Think Happy Thoughts And Hope Things Don't Go To Hell

by Izzymach14

Summary

Even though Wendy Darling was technically hanging out with drug dealers at a very illegal night club, life could not get any better. She had finally carved a niche for herself in Peter Pan's dangerous and chaotic world and was on her way to finally being the only girl in his eyes. Wendy thought she had everything figured out until the arrival of a lovely neurotic blonde wrecks all of her hard work. Now Wendy will have to fight tooth and nail to earn back her spot at Peter's side while avoiding the police and trying to stop the new girl's eerie predictions from coming true.

Or the one where Wendy is sorta a drug addict/ potential drug dealer and Peter Pan is a slight psychopath who has a complicated relationship with a mysterious blonde who may or may not be psychic.

Notes

So this is going to be mostly an Alice and Peter Pan story just probably told by the viewpoint of an incredibly pissed off Wendy Darling. The viewpoints could change throughout so we shall see where it goes. I love this crossover couple and there is a woefully short supply of Peter/Alice. Peter Pan is Asian and hella manipulative. This is going to be a darker adult version since it deals with drugs and gangs.
Wendy Moira Angela Darling held her head up high as she strode through the club’s doors. Her eyes swept across the room, desperately trying to find Peter. Seeing no sign of the charismatic nightclub owner, Wendy sighed in relief. She still had no idea what she was going to say to when she saw him. Wendy rummaged through her purse trying to find the little plastic bags full of glittery powder. It was Peter’s newest batch and she had strict instructions to distribute it among her classmates. The only problem with that was Wendy didn't want to share the magic with her plebian classmates. Wendy still wanted to hold the wonder and magic close to her. For once in her life, she was going to be selfish.

"Hey Wendy! How’s it going ?"

Wendy jumped in surprise at the unexpected voice. She looked up with a fake smile already on her face trying to think of some excuse on why she was here during the middle of the day instead of in class. Wendy blinked a few times as she tried to figure out which Lost boy was in front of her.

The lighting in this dratted place was absolutely horrid and all she could make out was a large figure with beefy arms. The person finally stepped into the light and grinned down at Wendy. Wendy felt a real smile start to grow when she saw the cheerful face of Cubby. She relaxed her grip on her purse and straightened up a bit to look at him properly.

"Hello Cubby, you look well." Wendy said politely. She desperately hoped that he wouldn't ask too many questions. Wendy wasn't sure she could handle an interrogation at the moment. Cubby rubbed the back of his shaved head and smiled bashfully at her.

"Did you come here to see Peter?" He asked her cheerfully. Wendy smiled slightly and shook her head.

"I came to see how my favorite guys were holding up. I have to make you are being proper gentlemen and getting respectable education. After all you boys need someone to look after you." Wendy said playfully and gave Cubby a sly smile. Cubby grinned even wider and slung his arm around her shoulder.

"In that case I better take you to see the rest of the Lost Boys. Who knows what trouble those miscreants are getting into. " Cubby said as he gently steered Wendy around the tables and behind the bar.

As Wendy walked down the hallway, she could hear the faint sounds of laughter and cheering. She shook her head in exasperation when she heard the sound of glass shattering and rambunctious laughter. Those boys loved to cause trouble no matter what they were doing. Cubby stopped in front of a door that was a garish green color. He took his arm off of Wendy’s shoulder and began to pound the door as hard as he could. Wendy covered her ears as Cubby began to shout gibberish on the top of his lung as he pounded the door with even more gusto. The door finally swung opened to reveal the angry face of Tootles.

"SHUT THE HELL UP ALREADY!" Tootles screamed in Cubby’s face who only laughed and picked up the angry blonde. Tootles thrashed around in Cubby’s strong grip and began to yell obscenities before he saw Wendy. Tootles immediately became docile and smiled at her.
"Hi ya Mother. What brings you here?" He asked her politely as he dangled in Cubby’s arms. Wendy bit her lip to stop laughing at the slightly ridiculous sight.
"Just here to check up on you boys. Somebody has to make sure you don’t accidentally burn the place down." Wendy told him playfully before peering around Cubby’s large frame. She gestured towards the room and nudged Cubby.

"Shouldn’t we go in now?" She suggested to him. Cubby hoisted Tootles on his shoulders and walked in with Tootles hanging on his back like a sack of potatoes. Wendy followed close behind and sighed as she saw the state of the room.

There were two burgundy couches with splattered paint by the wall. There was a small wooden table with playing cards and large bottles of alcohol right in the middle of the room with two Lost boys sitting on top of it. The walls were a bright mixture of different clashing colors and cans of paints were lying haphazardly on the floor. Wendy took everything in before looking at the Lost boys who were in various parts of the room. The twins were hanging upside down on the couch. Cubby was trying to toss Tootles up in the air and avoiding Tootle’s frantic slaps. Nibs was concentrating on drawing an elaborate sharpie design on Slightly’s right elbow on top of the table. Wendy smiled at them fondly. They were all bonkers but she wouldn't want them any other way.

"Boys! Is this any way to greet our esteemed Mother?"

Wendy jumped in surprise as she heard the low playful voice behind her. She slowly turned around and saw the twinkling dark eyes of Peter as he grinned at the Lost boys. He was towering over her and tapping his foot impatiently as the Lost boys scrambled into some kind of formation. Cubby dropped Tootles, who landed with a thud, and quickly rushed to stand in front of Wendy. Tootles groaned a bit before army crawling over to Wendy and rose unsteadily on his feet. The Twins leaped off the couch and bounded over next to Cubby and Tootles. Nibs capped the sharpie and scurried over while Slightly slowly stood up and sauntered over to the group. Once every body was situated in front of Wendy in a line, they all bowed deeply to her and spoke in unison.

"Good evening Mother. We hope you are in good health today."

Wendy laughed with delight and curtsy to them.

"Why thank you very much for the lovely greeting."

She told them honestly and smiled at the pleased look on the Lost boy’s faces.

They still haven’t tired of their little game and if Wendy was being honest with herself, neither had she. It was nice to be needed and the boys seem to really appreciate her motherly instincts. Plus, Wendy thought as she snuck a look at Peter, being the mother to the Lost boys came with some serious benefits.

Peter Pan was grinning broadly and high fiving the Lost boys with the enthusiasm. His lovely raven hair was tousled as Peter ran his long spindly fingers through it. He was dressed in, what Wendy liked to call, his gang leader outfit. He was wearing a fitted black leather jacket with metal spikes on the shoulders with a mossy green T-shirt underneath that had some obscure band logo on it. His jeans were dark with several holes ripped at the knee and he wore large heavy combat boots. He had several leather cord necklaces with various pendants and several ear piercings on both his ears.

Peter was tall and lanky but despite his size he was swift on his feet and absolutely ferocious during a fight. He could be wild and feral at times but he was still irresistibly charming and just plain fun. He made everything into a game and when Wendy was with him, it was so easy to just let go of all her responsibilities.

It was probably why Wendy was so reluctant to share Pixie Dust with her classmates. Once her
classmates felt the spine tingling rush of the potent narcotic then they would flock to Neverland for more. As Wendy looked around the ridiculous brightly colored room and it’s energetic occupants, she felt a rush of protectiveness. They were her Lost boys and she was their mother. She wasn’t ready to share the magic of Neverland nor it’s gorgeous boyish owner.

She knew of Peter’s wandering eye and she didn’t want to offer him any more temptation. Wendy pursed her lips and walked slowly over to the burgundy couch. She gingerly sat down making sure there was no wet patches of paint and leaned back with a sigh.

Tootles was trying to claw Cubby’s face off while the Twins were trying (and failing) to hold him back. Slightly was trying to strangle Nibs when he discovered that Nibs had essentially drew an elaborate penis on his elbow. Peter was bent over laughing when he saw Slightly’s elbow and was proclaiming that Nibs may be the best penis drawer that he had ever seen. Peter caught Wendy’s eyes, who was watching them in amazement, and swaggered over to the couch. He practically fell on top of Wendy and looked at her with mischief.

"Hullo Mother." Peter said huskily as he tilted back to look at her with hooded eyes. Wendy felt her face grow warm as she stared in shock at the rakish young man sprawled on her lap as if he was an overgrown puppy. Wendy tried to smile pleasantly and ran her fingers through his silky hair. She hoped she looked natural and not too awkward. Of course this situation was unconventional but that is to be expected when dealing with Peter.

"Good evening Father." Wendy said sweetly as she smiled softly down at Peter. Peter’s smile grew even bigger when he heard Wendy’s words and closed his eyes in contentment. Her fingers gently massaged his scalp and Wendy began to hum a little tune.

"So Wends, any happy thoughts?"

Wendy abruptly stopped humming and looked nervously at Peter who was staring at her with his dark eyes. His face was unreadable and Wendy could feel nervous butterflies fluttering in her stomach and rising up. Happy thoughts was usually code for the drug that she had in her purse. The drug that she supposed to pass out among her classmates and get them hopelessly addicted to. The drug that she couldn’t bare to share. Wendy shrugged her shoulders and tilted her head to look at him.

"None today Peter. Why? Do you want to fly?" She said breathlessly and gave him a wicked grin. Peter usually liked her regular prim and proper self but occasionally she liked to surprise him with a more brazen side. One that was just as wild as he was and maybe twice as dangerous. Peter still stared at her with that neutral look before glancing away and staring thoughtfully at the rough housing Lost boys.

Wendy wrung her hands anxiously in her lap and bit her lip. She hoped her ruse would work or at least give her more time to think of a proper excuse on why they should wait on drug distribution. Peter slowly sat up and Wendy felt a blast of cold air hit her legs. He swung his legs over the edge of the couch and shuffled closer to her.

He leaned his head against her shoulder and nuzzled closer. Wendy shivered as he peppered her shoulder with brief kisses. He was slowly making his way up her neck, as Wendy tilted back to allow him better access. Her skin felt feverish and Wendy let out a shaky breath.

Peter brushed his hands lightly across her hips and he hovered a couple of inches away from her lips, Wendy could feel her heart beating out of her chest as she licked her lips nervously. Peter’s eyes flicked towards her lips before smiling slightly. He reached out and tenderly caught one of her curls.
He idly twisted it around his finger as he smiled softly at her. Wendy smiled back and sighed once more. She pursed her lips slightly and felt her eyes flutter shut as she leaned forward.

"Why haven’t you sold anything?"

Wendy’s eyes shot open. She stared in shock at Peter who had her purse in his lap and was dangling the plastic bag in front of her. He stared at her impatiently as Wendy desperately tried to wrack her brain for an excuse. Her mouth opened and closed and her hand reached out to grab the bag. He held the bag out of her reach and shook his head slowly at her. He looked as if he disappointed.

"I thought you were different from the other girls. I thought you understood me. Are you trying to kill my business? " Peter asked her sadly as he gazed at her with hurt eyes.

Wendy felt her chest tightened and tried to blink past the onslaught of tears that filled her vision. She would do anything to make those sad eyes go away. She loved Peter with all her heart. She just wanted to make him happy. Her bottom lip trembled and she stared down into her lap. She couldn’t look at him and see the pain she caused. She was so stupid. She should have just sold those drugs when she had a chance instead of being so damned greedy.

"I'm sorry." Wendy whispered softly. She was still trembling when she felt a finger under her chin. Peter made her look up and Wendy willed herself not to burst into tears in front of him. Peter studied her face for a moment before giving her a fatherly sort of smile.

"There, there, he crooned to her as he slowly wiped her tears away, No need for tears, my pretty little Wendy. I know you didn't mean to. " He gently caressed her faced and leaned forward to give her a brief kiss on the tip of her nose. Wendy smiled uncertainly at him and folded her hands together.

"Does that mean you aren't mad?" She timidly asked him. Wendy waited with bated breathe as Peter pondered her question in his head. He shrugged and grinned at her.

"Naw, I know you didn't mean to." He reassured her cheerfully and handed her the plastic bag. Wendy grabbed it gratefully and tucked it close to her. She felt relieved that she was forgiven and that Peter was happy with her again. She swore to herself that she would sell twice the amount that Peter expected. Peter took one of her hands and hoisted her off the couch. He held her close to him and wrapped his arm around her waist.

"Come on Mother, let’s get a bite to eat." Peter suggested and whistled sharply to get the Lost boys’ attention.

The Lost boys became energetic at the mention of food and started arguing loudly on what to get. Peter chimed in with his own opinion and soon the noise level of the room increased. Wendy laughed under her breath and waited patiently by Peter’s side as they debated over Chinese or pizza.

Peter was gesturing with his hands as he argued the merits of pizza when he suddenly fell silent and stared at the doorway in shock. The Lost boys noticed their leader’s unease and glanced towards the doorway, where they also fell silent. Wendy tried to peer around Peter to see what was the cause. Her eyes widen and she took a step back. Tinker Belle was leaning against the door frame and was scowling fiercely at them. The petite girl was barely 5’3 but she still managed to look ferocious as she glowered at them. Her bangs hung in her eyes and she swept them away impatiently with one hand before placing both hands on her hips.

"Hi ya Pan."

Tinker Belle sneered at him. Peter looked at her curiously.
"Hi Tink, what brings you here?" He asked her with a wistful tone of voice. Peter smiled sadly at his old friend who glared at him. Tinker Belle’s eyes flitted around the room before landing on Wendy. Wendy took another step back and smiled nervously at her. Tinker Belle scoffed at her and rolled her eyes.

"I see you are still hanging with Princess." She spat at Peter Pan who straightened up and narrowed his eyes at her. Wendy flinched at the nickname.

"What are you doing here Belle? I banished you, remember?" Peter asked her in a low, cold, tone of voice. The Lost boys were shifting nervously as they watched their leader and their former friend. Tinker Belle had a hurt expression on her face before she quickly smoothed her features and shrugged nonchalantly.

"I know you have a fondness for lost things so I brought you something." Tinker belle said casually before shooting Peter a sly smile, "Something you lost a long time ago." She added with a smug expression. Peter’s hands tightened his hands into fists before relaxing them. He forced a smile on his face.

"I do love presents." Peter said playfully and folded his arms across his chest.

Tinker Belle turned her head and gestured to something outside of the room. Every body in the room waited with anticipation as Tinker Belle turned in front of them and held out her hands in a ta-da gesture.

A girl shuffled uneasily into the room and looked at them with faint amusement. She had pale platinum blonde hair that was long and tangled. Her big expressive eyes were icy blue and her mouth was stretched in a wide smile. She had a top hat perched precariously on her head and was wearing a long orange coat over a fluffy party dress that glittered under the fluorescent lights. She was gripping a pack of playing cards in one of her hands and the other was buried in her coat’s pockets. She dropped the playing cards and waved cheerfully at Peter and the Lost boys.

"Sorry it took me so long to find this place. I forgot how to fly instead I fell through mirrors and rabbit holes." She said in a dreamy sort of voice.

Peter gave a strangled cry and rushed over to her. He gathered the strange girl in his arms and hugged her tightly to him. He buried his face in the crook of her neck and his shoulders shook with laughter. The girl giggled and hugged him back. She winked at the gobsmacked Lost boys who gave a whoop of joy and rushed forward to the girl. They all crowded around her and Peter. They reached out to touch her hair and her odd clothes with looks of amazement. The girl wriggled out of Peter’s grip and reached to hug each of the Lost boys. Peter stood by her side and gazed at her with utter adoration.

Wendy felt a sharp spike of jealousy shoot through her as she gazed at the reunion scene with confusion. She stood off to the side awkwardly and shuffled her feet. Who was this girl and who was she to Peter? Peter made no mention of blonde waifs with an outrageous sense of style. She folded her arms and gave a huffy sigh, she was getting impatient as Peter continued to ignore her and coo over the strange girl. Surely Peter or one of the boys would introduce her, after all she was their Mother.

Tinker Belle edged towards Wendy and jabbed her with a pointy elbow. Wendy jumped and rubbed her side but when she saw it was Tinker Belle, Wendy paled and took a step back. Tinker Belle snickered at Wendy and gave her a huge grin.

"Bet Peter didn't tell you about her?" She said tauntingly with a jerk of her head towards the blonde
girl who was gesturing animatedly. Wendy sniffed and stuck her nose in the air.

"Well if she was so important then Peter would have mentioned her." Wendy said haughtily and folded her arms across her chest. Tinker Belle chortled and gave Wendy a look that looked like pity. She shook her head slowly.

"Oh you silly goose. You may think you are safe and loved because you are their mother and their precious princess but that girl over there?" Tinker Belle said with a jerk towards the others, "That girl is their queen."

Wendy looked uncertainly at the girl and Peter and she turned to Tinker Belle with a worried expression.

"Who exactly is she?" Wendy asked her desperately. Tinker Belle let out a long sigh.

"That’s Alice and she is the one who made Peter into what he is today."

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