

GOTHS vs. RAVERS

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Three teenage goth girls crowded around a bathroom mirror applying their make-up for the club that night. Morganna, a tall pale girl with lip and nose piercings was applying heavy eyeshadow to her piercing hazel eyes. Raven stood topless in the mirror in just her black leather skirt and fishnet stockings powdering every inch of her torso with white make-up to make her skin look ghostly pale. Her pert C-cup breasts jiggled as she dapped the make-up puff against them causing her pink nipples to harden. In between the two of them, Hecate, the undisputed leader of the goth clique in town applied dark red lipstick to her pouty lips.

The band Orgy's cover of Blue Monday blasted out of the sound system speakers behind them as they each clasped black studded chokers around their slender necks and ornate victorian rings and bracelets on their delicate wrists and fingers.

"Tonight is going to be so wicked..." Morganna purred as she tied her corset around her hour-glass waist.

"As long as the DJ doesn't start playing bullshit like Fall Out Boy and My Chemical Romance. It's supposed to be a Goth club, not some mainstream whiny played-on-the-radio emo party." Hecate hissed in annoyance as she punched her dyed black hair into two ponytails.

"Awww I kind of like Fall Out Boy... and did you hear MCR's last album? It was kind of solid..." Raven pointed out as she clasped a lacy bra over her pale white tits and put on a black cropped top over it.

"Who gives a shit? It's not goth! It's emo. And FUCK emo. Fuck emo, fuck punk and fuuuuuuuuck ravers!" Hecate yelled, sticking her head out of the window

to flip off a group of brightly dressed girls covered in body glitter and giggling loudly down on the sidewalk.

“Booo! Freak!!” The girls shouted back up at the goth girl.

In the room Raven remembered something and began to rummage through her bag.

“Oh! I just remembered. I totally scored some shit that’s going to make our night even better!” The pale girl declared as she sifted through all of the random crap in her black leather, spiky purse.

“The blood of a virgin?” Morganna asked with a cackle, sticking out her long tongue salaciously.

Hecate shot the pierced girl a warning look. She hated when Morganna overcompensated on the ‘real goth’ shit by trying too hard.

“No, I scored some Oldies!” Raven announced, pleased with herself as she pulled out a plastic baggie filled with a dozen colorful round pills.

Morganna and Hecate looked at one another and then at the bag of brightly hued mystery drugs.

“Oldies? What the fuck are Oldies?” Hecated asked, grabbing the bag to get a closer look.

“They’re a totally new designer drug. It’s like all the rage in SoCal. It’s supposed to be 10 times more potent than Molly with a smooth come-down than pot!” Raven explained as she opened the bag and pulled out a bright green pill and popped it onto her tongue.

“Ten times stronger than Molly? Where did you even score these?” Morganna asked, a little jealous.

“I bought them off these two sweet little old ladies that were at the Dunkin Donuts behind the high school...” Raven replied as if there was nothing unusual about it.

Hecate folded her tattooed arms over her black velvet bodice and raised a dark eyebrow at her pale friend.

“You bought... some new fucking designer version of E off of a couple of old ladies in a Dunkin Donuts?” The goth leader asked skeptically.

Raven nodded.

“Uh huh. Yeah my older brother says that old people are like the best people to buy drugs off of because they get prescribed some heavy duty shit and like need the money since they’re on fixed incomes or whatever.” Raven explained and then swallowed the pill.

The other girls watched as Raven closed her eyes and immediately began to let out orgasmic moans. The ghostly pale girl with black lipstick and eyeliner began giggling profusely and running her hands up and down any inch of bare skin she could touch.

“Oh my god guys - seriously. This feels sooooo good...” Raven purred as she ran her fingers through her dyed black hair.

Hecate and Morganna watched, a bit jealous at how much pleasure Raven seemed to be experiencing. They were both about to pop a pill themselves when suddenly, mid-moan Raven began to age in front of them. The alabaster skin of her body looked rougher and more leathery as her slender body began to swell and plump a bit as she suddenly appeared to gain a decade, and then two decades.

Her perky breasts grew larger but began to slope down her chest under her crop top, pulling her lacy bra down with it. Her flat exposed belly poached out and softened into a muffin top. And her thighs grew flabby in her fishnets.

Raven's friends watched in horror as the laugh and frown lines that had suddenly appeared on her face deepened and her pale cheeks sloped into jowls as the former teen now more closely resembled her own mother. The sound of leather stretching could be heard under the aging woman's moans of ecstasy as her widening ass expanded under her short skirt.

In a matter of moments the physical effects of the drug had stopped leaving Raven looking just shy of 50 years old. She was still grinning with her crinkled eyes closed and shuddering in pleasure as the chemical effects of the drug were still going strong.

"Oh my god guys... you have to try this..." Raven moaned in a huskier voice.

The other two goth girls were totally speechless as they stood staring at their friend who had just suddenly aged 30 years in front of their eyes.

"What. The. FUCK?" Hecate finally shouted.

"What?" Raven asked, opening her eyes.

"You just fucking turned into your own mother Raven!" Morganna cried in disbelief.

Raven paused for a moment and looked down at her leathery middle-aged arms covered in white make-up and her pooching belly seeping over the waistband of her skirt. She cupped her sagging breasts and laughed.

"Holy shit... I got all old!" She cackled, wobbling her aged tits in her veiny hands.

"Yeah! You're like some frumpy 50 year old soccer mom now!" Hecate shouted in an accusatory voice.

Raven turned around and stumbled over to the bathroom mirror. Gray roots were showing under her dyed black hair and the white make-up revealed every deep crag and crevice of her aging skin. She blinked at the sight of her 49-year-old self, still adorned in her goth attire and burst out laughing.

“Wicked!” She cackled feeling her looser neck skin and the creases on her cheeks.

“Did you know that it was going to do that?” Morganna asked pointing at the bag of drugs.

Raven shook her head.

“No but I guess we know why they’re called Oldies now.” She said, still marveling at her middle-aged body.

“That’s a hell of a side-effect.” Hecate smirked.

“The high is soooo good though. Seriously, you’ve got to try it!” Raven insisted.

Hecate and Morganna looked at one another, imagining spending the night as a trio of frumpy cougars and vehemently shook their heads.

“Noooo fucking way!” Hecate asserted.

“Yeah no, I’m trying to look as fuckable as possible tonight and I don’t think having my tits sag to my waist is going to help.” Morganna added.

Raven shrugged her slumping shoulders and packed the remaining Oldies back into her purse.

“Whatever. Suit yourself.” The older woman said, smiling at them like a kindly goth aunt.

Morganna cringed awkwardly at her aged friend.

“Sooo what are you going to do while we’re at the club? Go join a book club?” The still youthful goth asked.

“Oh no way, I’m still going out with you bitches. So what if I’ve got a few sags and wrinkles. No way I’m wasting this high...” Raven smiled, causing her newly gained laugh lines to gather on her cheeks.

“Great... we’ll just tell people you’re one of our aunts or something I guess...” Hecate said, rolling her eyes in exasperation.

“I hope for your sake there are guys there into cougars...” Morganna smirked.

The two young women and their now middle-aged friend headed out to the goth club. Usually as they strutted down the street the goth girls would get constantly checked out by the dudes in line for various bars and clubs, but tonight (To Hecate and Morganna’s annoyance) they were receiving far fewer looks and flirtations since to the passing observer it looked like they were heading out to a night on their town with their mom in tow.

Meanwhile Raven was having an amazing time feeling the cool night air on her aging skin and enjoying the heightened sensations around her like some doped up goth Jennifer Coolidge character. She waddled up to a young punk kid and grabbed his hand, pulling it toward her saggy bosom and making him feel her leathery flesh as she let out a husky moan.

“Woah, get the fuck away from me you old cow!” The boy yelled, yanking his hand away.

“I’m so feeling it...” Raven said airily as she laughed and began to press her wider ass against the brick wall of the building they were walking past.

“Keep your granny on a fucking leash next time!” The boy's friend yelled to Hecate and Morganna.

“She’s only 19 years old, assholes!” Hecate shouted back, flipping them off.

The boys looked at the goth girls like they were crazy but shook it off and headed in the other direction. The girls grabbed their high, middle-aged friend and walked one more block down to the Factory, the preeminent goth club in

town to find dozens of raver kids milling around the entrance with glow sticks and covered in neon.

Inside the club some upbeat techno jam was playing and tons of raver chicks were dancing in the middle of the room.

“What. The. FUCK!” Hecate screamed angrily.

“What? Where did all of these colors come from? Weren’t we just in black and white? I’m so confused...” Raven asked, looking around like she had just found herself on an alien world.

“It’s a fucking rave! They’re having a fucking rave in OUR club!” Morganna growled angrily.

A raver guy with a big grin began bouncing over to them but Morganna quickly scared him away with a vampire-like hiss, baring her pointed nails and teeth.

“Not if I can help it!” Hecate declared darkly as she glared her eyes into the club and considered her next move.

TO BE CONTINUED...