

The X-Men's Jubilee in:

SHOP 'TIL YOU DROP

By Chrono Eclipse

Part 2

She plodded through the mall feeling much more tired and out of shape than she had ever felt before. In fact she normally liked to run up the escalator to get up to the second floor but now Jubilee welcomed the break from walking as she stood on the rising step, gripping the rail with a veiny hand.

How expansive this mall was never bothered her before but now all of the walking began to feel incredibly daunting. And now her feet were starting to ache inside her boots as she sighed and stepped off of the elevator and turned toward the food court.

“I wonder if I have enough cheddar in my bank account to buy one of those fancy foot spas from the Sharper Image... I need to give my feet a nice hot soak when I get home.” She grunted to herself and then paused, shaking her head in disgust. “What am I saying? A foot spa? God, I sound like my mother!” She cringed.

She entered the food court which was normally hopping with all of the local high school kids, hanging out and scarfing down fast food since their young bodies had the metabolism to consume this junk.

But now as Jubilee looked around with increasingly fuzzy eyesight she found that the mall food court was filled with a bunch of retirees that looked like they had shown up for the early bird special.

To her right a grizzled bald older man stuffed burgers and potstickers into his hairy beer gut while a frumpy older woman who looked to be his wife stole a french fry from his plate and playfully inserted it between her pruning lips suggestively.

To her left was a roly-poly older woman who looked like Mrs. Klaus had squeezed herself into a rainbow colored mini-skirt and a white-tank top that was threatening to burst from the strain of her large saggy chest. The woman was chowing down on some pizza while sitting on the food court table that was buckling under her wide granny ass.

Sure enough the table collapsed with the heavysset woman toppling to the floor, her skirt ripping and exposing her thong panties and the tattoo she had on her dimpled walrus butt: A rose with the words 'Hot4Eva' beside it in cursive.

Jubilee burst out laughing at the sight of the woman's fall and subsequent scramble to get up before she embarrassed herself. As the mutant laughed, tiny fireworks accidentally shot from her fingertips causing her to quickly shove her hands into the pockets of her jacket and blush.

"Woah, that's never happened before." She thought to herself.

As she looked around the rest of the food court she was equally confused. Most of this crowd that looked like they should be enjoying a senior cruise in the caribbean were adorned with tattoos and piercings. Some of the old women had dyed their graying hair wild blues and greens and purples. All of them were wearing clothes that seemed incredibly out of place for their older sagging bodies - like these old folks had raided their grandkids closets before coming out to chill at the mall.

In fact, as she walked through the food court to get her chili fries, she did a double take as she saw three oddly familiar-looking Boomers gathered around a table together.

An old woman with a knit cap over her long gray hair was struggling to play a game on her phone due to the chronic arthritis in her bony fingers. Next to her a spindly old latino man hunched over a plate of fries wearing a sports jersey that was much too baggy for his old body; and finally a sour-looking older woman with faded red hair and pink yoga pants sitting backward in her chair with her wrinkly arms folded across back of the seat and her saggy ass sticking out to any passers-by with the words 'juicy' stenciled across it in white lettering.

Jubilee squinted at them and then snorted a laugh. If she didn't know better she'd say those were her friends Vic, Lara and Molly from 50 years in the future.

She paused wondering if she should look up how her friends are doing in the year 2075 the next time she gets accidentally sucked into the Days of Futures Past timeline again. Then she shrugged and scanned the area once more for anyone her own age - when she didn't see anyone, despite her blurrier vision she decided to order her food solo.

“One-of-a-kind, my ass!” The old woman with faded red hair snarled, thumbing a wrinkled thumb at Jubilee as she passed by, though the brightly colored mutant didn't hear her.

“What? Why are you whispering?” Vic rasped.

“I said - Jubilee's jacket isn't unique, if that old lady was able to find it! They probably sell the stupid thing at Macy's!” Lara cackled.

“Speaking of jackets, does anyone else feel super cold in here? I kinda wish I had listened to my mom this morning and worn a sweater!” Molly shivered, rubbing her bony arms with her veiny hands.

But Jubilee actually was finding things a bit hot. She waved a hand at her sweaty creased neck to cool herself off after getting hot all of the sudden. She had to dodge out of the way as she accidentally shot off some fireworks again. Her wrinkling belly gurgled - the chili and the fries weren't agreeing with her. She decided to ditch the rest of the tray and go find some play to cool off.

“It feels like the middle of summer in here all of a sudden.” Jubilee panted as she made her way out of the food court.

“Whaaaaat?” An old woman with big hoop earring and a belly button piercing asked, cupping her hand to her ear as Jubilee passed by.

Jubilee cringed and shook her head.

“Oh no, I wasn’t talking to you I was just thinking outlo-” She began to explain but again her powers went off without warning, singeing a bit of the old woman’s hair.

“Watch it old lady!” The woman with the hoop earrings hollered and hobbled away quickly.

“Sorry! Sorry! I promise I’ll be more careful!” Jubilee called after her.

‘Watch out for old ladies’ she thought to herself, sure that that’s what the old woman had said. ‘I’ll try...’ She declared solemnly.

After a slow laborious walk down to her favorite store that sells bikinis, Jubilee sighed in relief as the flashes of heat randomly and rapidly washing over her body seemed to subside.

She entered the Forever 21 and smirked as she looked around.

“Wow, this place is more like Forever 81! Amiright?” She asked the 20-something store employee.

The young woman just gave Jubilee a patronizing smile and went back to reracking tank tops.

The mall-obsessed X-man picked out a few bathing suits that she thought she’d look cute in and took them back to the dressing room. The retail worker took the skimpy bikinis and looked from the clothes to Jubilee, back to the clothes and then back up to Jubilee who had a big smile on her increasingly lined face.

“Are these for... your gran... er... niece?” The store employee asked.

Jubilee stared back at her for a moment and then burst out laughing.

“No! I don’t have any little nieces! I’m an only child. These will totally fit me. I have like, *really* small boobs... but thank you for thinking otherwise!” Jubilee said, grinning and giving the store employee ‘double guns.’

She took back her skimpy bikinis and entered the dressing room stall. Jubilee attempted to slip her jacket off of her shoulders but found that her arms didn’t move as flexibly as it had when she had put the jacket on. She wiggled and struggled with the garment, flopping about the stall. Her shoulders ached and her joints popped as she managed to free herself from the bright yellow trench coat, hanging it on the hook and then bending over and grabbing her knees to catch her breath. When she straightened back up again she then grabbed her pink top to pull it off so that she could try on her bikini tops. But as she was about to undress she glanced in the mirror and froze.

The woman staring back at her was older than her own mom!

Jubilee quickly tugged down the top quickly, not wanting to get a peek of the saggy sacks that her formerly perky boobs had become. She moved closer to the mirror, her thinning bottom lip trembling as she brought a hand up to feel her wrinkled jowly cheek.

“O-M-G I’m old!?” She cried.

She looked to be in her 60s. Her pink shades were resting in a thinning nest of black and gray hair. She had deep bags and crow's feet around her big brown eyes and deep creases down her cheeks that ran from her nose to her knobby chin.

“Ah! I thought the stupid stereotype was that Asian women don’t look old until we’re like 100!” She seethed as she rubbed her crinkling neck and examined the bit of bingo wing developing on her arms.

Her usual flat toned stomach had become a puffy gut that was spilling over her waist line and her legs were even worse - wrinkled and webbed with blue veins, her knees looked a bit swollen. She shuffled around and saw that her aging behind was drooping down past the seams of her skimpy jean shorts.

Jubilee cringed but then paused realizing that a bunch of things made sense now - why she was suddenly so winded and achy, why people kept calling her 'ma'am' and why the mall was suddenly overrun with seniors like that trio in the food court dressed as-

“Woah! That was Vic, Lara and Molly!” She gasped realizing that her friends had become old just like her.

All of the teens at the mall had suddenly skipped a couple generations and as she noticed more grays begin to overtake the black hairs on her head Jubilee realized that it was still happening.

“We might all get shipped from the mall straight into a nursing home!” She gasped as wrinkles etched their way across her face in real time.

She slipped her jacket back on, because at least it covered up her saggy behind and a bit more of her withering body than the rest of her outfit did. Then she turned to go find her friends and warn them about what was happening.

Jubilee hobbled out of the dressing room, shoving the bikinis she had picked out into the arms of the store attendant.

“Sorry, I think I'm a bit too old for any of these now.” She said as she hurried toward the exit as quickly as her aged legs would take her.

“I know! I'm glad you admitted it!” The retail worker shouted behind her.

As Jubilee slowly exited the store she looked to see how far away the escalator was. In reality it was only a quarter of the way down the mall promenade but at her current age it might as well have been a hundred miles away. As a teen she would have been able to run down to it in under a minute but now in her 60s it was going to take forever and considering how fast she and her friends were aging - she didn't have that kind of time.

Jubilee scanned around her immediate area, everything was blurry and she wished that she had glasses or something to see better. But she did manage to

spot a large mall cart just a few feet from her and she knew that there were elevators at either end of the mall.

Some quick thinking led the aging mutant to hobble over to the cart and then leap up into it. Just this morning it would have been a swift, graceful leap over the side of the cart, landing in a crouch in the middle of the basket. But instead it was a false start - an attempted hop followed by a groan and clutching of her lower spine and hip and then a careful climb up over the side, flopping her sagging old body down into the cart with a series of wheezing grunts.

“Ugh my back! I’m getting too old for this!” She grumbled, unironically.

Jubilee flopped her arms down over the sides of the cart and attempted to use her powers to propel the cart forward. At first nothing, then little fizzles and pops from her fingertips.

“Oh what now! Performance issues? What do I need to start taking a little blue pill for my mutant powers now?” She complained.

Jubilee then chuckled at her own joke and inadvertently fired off a few full-fledged fireworks that sent the cart plowing down the corridor as folks gasped and ducked out of the way.

She squinted up ahead to see that the elevator doors were about to close on her causing her cart to smash into it.

“Oh jeez I’m going to break both hips if I fall out of this at my age!” She thought in a panic.

A woman and her two kids were walking by as they saw her wheeling towards the elevator.

“HOLD THAT DOOR!” Jubilee screamed.

The mother quickly dropped her bags and hit the button for the elevator which opened just narrowly enough for Jubilee to slip inside and come to a stop.

“Thanks lady!” She called to the woman, forgetting for a moment that she looked like the lady’s mother.

After some effort to carefully get herself out of the cart and then the elevator, Jubilee fortunately found herself on the second floor right outside of the food court.

Though her eyesight was still suffering she could see that the group of teens turned baby boomers that she had observed in the area just a few minutes ago had grown even older. Pierced and tattooed seniors old enough to be great grandparents were gumming at slices of pizza or trying to keep their jumbo soda steady with incredibly shaky hands. Many were taking a quick afternoon nap.

Which is what she found her friends doing. Molly had become a shriveled puffy old woman hunched over and sleep-tapping on her phone; Vic was a bald, gray whiskered old grandpa snoring into a plate of nachos and Lara was a frail old biddy with long red-tinted white hair drooling on her trendy age-inappropriate outfit.

“Guys! Guys!” Jubilee rasped as she hobbled over to them, trying to wake them up and get their attention.

The three former teens roused from their nap.

“Huh? Wha? Hey! What are all you old grannies doing here? Where are my friends?” Vic wheezed.

Lara lifted a shaky gnarled hand in Vic’s direction.

“Who are you calling old, grandpa? And why is your wife wearing my friend Molly’s hat?” The former redhead quavered.

“I’m Molly. How do you know my name, old lady?” The former brunette asked squinting at her friend.

“Guys! Guys! Listen to me! This is us, I’m Jubilee - you’re Lara, that’s Molly and that’s Vic. Something made us all like... geriatric! It’s happened to all of the teens in the mall!” Jubilee exclaimed gesturing over to the rest of the food court, which currently looked more like a nursing home cafeteria.

Her friend craned their wrinkled heads and squinted their sunken eyes at the rest of the tables and then back at one another, gasping in shock.

“Woah! Lara? Issat you!? You look like the old lady who I help bring in her groceries!” Vic exclaimed.

“Vic? You look too old to drive a car!” Lara gasped.

“Damn, seriously? I just got my license!” The elderly latino man snapped his crooked fingers.

“My skin is hanging off my neck like my nona’s does!” Molly said with a mix of horror and fascination in her voice.

“Jubilee! You’re old too! How did this happen to us?” Vic croaked pointing at the elderly former teen hero.

She shook her gray head.

“I don’t know Vic, but I’m going to get to the bottom of it and get us all back down to our rightful ages!” Jubilee assured her friends.

“Um... maybe if you can just get us back down to 21? Then we wouldn’t have to go back to high school and could legally drink!” Lara suggested in a shaky voice.

“I don’t want to think about drinking... I really have to pee and the bathroom seems so far away!” Molly wailed.

Lara thought for a moment and nodded.

“Yeah me too. Maybe if we help one another we can make it in time. Stupid old lady bladder, I just went a minute ago and now I have to go again!” Lara sighed as she creaked up to her feet.

“A minute ago? You haven’t left the table since we got here Lara.” Vic said in confusion.

Lara’s wrinkled cheeks blushed as she held a spindly arm out to Molly. The shrunken old woman in the knit cap hooked a trembling hand onto her elderly friend's arm and then the two hunched over biddies began to hobble as quick as they could with small careful shuffles toward the bathroom.

“Yikes. I hope we all don’t need to wear Depends by the end of the day... it would kind of put a cramp on my style...” Jubilee said with a cringe.

“We won’t have to if you can stop whoever’s behind this! I’ll wait here for the Golden Girls to get back, you go put whatever they’re teaching you at that special school of yours to the test!” Vic said, giving her a wrinkled grin.

Jubilee nodded.

“Thanks, but I’m even older than the Professor now!... I’ll do my best though and make sure that our parents won’t all be giving us life alert necklaces for Christmas this year!” Jubilee replied and began to shuffle off as quickly as she could.

All around her the teens were beginning to realize their advanced ages. There were gasps and wails and shouts of ‘damn girl, you old!’ all around her. But all of them helped strengthen Jubilee’s resolve to press on and fix whatever had happened to all of them.

It was becoming more challenging with every step however. She had chronic pain in her back now as she began to stoop forward, her balance wasn’t especially great anymore and she had a fear of falling that she had never felt when she was young and limber.

“Oh god, my hair is totally gray! I just got this haircut and now it’s totally ruined thanks to sudden old age!?” A girl cried as she shuffled past her.

“What?” Her friend yelled in reply. “I can see your wrinkly lips move but I can’t hear a word you’re saying!”

Jubilee stuck a crooked finger in her own ear and cringed as she felt some hair growing there. She could still hear but it felt like everyone was talking from the other room with the door closed.

“Probably from all the banging concerts I go to.” She sighed.

“Babe... babe? Is that you? I can’t see a damn thing... What are these lumps on your waist?” A white-bearded old man in a basketball jersey asked as he pawed at the little old lady in front of him.

“... Those are my breasts Colin...” The cranky old woman in a crop top and mini skirt said, rolling her sunken eyes.

Jubilee shivered, glad that she didn’t have a boyfriend or girlfriend who could see her in her current state.

Her eyesight was getting really rough and her knees were knocking against one another as her thin wrinkly legs bowed and threatened to crumple under her with each step. Luckily right next to the food court happened to be a pharmacy.

She hobbled quickly into the store and went to the ‘senior care’ section - an aisle she had totally ignored up until now. Though, to be fair the only reason Jubilee typically ever stopped into a pharmacy was either to buy a greeting card or get gum.

But now she was perusing the store's selection of canes and bifocals. A thought popped into her brain as she settled on a sturdy 4-footed metal cane, that if she was stuck at this age past today she could probably ask Forge to make her a really awesome walker that turned into a jetpack and shot lasers or something.

Leaning on the new cane she traded her pink shades in for a pair of thick glasses that hung on a beaded chain. She slipped them onto her wrinkled face and blinked at the wizened old woman staring back at her.

The glasses magnified her sunken tired eyes comically and the glittery pink lip gloss on her thin pruned lips seemed very out of place. She took a deep breath letting the reflection of her grandmotherly self sink in, then she fluffed her thinning gray and white hair and hobbled quickly up to the counter.

“Find everything you need ma’am?” The woman asked with a polite smile.

Jubilee nodded slowly, only catching every other word.

“You don’t sell hearing aids here do you?” Jubilee asked, cringing in embarrassment.

The woman nodded with a bright smile and then turned around and pulled a package from the wall behind her and set it down on the counter.

“Do you have your medicaid card on you ma’am? These can be a little pricey without it.” The cashier explained.

Jubilee snorted a laugh.

“No I don’t think you get one of those until at least after high school. It’s cool though, I’ve got it covered.” She said, digging into her pocket and pulling out Angel’s Amex black card that she liked to ‘borrow’ whenever she went out on the weekends.

The cashier nodded and rang her up without another word.

“Oh and uh... you’re probably going to get a lot of kids coming in buying this stuff in a minute so be prepared!” Jubilee added.

The woman furrowed her brow.

“Kids?” She asked, confused.

“Uh... I mean old folks, y’know, like me!” The elderly mutant said quickly and then gathered her items and hobbled out of the store.

She was happy to find that thanks to the cane she had a bit more mobility and could move a bit quicker, that would definitely help her make up some ground in finding whoever had done this to her and her friends.

Jubilee paused to fit her hearing aid into her ear. She clicked it on causing a large feedback sound before fumbling with it to get it to stop.

She managed to figure out how to set it properly and breathed a sigh of relief, looking up just in time to see an old man on a skateboard careening towards her.

“Chez?” She screeched.

The old man startled awake and let out a hoarse cry of terror as he found himself about to crash into an old woman dressed as Jubilee!

The elderly mutant looked up to see some giant bean bag chairs suspended above them as some sort of decoration. She lifted her hands to fire off some sparklers to let them loose but nothing but a limp whizz and some wisps of smoke expelled from her crooked fingers.

“Come on! Come on! I know I'm old but I can do this!” She mumbled to herself as she flapped her hands in the air wildly. Finally she loosed some fireworks that sparked a rope suspending the beanbags directly above her. Now things were flying toward her from the front and from the sky.

She cringed and ducked back gripping her cane defensively as old Chez hit a bump and sailed off of his skateboard and into the beanbag chair, knocking it out of Jubilee’s path and landing on it safely behind her.