

The Women of the X-Men in:

GEROPHOBIA

PART 10

By ChronoEclipse

They all looked at one another in confusion for a moment at their weird old-people cosplay that had appeared on their bodies out of nowhere but then they were all brought to attention by the rasping old voice of the Mayor.

The balding old codger was now dressed in a robe and helmet that was vaguely reminiscent of old-skool Magneto except painted on his white-haired chest were the words 'Mayor Terrible'.

"Henchmen... It's time to... fight the heroes once and for all!" The old man shouted with a cough pointing toward the X-ladies.

The aged townsfolk raised their fists in the air and shouted aggressively in agreement with the Mayor's battle cry.

"Yeeeeahhh!!" They snarled, shaking their bony fists and arms.

They began plodding toward the X-grannies with their wrinkled faces twisted in angry, aggressive sneers.

"Get the heck out of here!" One bald old man just wearing a diaper, a blue mask and fuzzy slippers warned like he was telling some kids to get off of his lawn.

"You don't belong here!" Another woman hissed with a crazed cat-lady look and messy wispy gray and white hair.

Slowly the townsfolk shuffled closer as they formed a circle around the elderly mutants. The extremely elderly former heroes slumped on their walkers and squinted around at the hostile group of seniors shouting at them.

“We didn’t do nothin’ to ya’ll. We’re just a group a’ kindly old gals mindin’ our P’s and Q’s.” Rogue insisted defensively.

Jean held up her trembling gnarled hands to try and signal the crowd of henchpeople to stop.

“Please, there is no need for violence. We mean you no... um... what I mean to say is that we... mean... er... what was I saying? Oh my mind wanders so much these days... It was important... I remember that. We mean... what do we mean?” Jean asked tapping on her fuzzy old chin in a moment of stumped senility.

“We’re mean?” Kitty asked, drooling a bit.

“What?” An old woman wearing a supervillan headdress on her white haired head but otherwise just standing in stained underwear asked, attempting to turn her hearing aid up.

“I think they said that they’re mean!” Another old person shouted gruffly.

This declaration riled the elderly townsfolk up again who shook their fists some more and shouted harshly at the x-women.

“Whaddaya call me? I’m not mean - *YOU’RE* mean!” Magik spat, temporarily losing her dentures out of her mouth as she shook a damning bony finger at the angry senile townsfolk.

X-23 squinted her sunken eyes around at the hostile wrinkly faces scowling at her and her friends.

“These whipper-snappers look like villains to me... we better do our job as heroes and box their ears!” Laura croaked, raising a trembling fist in the air and then farting out of her shriveled rear.

Gera was cackling as she watched from the top of the hill.

“Whipper-snappers?’ You’re all old people... though, I did make you x-men types a bit longer in the tooth than the rest of the geezers here. I suppose when you’re over 100 a group of shriveled 70-year-old grandpas and grandmas *do* look like ‘upstart young punks’ from your perspective!” She giggled, clapping her smooth hands together as she watched the factions of aged people clash in front of her.

“Get ‘em!” The mayor rasped.

His crony townspeople slowly shuffled menacingly forward. Many of them began to pee themselves as they hobbled towards the X-ladies, their fight or flight reflex causing their already precarious bladder control to kick into gear.

An old lady, who had just yesterday been a hip/cool local baker but was now a puffy, flabby old woman with pendulous tits, wrinkly arms covered in tattoos and a round wrinkly gut, stopped and scratched at her messy white curls in confusion.

“Wait... why are we fighting these poor frail ladies?” She asked trying to make sense of what was happening.

Several of the other elderly townspeople halted as well, nodding in agreement that it didn’t make sense to be attacking the x-women all of a sudden.

“Mayor Terrible?” One of the mayor’s aides turned to their wizened leader looking for guidance.

The bald, scruffy, white-bearded old man looked over at the shriveled mummies dressed in brightly colored diapers, clinging to their walkers and then at the crowd of retirees dressed equally ridiculously. But rather than snapping out of Geras’ control he scrunched up his wrinkled face in fury.

“Out with the old, in with the new! These old bags have had it good for long enough! It’s our time now! Get ‘em you fools! I’m Mayor Terrible and you’re all my henchmen! You’ve got to do what I say!” The old coot shouted causing spittle to fly from his wrinkled lips as he hoarsely ordered the townspeople to attack.

“You’re fighting them because they’re older than you? YOU’RE ALL OLD! It’s so nonsensical! I love it!!” Geras laughed as she watched.

“Out with the olds!” The crowd cried as they shambled toward the aged heroes.

“Uh uh! You young punks aren’t going to come over here and push us around. Young people today have no respect for their elders. Why back in my day we appreciated the contributions of heroes... even the old smelly ones... but today you’re all focused on your screens and your beanie babies and your whosie-watsits... why isn’t anyone getting me a chair to sit down in? I’ve been standing for too damn long...” Storm ranted in frustration.

“Time to uh... kick some... uh... kick some... what do we kick again?” X-23 babbled trying to think of an inspiring battle-cry.

“A can?” Magik offered.

Kitty, who had nodded off suddenly opened her tired eyes and peered around at the retirement crowd approaching them.

“Food fight!!!” She screamed, forgetting where they were or what they were doing.

The other x-women look around confused, not having any food to throw.

“PPPPfffff!!!!” Kitty stuck her tongue out and made a rude noise at the townspeople closest to her.

“What was that?” Magik asked.

“I threw a raspberry!” Kitty declared proudly.

The aged townspeople and the aged x-ladies converged on one another in an angry chaotic tussle. From each of the aged combatants perspectives this was the apex of an epic battle akin to something out of Game of Thrones or Lord of the Rings.

Enraged men and women at the thrall of Mayor Terrible charged at the mutant heroes throwing punches and kicks their way. KAPOW! SMASH! WHAMMY! While others brandished weapons to thwart their foes, clashing them against the might of the X-Men. ZAP! BANG! SHA-DOOM!

Storm called forth the power of hurricanes to blast the mob of villains from the battlefield as Rogue used her super human strength to match the fury of their agitators blow for blow. Kitty passed through the crowd like a ninja in the night while Magik waved around her walker like it was the Soulsword and fired infernal magic from the netherlands at the attacking minions.

Jean Grey pressed her hand to her forehead TKing oncoming attackers around like ragdolls while X-23 showed why she had earned the title of Wolverine by carving up the field like it was a thanksgiving turkey. But Mayor Terrible wouldn't be deterred so easily - he unleashed a second wave of his army at the X-Men, bolstered by a new form of sentinel! The sentinels lumbered menacingly towards the mutants, shaking the ground with each clomp as they trained their terrible cannons on the heroes.

Of course - this was just how the fight was playing out in the old geezers heads. From Geras perspective a group of slow, achey, confused men and women in their 70s and 80s plodded their way up to the 100-year-old former super heroes and then began to engage in the worlds slowest, weakest slap-fight.

Storm hovered above the townspeople looking a bit senile and disoriented.

“I call upon - the fury of Mother Wind!!!” The elderly black woman croaked in a shrill voice.

And then she farted.

“You darned kids remind me of my grand-babies... o’course my grand-babies ain’t babies anymore, at my age my grand-babies got grand-babies of their own and their kids’ve got kids... and those kids’ve got zits! But just ‘cause you remind me o’ my children don’t think that I won’t take ya’ll over my need an’

spank ya some!” Rogue hollered as she attempted to do just that to a gray-haired woman attempting to kick her in the shin.

Her super-strength was greatly diminished but she was still able to pull the elderly woman around and gave her a few weak slaps on the woman’s big saggy bum.

“ARRRGHHH!!!” A man screamed as he shuffled forward raising his cane up to strike Rogue but she just reached up and pinched the man’s wrinkled cheek.

“Ah aren’t ya a cutie! But you’re skin an’ bones young man. Ain’t they feed you enough here?” Rogue asked as she absorbed the old man’s powers and caused him to pass out.

Magik had managed to knock a pair of old people over onto the grass by limply tossing her walker about. She then proceeded to attempt to cast them into Limbo but all she managed to do was accidentally pee on them as she began to stumble over them in senile confusion.

Kitty meanwhile was floating around the area phasing in and out of solid-state and inadvertently tripping people in the process. Many of the Mayors followers were clustered together and not particularly steady on their feet so when she appeared suddenly in front of one old lady she created a domino effect that caused dozens of old people to topple to the dirt.

“I’ve fallen and I can’t get up!” A former high school cheerleader croaked from under the pile of aged townsfolk.

Kitty just giggled and blew another raspberry. She was feeling pretty tired though and decided that it was time for a snack. She plopped down into the pile of withered half-naked bodies and lifted her own shriveled right breast up to reveal a half-eaten yam she had squirreled away at some point. She proceeded to gum it happily as the fight continued on around her.

A song popped into her head that she began to hum as she nommed on her stewed yam and watched the chaos around her.

“Dun-Na-na-na-NUH-na-na. Dun-Na-na-na-NUH-na-na. Dun-Na-na-na-NUH-na-na... dun-na-na.” She muttered in some oddly specific tune.

X-23 was hobbling around attempting to karate-chop and roundhouse kick her foes with her frail arms and legs. She kept stopping and holding her wrinkly closed fists in the air, squeezing them as if she expected something to happen.

“Is that supposed to scare us?” An old man wheezed, confused.

“You better be scared because I’m going to... eh what are my powers again?” Laura asked, scratching her gray head.

“You turn into a wolverine!” Magik snapped in annoyance as she knocked another foe in the shins with her walker.

“Is that some kind of wolf? I thought that was wolfsbanes power!” X-23 mumbled, stroking her whiskered chin.

“Who? No... I think its more like a badger...” Magik replied as her distended wrinkled belly gurgled and she farted out a large portal to limbo.

Fire scorched through the portal briefly before it closed, singing an old man’s thick eyebrows off.

“Like Honey Badger?” X-23 asked.

“Who? No... you make sharp things with your fingers or something... I can’t remember.” Magik mumbled as she turned around abruptly, knocking out an attacking old lady with her large sagging breasts.

“Are you sure I even have powers?” X-23 asked as the scrapes and bruises from her attackers rapidly healed on her wrinkled body.

“Of course you... Oh I remember Wolfsbane now! Sweet girl. Irish right? How is she? I haven’t thought of her in years...” Magik said, stopping to chit-chat in the middle of the fight.

“Y’know... I can’t remember the last time I talk to her. We should see if she’s on facebook. She’s around your age isn’t she? Must be getting on in years now...” Laura replied, cracking her aching back.

Jean Grey’s telekinesis was fizzling out as quickly as she could conjure it and she had completely forgotten about her telepathy. She mostly stood in the middle of the crowd pressing her trembling hand to her lined forehead and pointing her gnarled fingers from the other hand out toward people while raising a gray eyebrow menacingly.

It was somewhat effective as the somewhat senile townspeople found the ominous pose just frightening enough that they backed off of her.

“We’re losing! Time to show these so-called ‘heroes’ we mean business!” Mayor Terrible rasped hoarsely.

A new group of elderly townsfolk hobbled forward with a few of them decked out in pink and purple walkers and Depends, wearing wrestling headgear that vaguely looked like the heads of Sentinels.

“Back in my day Sentinels were 10-foot tall and didn’t have such big puffy guts... they used to be made in the US-of-A but now...” Storm ranted as she attempted to use her powers again.

She managed to create some small patches of icy slush in the grass that caused the on-coming seniors to slip and fall. Those who hadn’t toppled yet held back, fearing they might break a hip.

“Get them! Get the he-heroes! Make them pay for... for being so o-o-ol-oh-my-god...” The Mayor wheezed as he clutched his chest and fell backward onto the grass.

Gera sighed at the ailing Mayor and waved her hand in his direction, recessitating the old man as he sat up gingerly. She looked back down at the old-person-fight but found that people already seemed to be dispersing, either

from wandering off in a senile stupor or out of fear of getting hurt at their advanced age.

“Oh that's no fun! Get back here! Destroy the X-Grannies! You're my minions now!!” The young woman commanded as she raised the spot she was standing on into an impressive platform.

Jean Gray and the other women perked up at hearing Gera's commands.

“That must be the true villain!” X-23 quavered pointing up at Gera.

“Ah'm going to give that young punk a good whoopin'!” Rogue declared as she pushed up her puffy flappy arm skin like she was rolling up her sleeves to get down to business.

“How will we ever beat her! She's so young... and far away!” Magik groaned as she began to feel winded just from taking a few steps in Gera's direction.

“We shall call on the wind!!” Storm declared and then let out another loud fart.

Many of the elderly townspeople had begun to nod off and the few that were still awake seemed a bit confused about what was happening. Most of their make-shift weapons and gear had fallen to the ground because they were too weak and frail to keep holding it.

“Eh? What were we going again? My heart is racing like a jackrabbit!” X-23 grunted, gripping her sagging chest and trying to catch her breath and ease down her blood pressure.

“I think we were trying to find a nurse to change our Depends...” Jean rasped, attempting to search for someone young enough to assist her in removing the damp diaper she was currently wearing.

“Raisins!” Kitty declared with a trembling cackle as she inexplicably pulled some actual raisins out from under her empty left breast and flung them at the snoring mayor and his aged staff.

The mayor jerked awake with a snort.

“Who thre that... you young punks... er, I mean you old prunes!” He grumbled shaking his fist at Kitty who just phased back away from him.

“Now you two, don’t start... You remind me of my two youngest great-grandbabies... always fussing and fightin’ in the back of the station wagon whenever we go to iHop...” Rogue chided completely forgetting the battle that had just almost occurred.

“iHop is a circus of villainy that will not stand! I was charged twice for a single stack of silver dollar pancakes and they didn’t even apply - MY SENIOR DISCOUNT!” Storm bellowed as a small raincloud began to drizzle just above them.

Jean flashed a telepathic image of the group getting their diapers changed, receiving a sponge bath and getting put to bed in a nursing home, but inside each of the images was imbedded a subliminal message from Jean’s young self shouting:

‘We’re not supposed to be this old! We’re young heroes! We have to stop Gera - she’s turning us and the town into senile old fogies!’

The elderly x-men all looked at one another blinking their sunken eyes in confusion.

“Maybe that young lady up their can help some old women get changed and washed up and put to bed...” Magik suggested.

They all began to hobble their way up the hill to where Gera had set herself up on a chair on top of a table so that she could observe the old-folks battle in its full glory. She laughed and clapped as her favorite toys came shuffling up to her.

TO BE CONCLUDED....