



## **Red Riding Hood**

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Once upon a time, there was a woman named Red Riding Hood - for a night. She stood before her mirror, gazing critically at her reflection. Legs – shaved. Underarms – shaved. 'Private' areas – waxed. She donned her outfit, and checked again. Perfect. Except that hoods and hair really *didn't* go well together. She frowned at the mirror, went to her bathroom, and added some hair wax. She plastered the hair down and smiled. Nothing short of a hurricane would move it now.

Roger, the wolf, admired himself in the mirror. Three extra gym sessions a week had been worth the burn. His oiled muscles gleamed, his waxed chest shimmered as it flexed. All in beautiful contrast to the shaggy mask which blended almost seamlessly with his dyed-grey hair. He drew on the shaggy fingerless gloves and preened some more. A pair of tight, shaggy grey shorts and a pair of black shitkicker boots, and he was done. The wolf was ready to prowl.

Red Riding Hood got into the taxi, clutching her cloak carefully around her, flashing leg up to the hip to one lonely observer – who stared, and never forgot the sight as long as he lived.

Roger slung a leg over his bike and gunned the motor, shivering as the growl vibrated through him. He roared down a street full of inner-city folk who, used to all manner of sights, still turned to gawp at the sight of a werewolf on a Harley.

The party - a high-class establishment with a run-down, smelly exterior. Its existence is an open secret in the area, the bums sleeping in the covered alley at the side just a little impressed to be near such splendour. The bouncers – tonight dressed as trolls dripping lichen and slime – even more selective than usual. Was it a sign? observers wondered, having been rejected for entry. Maybe the strength of the outfit? A theme?

A woman in bright red stilettos and ankle-length cloak emerged, long bare legs first, from a taxi. One dark, smoky eyelid lowered in a wink at a troll as she sauntered through the doorway unchallenged. A man dressed in Armani and Gucci sucked in a breath and whistled it out quietly.

“Now *that*,” he remarked to his fellow rejects, “is a woman I'd let in *anywhere*.”

A woman nearby snorted, and walked away to find another, less picky nightclub. She stepped off the footpath onto the nearly-deserted road, deep in thought about the frustrations and injustices of her young night. A motorbike's roar barely impinged on her consciousness, until it was nearby and all too real and screeching brakes and burning rubber. A Harley lay close enough for her to feel the heat from its engine against her ankles.

"Woman," said the werewolf sitting on the ground a couple of metres away, rubbing an elbow oozing blood, "You're bloody lucky you're not dead!"

The woman screamed and ran away, tottering and tripping on too-high heels.

The werewolf sighed, picked himself up, and picked up his bike. No harm to it, at least, and only scrapes and bruises to himself.

"Daft bint," he muttered, and gunned the engine before roaring away to make his entrance.

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Red Riding Hood sat down at the bar and undid the clasps on her cloak, let it fall loose around her shoulders and over the bar stool.

The bartender whistled.

"Rosie, for a show like that, I'm gonna stand you a drink!" he said, and stared at the bright red lace bra – and the cleavage – while he mixed a cocktail. "There you go!" he said, winking, "A Screaming Orgasm – just the way you like it!"

Red Riding Hood smiled slowly, picked the straw from the drink and licked it, displaying an impressive length of pink tongue.

"Thanks, Tony," she said, "You know, if the rules were different... "

Tony nodded, a little sadly, and smiled. "Thanks."

She sighed, and sipped the Screaming Orgasm – which *was* exactly the way she liked it. No cream, heavy on the Kahlua and vodka. She was more in the mood to down three tequilas and shag someone on the dance floor... but that never ended well.

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Roger roared up to the nightclub and slid to a stop inches from the red velvet rope. The trolls looked at him, unperturbed.

“You wanna valet, Rog?”

“Sure do, Bob.”

The troll pressed a button on what looked like a bulky wristwatch, and held out his large paw. The other one snickered suddenly.

“Did someone beat up the big bad wolf already?”

“Just a little pre-party party, Han my man... ”

Roger handed over the keys and sauntered inside.

“Tony! My man! Bourbon and coke, hold the coke!”

Tony laughed dutifully and handed over a double shot of bourbon on ice.

Roger downed it in two gulps, then clenched his teeth and shook his head as the burn hit his throat.

“God, that's better,” he said, “Tony! Another, dude, a double – on the double!”

Tony clenched his teeth but grinned, reminding himself that this job paid up big and gave him a chance to practice his acting skills, and that was a *good* thing. Even if he did have to toady to the arsewipes.

Two double bourbons later, Roger was starting to feel the edge come off. The usual stress and strain, the panic when the stupid bint stepped out in front of him... it was all starting to soften and move away. Better. And now he'd better stop, or at least switch to something less disabling, or picking up wouldn't do him a bit of good tonight.

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Rosie sat and watched the crowd, idly stirring another Screaming Orgasm. The theme was 'Forest Fantasy', and most of the members hadn't really been trying, in her opinion. Chasing around the dance floor were at least 10 nymphs, and about the same number of satyrs. The nymphs were mostly just naked women with leaf crowns or leis. The satyrs – waxed chests, unwaxed legs, and erections. Rosie snorted.

“Kahlua and milk, thanks, Tony,” a breathy voice said behind her.

She swivelled – it was a nymph, but this one was painted all over with a leaf pattern and her hair in dozens of braids, flowers twined here and there.

“Nice costume!” she said to the woman, “but aren't you worried about it getting smudged?”

The woman turned, took her in, and smiled slowly.

“Dye job – it'll take a lot more punishment than it looks like it can... like me,” she said, and reached out for Rosie's hand, guiding it onto her thigh and up over her hip to her waist, “See? no smudges!”

She smiled again at Rosie, took her drink, and moved back across the dance floor. The man she was aiming for was dressed as a satyr – but again, a little more effort had gone into his costume than most. He wore a pair of furry white tights, cut out around the groin to show off an erection that must, surely, be fake. Not that it wasn't intriguing anyway, she thought, wondering if perhaps she shouldn't have given in to her temptation to get blind drunk as fast as possible.

“Hey, little lady!” Roger whispered in her ear.

"Huh? Oh – hi. Wolf?"

"Yup – fully licensed to -" he wolf-whistled, "- at any sexy lady I see. And you -" looking her up and down, "are one incredibly sexy woman! Who are you sposed to be, Little Red Riding Hood all growed up?"

"Sort of," she said and sighed. This guy was going to be a Clinger, she could see it now.

"Well... she met a wolf in the woods one day... "

Stuff it. If he was going to cling anyway, she might as well try to shut him up. She crossed her legs, letting the cloak fall away from her hip, and smiled widely at him.

"So she did," she purred, "And he ate her all up! What's *your* appetite like, wolfy-boy? Or do you just like a little doggy-style?"

He opened his mouth to reply, but no sound came out. Ha, she thought, cocky newbie's lost his stuffing.

"Tone! 'Nother drink, darl?"

"Another Screaming Orgasm, ma'am?"

"Why not? After all... " she looked sideways at the wolf, who'd gotten over the initial dumbstruck phase and was trying to regain his cool by sipping at his drink, "a girl can never have too many orgasms, I say."

She snickered internally as the wolf choked.

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"Show me the way to go home!" bawled the wolf.

"I'm tired and I wanna go ta bed!" sang Red Riding Hood.

"Phwoar, do ya?" the wolf leered and groped her arse.

“Nah, I just invited my back ta my place fer COFFEE!” Red Riding Hood giggled. God, this man was a twat, and a predictable one.

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Roger paused in the bedroom doorway and whistled.

“Video camera? I think I hooked me a *live* one!”

“Well... ” purred Red Riding Hood, moving closer and putting her hands on his chest, “sometimes I like to watch! Over and over and over again...”

“Oh, do you? Why not just do it over and over and over again instead? Haven't you found a man with *real* stamina?”

“No, they always seem to drop out after a round or two... ” she pouted cutely, reaching sideways to press a button.

He slid his arms further around her and planted his hands firmly on her arse.

“Weaklings. I'll show you how a *real* man does it.”

“Can't wait!”

He picked her up, threw her on the bed, and started to undress.

“Oi! Leave the mask on, wolfy!”

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Three hours later, Red Riding Hood rolled onto her back and sighed, exhausted. Wolfy hadn't been lying – he really did have the stamina of an ox. They'd fucked three times before he'd started to flag, and he'd still had the energy to put up a helluva fight.

Red Riding Hood licked a smear of blood from the back of her hand and smiled. She rose, sat on the edge of the bed, and looked at the video camera.

“History always repeats, but there are always variations,” she told it, “Once again, the Wolf ate Red Riding Hood... but this time, Red Riding Hood evened the score.”

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