

GOTHS vs. RAVERS

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Pt: 3

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Morganna and Elektra worked their way across the crowded rave to the hallway behind the bathrooms. The two goth girls peaked around the corner to see Morganna's boyfriend Damian fingerbanging some skinny blonde raver chick under her pink frilly skirt as he ate candies off the candy choker around her neck.

"That mother f-" Morganna growled, ready to march into the hall and crack some skulls.

Elektra grabbed her friend's arm and put a hand around Morganna's mouth to keep the angry goth from screaming.

"Don't get mad, get even babe... there are plenty of dudes here high as fuck and more than happy to eat your pale ass out..." The dark skinned goth chick offered.

Morganna took a breath and then grinned reaching back into her bra and feeling the oldies pill nestled against her tit.

"Nah I would let any of these little neon fuck boys touch my body even if it would make Damian totally shit a brick... I'm going to get even though, but I've got a waaaay sicker plan." Morganna purred wickedly.

At that moment the music abruptly switched from upbeat base-heavy rave music to a slow crooner hit from the 50s. Damian pulled away from Raynebow abruptly and looked at her in confused disgust.

"What the fuck is this shit playing right now? God the music you ravers listen to totally sucks ass!" The pierced young man dressed in all black declared, as if the blonde girl in front of him had personally put this song on.

Raynbow rolled her eyes and laughed it off, pulling her own candy necklace into her glossy pink lips and biting off a piece.

“This isn’t raver music, this is... I have no idea what the hell this is. But if it doesn’t have a beat and you can’t dance to it then it’s sure as hell not something to play at a rave...” She giggled, attempted to do a little Mmm-chkk dance to the crooner song, jiggling her perky tits that were pairly contained by the multi-colored triangles of her skimpy top.

Damian slapped his forehead.

“Aww fuck. I think I know who did this...” He groaned, looking around to see if there was any sign of the girls from his tribe lingering about. He knew he was in deep shit if he got caught here with Raynbow.

The bubbly raver girl shrugged and flashed the boy a peace sign.

“Whatever, I need to go pee and um, freshen up in the little girls room anyway... maybe count to like 100 and then come find me...” She purred, dancing her rainbow-colored fingernails up the boys chest flirtatiously as she leaned in to kiss him before prancing off around the corner and into the women’s bathroom.

The brightly colored Raynbow was already scooching her frilly skirt down her silky thighs and waddling to the bathroom stall when the two goth girls burst into the bathroom. They froze for a minute at the sight of the blonde raver chick with her skirt hanging around her ankles and her clean shave pussy on full display, but the goth girls quickly shift demeanors and began to fake laugh and sway around like they were both high and enjoying the party.

“OMG - I am having such a blast tonight! What a killer rave!” Morganna declared loudly for Raynebows benefit.

As the raver girl scooted into the stall, Morganna got a full view of her perfectly round firm ass and felt doublely jealous. Damian had always told the goth girl

that she had a juicy, wicked ass but it was nowhere near the perfect bubble-butt that this girl he was cheating on her with was rocking.

“Is that little slut not even wearing panties?” Morganna mumble whispered into Elektra’s ear.

“And she’s not even going to close the stall door? She just going to take a piss right in front of us? Nasty little bitch...” Elektra mumble-whispered back.

Sure enough, Raynbow had popped a squat on the toilet and was peeing without closing her stall door. She flashed a friendly smile to the two goth girls, totally oblivious to how harshly they were judging her.

“Just roll with it.” Morganna hissed back in Elektra’s ear before smiling back at Raynebow a dangerous smile and sauntering over to the sink so that she wouldn’t have to watch the girl pee.

“Sooo sounds like you girls are enjoying the rave... how much fun are you having right now?” Raynebow asked, feeling herself coming off her own exstacy high and hoping that these two goth chicks were packing something she could score.

Morganna and Elektra looked at one another like ‘this is too easy’.

“Oh... like SOOOO much fun... like... I barely even know where I am right now!” Morganna said touching up her make-up.

“Is this like... a rave? Fucking far-out man...” Elektra giggled trying to do her best ‘stoned hippie’ impression.

Raynebow was totally falling for it though. She whipped herself off and flushed the toilet, pulling her skirt back up and pranced over to the sinks.

“Are you having fun with molly tonight?” She asked with a sly grin thinking that these goth girls were kind of cool.

“Noooo...” Morganna replied coyly, looking over at Elektra who was trying to stifle a giggle.

“Hmmm... does X mark the spot?” Raynebow asked getting more excited to figure out what drugs these girls might be on and have to offer her.

The goths shook their heads.

“Oh my god, do you girls have Kit Kats!?” She asked hopefully wondering if the goths had managed to smuggle Ketamine into the club.

Morganna gave an exaggerated look around the bathroom to make sure that they were alone and then reached into her bra and pulled out the Oldie pill, presenting it in her palm.

“We’re partying with THIS.” She said in a triumphant whisper.

Raynebow gasped in awe of the colorful pill she had never seen before.

“Woah, what is it?” She asked, nearly beside herself with excitement.

“Ten times more intense than ecstasy with a quicker, smoother high than special K... it’s called ‘Karma’.” Morganna informed the girl, trying not to seem to self-impressed with the ironic fake name she had given it.

“Karma...” Raynebow cooed like a child being presented a chocolate chip cookie.

The raver stared at the pill reverently and then reached for it. Morganna instinctively closed her hand.

“Uh-uh... first you need to-” Morganna began to say ‘beg for it’.

“Oh my god! Yes! Money! Sorry! I got so excited! I totally have money I can give you for it!!” The brightly color blonde exclaimed, embarrassed by her faux pas.

She reached up into her fuzzy pink wrist band and pulled out a fat stack of \$20s, tossing them at Morganna to avoid having to waste time on haggling. Elektra's jaw dropped and even Morganna was left speechless as she grabbed the money and plopped the pill into the blonde girls cupped hands.

Out by the side entrance, Raven had waddled her way outside of the club to get some fresh air. She had been freaked out by how the oedipal raver boy (who had been around her normal age) had been so hungry for her big saggy tits and a bit too enthusiastic of her matronly body.

Now outside in the cool night air, coming down off of the high of her Oldie the pale-skinned goth woman took full stock of her 50-ish body. She held out her normally slender arm, the white powder make-up did little to hide the noticeable veins and dried skin of her hands and forearms. Her biceps jiggled and flap as she held her veiny hands above her head and attempted to stretch her aching back. Glancing down she furrowed her lined face at the pasty muffin top peeking out under her corset and morbidly pinched a roll from her mom-gut.

“Ugh... and I thought coming down off of shrooms was bad...” Raven groaned as she pulled out a clove cigarette and fanned herself in the alley way.

A young woman turned the corner and did a double-take at the sight of the middle-aged goth woman leaning against the wall smoking a clove cigarette. Raven turned and looked at her, a cute girl that was dressed goth - in a fishnet leather top, spiked choker and leather skirt with fishnets to match - but also had long magenta pink hair under her black beanie.

Raven felt immediately self-conscious to look so old in front of this cute young goth girl she hadn't met before. She bit her pruning lip and tried to turn away, hiding her jowly lined face from the newcomer.

“Ummm sorry to bother you ma'am... but do you have a light?” The pink-haired girl asked, holding up a cigarette sheepishly, totally prepared for this matronly woman to give her an earful about how she shouldn't be smoking.

The term 'ma'am' pierced Raven's heart like a dagger but she reminded herself that her aged appearance was only temporary and if she even ran into this cute girl again they would be around the same age. Better to just play the part and then get the hell out of there as fast as she could.

"Uh sure... young lady... hold on a hot sec and let me find where I stuffed my lighter..." Raven said tucking her cig in between her thinning lips and patting her saggy cellulite riddled body down to find the object in question.

She found the lighter stuffed into her wide crinkled cleavage. Reached down in between her floppy sagging tits she pulled it out and wiped off the sweat and make-up before handing it over to the younger woman.

"Thanks... cool choker by the way..." The girl said with a smile as she looked at the intricate metal bunching Raven's looser neck skin.

Raven clutched it self-consciously trying to figure out if the girl was making fun of her or not. When she was in her 20s she looked freakin' HOT with this choker around her slender neck but now...

"Oh this? I got it at a- er, it's my daughters. I bought it for her for christmas and decided to borrow it tonight..." Raven made up a lie on the spot to hide the fact that she had been age progressed into middle age.

The girl looked impressed.

"Wow you must be a pretty cool mom. Unlike my mom who acts like I'm some crazy devil-worshiper any time I like, try to leave the house in a black skirt..." The girl said sounding annoyed just at the thought of it, like the it was a raw argument that she had just had to experience again before she came out here tonight.

Raven laughed and then grinned proudly at the idea of being the 'cool mom' that encouraged her fictional daughter's goth interests.

“Yep! That’s me. A super chill Goth Mom... I think girls should be able to dress however the fuck they like! It’s the 21st century now.” Raven offered her honest opinion.

The girl nodded and took a drag of her cigarette.

“Yeah seriously! It’s not the mother-fucking Victorian era...” She agreed vehemently.

The two age-gapped women smoked in silence for a moment admiring each others style and attitude.

“I would kill for one of those Victorian corsets though...” Raven said after a moment of consideration.

The younger girl nodded her head in full agreement.

“I know, right! I have these blood-red knee-high boots that would look awesome with one of those Dickensian dresses... I’m Wednesday by the way. Like the chick from the Adams Family.” Wednesday said, pushing some of her pink hair out of her face and holding out her hand to introduce herself.

“Raven... As in ‘Nevermore’.” Raven said with a smile shaking Wednesday’s hand.

“Poe. Nice!” Wednesday replied approvingly.

The young woman’s eyes were taking in every ounce of this bad-ass older lady, completely in awe that a woman over 40 could be this awesome.

“Wednesday, that’s a sweet goth name.” Raven complimented the girl before puffing on her cigarette again, a little self-conscious of how her lips wrinkled around the filter when she took a drag.

“Yeah it’s like the only cool thing my mom’s ever done... though I doubt she’s even heard of the Adams Family. She probably just named me after the day I

was born or some distant aunt or something... What's your daughters name?" Wednesday asked out of curiosity.

Raven froze for a moment, she hadn't thought too hard on this hypothetical goth daughter she had made up and now needed to come up with some facts about her on the fly.

"Oh um, Drusilla. Her name is Drusilla, or 'Dru' for short." Raven replied, thinking of the name of her favorite vampire from Buffy.

"Woah, Drusilla? Does she love that name? I LOVE that name!" Wednesday said sounding a bit jealous.

"Oh yeah, it totally suits her. She's fierce but totally chill too. I love her like a daughter but she's also pretty much my best friend..." Raven continued her fantasy about what it would be like to have a goth teen daughter right now.

"Wow, she sounds wicked. Is she here?" Wednesday asked hopefully, looking around.

Raven came back to reality for a second realizing that she couldn't say that her daughter was here because her daughter hadn't even been born yet. It would be like another 20 years before 'Drusilla' would be frequenting goth clubs.

"Uh no... she had um..." Raven wracked her brain for an excuse - she couldn't say her daughter was sick because why wasn't she at home caring for her; she couldn't say she was out with other friends in case Wednesday got bold enough to suggest meeting up; school trip? Homework? No, school doesn't start up for another couple weeks... "She's in London! I paid for her and a couple friends to go travel there before the school year started..." Raven finally blurted out, remembering something she had wanted to do this summer that her own mom quickly shot down.

"Oh sick! I've always wanted to travel there!" Wednesday gasped, totally buying the lie.

“Yeah... it’s too bad she’s not here. I bet the two of you would really hit it off... My daughter’s a total hottie and I think she’d find you... devilishly cute...” Raven cooed, expressing her own feelings through her imaginary daughter.

Wednesday blushed and dropped her cigarette on the ground, stomping it out with the toe of her shoe.

“Is it that obvious?” The teen girl asked meekly.

Raven furrowed her lined face in confusion at Wednesday’s question.

“What do you mean?” Raven asked for clarification.

Wednesday bit her darkly painted lip and looked away for a moment as if deciding whether to trust the older woman in front of her. Finally she gave a deep sigh and looked back at Raven.

“So I literally haven’t told ANYONE this because if it ever got back to my mom she would totally freak and like ship me off to bible camp or something but... I’m um... gay.” Wednesday divulged, whispering the last bit as she stood there in front of Raven looking nervous for the woman’s approval.

“Cool. I’m bi.” Raven said with a smile and a shrug as if this wasn’t the impossibly dark secret that Wednesday was making it out to be.

“You are!? But you’re like married with a kid and-” Wednesday gasped in surprise.

“Woah, woah, woah - I never said I was married! And like, sure i’m a ‘cool mom’ with a grown daughter but like - different strokes for different folks right? Who gives a fuck what we are right? Why should your mom care if you’re straight or gay or goth or a geek or one of these little poser Rave kids. She should just love you because you’re her kid and you’re fucking awesome!” Raven declared, tossing her own cigarette away.

Wednesday stood, heart pumping for a moment as she stared into Raven's older baggier eyes. Suddenly the goth girl jumped forward and planted a kiss on the matronly woman.

Raven's eyes went wide. She wasn't expect this girl to just kiss her like that - not that she hadn't wanted it. Wednesday was super cute and seemed fun and had good taste. She had just ruled out the possibility of flirting on account of the fact that she now looked old enough to be the girls mom.

The older goth pulled back for a second.

"Wait super quick - how old are you?" Raven asked, cringing in fear for the answer.

"18... sorry. I probably younger than your daughter. I just um - sorry, I'm a total basketcase with mommy issues..." Wednesday admitted, blushing with embarrassment as she turned to leave.

'It's not like I'm REALLY 50 and she's 18...She's only like a year younger than me... mere months even, depending on when her birthday was...' Raven thought to herself as she grabbed the girls shoulder and pulled her back into a kiss.

The May/December goth couple proceeded to make-out vigorously in the alley way behind the club. Young hands were exploring the flabby older woman's body why veiny hands worked their way around the smooth skin of the teenager. But suddenly Raven abruptly stopped and cringed.

"What's wrong? Did I do something wrong?" Wednesday asked nervously.

Raven shook her jowly head.

"No I just... I think I pulled something in my back. Being this old sucks." The middle-aged woman groaned reaching around to rub her lower back.

Wednesday giggled.

“That’s something you and my mom would totally agree on...” The girl smirked playfully.

Raven rolled her eyes and smirked at her new friend.

“Do you really have a mommy fetish? Because I was kind of hoping it was my cool gothic personality that made you want to jump my bones...” The older woman purred.

Wednesday shrugged and smiled coyly.

“Maybe it was... but those big saggy tits of yours and hearing you complain about your lower back problems is getting me kind of wet...” The teenager teased flirtatiously.

“Mmm come to mama little girl...” Raven purred pulling Wednesday back into her arms, not stopping to wonder how long the Oldie that she took lasted before it’s affects wore off...

TO BE CONTINUED...