

The Women of the X-Men in:

GEROPHOBIA

PART 7

By ChronoEclipse

“Wakey wakey Ms. Grey... you’ve had a nice long nap but now it’s time to wake up and have some social time...” A wrinkled old woman in a nurses uniform rattled in a sing-songy voice as she shook Jean’s bony old shoulder.

“Eh? What? Where am I? Oh I had the strangest dream... Who are you? Where am I?” Jean creaked awake.

The aged former redhead tried to stand but found herself stuck in a wheelchair, still naked. Her empty shriveled breasts dangled down her chest toward her reddish-gray crotch.

“Ms. Gera ordered you and your friends to be taken down to the Irene Adler Memorial Nursing Home where you could get more of the care you ladies need.” The grey haired nurse explained.

Jean squinted at the weathered face of the craggy-looking woman tending to her.

“And who are you? One of the other residents?” Jean asked.

“No I’m the head nurse. Nurse Swift.” The old woman replied indignantly.

“But you’re old!” Jean muttered in confusion.

The frumpy nurse put her hands on her pudgy hips and scowled her wrinkled face at the nearly 100-year-old naked woman in the wheelchair.

“I’m not even 33 yet... and besides, even looking to be in my early 70s I’m still a regular spring chicken compared to you and your friends... you’re all old enough to be my mother and since I still have my wits about me, me and the rest of the staff here will be taking care of you... now lets go get you a tapioca pudding...” Nurse Swift said insistantly as she took Jeans chair and began to wheel her out into the rec room of the old age home where the rest of the x-women were gathered, all equally nude and wheelchair bound.

Kitty was sitting humming to herself and mumbling incoherantly with a senile smile on her face. Her shrunken aged body looked small in her chair as her bony legs dangled off the end not quite reaching the foot rests.

She reached for a butterscotch candy in a dish on the table, sticking her tongue out as she strained her weak trembling arm to reach it. Nurse Swift hobbled over and slapped the shriveled mutants hand away.

“Miss Kitty, we’ve been over this. You can’t have sweets. You don’t even have the teeth to chew them. You’ll choke on this candy or if you manage to swallow it you’re just going to get the sugar poops and have an accident all over your chair...” The nurse said in an exasperated voice.

Kitty giggle and bobbed her white-haired head.

“Poops poops pops poops poop.” She rattled whimsically.

“If we can’t have the candy then why leave it out here!?” Magik quavered in a grumpy voice.

Nurse Swift turned to look at the surly former blonde who was now a hunched crabby-looking centenarian with a big saggy gut. As the elderly nurses back was turned Kitty reached back and grabbed a handful of the candies and then proceeded to meticulously stuff them into the wrinkled folds of her belly and under the saggy flaps of her thighs.

“They’re for the families that visit - grandkids and such.” The nurse explained matter-of-factly.

“What grandkids?” Magik challenged gesturing around to the fact that there was nothing but elderly people around.

Nurse Swift paused to think about it.

“Okay well - yes there are no grandkids around, any of the kids that would come to visit our residents now have been aged and should probably be residents here themselves but... that still doesn't mean that you can have any!” The gray haired nurse snapped curtly and then leaned over and took the candy dish, accidentally dropping some keys out of her pocket onto the table.

She turned around and hobbled out of the room. Kitty licked her lips and reached over, pawing with her gnarled fingers to grab the set of keys. She brought them up to her mouth and gummed on one for a moment, but when she had decided that it was inedible she proceeded to lift up the shriveled empty flap of her right breast and tucked the keys under it and then proceeded to sing a nursery rhyme to herself while playing with her aged labia that now looked like old chewed up bubble gum.

“I don't know what that nurse is on about. I've got grand babies coming to visit... and great-grand babies and even great GREAT grandbabies...” Rogue muttered proudly, slapping her wrinkled leg.

The elderly souther woman reached under her baggy old ass and pulled out a framed picture that she had clearly found and pilfered from the nursing home gift shop. There was a stock photo of a big family all smiling on a grassy lawn together. In the corner was a barcode.

“That's Cody and Cody Jr. and Dolly and Emmie-Sue and Georgie-Sue and Caster and Romulous and Remus and Bevis and Dee-Dee and Stewie and Fantasia and Clay and Fantasia Jr. and Fantasia Jr. Jr....” She said rattling off name after name and pointing with a crooked finger at various people in the stock photo, sometimes attributing different names to the same person or to a tree in the background.

She rested the picture on her lap and wheeled across the room.

“I best be giving them a call and see when they’re comin’.” Rogue rattled as she picked up the TV remote and began to dial a number into it.

The screen on the TV on the wall in front of the women began to change channels as Rogue absent-mindedly attempted to call her non-existent great grandkids. A daytime game show appeared on the screen and Rogue immediately dropped the phone/remote into her wheelchair and stared up at the tv.

“Oooh The Wheel of Questions! I’m hooked! Whose gonna win big money this week?” Rogue rattled in a hushed voice as she squinted to watch the screen.

Jean was parked by the window where the nurse had left her, staring off into space. A bit of drool began to drip down the corner of her wrinkled mouth down the crease to her fuzzy chin.

“Mendelevium... Gaborone... James Buchanan... 128...Beggars Banquet...” She mumbled in a shrill monotone voice as she stared out the window.

“What’s she on about? Why am I the only one around here that doesn’t just talk in gibberish nonsense!” Magik snapped and then farted.

On the TV the host began to read questions from his cue cards.

“And here are your 5 questions: What synthetic element has the symbol Md and the atomic number 101; What is the capitol of Botswana; Who was the 15th president; How many ounces are in a standard gallon and what was the title of the Rolling Stone 1968 album that featured hits Sympathy for the Devil and Street Fighting Man...” The host on the television asked.

“Thanks Pat...” Jean mumbled as she blankly itched at some dry wrinkled skin on her breast.

“You got all 5 correct! Excellent job, that’ll see you through to our lightning round.” The host announced excitedly.

“Thanks Pat!” The contestant on the screen replied.

Magik did a double-take from Jean to the TV and back to Jean.

“She can tell the future now!?” The cranky aged teleporter rasped.

Rogue shushed Magik and waved a wrinkled hand for her to pipe down.

“Nah she’s probably just reading my mind... I watched this episode yesterday. But it’s so good I wanna watch it again!” Rogue quavered gleefully.

Storm sat nearby knitting a scarf and frowning at the television.

“I remember when we didn’t spend all day watching foolishness on that old idiot box! We went out and did things... like bingo! Back in my day we all gathered around the bingo hall and I won! Kitty spilled something and there was a loud bit of music... and I remember a time when we used to do yoga in the park with not a stitch on!... All of the men and women looked at my naked form and they loved it! Oh I got so many compliments... why don’t we do things anymore? Why I remember a time...” Storm rambled as she struggled to move the knitting needles with her cramped arthritic fingers.

X-23 wheeled herself over to the group with a half dozen dixie cups balanced on her wrinkly thighs. She parked at the table where the candy dish had been and lifted the cups carefully off of her lap with trembling hands, accidentally slicing the flowers in the centerpiece down with her claws when they spastically shot out one time.

Once the cups were neatly lined up she took on and dumped it on the table.

“It’s time for our medications ladies... the nurse at the pill station was asleep so I just took it upon myself to get all of our afternoon pills for everyone...”
Laura rattled with a smile.

“What’s all of this now?” Magik asked in a cranky tone squinting to try and see what her aged teammate was going on about.

“This ones for blood thinning and this one is my heart medication, and this one is for alzheimers and this one is for insomnia and this one is for narcolepsy and this one is to help with the hand tremors and this big one is to help with swallowing and this one is... uh... its for something important. Anyway we all need to take our pills so gather round...” X-23 insisted as she began to pass the cups out.

Rogue shrugged and swallowed hers while her eyes were still glued to the TV. Storm took hers, thinking that they were some futuristic version of dinner.

“I remember when Turkey dinner was much more appatizing! You would each a full birth and have potatoes and vegetables...” She mumbled in a disappointed voice as she swallowed her pills.

Kitty began to slip her pills into various wrinkled crevaces around her body while Magik grumbled and tossed her into her mouth.

“Ech, even the water tastes old and stale here... this place smells... or is that me? Give me a butterscotch.” The former blonde demanded holding out a clammy hand for Kitty to fork over a piece of her contraband.

Kitty lifted her left breast flap and shook out a few candies, handing one over to Magik with a giggle. Storm shook her head in disapproval and went back to her knitting.

“I remember back in my day we didn’t used to be stuck in this room with nothing to do... we flew around on a big black bird and there was fighting and someone shot lazer beams out of their eyes and a man made of metal and a fuzzy blue man and an angel and a... a talking ice sculpture...” She mutter shaking her head again. “Kids these days don’t remember any of that...” She added.

Jean, who had been sitting and drooling by the window as X-23 came over and began to stuff pills into her mouth, sputtered and wheeled around to face the rest of the group.

“We were... we were heroes... called the x... er... ex... ex-lax! And we fought a world that hated and feared us... because we were old!... We battled agism and villains who mocked us for our wrinkled old bodies... they told us that we were weak and ugly and that our sex appeal was lost because of our sagging breasts and our gray hair... but we can be heroes again and champion all of the women out there who have lost their youth and beauty and are ignored for being old and unattractive...” Jean rambled in a shaky old voice and her speech was punctuated by a fart from her shriveled ass.

The other women all looked at one another and then enthusiastically nod and cheer.

“Yeah we’re going to kick agism on its keister!” Rogue agreed.

“Punch it right in its smooth young face!” Magik growled.

“As long as everyones taken their pills first! Especially the heart one - don’t want to have another heart attack or a stroke while we’re being heroes...” X-23 noted.

“I remember we used to wear clothing... costumes of some kind... now all of our bits are just hanging out in the open for villains to mock us...” Storm muttered.

Kitty just giggled and started to pee herself.

“Let’s find some crime to fight as we take kitty to the bathroom to wash up!” Magik suggests.

The elderly women, now believing themselves to be an anti-agism super-hero team called ‘Ex-Lax’ began to try and get up out of their chairs but all found at their advanced age that they were unable to stand on their own without support.

Many of the ladies had accidents themselves as they attempt to get up and all of them were soon out of breath, slumping back into the chair and wheezing for air.

“We need to get walkers - I used to have a purdy green one with tennis balls on the feet so that it didn’t scuff up my grandbabies nice linoleum floors...” Rogue offered between deep breaths.

Jean closed her eyes and soon a bubble of pink energy engulfed the 6 old woman lifting them up out of their wheel chairs and into the air as she floated them down the hall to the bathroom.

The six old ladies hovered passed a pair of snoozing elderly candy stripers as Jean Grey held them all aloft with her telekenisis. Their wrinkled folds of skin all hanging from their creaking bones and dangling down over the floor as they glided into the bathroom and set down in pairs into three adjacent bathtubs.

“Okay ladies... time to clean each other up...” X-23 barked as she grabbed a sponge with her trembling hand and attempted to rub down Rogue’s moley old back.

“Eh? What!?” Magik shouted toothlessly cupping her gnarled hand to her hairy ear as Kitty sat at the other end of the tub happily splashing the water in her own little senile world.

“We have to get cleaned up... for... for... what was it again? It was something important...” Storm mumbled as Jean helped her scrub her wrinkled distended brown gut.

Rogue hummed to herself as she began to wash up her big pendulous breasts like someone trying to brush the lint out of a velvet pillow.

“Being super heroes... does that sound right?” She quavered in her thick southern accent.

Kitty had somehow managed to get a rubber duck as the elderly senile mutant playfully walked it along the wrinkled folds of Magik’s belly and pendulous breasts.

“We’re too old to be super heroes... super grandmothers is more like it!” Magik grunted and then looked down at the yellowish suddenly warm water. “Darn it Kitty... did you pee again?” She croaked.

Kitty giggled and shrugged.

“Make sure to get in all of my folds... I want to smell nice in case I have a date with Scott...” Jean mumbled absent-mindedly as storm helped her loose dangling neck skin and saggy arms.

Rogue helped X-23 soap up her white arm pit hair that had grown in the last age up. The hairy old lady was meanwhile scrubbing the loose folds between her thighs.

“Once we’re done getting cleaned up I think we should go take a nap!” Magik grunted struggling to wash her own saggy ass with her frail arms since Kitty was no help at all.

“What?” Jean quavered.

“A nap!” Magik shouted toothlessly again.

“We just took naps you wrinkled old biddy!” X-23 grunted as she cleaned between Rogues gnarled crooked toes.

“Slaps!” Kitty shouted, mishearing them and began to slap the water with her trembling hands causing water to get everywhere.

Magik crankily farted in the tub, raising a gray eyebrow at Kitty as if to say ‘now we’re even’.

“Well ah’m squeaky clean now. You could eat a steak off my wrinkled body...” Rogue declared as she finished rinsing herself off.

“We could if we had any teeth!” X-23 interjected with a cackle.

The decrepit old women all began to laugh and cackle and then one by one found themselves involuntarily peeing themselves in the tub, blushing their wrinkled cheeks and slowly returning to their sponges to clean themselves up again.

TO BE CONTINUED...