Blondie in Wonderland

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I felt like Alice might have, finding myself in a kind of wonderland. Growing up in Oakland, Ca, well, a girl had a limited world view. My world was small, centered around 40 th Ave. Sure, I knew there was a much bigger world out there. Hell, I grew up dreaming of it, escaping through the pages of National Geographic to places far and wide. I even had my gramma's tales, the few times she'd share them, of growing up in Lyon. Yeah, in my head, I'd visited Tuscany, the Amazon, New York, Jamaica, Mexico, the wilds of Africa, even Antarctica. In reality, however, it was rare that I made it out of the prison camp that was home sweet home. Oh, yeah, Berkeley, cause it was just up the street really, and the City (San Francisco to all you non-natives), but other than that, I was going nowhere fast.

Oh, I should mention that, when I was growing up, we used to take a camping trip during the summer. One whole week in a strange world that fascinated me. Tents and sleeping bags and a campfire and streams to go wading in and birds of every description and size. Other animals too, of the non-human variety. Raccoons and deer were as exotic to me as lions and tigers. I mean, hell, I could see those at our local zoo, but seeing animals out in the wild was something special. Those walks with my dad, him holding his fishing pole in one hand, my hand in the other, were something to be looked forward to all year. That was, of course, before things changed between us and the little physical contact we did have was as violent as the city around us.

In fact, I'd forgotten about those trips, found myself firmly cemented in my reality; the city around me. Dark and dirty, the destroyer of dreams. Oaktown, baby. There was no love in my life. It was all about survival. That changed about a month before my 17 th birthday.

o-O-o

A little about me. Blondie wasn't my real name, but everyone who mattered had pretty much taken to calling me that. Up until this summer, I'd looked like a kid. I'd done some growing up lately. I'd finally grown tits, at least and, while I was still the shortest girl in my class, I'd put on a few since May.

Gotten a couple of scars too, which made me feel bad, you know? Like I was some kick ass ninja girl, ready to take on the world. Back in those days, I'd take on pretty much anyone. Ever watch those nature specials where smaller animals take on the predators to protect their young? That was me. Small animal in a world of predators. I'd become fiercely protective of my pride, some of which were the nerds, the gays, the misfits. Those I identified with. In the last year, I'd spent more time out of school then in, getting into fight after fight. It worked, though. I mean, after a bit, people left me alone. No one wants to take on crazy. Besides, the 'losers' weren't the only friends I'd made… the gangers, the hard kids, the druggies, all the guys you didn't want to tangle with. Now, most people knew better than to mess with me, no matter how much I provoked them and trust me, I did.

o-O-o

I never did ask how Jay Cee got an invite to a house party on the Santa Cruz beach. It didn't really matter. All that mattered was a reason to blow this town before school started up, capping off our summer with an escape from the heat that had sunk into the very bones of the city, making the asphalt steam and making it impossible to sleep at night.

My little gang. Jay Cee, Macencheeze, Houston, and me. Three brothers and a little white chick who had to look in the mirror to remind herself she wasn't a sister with ties to the 'dark continent' herself. We was bad, let me tell you. At least we felt bad, me and Houston lighting up a blunt in the backseat of Mac's Dodge Stratus before the doors had even slammed shut, Tribe Called Quest cranked up to make the windshield rattle as we got serious about getting high. AC on, we turned that backseat into a haze of dope smoke and laughter, passing the joint to the front seat.

Santa Cruz. About an hour and a half, give or take, down 880 and through the mountains on 17. While this wasn't my first trip to Stonerville, it was my first as an 'adult'. Hadn't been since we'd buried my mom and I was still an innocent little blonde girl in pigtails, clutching my daddy's hand. That had been a life time ago. Then, we'd gone for the merry-go-round and the Big Dipper. This time, it was to show the locals how the real deal partied.

Traffic was a bitch, but none of us was in a hurry. High on the best dope a blow job could buy, the cold twelve pack at Jay Cee's feet getting smaller by the mile, we were primo. One thing, smoking marijuana? Some people get the giggles. Others get really spaced. Me? I get horny. Before we hit the summit, I had one hand down my shorts while I wrapped my lips around Houston's shiny black cock while he mauled my titties with his huge hands. Nothing romantic about it. Going down on him like that was getting me off big time. By the time he blew his load down my throat I was tumbling over the edge myself, humping my own fingers to the beat of 'The Hop'.

Hey, yo, inside the ghetto or in a sunny meadow, I'ma make you move whether woman or fellow, Yo,

I got the medals in the war field of respect, Like an ill porno make ya body get wet

Yeah, so I got off in the back seat, stoned, buzzed, not caring that the guys up front had ring side tickets. Hell, if I hadn't been laughing so hard, I'd have gone for round two, but shit, hard to be serious when you come up for air and your best bud is handing you a napkin to wipe the cum off your face and pushing you away when you're all over him, trying to snowball him.

"Girl, you is seriously fucked up."

I mean, you try it! Thing is, he was right. I *was* seriously fucked up. We all were. It's why we hung. Viva Los Misfits!

Rest of the ride was smooth. Just the four of us keeping our buzz on, talking shit over the stereo, being teenagers, you know? Just having a blast until we rolled up the street (after getting lost like three times trying to find the place) that the party was on. Yeah, we hit the place after dark, but hell, the shit never got real until the sun went down anyway, right?

o-O-o

Something else you should know about me. I'd started writing when I was old enough to figure that, if you put the right words in the right order, you could make a story out of them. At first, it was kiddy shit, and then, well… stupid girl stuff, you know? But lately, I'd gotten a taste of slam poetry, and it just hit a nerve, gave me an outlet for all the anger and hurt I'd been feeling since I figured out that my mom just wasn't going to get any better… been holding that shit in for six years before I figured out how to let it go with a pen instead of a sword.

o-O-o

I'd changed in the car, not caring if the guys got a good look or not. The shorts and halter I'd been wearing had been traveling clothes. I figured, from what Jay Cee had said, that these were college kids. Rich, white, and older. There'd be booze, drugs, hopefully a lot of experienced cock, and I wanted to make sure I got my share of all of it.

So, yeah, I was looking flirty, but not slutty. Sun dress over the prettiest underwear I owned; sky blue and sheer with plenty of lacy frills. Some make up, enough to look a bit more adult without going overboard. Oh, and some strappy sandals. I figured beach party didn't exactly scream for heels, you know? Sand and all that shit? I have to admit, I looked good or, as Macencheeze said, primetime jail bait. He was right. I mean, looking around, there were some hot chicks here but, in my haze, I felt pretty competitive.

o-O-o

Something else that I should mention. I'd been dabbling in drugs lately. Oh, I didn't count dope as a drug. More like just a way to relax, but yeah, I'd done coke with the guys more than once, and it had opened a whole new world to me. To be honest, I was kind of hoping to make friends tonight, to get wasted and out of control. Seemed like those were the only times that I was truly free.

o-O-o

Her name was Valerie. Pretty name for a pretty girl. She was twenty-two and in college and she wrote poetry. When she first told me, I rolled my eyes. She had no fucking idea what poetry was. Probably wrote about unicorns and fairies and true love and all that shit. That was more like literary masturbation. It wasn't *real*. What *was* real was writing about the fucked up shit, taking all that rage that builds up inside of you until you want to scream, and putting it onto words. That was beautiful. Not fucking sonnets about roses and shit like that. Yeah, I so had her number.

"Show me." I challenged her, so she did and I was amazed. It was brutal and raw and naked. She wrote about fucking, not making love, and of hurt and pain and it was real. We ended up in one of the quieter downstairs bedrooms; just a few other people getting stoned or making out. They faded into the background as we sat on the bed and talked and she coaxed me into sharing some of my, admittedly, immature poetry. I feel a little bit in love with her when she told me they showed a lot of depth for my age. Praise, recognition of any kind, fed my starving soul. In the hour we spent talking, our conversation intense in a way I had only imagined, I became enamored of her so, when she casually asked if I wanted to candy-flip with her, of course I said yes, having no idea what she was even talking about.

I soon found out. She became my mentor in psychedelia, handing me a hit of ecstasy and a hit of acid. I took them like I knew what I was doing, taking her cue and swallowing the capsule before putting the tab under my tongue. I was committed and, like most teenagers, unafraid of the consequences. After that, we just sort of floated around the party like longtime friends. She was a familiar face here, so she took the lead, guiding me, my hand in hers an almost permanent fixture, around the house until the drugs kicked in.

Wow. It started out subtle and then hit me like a rush. It was unlike any high I had ever been on before. Damn, I was floating, in love with everybody, and everything was just beautiful. I felt like I was in some god-damned Disney movie and started looking for the talking mice and birds and shit like that. Fuuuuck. How come no one had turned me on to this shit before? I was going to have to have a serious talk with my dealer when I got back home... or earth… or where ever…

“How you feeling? “ she asked.

“Amazing.” I think I said, or maybe I just smiled.

Truth was, I was burning up. It was summer in Santa Cruz, after all. That was easy enough to fix. I’d kicked off my sandals back in the bed room already so I just slipped out of my dress. Really, other than the sheerness of my bra and panties, it was like wandering around in a bikini. Valerie, or Val as she’d insisted I call her, simply smiled and led me down the rabbit hole to wonderland.

Oh, she was beautiful. Maybe that was just the drugs, but did it really matter? French and Cherokee blood she claimed, and it showed in her face, in her skin coloring, her dark hair hanging in a braid down her spine, her eyes dark and smoky, her skin darker than mine. Her breasts were round and perfect, like peaches, under her tie-dyed tee, and her ass was world class. She left a trail of drooling guys everywhere she went, something I couldn’t help but notice. That all said, I wasn’t checking her out because I wanted her, more like pure admiration. After all, I was straight, or at least I thought I was. It wasn’t something I’d ever done, or even really considered, fucking another girl, that is. Even high on E and acid, my eyes were more on the blond haired, blue eyed college boys filling the house, getting more and more wasted as the clock hands slowly circled the face. Bolder too, hitting on every girl that entered their radar, most of them just as high. Sex was in the air. Hell, even my posse looked like they were going to get laid tonight. Guess ‘chocolate’ was a rare commodity in these parts…

“Blondie.”

That’s the name I’d given her. My nom de plume for the night. After all, it was what I’d been answering too lately more than my given name. It was who I was.

“Val.” I slurred, giggling a little. Funny thing, my mouth was moving either too fast or too slow to keep up with my brain. A little of both, I think. E will do that to you.

“Water?” she held a bottle out and I drank from it, thankful for the cool liquid that ran down my throat. At least, some of it did. I ended up spilling half of it down my front, a stream that flowed between my breasts and over my belly, the trickle end leaving a wet patch on my panties.

“How you feeling?” she asked.

“Like liquid love.” I replied, answering as honestly as I could. It was true. I felt like I was glowing, melting, all this love pouring out of me like sunshine or fucking unicorn piss or something. I couldn’t ever remember feeling this good. I was in love with the world. Of course, my mouth and brain still

weren’t syncing all that well. In fact, my brain was wandering around in a universe all its own, so I my mouth simply took over.

“I’m really hot. I want to be naked. I want to kiss you. I feel so good.”

She laughed at that. I could tell she was high too. Maybe not as high as me, but close. Her laugh was like bells or… or angel songs, or… fuck, I don’t know. All I know is that it made me want to kiss her even more.

“Come on, beautiful.”

She smiled at me, and the spell was complete. She’d called me beautiful. Right then, right there, I was in love with this girl. I wanted her in the worst way. Fingers laced, me holding onto her hand like a life-line, we threaded though faceless bodies, my trust in her fully committed, wondering if there was a destination in mind or if the journey itself was all that mattered.

We toured the house like that, or at least the lower level. I’d yet to go upstairs. In the kitchen, while resupplying ourselves with water, she fed me grapes, the drugs making me bold enough to suck on her fingers between morsels.

“Still want to kiss me?” she asked, her lips so near mine, her eyes bright and luminous, and her pupils huge as mine probably were.

By then, I’d forgotten, but her reminder only made the desire more intense. I answered, not with words, but with action, pressing my lips against hers. Her mouth was soft, her lips smooth and warm, her tongue wet when it slid past my teeth. My senses exploded as she filled my mouth, my own tongue swirling against hers, breathing a sigh of relief as careful fingers undid my bra, freeing me at last. Not that it cooled me off. If anything, I was growing hotter by the minute. My own hands were all over her, shy at first, caressing her high cheekbones, teasing the rims of her ears, my fingertips feather light as they traced the lines of her neck to her shoulders.

“You feel so good.” She breathed, coming up for breath, pulling back just enough to let my bra fall to the kitchen floor.

Briefly, I realized that we were the center of attention, and why not? Two smoking hot girls, one mostly naked, making out by the fridge, on the way to fulfilling every hot blooded college boy’s dream. I let out a lusty whimper as I felt her hands travel up and down my back, tracing my spine, finally cupping my bottom with a gentle squeeze.

“Want to take a bath with me?” she whispered, her lips brushing against my ear, the heat of her breath intoxicating.

“Sure. Just… don’t leave me. Please?” I almost winced at the desperation in my voice as I tangled my finger in the material of her top, somewhere making an unconscious decision that if I was overheating, she must be too, and helping her out of it.

Her tits were even more perfect when bared. Firm enough that she hadn’t bothered with a bra. Like mine, her nipples were hard with lust, thicker and darker them my light pink nubs. I worshiped them with my touch, loving how they felt in my fingers, how they responded to me. If she hadn’t held me up, I would have taken them in my mouth and suckled on them, content to feed on her for as long as she’d let me.

“Bath.” She giggled, kissing me playfully and grasping my hands, turning me, us, in a circle, like some erotic waltz, our mouths melding in a hot, wet, fiery kiss that went on and on until it seemed like forever, leaving me breathless for more when it finally ended.

“Bath?” she repeated.

I must have stared at her in confusion, for she laughed, shaking her head and leading me out of the room, towards the stairs to the second level. It was like a maze of people or, more appropriately, of hands. I didn’t bother fighting them as they touched and stroked and squeezed my tits. God, in my euphoric state, I actually welcomed it. My ass too, was literally up for grab. By the time we’d reached the second story bathroom I was shaking with lust, my panties soaking with my juices. If someone had told me this morning that before the day was done I’d be fucking another girl, I’d have told them ‘no way’. Now, it was all I could think of. As we passed through what must have been the master bed room, I tried to steer her towards the bed, a flood of desire unleashing a different kind of flood in me. It didn’t matter that there were already two couples fucking on it. In my mind, there was plenty of room between them for us.

Val, however, had a different goal in mind. Into the bathroom we went, never mind that the door was closed and some guy was taking a piss.

“Excuse us.” she murmured, barely paying attention to him as she started the bathwater flowing and dumped what was probably far too much bubble bath under the faucet.

“Help me with these.” She muttered as she unbuttoned her jeans.

Eagerly, I gave her a hand, helping her slip out of them and her panties all in one swift motion,

leaving them in a puddle on the floor, my own panties quickly joining them before she slipped into the tub, her legs spreading for me as I joined her, my back to her front, something she took advantage of, cupping my boobs, her thumbs rubbing my sensitive nipples as wave after wave of pleasure roiled through me.

The water… oh, god, it felt so good, like waves of fingers lapping against my skin as the tub filled, hitting my pussy until I was sure that I would cum any moment, keeping me on edge for an eternity, or perhaps that was simply her fingers as they roamed everywhere, touching me intimately, my ribs, my shoulders, my tummy, finally teasing their way down over my mound and tracing the lips of my quivering cunt…

I felt her teeth in my shoulder, my neck, tugging on my ear lobe, making me moan like some sort of sex crazed animal until I couldn't stand it anymore and got myself turned around so that we were face to face, taking hers in my hands and resuming our kiss, eventually working the long silky strands of midnight free from her braid, oblivious to the crowd of onlookers we had drawn. Shutting the door behind us had been the last thing on either of our minds. Besides, people still needed a place to empty their bladders.

"I want to make you cum." She breathed between kisses; bubbles cling to both our bodies, hiding what was going on beneath them from our audience.

"Please." I managed, more of a plea than permission. I was quickly rewarded with a finger slipping into my eager cunt, my own moan sounding obscene.

I found out later that it was as much her skill as it was the drugs that tore me apart with the most intense orgasm I'd ever imagined up until then. She took her time fucking me first with a single finger, her thumb massaging my clit as I leaned back and let her have her way with me. Soon, she had two fingers, slick with soapy bubbles inside of me, and then a third… that was when I came with a cry with a string of curses that gave way to appreciate comments from the peanut gallery. Afterwards, it was all I could do to sit upright and cling to her in yet another of the most amazing kisses ever imagined my hand over hers as she used the same fingers she'd made me cum with to bring herself to orgasm.

After that, after she'd unknowingly (to her) broken my girl on girl cherry, things got… well… wild.

"Can I join you?"

At least he'd asked, although he was naked and already slipping into the tub with us when he did.

Me? All I'd wanted to do was soak in the tub and make love with this beautiful girl until the water

cooled, the drugs wore off, the sun came up, or my cunt was too sore to take anymore, whichever came last, and I knew with a certainty born of feeling the drugs pushing me higher and higher towards some unknown peak, that Val wanted the same thing. So, when I found myself with a pair of un-feminine hands around my waist, being lifted and then impaled on a stiff cock, I might have voiced my displeasure, had it not felt so fucking good.

“Oh, fuck.” I sighed, pleasure filling me as Val did her best to wrap her legs around my waist and his, trapping him against me as I rode him, my lust quickly sparking again, hungry for physical pleasure as I bounced on his lap, pounding up and down on his cock while my new found lover fastened her mouth to my breast and turned her flickering tongue to my nipple. He didn’t last long, something in retrospect I am glad of. In a matter of minutes he was grunting as he shot his cum deep inside of me, his cock wilting before I was ready for it.

“Fuck, Blondie, feel it?” Val gasped, her eyes wide as she tangled her fingers into my hair.

I didn’t have to ask, I knew what she was talking about… if what I’d been feeling before had been intense, it was nothing compared to what I was feeling now. Later, I’d learn all about peaking on E, but for now, all I knew was that I was sure I was going to die, or my brain explode, or have some sort of a meltdown from all the pleasure wreaking habit in my nervous system. I couldn’t think straight, or even talk, and I certainly couldn’t resist as she pulled be stumbling from the tub and out of the bathroom, ending up in a heap of wet naked horny girl on the bedroom carpet.

You know that saying? Fucked like bunnies? Damn, bunnies had nothing on us. We were all over each other, fingers in mouths, tongues in mouths, tongues in pussies, fingers in pussies, riding out that first wave of ecstasy, moaning and crying and laughing as we hit the crest together, my mouth between her legs, my very first taste of pussy smearing my face, coating my lips, trickling down my chin, her tongue flickering like a humming bird against my clit, dipping into me, stealing my nectar, expertly working my cunt like only another girl could do, her fingers suddenly replacing it and finding that perfect spot inside my drenched and quivering cunt, relentless as I was torn apart by the mother of all orgasm, fueled by her screams of passion as she came with my tongue deep in *her* pussy, frantic to return her gift in kind.

Afterwards, we kissed. Not soft gentle kisses, though there were those too. Hungry kisses, our mouths roaming each other’s bodies, neither of us complaining when other hands joined ours, some female, some male, all feeling incredible on our damp, naked flesh. I helped guide the cock of a surfer dude into her, massaging his balls and asshole as he fucked with long, slow, deep strokes, fucking her. I thought I might be jealous, but how could I be jealous of the pleasure he gave her, making her cum again, perhaps not as intensely, but still...

Nor was she jealous when a pale blonde girl made a meal of my pussy, my fingers clutching her hair as I came… how could she, seeing as she settled upon my face and made good use of my tongue as I sucked cum from her cunt, somehow managing to time our orgasms together once again.

I lost count of how many partners I had, how many cocks I'd taken in my pussy, my ass, my mouth, or of how many cunts I'd had my tongue in. None of that mattered. I only remembered the time it was *her* tongue, or when it was mine inside of *her*, making her writhe with pleasure.

At some point we came down off our high, the chemical one, that is. The emotional and physical high, however, lasted through the night and into the morning. I caught glimpse of my gang during the dark hours, checking in on me, obviously enjoying themselves in similar ways, all so high that it seemed natural for them to run their hands over my naked body as we talked, my own hands mirroring theirs. Val and I had formed an unwritten agreement that we'd be together at all times, going as far as taking trips to the bathroom together, unable to be out of each other's sight even to pee.

We made love, or fucked, or had sex as much as we could, my body glowing with joy. Or, just as often, we simply cuddled, snuggled, kissed, touched, each in awe of each other's body and spirit.

As all good things do, it had to come to an end. The sun rose and my posse prepared to leave, and it was time to bid farewell to the poet who'd, at least for a night, captured my heart.

"Stay." She mumbled sleepily into my ear.

"I…"

I thought about it. What did I have going back home? My family life was fucked up beyond repair, the start of school was still a few weeks off. I didn't have no job, or prospects to worry about. No one would really miss me, other than that curiosity that we all had one someone went missing, usually due to something going down, like a bust, a fight, or whatever. And hell, Los Misfits would spread the word; *Yeah, Blondie's shacked up with some poet chick down in Santa Cruz. Coming back? Don't know, those chicks were going at it serious, you know? Fucking in love and shit, yo. Now, you want to go shoot some hoops or what, bro?*

So, yeah, I stayed. It didn't last. The good shit never does. The sex was good, and fuck, she made me feel good even when we weren't fucking (which wasn't often). Eventually, though, there was a culture clash. Two different worlds, you know? She was serious about education and school was starting and hey, I got clued in that I was going to be a third wheel, you know? Plus, I figured that, pointless as it seemed, maybe I should try to graduate from High School. I think the kicker was when she figured out that sixteen going on seventeen was a lifetime away from twenty-two… doesn't seem

like much, those six years between us, but to her, it was about four too many.

So, yeah, eventually I found myself back in Oaktown, being reassured by the boom of bass, the raised voices, and the occasional crack of a gun that was my lullaby, lying awake in the sweltering heat of my room late at night, pouring my heart out into love poems and shit, only yeah, my stuff was raw and real. No fucking happily ever after shit. Love breaks your heart and fucks you up and I'd barely escaped this time. Next time I'd be ready for it, my defenses up, planting my fist its face before it even gets a chance to get its claws into me. I'd never said the words and hell, we'd been together all of three weeks, but that girl had gotten to me in ways I'd never suspected. Yeah, that fucking bitch had left another invisible mark, another jagged scar, on my heart and no matter how I tried to scrub it off, it had that fucking sting of being dragged through concrete and gravel, that deep down hurt of torn flesh and broken bone that the bullet leaves, that never ending ache of watching something good and beautiful being ripped away from you that I was so used to. Oaktown will do that to you, baby. Hold that prize out and snatch it away, laughing like a mother fucker.