tired voices still pulling the console back and forth as they began to simultaneously nod off. The former teen hero and the Kree villain began to snore loudly as they leaned on one another.

“Be quiet! Your music’s too loud!” Silk yelled in a cranky voice.

She fired off her silk strands around the blue-skinned woman causing her to fall back softly and snooze on the floor.

“Get ‘em! Get the bad guy.” Stature mumbled after the fact.

Kamala jerked awake with a snort.

“Am I late for school?” She croaked in a panic.

“Heh you look like you graduated decades ago!” Silk chuckled as she continued to drizzle her webbing around Minerva.

“We best head back to the village before we uh... before we forget the... what was I saying?” Riri mumbled.

“I’m tired...” Stature croaked as she slumped in a chair.

Soon all of the Young Avengers were nodding off again in the main room of the ship, the action they had been experiencing was just too much for their aged, elderly bodies. Kamala’s limbs pooled on the floor around the console as she snored softly and Riri dozed in her chair fast asleep.

A few minutes later the snoozing old women heard America hollering for them and they creaked to their feet. Shuffling to the bathroom they found America pulling her pants back up around her chunky old legs and pointing to a star portal she had opened that showed the village on the other side.

“Oh goodness! Is this the way home? I seem to have gotten lost in this nursing home somehow...” Cassie rattled in confusion as she shuffled through the portal

“Here ma’am, you dropped this...” Kamala told America as she shoved the console into the heavy-set latina’s saggy gut.

The former power house looked in confusion at the device and scratched her white-haired head.

“Is this mine? I don’t remember this doohickey...” America mumbled before tucking the console under her saggy arm.

The old ladies all creaked and groaned their way through the portal with Minerva dragging behind silk by some of her webbing. Once they got to the hill with the tree they found scores of equally old grey-skinned wrinkled villagers muttering to themselves and drooling, unaware of what they were doing or where they were.

The elder Ke’van, his wife and the others were all shriveled sagging husks as they laid on the grass. Upon seeing the elderly Avengers hobbling toward them they stirred and began to mutter to themselves in excitement.

“The heroes...” “They heroes have returned...” “Who are they?” “I wossed muh teef!” The aged aliens called out in hoarse rattling voices.

Frail old drummers began to slap their trembling hands against their drums, using muscle memory to recall how to play since their brains were otherwise addled. Toothless old flute players blew through their instruments making some semblance of celebratory music.

“You’re the heroes... you... I haven’t seen you since I was a young girl... oh you should have seen me back then... I was so beautiful when I was young... so beautiful...” Hil’da rambled at Kamala and crew as they approached the hill.

“Come! Come friends, celebrate with us... we’re celebrating... er... what was I saying? Oh yes... we’re celebrating uh...” Ke’van mumbled as he sat chewing on his own white beard.

“Our wedding, we’re to be married soon...” His wife Sa’rei announced as she attempted to skip around the field in her own little world.

“This lady wants to marry me but she’s an old woman and I don’t know her!” Ke’van barked in frustration waving a bony hand toward his wife.

The heroes nodded politely, not quite following what the aliens were saying. The music and smells of food evoked celebratory feelings in the women and the villagers, though nobody was quite aware of what they were celebrating. Kamala, Cindy, Riri, America and Cassie all hobbled around to various parts of the grassy knoll forgetting themselves and quite how old they currently were. America hugged the tree console in her arms, fuzzy as to why she was carrying it and Kamala dragged the frail old Doctor Minerva behind them, wrapped in Silk's threads.

As the group joined the senile festivities there was one old woman shuffling about the crowd who seemed vaguely familiar to them, though they couldn't remember why. She seemed different from the aliens - a shriveled old human woman with a big wrinkly distended gut pushing out under her red and blue top that was adorned with a Hala star. She waddled around bare-legged having forgotten her pants, her flabby wrinkled legs were fuzzy with gray leg hairs.

"Have you seen my cat?" She asked through toothless gums as she shuffled through the elderly crowd.

"Eh Zoe? Issat you?" Kamala croaked squinting her tired eyes to look at her.

"Jessica! Have you seen Chewie? I can find my cat." Captain Marvel responded, showing no recognition of her aged protege.

Kamala embiggened her arms to hug the familiar old woman but in her old age the wrinkled saggy flesh was as hard to control as lifting water with a fork and her wrinkled folds began to pool on the grass in front of her.

Carol looked at the incredibly sagging polymorph and then wet her lips and shuffled off in the other direction.

"Have you seen my cat? I'm the head of Alpha... something..." The senile Captain Marvel asked the next person she had shuffled up to.

Kamala meanwhile gathered her loose wrinkled folds up and hobbled over to where a group of elderly former young folks were shuffling around, dancing as best as they could. The former teen hero joined them as her drooping elastic body began to lift and tighten back up into place, her chest, arms and belly still sagged noticeably and were covered in folds and wrinkles - even her powers weren't THAT good.

She began to lift her tired legs in the air and hop with the aid of her cane in time to the music. The movements were much smaller and slower than they had been when she was young but it was certainly dancing. The old people around her cackled, forgetting that they weren't kids anymore, attempting to jump and do more athletic dance moves, only to be brought down to reality by back pain or their hips clicking. Kamala herself was feeling her knobby knees protesting her dancing.

“Stupid knees... I must have bruised them in my battle with... that man... back in... oh who remembers...” Kamala muttered to herself in frustration as she shook her white head causing her incredibly jowly cheeks to flop around. She stretched her arms down to rub her knees with wrinkly embiggened hands as she continued to sway to the music.

Not that far from where Kamala was dancing and threatening to break a hip, America had managed to find the two formerly sexy alien women she had been laying with earlier that day. They were both shriveled old biddies now, drooling and humming to themselves as they soaked naked in the bathing pool. America absentmindedly dropped the console she was holding and then tore her own top off, allowing her massive pillowy breasts to flop forward and jiggle like jello on her fat wrinkling muffin top. She struggled and grunted as she attempted to pry herself out of her spandex shorts that were made for a much younger woman's toned legs and ass.

The old women in the pool chortled to themselves as they watched the fat, white-haired latina woman groan and wrestle with her pants until she manages to shove them down her chunky old legs.

Once she was completely naked America waddled over to the pool, flopping tiredly down into the water. Her rolls of aged flesh swayed and trembled as she moved. The aged hero let out a relieved sigh as she eased her fat hairy body down. The other old woman slowly swam over to her, confused with happy wrinkled smiles on their faces. Their breasts swung from side to side as they moved.

“Do I know you?” America asked them, thinking that these old women seemed kind of familiar.

The two women looked at one another confused and then giggled as they pressed their withered bodies against America's. All three women thought that they were still young and the other two were old but that didn't get in the way of the impulses of lust driving all three naked senile seniors. They smooshed their droopy curves against one

another in the water, squishing their saggy aged old lady flesh together as they began to toothlessly kiss.

Silk shuffled over to them and made a disgusted face at the three old women rubbing wrinkly bodies together in front of her. She didn't know who any of these old women were but felt like what they were doing was shameful.

“Cover up you... you... sinister three!” She rattled in a shrill voice and then fired a stream of silk strands from her gnarled fingers at them to dress their nakedness. Fortunately for America and her elderly girlfriends, Silk's powers were still dulled by age and decrepitude and the silk trends fizzled and fell flat on the grass.

Ironically, lifting her wrinkled arms to fire off her silk powers caused the last remaining strains of her make-shift bodice to come undone and with a snap her saggy breasts were once again exposed. Silk looked down surprised at the pendulous boobs hanging down onto her paunch but after a moment she had forgotten what it was she was even doing and absent-mindedly lifted one of the breasts to scratch at some wrinkled skin underneath. She then shuffled through the crowd looking for someplace warm to sit - she suddenly felt very cold around her chest.

Many old crusty alien men gawked and squinted their eyes in glee at the sight of the round old asian hero hobbling topless past them, despite her now being old enough to have a few gray hairs growing from her nipples.

The men didn't have much time to gawk however as a giant gnarly foot pushed them aside. Stature had grown quite large in order to look for the boy from earlier or her dad, or her friends in the Young Avengers, whom she had forgotten were old. All she saw was a sea of white-haired old grannies and grandpas and she was getting scared. The elderly giant shuffled forward, kicking the console up in the air, tripping on it and stumbling backward. She put a hand on her massive crooked back and tried to ease herself down onto the grass, knocking over and sitting on a few aged villagers in the process. They hollered and squirmed to crawl out from under her saggy wrinkled butt cheeks which were the size of a pair of half-inflated hot air balloons and just as crinkled.

Cassie stretched her veiny tired legs out over the alien landscape causing a few more disoriented villagers to get tangled in her long scraggly gray leg hairs which now felt more like a gray jungle.

“I’m a little teapot short and stout...” She began to mumble and sing to herself, forgetting who and where she was. Her body quickly shrank down to average height causing a lot of relieved aliens to shuffle away from her as quickly as possible.

When the console flew through the air it landed in front of Riri who was sitting her chunky behind down in front of the food and numbing down some burnt delicacies. All of the food was blackened and overcooked on account of the absentminded senility of all of the cooks now. Iron heart bit into some charred meat with her remaining teeth as the console flopped down onto her plate.

“It’s from the gods!” A villager mumbled in disbelief.

“What’s this now? I can fix this - I’m an engineer... one time I built some armor and it... it... I built some armor... and I was Iron... something... because I built some armor... and I’m an engineer...” She rattled in circles trying to explain to the old folks around her who she was.

She picked the console up with trembling hands, squinting at the alien device.

“Whatsit do?” Riri asked, confused.

“It’ll make you old!” Minerva hissed, still wrapped up in silks’ webs.

“Old? I don’t want to get old! I’m an engineer. Can’t get arthritis because... who are you again? What’s this here? Anybody have some food? I’m starving.” She cackled, slapping her flabby old gut.

“Have you seen my cat? His name is Goose... he’s a... a fler... his name is Chewie. He’s furry...” Captain Marvel rattled, patting Riri on the shoulder with a trembling hand.

“I haven’t seen any cat... maybe this can help you find it.” Iron heart mumbled as she passed the console over to Carol.

The aged Avenger wet her wrinkled lips and tapped on the console with her frail fingers.

“Chewie? Goose? Cat? Rhodey? You in there?” The elderly woman asked in a trembling voice, holding her ear up to the device like it was a seashell.

When nothing happened the elderly Kree-hybrid tossed the console in the air behind her like it was space junk.

“Higher... further... faster... more...” Carol murmured to herself as she shuffled away.

The console soared through the air and miraculously stuck into the trunk of the great tree. Immediately it lit up as it merged into the bark of the tree until it was a part of it. The old people that noticed, mumbled in confusion and amazement. Once the device was merged and fully illuminated, a cloud of mist dispersed from the tree’s leaves.

Suddenly the crowd of old people began to blink and shake their heads as their mental faculties came back to them. They were no longer addled and confused, they looked at one another shocked at how old they had all become. The Old/Young Avengers in particular looked shocked at the old woman hobbling toward them with no pants on.

“Captain Marvel! You came!” Ms. Marvel rattled, wrapping her loose dangly arms around the elderly woman.

“Ms. Marvel, is that you? And America? Cassie? Silk? Iron Heart? You ladies have all grown up!” Carol wheezed in disbelief.

“You mean grew *old!*” Cassie corrected.

“Well... we’re all looking a little long in the tooth now... I meant to come find you and help you all if you were in danger, but by the time I landed I was looking like my own grandmother and once I stopped to ask one of the villagers here what was going on I was too senile to even remember why I came!” Carol explained.

“It’s okay Captain... we handled it... though honestly, I barely remember how...” Riri replied.

“Friends! You did it! You saved us once again. Now that the tree has its regulator back it will stop aging us further and let us keep our wits about ourselves.” Ke’van explained joyfully.

“You mean that device isn’t what causes the aging? I spent the day as a doddering old woman for nothing!” Minerva hissed from the ground.

“Oh no - without the tree this console is quite useless i’m afraid - but without it so are all of us!” Sa’rei chimed in with a quavering laugh.

“Well, this has been fun but it’d be nice to be able to lift my legs fully off the ground and not need to pee every five seconds...” America interjected.

“And to not have my chest dangling around my waist!” Cassie said, trying to hide herself from whichever of these old gray men was her festival date.

Ke’van frowned his wrinkled face.

“I’m sorry heroes but because of the stress the tree endured it will be several days now before it bears the sacred rejuvenating fruits... but I assure you that once it does you all will be the first in line to receive the blessing of youth once more! It’s the least we can do to thank you.” He explained.

The old ladies frowned at one another, gripping their backs and sighing.

“A few more days stuck as decrepit old women...” Kamala said, shaking her head.

“What are we supposed to do? Rock in a chair somewhere and knit?” Silk asked.

“I think i’m too old to fight any more villains for a while. My old ass needs a rest!” Riri declared, nodding her multi-chinned head.

“Well... You ladies certainly do deserve some much needed rest and relaxation after all the battles you've been through recently. I think the universe can survive a few days of the Young Avengers checking into an early retirement.” Carol said, patting the ladies on their bony shoulders.

“I think we can officially call ourselves the Old Avengers.” Kamala said with a wrinkly smirk.

“The Elderly Avengers.” Silk suggested.

“The Wrinkled Avengers!” Cassie laughed.

“Okay Wrinkled Avengers... how would you like to spend the week at a Casino Planet not far from here that caters to intergalactic seniors?” Carol rasped with a grin.

“YEAH!” Was the unanimous quavering reply from the aged super teens.

And with that they began to shuffle slowly toward the quinjet.

THE END