

## Inaba's Home for Elderly Troublemakers

Yu was woken up by the constant beeping of his alarm clock. Groggily sticking his hand out from beneath his sheets, he reached out to slam his hand on the snooze button. Summoning the strength to move himself, he swung his legs over the side of his bed to get up. He had to stop as he felt a series of aches and pains around his hip area, making it feel like he was being run by rusty gears. Though it was a struggle, he managed to get himself into a standing position and hobble into the bathroom.

Still finding it hard to see, he nonetheless reached for his toothbrush. Opening up his mouth, he attempted to start his typical morning ritual only to stop as the bristles slid up against bare gums. This moment of realization got Yu to scramble for a pair of glasses on the side of the sink to perch on his nose and get a good look at his reflection.

The first thing that stood out was the blinding shade of white that came with his wispy hair and the groomed beard with a point that reached down to his chest. Pushing aside his elongated facial hair let him take a gander at the sizable potbelly taking up the majority of his sleeping shirt. Though he tried to look over his shoulder to get a good look at his widened derriere, the small creak of his neck sent a tremor of pain through his old bones. Forced to once more stare at his reflection, he let his gaze linger on the various wrinkles across his face that made it apparent that he had rapidly aged over the course of the night.

Wondering what in the world was happening to him, Yu pushed his decrepit form down the stairs. Peeking out into the living room, he managed to recognize the old man sitting at the table as Dojima. Though he had accrued quite a few extra grey hairs, wrinkles, and pounds, the man still wore the trademark dress shirt and tie Dojima wore every day.

Watching as the old man sipped away at his mug, Yu tried to figure out who the woman sitting across from him was. Her grey hair was tied up in a pair of pigtails by pink ribbons and she wore a somewhat familiar, pastel dress. Scratching at his head to try and recall if Dojima had a sister or something, it took him a while to realize she was trying to talk to him.

“I SAID, GOOD MORNING BIG BRO!” the woman shouted out, finally getting Yu to realize that she was Nanako. “Did you forget to put in your hearing aid again?”

Yu tried to ask a number of questions, only to have the words come out as a garbled mess of stuttered speech

“Yu, don’t tell us you forgot your dentures too,” Dojima scolded as his bony fingers pawed through his morning paper. “You know no one can understand you without your choppers.”

Nodding his head to momentarily sate the aged up Dojima clan’s questions, Yu shuffled his way back into his room. As he put in his hearing aid to fix at least one of his problems, he struggled to come up with how he and the others looked like they were somewhere in their mid-80’s. Though he wasn’t entirely certain how it had happened, he could take an educated guess for the source. Picking up the phone by his desk, he struggled to see the words on the tiny screen as his trembling fingers dialed up Yosuke’s number.

“Why are you calling me this early, you old coot?” the haggard voice on the other end replied.

Though Yu opened his mouth to speak, he momentarily forgot what he made the call for in the first place. Left to scratch at his head in confusion, he eventually got around to trying to ask Yosuke what was going on.

“Slow down!” Yosuke cried out. “You forgot your dentures again, didn’t you? Ah, don’t worry about it. I’m sure you’re trying to call me to meet at the usual spot. I’ll give the others a call and we’ll head to Junes. Just remember to put on pants this time.”

Garbling out a goodbye from his empty mouth, Yu hung up the phone and started to get dressed. Though his senile mind was shaky at best, he did manage to remember Yosuke’s advice to put on his pants. After squeezing the black slacks around his wide waistline, he steadily buttoned up a white dress shirt to partially hide some of his potbelly. Completing his outfit with a black jacket and his hearing aid, he waved goodbye to the aged up Dojima and Nanako before heading out the door.

As Yu made his way through the fog filled streets of Inaba, he couldn’t help feeling like something was off. Each of the elderly inhabitants he passed seemed to greet him cheerily enough. Whether it was Kou and Daisuke putting a hold on their shuffleboard game or Yumi looking up from her big print version of Romeo and Juliet, the senior citizens didn’t seem to share Yu’s feeling of unease. Left to scratch his head as he hobbled his way over to Junes, his pondering only stopped once he caught sight of a familiar face waiting for him at a nearby table.

“About damn time you got here,” Yosuke called out, dragging his fingers across the prominent bald spot atop his head. Stroking the beard that reached all the way past the prominent belly bulge in his coat and down to his crotch of his pants, he adjusted his glasses as he looked over his longtime friend. Showing off the gold teeth affixed to his dentures, he smiled as he pointed towards Yu. “Forgot your cane again, huh? Well you can’t borrow mine on account of me leaving it behind too.”

Recalling how hard it had been to even get to Junes, Yu tried to apologize only to have his words come out as a slurred mess again.

“And your dentures too?” Yosuke asked, struggling to stand up. “Eh, guess that’s the best we can hope for. At least you’re not strolling around in your birthday suit again. Wouldn’t want you ending up in jail for the rest of your life. That long week would be absolutely awful.”

Turning away from Yosuke’s dentures threatening to spill out as he laughed at his own joke, Yu managed to notice the two old ladies shuffling their way towards the table. Leading the charge was an elderly woman whose doughy body was wrapped up in a green jacket. With a seemingly permanent scowl distorting the jowls holding up her thick rimmed glasses, she let out a series of frustrated grunts as she tugged at her skirt to try and remove the wedgie from her drooping ass cheeks. Finally recognizing the woman as Chie with her bowl cut, white hair, this revelation persisted up until the other woman stepped forward to calm Chie down.

“Now, now, dearie,” Yukiko said, whipping about the long strands of white hair being held back by her red head band. Pulling a few loose locks away from her glasses, she reached into her pink purse. Finding a handful of candy, she brushed off a few stray pieces of lint on her red shirt and offered them to her friend. “There’s no reason to get so upset over a little wardrobe malfunction.”

“You have a lot of room to talk, you old bag,” Chie said, waving away Yukiko’s offering. “Especially since you have a fatter ass than me.”

“Well, it does tend to get in the way sometimes,” Yukiko replied, swinging her hips back and forth to lift up her black skirt and flaunt her fat, drooping butt cheeks. “That being said, it really helps out when I need to ‘butt’ into conversations.”

The seemingly innocuous pun sent Yukiko into a fit of laughter that left her gasping for air. Pulling out a fan from her purse, she waved it towards her face to calm herself down. By the

time the old women managed to get themselves together, Yu's hearing aid finally picked up the sound of another group of people shuffling their way towards them.

Turning around, Yu nearly stumbled on his own feet from a quick glance at the man making his way towards him. The intimidating look in Kanji's eyes was almost immediately undone by the presence of the knitted, smiling tiger sewn into the purple tank top obscuring the old man's fat thighs and gut. Given a chance to survey Kanji's full body, it appeared that white hair was growing practically everywhere except his bald head. The sweet smile beneath his bespectacled eyes assuring that Kanji was far from violent was momentarily obscured as he turned around.

"Naoto, are you feeling alright?"

As Kanji shuffled back towards Naoto, Yu was given ample opportunity to gander at the sleeping old woman baring a blue cap that marked her as Naoto. The elderly woman managed to keep her chubby body balanced as she leaned up against a fence. Gingerly poking his finger into the thick thighs partially obscured by her blue blazer, Kanji managed to gingerly awake her from her slumber. Blinking a few times to reorientate herself, Naoto fixed her glasses and turned her attention towards him.

"You fell asleep again," Kanji commented.

"Did I?" Naoto asked, scratching her grey hairs as she gave him a small smile. "Ah well. Guess that happens when you get to this age. Why, I can still remember way back when I was a young detective, running all through town to solve cases. I think it started with some kind of strange fog similar to the one we have today."

As Naoto continued to drone on about a story from the past, Yu could feel himself starting to doze off. He was sprung back to an alert state as he felt a pair of bony arms wrap

around his shoulders to press a pair of heavy, drooping breasts against his back. Looking over his shoulder, Yu felt a mix of attraction and revulsion as the sight of Rise's wrinkled face behind a set of triangle-shaped glasses and a beaming smile.

"Missed me?" Rise asked, waving about the thin wisps of white hair she had tied into a set of pigtails on her head. Placing a kiss on Yu's cheeks, she stepped back to do a small twirl to show the way her black top and skirt barely hung to her scrawny, wrinkled body. "Sorry we were late. Teddie had a little trouble squeezing into his pants."

"And it was well worth it!" Teddie announced, proudly patting the seat of the black pants hugging his waistline. His joyful mood increased upon his bespectacled, weary eyes falling upon Yukiko and Chie. Grooming the grey hairs on the sides of his head into a neat shape, he ruffled up his white dress shirt as he tried to approach only to be stopped by Yosuke.

"Just what do you think you're doing?" Yosuke asked as he leered at Teddie.

"Trying to score with Chie and Yukiko," Teddie replied without a hint of hesitation.

"Well you can't. We may be friends, but that doesn't mean I'll let you flirt with my wife."

Backing away, Teddie grasped his chin and tilted his head in confusion. "Wait, which one were you married to again?"

Mimicking Teddie's look of bewilderment, Yosuke turned back to the girls. "I think it was Chie. No, it must be Yukiko. Unless it was Rise. Then again it could be Naoto. Do you ladies know the answer?"

A rumbling spread through the group as each of the senior citizens tried to figure out who they were in a relationship with. Still only able to speak in garbled words, Yu merely stood there as he tried once more to figure out what was causing the strange sensation in the pit of his

stomach. While he was willing to write it off as just some indigestion, he couldn't help feeling like it was something else. Whether conscious or not, he raised up his hand to point a shaky finger towards the electronics store and let out a collection of slurred speech.

“What was that?” Yosuke asked, putting his hand to his ear as he walked over to Yu.

“Speak up.”

“For Christ's sake, stop talking without your dentures!” Chie shouted, leading to her own nearly falling out of her mouth. “It's disgusting.”

“Oh now dearie, she doesn't mean it,” Yukiko commented, pulling out a handkerchief from her purse to clean the spittle from Yu's beard. “You just seem excited about something.”

“I think he wants to go look at the TVs,” Naoto commented, wiping the sleep from her eyes.

“Might be worth taking a peek,” Kanji added.

“I'll go wherever this stud wants to,” Rise said, this time hanging her arms around Kanji's shoulders.

“Then let's head out!” Teddie proclaimed, proudly stepping forward only to stop upon hearing an unsettling crack from his hips. “Er, maybe after a trip to the medical store? I think I forgot my walker.”

Teddie's admittance of forgetfulness led the entire group to realize the various pieces of equipment their senile minds had left behind. Coming to an agreement, the elderly investigation team shuffled their way into a medical supplies store. Driven by the various aches and needs of their worn out bodies, they went throughout the aisles gathering up whatever they needed. For Yu, this meant grabbing a black cane to help take some pressure off his weary legs from having to take the brunt force of his jiggling belly. As he picked the cane up, something inside of him

made him momentarily swing it about as if it were a sword. Shrugging it off as his inner child yearning for his younger days, he hobbled his way over to the check out.

Yu and the others gathered by the cashier, only to find an old man passed out on the counter. No matter how many pokes Chie, Yosuke, or Naoto gave him with their canes, the clerk remained sound asleep. Even with Teddie running a bear claw-shaped backscratcher against his face, the old cashier remained sound asleep. After making sure that the elderly clerk wasn't dead, Yukiko, Rise, Teddie, and Kanji shuffled along with their newly acquired walkers and headed out the door with the others.

Either ignorant or uncaring of the fact that they had stolen the majority of their supplies, the group followed Teddie as they made their way into the electronics store. Despite his earlier enthusiasm, Yu took one look at the various machines around him and felt a headache start to form. Similar looks of confusion fell upon the rest of the team as they looked over each high-tech piece as if they were alien artifacts.

This befuddled wandering eventually led the group towards the TV section. Happy to have a semblance of familiarity, they each split off to admire the size of the screens. Focusing his attention on the center TV, Yu hazarded to prod it with his cane for some reason. As the tip pressed against the black screen, he nearly fell over himself as the stick pushed through. Managing to catch himself, he reeled back to stare at the swirling image of yellow and black lingering on the monitor. Engrossed by the sight, he was left completely oblivious to the others gathering around him.

“That’s pretty nifty,” Kanji commented.

“I wonder where it goes,” Yukiko asked.

“Probably not the safest thing to be touching it like that,” Naoto pointed out.



“But where’s the fun in that?” Teddie replied, with Rise nodding her head in agreement.

“It’s just like I always say,” Yosuke began, “any strange hole is one worth exploring.”

Though it was initially a joke that only made Yukiko laugh, the advice made its way through the group until no one could argue against it. Taking the lead, Yu tumbled through the television screen. Batting away at the fog with his cane, his vision came to rest on the strange building he found on the other side.

As the rest of the team filtered into the Midnight Channel, Yu hobbled his way over to the building before them. Fixing his glasses to get a better look, he read off the name “Inaba’s Home for Elderly Troublemakers” written across the front entrance. By the time his mind was able to recognize the place as a sort of retirement home, it was too late for him to notice the figure making its way towards him.

“Why hello there,” the womanly figure said, tilting her nurse hat towards the group and beating the wrinkles out of her white colored scrubs. Though she tried to give a friendly expression, it was hard to call it comforting considering it was carved into a blue mask that obscured her face. “I take it you’re the new residents?”

“We ain’t no damn raisins!” Chie shouted, huffing at the shadow nurse.

“No, no, no, I said residents,” the nurse replied. “By the look of things you could use some help getting settled in. We could start with making sure all your hearing aids are working properly.”

“We don’t need any damn help! Especially from a...a...”

Chie paused, scratching her head before turning back to her companions. “What are these things called again?”

“Dearie, I believe they’re called nurses,” Yukiko answered.

“No, that’s just what she’s dressed as,” Yosuke added.

“I think it was something that started with an S,” Rise suggested.

“Like sweeties?” Teddie asked.

“No, something a lot more menacing,” Naoto commented.

After scratching his beard for a moment, Kanji finally shouted out. “I know! It’s a Shader.”

“Oh, like the ones they use in those newfangled art computers,” Yukiko added.

“Apologies, but I don’t quite understand what you all are talking about,” the shadow nurse spoke up. “You must be really tired from the trip here. Follow me and I’ll get you settled in.”

Rather than argue, the group began to hobble after the nurse and entered the retirement home. The lobby was a collection of worn-out couches, withered, potted plants, and creaky rocking chairs spread about to ease the burdens of any residents that passed by. The cream colored walls and old-timey, soft music that drifted into the room helped to put the group at ease as they were led deeper into the unfamiliar building. Everyone except for Chie.

“Where the hell are you taking us?” the grumpy old woman asked.

“To give you a tour of our facilities,” the nurse replied, keeping pace with the senior citizens’ glacial walking speed. “Hopefully that will give you all a chance to see how much the other residents are enjoying their time here.”

Continuing to shuffle along with the group, Yu turned away to glance over at the other inhabitants of the retirement home. Each and every one of them resembled the shadows that he used to fight during their usual trips to the Midnight Channel. The main difference was that they seemed to have gone through the same age progression curse as the rest of Inaba.

The once intimidating floating orbs known as Hableries were made much less frightening with their long tongues hanging out between toothless maws. Idols with their pyramids replaced with wheelchairs, aimlessly wandered about the halls seemingly lost in the same haze as the others. Passing by a group of Knight shadows encased in rusty armor and riding similarly downtrodden horses, Yu's modified thoughts regarded them as just typical old people that inhabited the retirement home.

“Here we are!” the nurse announced as they came to a set of double doors. Stepping to the side, she pushed open the entrance and gestured for the group to enter. “Don't be shy. You're bound to enjoy yourselves in our recreation room.”

Shuffling into the next area, the elderly investigation team drifted off into their separate corners to explore what was being offered. Kanji took to the activities the easiest, with him pulling out his own set of knitting needles to join in with the group of shadows passing around different types of yarn. Naoto attempted to play another shadow in a game of chess and was doing quite well at first. Unfortunately, the aged up detective couldn't stop herself from drifting off moments before she could call checkmate. Rise and Yukiko had gone over to a sort of dance area where old-timey jazz began to drift through. The two old women did their best to dance while hanging onto their walkers, but they were still outshined by Teddie and his performance as he used his backscratcher like a baton.

Just as Yu was about to shuffle over to congratulate Teddie, he was stopped as he heard a disturbance from the other side of the room. Turning as fast as his fragile bones would allow, he caught sight of the bingo area. The shadows sitting at the tables looked absolutely frozen with fear, an expression visible even through their masks.

“What the hell did you say?” Chie shouted out, waving about her bingo card in front of a very stressed out nurse shadow.

“I-I said G5,” the nurse replied.

“Well change it to G4. Momma Chie needs those slippers for her bunions.”

“Now hold on there,” Yosuke interrupted, waving about his cane. “If you’re getting any prize, it’s going to be that there hope chest.”

Turning away from the nurse with a sneer, Chie glared at Yosuke. “What gives a geezer like you the right to decide what my prize is?”

“When that geezer is your husband, you old coot.” Reaching into his pocket, Yosuke pulled out a pornographic magazine that looked like an antique from the 1950’s. It would have been quite the find, if it weren’t for the fact that each woman inside was just as old and wrinkly as Yosuke. “And I need a place to keep my precious treasure.”

Yanking the magazine from Yosuke’s hands, Chie proceeded to beat him over the head with it. “As if I’d ever be married to a perv like you.”

“Settle down please,” the nurse pleaded, her voice falling on deaf ears as Yosuke retaliated by fending of Chie’s attacks with his cane.

Noticing the nurses starting to make their way to the bingo area, Yu hobbled as quickly as he could between his two comrades. Breaking the arguing couple apart with a few nudges from his cane, he managed to mumble out an order for them to stop. Though both Chie and Yosuke were annoyed, they eventually backed off.

“You’re lucky we’re married,” Chie said to Yu, tossing the magazine back to Yosuke. Walking back over to the prize area, she snatched up the slippers for herself without any arguments from the shaken announcer.

“I do apologize, dearie,” Yukiko announced as she shuffled over, “but I believe that that’s my man. He’s the only one around here who could take all of this.” Giving her plump rump a smack, she proceeded to laugh at her own juvenile joke as the others gathered around. Her chuckling came to an end as Yosuke slid up to wrap his arm around her.

“I don’t know about that,” Yosuke said, as he gave her buttocks a squeeze. “I think your real husband would be more than capable of taking it on,” he added, a smile of his golden teeth being enough to get Yukiko to lean into his chest with a warm smile and a childish giggle.

“We should probably stop before the nurses yell at us,” Naoto commented, recently awoken from her nap to help Kanji carry over a pile of recently knitted sweaters. “Why don’t you make yourselves useful and help my husband sort these?”

Going along with the others, Yu was more than content to let the distraction stop them from causing any more trouble. As he sorted through the high quality patterns, his mind tried to figure out what an itching sensation in the back of his mind was. Though his foggy thoughts came close to grasping at the truth, they came to a screeching halt as he noticed something scurrying down the hall.

Turning away from the ensuing chaos of his comrade’s senile bickering, Yu peeked his head out of the door. Anyone passing by got a good look at his toothless mouth as his jaw dropped upon seeing the shimmering color of the golden hand. The once valuable shadow was noticeably less energetic as it trudged along the corridor with one of its fingers dedicated to moving about with a cane. Despite its bony digits and wrinkled mask, what remained of its golden sheen was enough to get Yu to start chasing it.

Mumbling out a shout to his allies, Yu began to use his own cane in an attempt to catch up to the hand and claim its bounty. Though he was motivated by a stray thought of helping him

afford a new set of dentures, his best efforts still left him in the dust of his teammates as they rushed by him. Nearly stumbling as Chie and Yukiko bumped their doughty bodies into him, Yu struggled to keep himself up. Thankfully his near tumble was stopped by Rise locking her arm with his. Nodding towards Rise to thank her for her assistance, he turned back to watch the slow speed chase.

“Come over here little buddy!” Teddie shouted, nearly catching the shadow with several swipes of his back scratcher. “I need some extra cash to afford a ring so I can re-marry Naoto.”

“Hey! Share the wealth, you old-timer,” Yosuke said, beating his dirty magazine against Teddie’s back to get him to stop. “How else am I going to afford a date night with Yukiko?” The continuous flaps of his precious treasure came to a halt as he nearly fell over Chie’s outstretched cane.

“Your brain’s gone rotten!” Chie called out. “Are you already cheating on Rise?”

“Hold on,” Kanji said, trying to keep pace with Chie as he used a wheel chair to push a napping Naoto down the hall. “I think she’s supposed to be with Yu. Or was she with me?”

“Yeah, you’re right. She’s Yosuke’s girl,” Chie replied.

“That’s not what I said,” Kanji corrected.

“Then what do you mean?” Teddie asked, giving up his chase to join the others in the conversation.

“What are y’all talking about?” Rise added, finally helping Yu catch up to the group.

The gathering of geezers scratched their heads until they came to semi-cognizant state.

“I...honestly don’t remember,” Yosuke admitted.

“Dammit, we must really be losing it if a little physical activity makes our minds turn to mush,” Chie commented.

“Yeah, it’s like our heads are filled with soft, tasty pudding,” Yukiko said, showing off a small smile as she absent-mindedly rubbed her belly.

“That actually sounds pretty nice,” Kanji added.

“Well too bad!” Chie shouted. “It’s obvious that half of the problem with our bodies is that we let ourselves keep degrading. While I could still kick your asses without a sweat, the last thing I need is all of you falling behind.”

Roused from her nap by the shouting, Naoto let out a wide yawn that threatened to spill her dentures from her mouth. “What are we talking about?”

“How we’re going to get back into shape,” Rise cheerfully answered.

“Is that why you pushed me over here?” Naoto asked, pointing her finger towards the nearby door.

Turning all at once, the group brought their attention towards the sign above the entrance that read gym. As they looked over the sign, they all seemed to ignore the golden hand as it hobbled around the corner. Though Yu tried to shout out to get everyone back on task, his voice fell on deaf ears. After a few more attempts, he let out a huff and promptly forgot why he had been chasing the creature in the first place.

Chie crossed her arms and rested them on her gut. “Well, I was going to suggest taking turns beating up Yosuke-“

“HEY!”

“-but this will have to do. Let’s go in.”

Either not noticing or caring about Yosuke’s outburst, Chie gave a wave of her hand for the others to follow her inside. They managed to get a few feet in before they were stopped by a

nurse. Seeing the angry look on Chie's face, the nurse took a moment to calm her nerves with a deep breath before speaking.

"While we are happy to see our residents maintaining their bodies with regular exercise," the nurse began, keeping an eye on the group's makeshift weapons, "you need to get into your proper gym clothes to use the equipment. Please proceed to the locker room and change there."

Pushing past the others, Kanji approached the nurse and leaned his face towards its.

"What did you say?"

"T-that you need to change before you can enter the gym," the nurse said, shivering as Kanji continued to loom over her.

"Oh, is that right?" Kanji asked, pulling back to show off a more peaceful expression.

"Sorry, my hearing isn't the best. We'll go there now."

"Yes, good. Right this way," the nurse said, gesturing towards the entrance of the changing room.

As the group entered the next room, they found themselves surrounded by a number of lockers and benches. Though there wasn't anyone else in the room, they could hear from the next door over the sound of people working out. Wanting to remedy the lethargy that had taken over their aged up forms, they began to undress.

Though it was a struggle to remove his clothes, Yu breathed a sigh of relief to finally have his gut freely hang between his legs. While he appreciated the extra room provided to his saggy man boobs, he couldn't help noticing the strange sensation he felt around his crotch. Pulling down his underwear to leave himself completely nude allowed him to see the white pubic hairs surrounding his dangling cock and drooping testicles. Managing to look away from his



wrinkled skin and seemingly well-used member, he couldn't stop himself from wanting to check on his friends.

Teddie may have been the scrawniest of the group, but even he had to contend with folds of skin and the sad state of his sagging genitalia. Large swaths of white hair partially covered up parts of Kanji's body, sprouting out from beneath his arm pits and looking like someone had stapled white, shag rugs to his back and chest. Finally turning his attention to Yosuke, Yu couldn't help feeling sorry for the old man's obese body in that it looked near impossible for him to reach, let alone see his own manhood. Thankfully for Yosuke, he didn't have to do it alone.

"Hey there hot stuff," Rise said, pressing her nude body against Yosuke's back rolls to slide her bare, sagging tits across them. "Come here often?"

"I do as long as you're here," he replied, turning around to give a squeeze to Rise's backside.

"That does look rather fun," Yukiko commented, her own thick rear jiggling unhindered with each jostle of her walker. "Yu, do you want to-?"

Yukiko's advances were interrupted as Chie eclipsed her with her mountain of wrinkled fat waddling into view. "Not before he does it with me," she said, slapping her palm against the drooping sacks of meat that were her breasts. Leaning to the side with her cane, she attempted to look as attractive as possible as she jostled about her heaving bosom and blubbery belly. "Only right considering he's MY husband."

"I should admonish you for making a move on him again," Naoto said, looking completely unphased with her wrinkled form almost completely exposed, save for her cap still balanced on her head. "Then again, this isn't the first time we've all been naked in a room together."

“What are you talking about?” Kanji spoke up.

Naoto gave a shrug that jostled her potbelly. “I don’t know, just seems familiar.”

“What, you think we’ve all been part of some big orgy or something?” Yosuke asked.

“Not like we’ve got much to lose at our age,” Rise added, going between the various old men to give them each a feel of her withered curves.

“Yes, time to score!” Teddie proclaimed as he rose his back scratcher into the air and gave the group a full view of his genitals.

“Alright, but before we get ahead of ourselves,” Yukiko pointed out, “we should probably do some stretches in the gym. Last thing we want is to snap a hip. Come along dearies.”

Accidentally leaving behind their change of gym clothes, the group of naked old people shuffled their way into the next room. As they expected, the gym was filled with various types of exercise equipment. Most of the devices were being used by the elderly shadows trying to regain a semblance of their former vigor. While Chie looked willing to tackle one of the shadows away from the equipment to get started, she was mercifully stopped by a gentle prod of Yukiko’s finger into her shoulder.

“Don’t forget your stretches, dearie,” Yukiko pointed out, gesturing towards Rise as the aged up idol called over the others to begin their stretches.

“Fine,” Chie said, waddling over to the area. “Just hurry it up. I ain’t getting any younger.”

Rise was considered the fittest of the group with her lithe body, but behind the wrinkly form lurked a well of energy that seemed to burst forth with every movement. Granted, the stretches were a far cry from her younger self’s energized dance moves, but they were impressive considering her age. Trying to follow Rise’s lead, the group gradually eased into the

stretches. Each movement coincided with the creaking of bones and a few hisses of pain. More than once the group nearly got into a fight as they stumbled into each other in their efforts to loosen up their creaky bones. Managing to avoid breaking either their bodies or each other by the halfway point, they were rewarded with a fraction of their former flexibility. By the time they reached the end of their routine, a few of them were even so bold as to leave their walkers and canes behind in favor of striding out to find their preferred way of working out.

Still a bit nervous about walking on his own, Yu kept a grip on his cane as he looked for where to start with his routine. The same trouble did not occur for either Chie or Kanji, who made a beeline for the treadmill. Breaking out into sprints that were reminiscent of their former youth, the couple seemed to be blissfully unaware of the way their flabby bodies wildly jiggled with each stomp of their bulky legs. Naoto and Teddie had taken to the exercise balls, only for their routines to hit a snag as they drifted off to sleep while laying across the rubbery spheres. The couple's naps were almost immediately interrupted by the loud music that began to play to coincide with Rise and Yosuke's dancing routine. Adopting moves that looked to be pulled from the 1920s, the pair of them swung about their exposed bodies much to the entertainment of one another.

"Looks fun," Yukiko commented, hobbling over to Yu just as Yosuke and Rise embraced one another to begin a session of swing dancing. "As much as I'd like to join them, I don't think anyone would survive getting bumped by my tuckus," she added, giving a light smack to her backside for her own amusement. "Dearie, would you mind joining me at the bikes? I would enjoy the company."

With a shrug of his shoulders, Yu accompanied Yukiko over to the exercise bikes. Cautiously placing his cane within reaching distance, Yu straddled himself over the seat and got

comfortable. Careful not to sit on his own junk, he gripped the handlebars between his fingers and began to slowly push the pedals. Though the action was tiring, it filled him with a vigor that pushed him to move up to the pace of a lethargic snail. Getting into a comfortable groove, he hazarded to turn his head to check on Yukiko. His bare gums were once more exposed as he wordlessly gawked at the way her ass wobbled with each rotation of her peddles. So busy staring at Yukiko's chubby body jiggling, Yu only noticed the pair of approaching shadows once they were right next to him.

His attention was snapped away from Yukiko as one of the shadows cleared their throats. Turning his head, Yu was met with the visage of two Gigases standing next to each other. Yu had a vague notion of what the shadows were supposed to look like, but the pair of muscle bound geezers in front of him were a far cry from the once intimidating enemies. Whipping about their heads of silver hair and tightening the speedos around their crotches to keep their sagging genitals in check, one of them began to speak.

“Lot of nerve taking our bikes, you old fart,” the Gigas accused.

“Oh, I'm dreadfully sorry,” Yukiko said, slowing her pedaling to bring her quivering flab to a halt. “Give us a chance to finish our set and we'll be more than happy to get off.”

“No one asked, you old hag!” the other Gigas shouted. “Just get out of our way before we have to get violent.”

“YOU ASKED FOR IT PUNKS!”

Before either Gigas could reply to the shout, they were both beamed in the head by a pair of slippers. Turning attention towards their attackers, they spotted Chie and Kanji making their way towards them. Flaring the nostrils sticking out from beneath their masks, the Gigases stomped their way over to meet the pair head on.

“Fine, we could always use some good sparring partners,” one of the shadows said as they both flexed their muscles. “Just don’t think it’ll be an easy fight.”

“Yeah, it won’t,” Kanji said, adopting a menacing grin as he pounded his fists together.

Letting out a fearsome roar, Kanji lunged forward to try to slam his walker into the shadows. His valiant charge came to an abrupt stop as a loud crack came from his hips and echoed through the gym. Grasping at his back, Kanji leaned onto one of the empty bikes to catch his breath.

“Hey, don’t forget about me,” Chie said, trying to look as intimidating as possible as she threw out a kick. With a lunge her pudgy body was thrown into the air, mimicking the kung fu moves that her senile mind still managed to cling to. However fearsome the pose was, the force of her thick thigh moving about accidentally left her to fall to the ground. Though she was cushioned by her own blubber, the humiliation she received from the shadows’ laughter further infuriated her.

“Is that really the best you got?” a Gigas shouted out. “We’ll be doing you a favor by putting you out of your misery. Don’t worry, we’ll make this quick.”

The shadows were once more stopped from attacking as Kanji’s walker was flung past their heads. Turning around, they were met with Kanji doing his best to look intimidating with his nude, pudgy figure brandishing a pair of knitting needles. The sight had the expected response of making the pair laugh like a pair of hyenas.

“W-what are you going to do to us, grandpa?” a Gigas managed to sputter out between his laughs. “Knit us some sweaters?”

“Shut the hell up!” Kanji shouted out, charging towards the shadows once more with a primal yell. His display of aggression only succeeded in getting him to stumble over his own

feet. Tumbling to the ground, he let out a pained yelp as he bumped into one of the treadmills. Flipping himself over as he rubbed his sore joints, he managed to glare at the chuckling shadows.

“So what if I can’t pound you myself,” Kanji said, his wrinkled body quivering as he tried and failed to stand up. “I still have an ace up my sleeve. Come on out, Take-Mikazuchi!”

With a roar of thunder, the figure of Kanji’s imposing persona began to appear. As the figure stepped through the bright light, it became clear that the years hadn’t been the kindest to the skeletal spirit. The lightning bolt that it once used to shock foes served as little more than a flimsy cane to keep his weary bones standing. Flipping about a grey beard attached to his skull-faced chin, Take-Mikazuchi kept his focus centered on the enemy in front of him.

“He’s not alone!” Naoto shouted out, branding a spray bottle and pointing it towards the shadows.

The sight of the elderly woman harmlessly spritzing water at them nearly had the shadows fall over with laughter again. However, they came to a stop as a figure began to form from the mist. Emerging from the water, Sukuna-Hikona attempted to fly towards the shadows only to come plummeting to the ground. Struggling to get to its feet, the tiny persona shook about his weathered, grey, moth wings to reveal their frayed edges. Pulling out his sword and seeing if flop around like a rubber hose, he nonetheless tried to get into a battle stance.

“Some back up,” a Gigas scoffed, flexing his muscles to make Sukuna tremble.

“The hell you say?” Kanji said, hoisting up his fist to make his persona mirror the action.

“It doesn’t matter if our personas aren’t in peak condition,” Naoto said, whipping around her bottle as her persona flapped his decrepit wings. “What matters is that we’re taking you shaders down.”

“Why didn’t you tell me you were having a dance off over here?” Rise asked, her drooping tits waving about as she shuffled over to the skirmish. “You can’t start without me and Himiko.”

Though it took a few tries, Rise eventually managed to snap her fingers to summon forth her own persona. Arriving in a flash of brilliant light, the white dress hanging from her bony body and sagging curves didn’t prevent Himiko from sharing her master’s upbeat energy. Emitting music from an unknown source, the persona waved around the wobbly protrusion on her satellite-shaped face as she began to dance. The performance did the trick in leaving the shadows confused, but also led to the other personas getting caught up in the moment.

Shaking her hips to the beat of the music, Yukiko seemingly forgot about the violent shadows in favor of swinging about her thick derriere. The sight and sounds of the impromptu dance party slowly got rid of Kanji’s scowl in favor of a wide grin. Still unable to get up off the floor, Kanji instructed his persona to shift his feet along the ground in an attempt to be a part of the festivities. Even Naoto and her persona seemed to lose focus on the battle as they lowered their weapons to join in on dance. Left to merely stare at the strange sight before him and wonder what was going on, Yu was the only one to notice Teddie running over with a gleam in his eyes.

Intruding onto the makeshift dance floor between the two shadows, Teddie swung about his body. As he waved his hands in the air, a simple shout was all it took to bring out his own persona. Though Kintoki-Doujis’s movements were capable of keeping up its spherical body with Teddie’s dancing, it came at a cost. Each shake of its hips shook off a helping of rust from its worn down body to coat the ground. Despite this, the unlikely pair still managed to earn the admiration of Rise.

“Yeah, keep it going!” Rise shouted out as she stood by to watch Teddie dance. “Finish it off big and flashy!”

“Oh, I know just the thing. Mabufudyne!”

Teddie had managed to work through his aged up brain to recall the spell, but didn't quite remember what it did. The shadows that had been standing by in stunned confusion made for easy targets as a wall of ice erupted beneath them to freeze them solid. The sudden appearance of the living sculptures did little to slow down the pace of the impromptu dance party. Waving about their flabby wrinkled bodies as the song reached its finale, Naoto and Yukiko accidentally slammed their figures into the frozen shadows. The impact sent the pair of shadows toppling to the ground to shatter into hundreds of pieces. While the others concerned themselves with celebrating in the spectacular finale of their dance number, at least one person in the group was able to relish in the taste of their awkward victory.

“Yeah, that'll show you!” Chie shouted, her eager grin lasting up until she tried to stand up and felt a crick in her back. “Could someone mind helping me?”

Waking up from his nap, Yosuke hobbled over to help on to trip and stumble to the ground as well. With both of their friends incapacitated, Rise and the others dismissed their personas to run over and help. Though Yukiko tried to pull them up, another stumble led to her meeting the same fate. One after another each member of the group fell into the same trap, splaying across the soft mat in a pile of bare, aged flesh.

Even having witnessed the scene unfold didn't prevent Yu from meeting the same fate as he tripped over what he hoped was Yosuke's leg. Thankfully his fall to the floor was a soft one thanks to the cushiony nature of Naoto's chubby belly. Sliding forward to meet her face to face, he was surprised to see that she was sound asleep. Glancing over at the pile, he saw that almost



all of them had used the excuse of their exertion to take a quick nap. As he stared at Naoto's expression of slumbering bliss, he let out a yawn that echoed amongst the group. Getting comfortable in Naoto's embrace, Yu prepared to take just a short nap. That was until he and the others got a rude awakening.

"Get up!" yelled one of the nurses, rousing the group of elderly people from their peaceful slumber.

"Where do you get off shouting at us like that?" Chie shouted back, waving an angry fist at the shadow.

"Yeah, we were just trying to sleep," Naoto added, letting out a wide yawn.

"I'm sorry, but this behavior cannot be excused," the nurse replied. "Please follow me to the head nurse's office. She wishes to speak with you."

"Sure, just give me a few more minutes," Yosuke said as he tried to go back to sleep.

Just before Yosuke's head could rest against Yukiko's butt again, he and the others were shaken awake by the approach of a large group of nurse shadows. The seniors' slow pace was quickened as the shadows helped them to their feet. Keeping a tight watch on the group to keep them in line, the shadows proceeded to lead them out of the gym and into the corridor. This forced march led them towards a large door that emanated with an ominous energy. Fixing his glasses to get a good look, Yu managed to read out the sign marking the room as the head nurse's office just before he and the others were pushed inside.

The interior of the room looked less like an office and more like a mad scientist's laboratory. Strange devices were strewn about the walls and floors, leading towards a monstrous contraption in the center. This machine throbbed with a strange energy that poured into a golden orb that was closed tight by a series of latches. Though Yu had no idea what any of this did, he

felt like the orb was the key to unraveling the mystery of these feelings of loss he felt were engraved into his bones.

Yu's attention was drawn away from the orb to look at the massive desk that also served as a makeshift throne for the head nurse. Like the other shadows, she was adorned with a nurse outfit. The main difference was the crown-like nurse hat upon her head whose golden shimmer mixed with the youthful, shimmering blonde locks that cradled her face. Upon meeting eyes with Yu, the head nurse locked her fingers together and stood up from her seat.

"I am very disappointed in all of you," the head nurse said as she paced back and forth. "I invite you into my palace with the express purpose of giving you a place to relax your aged up bodies. And how do you repay me?"

"By giving you a chance to score with us hotties?" Teddie asked, he and Yosuke doing their best to pose for the nurse, only to succeed in disgusting her with their wrinkled figure.

"No," the head nurse said, looking absolutely disgusted by their exposed bodies. "You come in and cause absolute chaos amongst our residents. First by getting into a word fight with them and then an actual fight that led to their destruction. Not to mention your penchant for running around the facility completely naked. Do you have no shame?"

"Hey, they attacked us first!" Kanji shouted out.

"Yeah, if anyone should be punished for that fight it should be them," Chie added.

"At least they would, but they're a little split at the moment," Yukiko said, having to stifle a laugh about her own joke.

"That doesn't mean you should stoop to their level," the head nurse retaliated. "You should have acted your ages and apologized as they smashed your heads in."

“My hearing is a little fuzzy,” Naoto said, stepping forward from the group. “What did you say?”

“That you all should have perished back at the gym,” the head nurse replied.

“Well that wouldn’t be good,” Rise said, standing beside Naoto. “I’m still in my golden years and need to show off my moves.”

“Don’t play dumb with me!” the nurse accused. “I know why you’re all here. To take back the precious youth I stole from the people of Inaba.”

“What now?” Kanji asked.

“I think she’s talking about some kind of pastry, dearie” Yukiko spoke up.

“Oh, you mean the ones they used to sell with the cream filling?” Naoto asked.

“Nah, those went out of stock long ago,” Yosuke corrected. “We should really bug Junes to bring them back.”

“Maybe if we ask one of the employees,” Teddie suggested.

“No, no, no,” Chie said. “We need to march into the head manager’s office and demand their return. Their one of the few good memories I have of that crummy place.”

Chie’s suggestion rolled into a long debate over how to get back the hypothetical pastries. From there the conversation devolved into madness, with each new speaker seemingly changing the topic to something completely unrelated. Though this stemmed from true ignorance of their situation, their babbling didn’t help to sate the shadow’s rage. Clenching her fingers, the nurse began to stomp towards the group.

“Fine. Act like senile idiots,” she said as a number of scalpels appeared between her fingers. “It’ll make it a lot easier for me to take you out of my plans permanently.”

The sight of the nurse running towards the group with sharp implements proved more than enough to give everyone a moment of clarity. Pulling out their “weapons” once more, the geezers prepared themselves for a battle. Swinging about their walkers and canes didn’t cause any damage, but did manage to re-direct the nurse. The only person who failed to prepare for the attack was Naoto, who had somehow fallen asleep at the worst possible time. Thankfully she still proved herself useful as her slumbering figure tripped up the nurse to send her flying across the room.

“Damn you!” the nurse spat out as she began to get back to her feet.

“Listen here, missy,” Yosuke said, brandishing his porno mag once more. “There’s no way you’re getting any of this action now. I think you’re the one that needs to be punished. Persona!”

Yosuke’s battle cry summoned forth his persona, Jiraiya with a gust of wind. The flashy appearance was almost immediately undone by the sight of the ninja-like figure sporting a hefty belly and sagging man boobs. Even the shuriken attached to his hands were made less intimidating by the sight of their points drooping like wet spaghetti.

“Your efforts are meaningless,” the nurse said, slamming Jiraiya to the ground with a single swipe of her arm. Pulling out a scalpel to finish off the elderly persona, she was stopped as a red fan flew through the air to bump her in the head. Turning around, she watched as Yukiko began to pull another fan from her purse. “Pathetic. You can’t even hurt me with those flimsy things, let alone carrying around all of that fat.”

“I might not be able to do much myself,” Yukiko said, brandishing her fan, “but I know a friend who can. Come forth, um...” Reaching into her purse, she pulled out a scrap of paper and held it close to her face. “Kono...hana Sa...kuya.”

Though poorly worded, Yukiko's call did the trick in calling forth her persona. Arriving in a flutter of cherry blossoms, Konohana Sakuya turned her yellow eyes towards the nurse with vicious intent. It would have been much more intimidating if the persona didn't have a similarly thick rear to her master and her arms were covered in greying feathers that molted off with even the slightest swing of her arms.

The head nurse easily dodged an outburst of feathers from the winged persona. As the mottled down hit the floor, they sizzled like the tiniest of embers from a children's sparkler. Becoming even more frustrated with the group's poor attempts to defend themselves, the nurse moved to retaliate once more only to be beamed in the head by a wayward slipper.

"Will you just sit still and die?" the nurse shouted towards and absolutely livid Chie.

"Sorry, but I'm a stubborn old bag that isn't about to let you hurt her friends," Chie called out. "Come forth, Tomoe!"

Similar to the other personas, Chie's arrived from a flash of light emitted from a glittering ice crystal. Emerging from the shattered remains, Tomoe's once regal appearance was hindered by the way her obese, wrinkly form stretched the confines of her yellow bodysuit and white skirt. Much like Kanji's persona, Tomoe was only able to remain standing thanks to using her former weapon as a makeshift cane. The sorry state of the grey-haired warrior woman wasn't lost on the head nurse.

"Your efforts are meaningless," the nurse spat out.

Rushing forward once more, the nurse turned her attention to the recently summoned personas. Though they tried to fight back, their withered and creaky joints proved no match for the nurse as she cut into them. Despite barely being grazed with the blades, the personas

crumpled to the ground to grasp at their wounds and rest their weary bodies. With the group's main form of defense down, the nurse began to approach them to land a fatal blow.

Racking his brain to try and get a spark of an idea, Yu considered his options. His cane was a far cry from a sword and he had to assume that his own persona was in a similar state of poor health. With the nurse getting ever closer to the group, he began to hobble himself forward. Unable to think of a proper plan in time, he raised up his hand and shouted out a mumbled mess of words in an effort to summon Izanagi to stall for time.

Yu's haphazard thinking brought forth another bolt of lightning above the nurse's head. The flash got her to turn away from the group to focus on the recently summoned being. Like the other personas, Izanagi's once intimidating appearance was hindered by a withered body that seemed to put the bulk of its girth into a sizable pot belly. The white whiskers clinging to the persona's chin flung through the air as he struggled to remain upright. Though he managed to grip onto his spear, he still had a problem with trying to find solid ground for his makeshift cane to balance on. That was until he fell directly on the nurse and plunged the blunt end of the spear into her chest.

"Cyanide!" Yu managed to stutter out, only receiving a look of confusion from Izanagi in return. "Zoo dining!" he shouted, getting the same expression from his persona. Watching the nurse slowly try to crawl free, Yu wracked his brain until the right word came to him.

"Ziodyne!"

A flash of lightning erupted from the spear and channeled through the nurse's body. As her figure began to convulse, the walls making up the nursing home began to fluctuate. A shrill cry echoed from the shadow's mouth, shattering the windows and ceilings. The nurse began to disappear into drifting shadows while a super natural fog drifted into the room. Momentarily

blinded by the miasma, Yu had to rely on his poor hearing to experience the final death throes of the nurse and the rest of the retirement home staff.

When the fog finally cleared, he found himself standing in the center of the Junes food court with the others sprawled out on the ground. Hopping over to check on them, he nearly fell over as his cane hit something on the ground. Barely able to maintain his balance, he looked towards the ground to see the golden orb that contained all of Inaba's youth. Picking it up, he began to reach towards the button on top to release the latches only to be stopped by a slipper being thrown at his head.

"Are you deaf?" Chie shouted out. "Nanako is trying to talk to you"

Turning his head to the side, Yu saw Nanako hobbling down the side walk with the help of a walker.

"Glad I was finally able to get a hold of you, big bro," Nanako shouted out. "You should really make sure to bring your phone with you when you go out. Or at the very least, remember to hold onto your pants," she added, looking over Yu and the others' nude bodies. "Anyway, Dojima and I are having a big feast tonight. You're more than welcome to bring the rest of your friends with you."

"A good meal does sound pretty nice," Teddie said, rubbing his bare belly.

"Wait, what were we doing before this?" Naoto brought up as she wiped the sleep from her eyes. "And why are we naked?"

"It's not like we haven't seen each other nude before," Rise pointed out, a little too eager to flaunt her body.

"We should probably still grab some clothes before we head over to Yu's place," Kanji suggested as he scratched his chest hair.

“Yes, let’s hurry along dearies,” Yukiko said, she and the others hobbling with Nanako as their guide towards the mall to get new clothes. “It’s impolite to keep our hosts waiting.”

The momentary conversation had been enough to throw off Yu’s train of thought. Looking back at the orb in his hands, he had already forgotten what its purpose was. While he recalled it was important, he was sure that it was something that could wait until the following morning. Tucking the orb underneath his arm, he too shuffled into the mall to prepare for a dinner with old friends.