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LITTLE RED

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A Halle Pumas/Poconos Wolves Story

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“Belle?” Rick Lowell, Alpha of the Poconos Wolves Pack, slammed shut the door of the apartment he shared with his Luna, Belle Campbell. “Belle!” He walked quickly into the master bedroom. He didn’t have time to fuck around. The party was going to start in an hour and he still had to get into his costume.

No answer. He checked the bathroom, but she wasn’t there. Bits and pieces of hair and makeup littered the surface of the countertop, letting him know that at some point she had been there. “Fuck. Where the hell did she leave my costume?”

Belle must be downstairs getting ready for the lodge’s guests. The human party would take place in the main part of the hotel. Each of the Wolves Rick had working tonight would get some time off to visit the shifter party, but the human party was a big deal for the ski lodge. To him it kicked off the Fall/Winter season, and was something he looked forward to every year.

The shifter part of the party would be held in the private area reserved for Pack functions, far enough away from the humans that they could let their animals have fun in peace.

He headed back into the bedroom, only then noticing the pile of clothing on the bed. “Thank God.” Belle had left his costume for him, neatly laid out. No guessing what he was supposed to wear... wait. He frowned down at the red checkered shirt.

“She’s dressing me as a lumberjack?” He picked up the shirt to find a pair of neatly folded red slacks under them. His eyebrows shot up. “A gay lumberjack.” His chest rumbled with a suppressed growl. Under the pants was a red cloak. “A flaming gay lumberjack.”

He ripped his phone off his belt and dialed. “Belle.”

She interrupted him before he could do more than threaten with his voice. “Put it on, no excuses.” She hung up, but he’d heard the laughter in her voice.

Oh Belle. You are in so much trouble. He ripped off his t-shirt and pulled on the flannel. *When I get my paws on you, baby, you will regret this.*

He turned around to sit on the bed and damn near tripped over something else she’d left on the floor. He bit his lip, torn between laughter and aggravation. Could he bring himself to wear the outfit she’d left him? And what would she do to him if he didn’t? He had first hand knowledge of how sharp his pretty kitty’s claws could be.

So much trouble. He thought about his little Puma Luna who'd brought him so much joy along with the aggravation. *But so damn worth it.*

Belle sprinted through the restaurant as fast as her bad leg would let her. Everything had to be perfect before her Wolf showed up. God knew what would happen when he did. She had the feeling her Wolfman was going to want to assert his manhood, if he dared show up in the outfit at all.

Frankly she would be surprised if he did. The idea for the matching costumes had come to her when she'd been on her way home from a doctor's appointment in Halle. The song had been on the radio, and she'd immediately known what she wanted to do. She just hoped he could see the humor in the outfit.

She looked around the lobby of the lodge and nodded. Everything looked good here. Strange how quickly this place had become home. Rick and the other Wolves had gone out of their way to accept her. Well, almost all of them. One crazy bitch and her posse were long gone thanks to some kitty ingenuity and a liberal use of air horns.

She paused as a flash of red caught her eye, but it wasn't Rick. If he actually wore what she'd left him she had some very interesting after-party plans for her big bad Wolf. But right now she had a crisis involving shrimp cocktail to deal with. She raced back towards Lowell's, the restaurant she managed, eager to avert the last party crisis and enjoy her evening.

"No fucking way." Rick stared at himself in the mirror. "I am not showing up in this getup." He'd be the laughingstock of the shifter community. What the hell had she been thinking, putting him in something like this? He was a man, not a-

The doorbell rang. He thought for about two seconds about not answering it, but he knew who stood on the other side of that door. Being a Wolf Alpha meant that he could hear the thoughts of every single one of his people, and he could clearly hear what Ben was thinking. Ben would use the emergency key Rick had given him a long time ago, especially if he thought for some reason that Rick was chickening out on his own party.

The door slammed. *Yup. I'm going to kill her.* "Boss? What's the hold... up?"

Rick glared at Ben. His Marshall's voice had squeaked on that last word. The man was laughing so hard his devil tail was bopping like an insane baton. "Don't. Say. *Anything.*"

"Rick? Is everything all right? You feel kind of weird." Rick closed his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose as his Omega, dressed as a witch, stepped into the room. "Oh. Oh my. I thought Belle was joking when she mentioned she might do that."

From the sounds of choked-back laughter the two of them were making it was going to be a long night.

"We're going to have to advertise for a new Luna."

"W-why?" Ben choked out, finally getting his unmanly attack of giggles back under control.

"Because I'm going to kill her."

"Now Boss, don't go overboard. There's a certain... humor in what you're wearing."

Rick growled.

"Seriously. Besides, you should see what *she's* wearing."

Rick stopped growling. "That good?"

Ben nodded. "Better."

He caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror. "I'm not sure a fucking bikini would make up for this." Hell, he wasn't certain naked would make up for this. Groveling and begging for forgiveness *might* make up for it. He pictured Belle on her knees, her green eyes glowing with remorse, and nearly laughed.

Yeah. That'll happen.

Chela was too busy laughing to answer, so Ben did. "C'mon man. It's Halloween. Have some fun with it." Ben got a sly grin on his face. "I know Belle is."

He eyed his Marshall. "Oh?"

"Let's just say it's pretty obvious she's not wearing a bra."

Rick whipped around so fast his long red braid smacked Ben in the nose. His icy blue eyes turned brown as his Wolf let him know he was not pleased. Nobody got to see his little kitty bouncing like that but him. "Let's go."

He stomped past a giggling Chela. "W-wait!"

He growled and turned back, only to find something shoved into his hands. "Don't forget your p-prop." And Chela was off again, her witch's hat bobbing merrily.

Rick rolled his eyes, gritted his teeth, and headed out the door.

Belle tapped her furry foot impatiently. Thank God she'd found these cheap shoes to destroy. They were comfortable, the right color, and she didn't feel too badly about hot gluing fake fur onto them. The heels were low enough that they didn't hurt her hip but still high enough that they made her legs look good. She'd let her own claws loose for the shifter part of the party but painted them shiny black for the human part. She doubted any of the humans present would know they were the real thing.

A guest strolled by and eyed her up and down. She smiled at him. *Be nice.* "Welcome to the Red Wolf Lodge. Are you a guest of the lodge, or just here for the party?"

He grinned. "I'm here for the party, but I could be a guest if you want me to be."

She resisted the urge to roll her eyes and pointed one claw towards the party. "The party's in the lobby." She put on her best hostess, I'm-a-bimbo-ignore-me smiles. "Enjoy your stay."

He nodded and walked away, but she could hear him muttering to himself. "If all the staff looks like that I'm going to have to come here more often."

She kept the fake smile plastered to her lips until he was out of sight. "Jerk."

"Belle."

Belle shivered. Rick was here, and he sounded *pissed*. "Eep." And she took off running, heading straight for the shifter party knowing he wouldn't be far behind.

Rick shook his head, bemused. Where the hell did she think she was going? He could catch her in two shakes of that lame-ass tail she'd strapped to her ass. Although watching that tail swish above said ass was giving him some ideas for later. He grinned. Punishing her for the outfit she'd left him might turn out to be a lot more fun than he'd anticipated.

Rick followed the sweet sway of her body into the shifters'-only party and grimaced. All talking stopped as soon as he entered the room.

"Nice outfit, Lowell!"

Rick flipped off the Coyote Alpha. What the hell had made him invite the guy in the first place?

A little brown and red wolf tail flashed off to his left. *Belle*. He grinned and sauntered towards his errant mate, ignoring the snickers that followed him. Belle did more to turn this Pack on its ear than any Luna they'd ever had.

"Dude." Dave, his Beta, stopped in front of him. His wizard's robes were tight across his chest. Next to Rick, Dave was probably the biggest guy in the Pack. He looked both horrified and amused as he eyed Rick's costume. "Did you lose a bet?"

Rick's eyes narrowed.

"Seriously. Did she promise you the world's greatest BJ? That's it, isn't it?"

Rick put his hands on his hips and tried to stare his Beta down.

"Cock your hip just a little bit and you'll look like you're batting for my team."

That was it. He had no problems with Dave's sexual orientation. Hell, he'd beaten up a few people over it over the years, but enough was enough. Rick swung and hit Dave upside the head with his basket.

"Ow."

Rick ignored him. Something inside the basket had rattled. He frowned and pulled open the lid of the basket, wondering what Belle had packed in there. He felt his eyes go wide at the assortment of jars, cans, and sex toys jumbled inside.

"What's in there, anyway? That shit hurt."

Dave tried to sneak a peek and nearly got his nose chopped off when Rick slammed the lid shut again. "Nothing you need to worry about." Rick looked around and spotted Belle. She smiled at him, that come-hither look that had his cock rock hard within seconds. He grinned. "Excuse me. I have a basket of goodies to deliver to grandma."

"What?"

Rick ignored the other man and made his way to his Luna. He had a good idea what he was going to do to her with some of those "goodies" she'd packed for them.

Suddenly his outfit didn't bother him nearly as much as it had earlier.

"Oh damn." Belle swallowed hard at the sight of her mate making his determined way towards her. He wasn't supposed to open the basket until after the party, but apparently he hadn't gotten that mental memo.

He stopped less than an inch from her. "Hello, Ms. Wolf."

Her breath stuttered. God, she loved it when he went all Alpha on her. Not that she would let him know that, of course. "Hello, Little Red." She leaned in and walked her

painted claws down his chest towards the cock she knew was straining towards her. He was practically tenting the bright red pants. He must have liked what he'd seen in the basket. "Do you have some goodies for me?" She looked up at him through her lashes and licked her lips. He didn't need to know how hard her heart was pounding at the thought of what she wanted tonight.

One big arm wrapped around her waist, pulling her into his body. His hand settled at the base of her tail, stroking her provocatively. "I don't know. I'm supposed to deliver these to grandma." His hand slipped down and cupped one ass cheek through the thin spandex of her outfit. She wondered if he could tell she wasn't wearing any panties. "I'd need a really good reason not to give them to her, you know."

She grinned. She knew then if he'd been mad over the outfits he no longer was. He was going along with the game she wanted to play. She walked her claws back up his body, ignoring the way he groaned. "Oh, grandma. We wouldn't want you to disappoint grandma." She chucked his chin. "So I suppose you'll be visiting her after the party?"

His icy blue eyes stared down the v-neck of the spandex cat suit. It was a deep v, reaching almost to her belly button. *Thank God for double-sided tape or I'd have flashed more than one person tonight.* "I don't know. How long do you think she's been waiting for my goodies?"

She nearly laughed, but held it back. She loved it when he decided to play with her. "I think she's been waiting all day."

"Mm. All day?" He arched his hips, brushing his erection against her.

"Uh-huh." She took a step back, surprised when he let her go. "So, when are you taking your basket to grandma?"

He grinned down at her, the expression feral and full of heat. "I thought I might make her wait a while. It wouldn't do to deliver them too soon."

Damn. She was so wet she was afraid she was staining her Lycra. "I wouldn't make her wait too long." She smiled up at him with her best airhead look, gratified when he started looking worried. "You wouldn't want her to get all impatient or anything. Right?"

"Belle."

She heard the warning in his voice. She just chose to ignore it. She stroked his arm. "Have fun at the party Little Red." She blinked up at him, knowing he could see the mischief on her face. "I know I will."

She swished her fake tail and sauntered towards the bar, prepared for a long night of waiting.

"I know I will."

Evil little cat.

If she swished that tail at the Coyote Alpha one more time Rick was going to paddle it.

He blinked and snuck a peek inside the basket again. He closed the lid and nodded.

Yup. Paddle it.

"Here." He turned to find Dave holding out a drink. He took it and took a swig of the sour drink with a grimace. "If you don't calm down you're going to start a riot."

He took another sip of the mojito Dave had handed him. "I'm thinking we could use a nice Coyote rug out front."

Dave snickered. "Yeah, but you really want the guests complaining about the fleas?"

They exchanged a glance and started laughing. Things were less strained between the New York Coyotes and the Poconos Wolves, but some things never changed.

"Go get your mate and enjoy whatever's in that basket." Rick rolled his eyes at Dave's evil grin. "Something tells me you're in for an interesting night."

"Every night is interesting with my Luna." And Rick wouldn't have it any other way.

"Must be nice." Dave's grin changed, turning sour. Rick knew how much his Beta was hurting. Until either Ben or Dave brought the issue up with him or their problems began to affect the Pack there was nothing he felt he could say or do to make things right for them.

Still, it couldn't hurt to let Dave know he was there for him. He put his hand on his Beta's shoulder, hoping Dave would understand.

The other man grimaced. "Ignore me. Go get your mate before she starts a war."

Rick grinned. "We'd totally kick their asses."

Dave just shook his head. "They're Coyotes. Of *course* we'd kick their asses."

Rick snorted and stepped past his best friend. It was time to claim his mate.

There was only one problem with that. Where the hell was she? The little brunette hanging all over the Coyote Alpha definitely wasn't Rick's female.

He opened up his senses, knowing instinctively that she wouldn't have left the building. She hadn't mastered the silent communication between a Wolf Alpha and his Pack, but he could read her whenever, wherever he wanted to. Unfortunately, she was still deaf to the Pack.

A song began to drift through his mind.

"Who's that walking in these woods? Why it's Little Red Riding Hood!"

No matter how hard he tried to shake it off, it just wouldn't stop.

"Hey there Little Red Riding Hood."

Then he realized what was going on.

"You sure are looking good."

She'd played this trick on him once before. He let loose a laugh as the strains of Sam the Sham's "Little Red Riding Hood" drifted through his senses.

"You're everything that a big bad wolf could want. Arrrrroooooo!"

It was time to deliver his goodies. Making his excuses, he left the party and hoped like hell Ms. Wolf was waiting in his bed.

Belle rearranged herself on the pillows and waited, the earpieces of her iPod tucked out of sight. She knew Rick was on his way up from the laughter booming through her mind, so she knew she wouldn't need it any longer.

It still amazed her, the connection they had, the love and laughter that sang through their bond. She knew only Wolves had this sort of close connection with their mates, and it thrilled her that, Puma though she was, she could still share this with Rick.

The door slammed open and Rick stalked through the door, the basket handle clenched in one big hand. His eyes darkened to brown when he saw her curled up on the bed. "Hello, Grandma."

Belle took her tail and ran the end of it through her fingertips, the fake fur sliding through her claws. She knew what he saw. She'd stripped off the wolf's costume but left on the belt with the tail and the ears in her blonde hair, leaving herself bare to his gaze. The only thing she'd added was a lace collar with a little cameo pin at her throat, her nod to the wolf's grandma costume. "Hello, Little Red. Is that basket for me?" She let her

eyes bleed to gold, smiling over the rumble in her lover's chest that threatened to turn into a growl.

"Who else would I share my goodies with?"

"Damn straight," she muttered.

He grinned and shook off the cape. "My, Grandma, what big... eyes you have."

She bit her lip to keep from laughing. His gaze wasn't on her eyes, that was for sure. "The better to watch the floor show with."

He snorted and unbuttoned the flannel shirt. He stripped it off and dropped it on top of the cloak. "And what long legs you have." His eyes drifted over the scar on her hip down her long legs. She knew Rick viewed the scar as a badge of honor. The sight never failed to make him even hotter.

She shifted her legs slightly. "The better to hug you with."

His smile turned possessive. "Oh good. I like hugs." He took the band out of his braid and shook all that glorious red hair around his shoulders and back. The tips of it just brushed the top of his ass. She shivered, knowing that soon it would be draped around her.

His hands stroked the erection at the front of his pants. "What big teeth you have."

"The better to bite you with if you don't hurry up." She snarled up at him, baring her fangs. She'd been waiting all fucking day for this.

He threw his head back and laughed. "And what a big mouth you have."

That was it. She was done. She crawled to the side of the bed and undid his pants, pulling his cock into her hands. "The better to eat you up with." And she did just that.

"Oh fuck." Rick sank his hands into her hair. He loved the feel of her mouth on him. It was pure wet heaven. His hips began to move, knowing just how much she could take before she would choke. He wasn't going to hurt his little kitty any more than she wanted to be. "That's it, sweetheart. Fuck, that's so good."

She moaned, the vibration shooting right down his length. It wasn't easy making a mating between a Wolf and a Puma work, but damn if they weren't having a good time trying.

He thrust into her mouth a few more times before reluctantly pulling away. Too much more of that and he'd be coming before he was ready. "Enough."

She licked her lips and pouted up at him. "I wasn't done eating yet."

He pulled her up by her hair and took her mouth, toeing off his shoes while he did. He wanted to be skin to skin, not skin to gigolo pants.

Her hands brushed the pants down his ass just before a sharp pain had him rearing back. "Claws!"

She sat back down, that false innocence back on her face. "Who's supposed to be eating who here?"

He growled. "You clawed my ass."

She shrugged and licked some of his blood off the tip of her claw. "Move faster."

Rick's hands went to the sides of the pants. His arms flexed. The pants shredded under the force of his grip. "Happy?"

"Not yet." She crooked her finger at him. "C'mere, Little Red."

He took a step forward, the remains of the pants drifting to the floor. He pushed her gently down on the bed. He leaned down on both arms, keeping one eye on those roving hands of hers. "What did I tell you about clawing my ass?"

"It wasn't deliberate!" She blinked up at him, her lip quivering. "I was... kneading."

His lips twitched. "Kneading."

She nodded, but she looked about two seconds from bursting into laughter. "Uh-huh."

He snorted and flipped her over onto her stomach, ignoring her squeal of surprise. He took one of her wrists in each of his hands, holding her splayed out. The fake fur of her tail tickled his erection. "Let's see if we can give you something else to do with those little claws of yours, Ms. Wolf."

"Curses." She wriggled her ass against him and sighed dramatically. "Foiled again."

He lowered his head to the side of her neck, his shoulders shaking. He'd never laughed so much in his life before Belle. "You're going to drive me insane. You know that, right?"

She eyed him through the fall of her hair. "You're a dog. You chase your tail and lick your balls. I hate to tell you this, but you're already insane."

"I do not lick my balls." Not where anyone could see him, anyway.

She gave him one of those superior cat looks. "I should warn you I'm not above blackmail."

He frowned.

"Digital camera. G-mail. Do the math."

"Belle!" He could feel his cheeks flaming. She wouldn't. Would she?

"Hah! You *do* lick your balls! I knew it." She smiled smugly and wiggled again.

He knew of only one thing that could wipe that smile off her face. He bared his fangs and bit her, once again marking her as his.

Belle shrieked, the surprise orgasm rushing through her, blinding her to everything but the feel of the hard cock nudging her opening. He slipped inside her as the last ripples died out, his tongue lapping the wounds on her neck.

"You were saying?"

"Huh?" Saying? Speech? He wanted to talk *now*?

He chuckled, the sound smug and oh so male. She glared up at him and tightened muscles of her pussy, wringing a gasp from him. *Thank you Dr. Kegel.* "Well?"

"You're right. Speech is overrated." He began to pound into her, the wet slap of their flesh loud and erotic. "So tight, baby."

She moaned when he brushed his fangs over his mark. She wanted him to bite down again, needed it, but no way in hell was she begging for it. "Is that all you've got?" She was breathless, desperate to move against him, but his big body held her down.

His back arched, driving him even further inside her. "Hell no." His hips slammed against her, driving her close to the edge. His teeth nibbled the side of her neck, the sharpness of his fangs reminding her of how good his bite was.

"Now?" His voice was strained, close to breaking.

She knew what he asked, and why. "Yes."

He moved his forearm towards her mouth. Together they bit down, each marking the other. The orgasm ripped through them, both of them howling from the pleasure.

Rick pulled loose an eternity later, dropping down next to her in a sweaty heap.

She eyed him blearily. "Hey, Little Red?"

"Hmm?" He sounded sated and sleepy.

"I never got my goodies."

He opened one eye and stared at her. "Oh?"

“Mm-hmm.”

He got out of bed and grabbed the basket. He pulled out the paddle and slapped it against his palm, a wicked gleam in his eye. “Now, about my costume.”

Belle’s eyes went wide. “Oh shit!” With a giggle she leapt out of bed and raced out of the bedroom, Rick in hot pursuit.

He chased her laughter all over their apartment. She swore later the only reason he caught her was she was dying to get caught.

About the Author

Dana Marie Bell wrote her first short story when she was thirteen years old. She attended the High School for Creative and Performing Arts for creative writing, where freedom of expression was the order of the day. When her parents moved out of the city and placed her in a Catholic high school for her senior year she tried desperately to get away, but the nuns held fast, and she graduated with honors despite herself.

Dana has lived primarily in the Northeast (Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware, to be precise), with a brief stint on the US Virgin Island of St. Croix. She lives with her soul-mate and husband Dusty, their two maniacal children, an evil ice-cream stealing cat and a bull terrier that thinks it's a Pekinese.

You can learn more about Dana at: www.danamariebell.com and <http://samhainpublishing.com/authors/dana-marie-bell>.

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