

## **Rubber Moonlight: New Home Bad Neighbors**

Carmine and Bella followed the elder packmate with complete trust. Their sleek black, white rubber werewolf bodies remained as they were even as dawn was upon them. The first true day in the new reality that they've found themselves in. For an hour they followed their fellow wolf. No words were spoken between them. It was understood what was happening. After a successful hunt, they were returning home. Carmine and Bella were the catch. A magnificent prize for the pack. A pack that Carmine and Bella eagerly wanted to meet.

Their tails wagged with delight, the closer they got. The faintest aroma of other wolves like themselves hit their nostrils, filled their lungs, filling their minds with a welcoming embrace that is to come. There was no concern, no fear of what happened to these two formerly female humans. Their instincts in the driver seat of their minds, and it told them to remain calm, everything was fine, soon you will be with others like yourselves.

It didn't even dawn on them that when the sun rose over the horizon, the welcoming light of the moon was gone, that they didn't revert back to the people that they once were. They did feel a weakening of their bodies, a muting of some of their senses, but it was still a drop in the bucket compared to who they were.

Carmine's muscles tensed, her body light as a feather, blowing in the cool wind, each breath deep, fulfilling, informing her of the world around her that made her old self feel blind. Strong compulsions within her, that would have been unfathomable to think of as a human were now unthinkable to live without.

Her mind much like Bella's was intact. Their former selves, school, work, family, friends, childhood? All there, but now put under a new lens, a filter that made them re-evaluate everything about them and who they consider themselves to be. But instead of creating some kind of internal crisis, a questioning of who they were really or what they have become? It was simple acceptance that this life, the one living right now, is the life they always wanted, they just did not know it till just a scant few hours ago. Like discovering that sugar is sweet, and lemons are sour. It was always there, ready to be discovered, but till it was, the concept of it was completely alien till the moment of discovery.

With great power and grace, they moved through the forest, deeper into the vast wilderness that their human selves only manage to explore the very fringes of. Finally, they reached their destination and Carmine was caught a bit by surprise but what she found. A large camp-like settlement nestled at the base of the mountain range. A beautiful waterfall runs down the face of the mountain into a large glistening lake that sparkles in the early morning sun.

The scent of a dozen? No three dozen? No even more, filled Carmine's flaring nostrils. So many like her, from the clearing she could see others, sleek rubbery wolves, walking on all fours, a few switching between the two whenever it suited them best. While others walked with a honed anthropomorphic feral grace. A controlled chaos where upon their approach they were given a firsthand greeting by their new packmates.

They were rushed by at least a dozen rubber wolves, many a mix between anthro and feral like themselves, a few far more feral like large dire wolves, while a few carried themselves closer to their former human selves. Every one of them, female, like themselves, and the sensation of them getting close, sniffing along their skin, under their tails, felt natural, a greeting, a way to get to know their fellow packmate, to memorize their scent.

Carmine found it to be an exciting surreal sensation to be thrown into a pack of wolves and feel safe and embraced like being held by a parent. Her nostrils flared, she bit and nipped at a few of the wolves, getting to know her packmates as eagerly and openly as they wanted to know her. Soft playful growls and howls filled the air. Excitement over the new additions filled the air. Even the wolves that were far more anthropomorphic joined in with such a feral animalistic greeting.

One, a grey rubber wolf with blue eyes, reached behind the ears of the one that turned Carmine, gently petting her behind the ears with a soft rubbery squeak, leaning in to nibble at the fellow wolves' neck, pulling away before uttering the first "human" words spoken that were worth listening to since she transformed, "Good girl Julia. They appear to be strong additions to the pack. *She* will be most pleased with you."

Julia's tail wagged happily, nuzzling into the soft rubbery claw, pawed hands of this unnamed wolf.

Carmine was torn between the greeting enveloping her, and the conversation being had about her. She wanted to know more. Like a young puppy curious about the world around her. She simply wanted to know more about this wonderful pack that she is now in. Julia is the name of the one that turned her. A name, it felt so extra, not necessary to understand and know each wolf that is around her, yet there is a bit of a nostalgia sense to it that made Carmine realize there's still a value to it.

The grey rubber wolf continues to pet Julia's head for a moment longer, her claws squeaking through the sleek fur, turning to Julia and Bella who felt a slight rush of excitement through them, eager to meet yet another wolf. She walked with an elegant dominance, holding out her paw she let Carmine and Bella sniff, capturing her unique rubbery scent.

She reached out and gently caressed the back of both girls' heads, claws running behind your ears, gently scratching. A shiver runs down their spine, a new found delight that they didn't even know they had, her tail wagging happily, "Good girls," she says looking over them, getting close smelling them, giving a playful bite, her tail wagging in delight.

"Name is Aurora, what are yours?" she asks.

Carmine and Bella tilted their heads, tails wagging a bit slower, their minds processing the question. They clearly understood what was said, yet at the same time, it was surprising to be asked. Their minds processed the simple thought of just how to answer the question. Their elongated muzzles, sharp canine teeth, large tongue, all were new to them in the sense that it was not what they used to learn how to speak. Growls, yips, howls, felt natural, but formulation of words, a learned trait of their former humanity, felt almost out of place with their instincts, their bodies, the very essence of their being.

“Beeelllaaaaa” Bella responded, elongating and exaggerating her vowels and consonants, her ears perking in surprise that she managed to complete the task, tail wagging happily.

Carmine let out a huff, ears folding back looking at Bella. She took a moment tapping into the knowledge that her former life has gifted her, feeling her tongue run across her teeth, the strong powerful jaw muscles, she swallows, feeling her throat, grasping the ability of speaking once again. She takes a deep breath, “Caaarrmeene,” she manages to push out. She let out a little huff of annoyance till Aurora's hand gently caressed her head, gently petting behind her ear, a soft mrrf noise escapes her lips, body relaxing, tail beginning to wag with a soft squeak.

“Good girl,” Aurora says in a loving yet still laced with a feral undertone in her speech. “There will be times that speech will be useful when dealing with other races and occasionally among your pack. I recommend practicing. But it's not mandatory,” she looks at Julia then back to them, “Julia will be your mentor, being the one that brought you into the pack. Much like I was to her. She will show you around, how we work, where you'll be staying. Most of it will be natural or self-evident. When *she* is ready, she'll see and greet you,” says Aurora, the emphasis on the word, made a curiosity grow within Carmine. Yet her mind didn't form any words, the meaning and curiosity was self-evident.

As Aurora left them, Julia approached, walking on her hind legs in a more bipedal fashion, her muscles ripping underneath her rubber fur. She lets out a soft yap, head motioning them to follow her.

They followed, their large anthropomorphized wolf forms, more wolf than human, hunched slightly, following their pack mate, looking at the three forms of rubber wolves within the pack. Some were much like themselves, feral, bestial, yet traits of their former humanity, walking on two legs but just as comfortable shifting to four whenever it suited them because they wanted to.

Carmine would follow, finding herself shifting between an anthro walk and a feral one without her really noticing, only when she saw another shift between the two did, she take note of how she was walking. Her tail wags excitedly seeing several structures, abandoned by the world of man yet well-kept by the wolves, mostly by those who have taken the more anthropomorphized shape.

Julia simply guides them through this town, the doors had no handles but a knotted rope at the end. A large bestial feral rubber wolf walks up to one of these closed doors, biting on the rope, tugging on it. A loud metallic click sounds from the door, it opens, the internal lock undoing, allowing the wolf easy access to what could be their home. The other side of the door has the same knotted rope, which the wolf simply bites and pulls the door back, closing it.

Despite the buildings being kept in a functional state, the rest could not be stated for the streets and lawns. All of which is overgrown by flowers, grasses, trees in their first or second decade of life. Nature was reclaiming this as her own, and only by the force of nature that is the wolves are the buildings spared.

Julia led them to a small cabin, probably used to be a small office used by the humans who used to reside in this camp area. Julia bit and tugged at the rope, refusing to use her hands

despite having a clear ability to do so. The door clicks open, revealing a simple open area that is their new home.

Julia's aroma was everywhere within the place, the scent of humans long gone, a few other faint aromas of Aurora and other werewolves lingered in the place. She walked around the place, sniffing around, showing the three roomed building. No running water, no electricity. Simply a structure to protect them from the elements, one of the few things that Carmine felt she would ever need protection from again.

Instincts guided Carmine once again. She knew without a word spoken that this was her shared home with Julia and Bella. A small subpack within the large whole. With it came the time to mark their home as their own, a shared place where they could rest after a long day. And with that, the realization of just how tired they were. But just as they felt themselves get comfortable, to rest their heavy weary heads, a howl rang out through the village. One particular howl within the chorus stood out. A shiver ran down Carmine's spine, her heartbeat faster, tail wagged excitedly. The reaction was imbued into the very fiber of her being, it was *her*.

Julia opened the door, the two following, heading straight to the back of the town, toward the mountain where a large cave at least five meters tall, jagged rocks, and the darkened grey rock gave it an ominous appearance. Dozens of rubber wolves, several feral, some anthro, most in between like herself, lined the entrance toward the cave. Julia led them down the path, stopping about three meters from the cave's entrance.

Julia howled, followed by the wolves along the line. Their voices flowed into Carmine and Bella. A rush of excitement, their tails wagging, their muscles tensing, so much energy they just had to release it, there was only one way to express it. They joined in the howl.

Carmine felt her voice carry over the winds, and into the cave. An exhilarating sensation to feed her instincts, letting them run free within her. One with the pack, one of many, a group, friends, family.

A deep feminine howl echoes out of the cave, a response to their own howl, which silenced the rest. The dark cave, too deep to see the end, began to glow, faintly at first, but steadily brighter. Carmine's sharpened senses hear the soft footsteps of someone approaching. The glow, reminiscent of the light of the full moon, reaches Carmine and Bella. Their hearts thumping, tails swishing, the heads of the other wolves lowering, stepping into view a massive, over three meters tall at the shoulder, an elegant feral moon white rubber wolf. Dark spots in her paws, reveal her sharp deadly claws, her blue eyes piercing, strong, feral, yet loving. Carmine locked her eyes with her, lowering her head along with Bella, who felt compelled to do so.

She stood just short of them, looking over them. A tingle runs down Carmine's spine. She felt so strong, but she knew that this wolf, that *she* was the one in charge. But describing her as "alpha" would not be correct. True packs do not have alphas, simply leaders. She was their leader, but so much more. The founder. The bringer of the moonlight when there is none. She is the very essence that was gifted to her, and deep down in her very core she knew it. The very existence and life that she now relishes in, is all because of her.

Carmine did not feel fear though. There was no reason to be afraid of her. Only awe struck. Indebted to. Respected for what she is. The large feral wolf lets out a howl, all others including Carmine are compelled to join in raising their heads up to her like they do to the moon, howling out to their heart's content, their tails wagging in delight. Energized, full of strength and power. Carmine forgets at this moment just how tired and exhausted she really is. Her instincts informed her what was happening. She was being accepted. Officially made part of the pack. It was the happiest day of her life.

The howling steadily comes to an end, the massive wolf shifts and changes before Carmine's eyes, gracefully moving from an elegant wolf, to an elegant powerful Lycan, powerful claws, strong powerful muscles, the essence of what it means to be a werewolf, all entombed in one being, at least three meters tall in height, dwarfing any other wolf she has seen thus far. The shift continues, though revealing a softer yet still powerful smaller anthropomorphized werewolf, more human but clearly wolf than the previous form, still at an impressive two meters tall.

Gentle curves, powerful muscles, her fur, sleek, shiny, her body barely squeaking, giving away the stealth and strength of her prowess. She reaches down gently petting Julia's head, tail wagging with such vigor that Carmine feels a hint of jealousy of not being touched by *her*.

The white rubber wolf leans down sniffing along Julia's ear, nibbling and gently biting Julia's neck. She whispers into Julia's ear, "Good Girl." The voice sweet, strong, powerful, feral, heavenly, the words vibrate into Carmine's only mind, sending shivers down her spine, tail wagging, and she knows the words weren't even directed at her.

She moved past Julia, looking over Carmine and Bella. Their ears flat, head lowered, tail wagging. She sniffed and nibbled at their necks. Her own aroma is a delicate scent that is beyond words that could be described. It is simply the perfect embodiment of a female werewolf. So much power and elegance in it that it simply is what it is. Carmine's nostrils flared, letting the scent get burned into her mind. Like a child burning the image of their parents upon seeing them for the first time.

She nibbled and bite at their necks. A shiver ran down Carmine's spine once again. An ecstasy of excitement and delight overflowed her. The strength and power of *her* was almost unbearable, but her new lycan nature and strength gave her the power that allowed her to endure. To fully comprehend just how great of a moment this is that would have been otherwise lost on her former human self. A gratitude filled her, this close loving touch of what could be described as simply *the* Goddess. Every fiber of her being was overtaken by this moment, this sharing of scents between her and them.

She reached up, her black claws contrasting her glowing white rubber, petting and caressing the back of Bella and Carmine's heads, along the back of their necks, through their rubber fur, along the base of their ears. Carmine was simply elevated to cloud nine. This moment couldn't get any better till *she* spoke again.

"Good Girls. You will do nicely. I am Yvla. I welcome you to my pack. I'm sure you will find your place and make your pack proud. Make *me* proud."

Yvla words were utterly climatic, with all the pleasure and high without the actual release. Loving, embracing, Carmine's instincts were in command. Dictating how she should act. How she should think. How she should *be*. Carmine stood no chance against it. But then. She never wanted to stand against it. She embraced it. Accepted it. This is who she is *meant* to be.

With a deep howl from Ylva the pack joins in, the air filling with energy and power. When the howling finished, Carmine came back to her senses, a little control of herself. Yvla was gone. The pack is dispersing back to what they were doing before this great pack meeting. Carmine and Bella followed Julia back to their home. The high of the moment fading, letting in the total exhaustion of the past day and a half events fully sink in. She collapsed upon herself, resting her head on her paws, tail wrapped around her side, legs pushed out to the side. She took a space for herself. One trait of her former human self bled through. Where she liked to sleep, she liked to sleep where she wanted, and have no one else. She commanded the area as her own. Which was not a problem. There is plenty of space for the trio, plenty of space for them to grow their sub pack, but Carmine's next trail as a rubber lycan would take place three days later...

Carmine sniffs the shoe shaped footprint, telling her all she needed to know about the prey she is hunting. A mountain hiker lost from the trail. A few days of supply, traveling with one other. He would make for a good prize to satiate her hunger, while the female might make a good addition. But she will have to track them and wait till tonight. When the light of the moon can allow her lycan transforming properties to blossom.

Carmine didn't question how she knew her nature. Nor did it bother that she was now hunting her former species. They were different to her, foreign and alien like the birds in the trees or the ants on the ground. And of course, she was *better* than they were. Simply weak blind humans, unable to know they were being hunted by *her*.

It was late afternoon by the time she caught up to the pair. She was right on target. A strong tan skinned human male, and a fair skinned with long blond hair female. Their hiking bags are almost as tall as them, but despite the weight they were managing. Carmine had simple wordless thoughts that carried the meaning, "Strong delicious meat. And strong addition."

The female looked at her phone holding it up into the sky, "Still no signal. Are you sure this is the right way?" she asked.

He pulls out his map and compass, showing it to her, "Yeah. Look we just passed the Fishman river two hours ago, and we've been heading north. The trail through the bird song mountains should be around here."

"I knew we shouldn't have taken that shortcut path."

"What do you mean? It was your idea."

"She gives him a stern look.

"Okay, okay, sorry," he remarks looking over the map, "We'll be where we need to be in no time. A little detour is all part of the fun of nature."

“Well you have that right. Nature is wonderful,” she says with a smile, “But I prefer we set up camp in a designated area. There could be wolves out here. Some campers the other day mentioned they heard a lot of howling.”

“I wouldn’t be worried about that,” he replies.

Carmine muffled her own growl negative insinuation about her kind. Her teeth baring, but she restrained her own discontent. She is on the hunt, she has to remain in control, calm, collected. Hidden among the trees, behind the brush, watching, waiting for the time to strike. Though only one of her, she didn’t fear these weak humans, but she knew better than to underestimate them. After all she was one of them.

Birds sing in the trees as they find a trail leading up into the forested mountain side. Carmine trailed not far behind. Nostrils flaring, keeping track of their scent. Noting their increasing exhaustion that is attached to their scents. Soon they would make camp. It's about two hours till the daylight ends.

Carmine’s ears perk, the bird singing shifted, changed. Something about the chirping felt different. It agitated her. Increased aggression grew within her, muscles tensed. There was something off about the songs. Like they were sung out of key, yet they were perfectly sung like any bird call. Then she caught words hidden within the chirps.

*“Come lost travelers. Into our land. Come to us. It’s all part of the plan. Come lost travelers. We will show you the way. Neither of you will survive till the end of the day.”*

“What a lovely bird calls here,” says the female human.

“Well it is called the Birdsong mountains for a reason,” he remarks with a chuckle, heading off toward the songs, away and off the trail.

Carmine’s tail swished quickly, ears perked, sniffing the air, unable to find any threatening scents. Perhaps they were far away? Competition. She should strike now. Before they get away. This aggressive, annoyed sensation, fed by her instincts was in par for the fish people she felt on the day of her conversion. She didn’t understand why she didn’t like them. But she knew that she did. She never questioned it either. It is as natural as breathing. They are competition for their food and are not welcomed.

Branches of trees creaked and moaned; the sound of fluttering bird wings caught the humans’ attention as they were suddenly greeted by a half bird half woman creature. Her black raven like clawed feet, gripped the branch tightly, the claws digging into the wood. Legs covered in thick feathers much like her arms. The feathers trailed along her shoulders slightly down her side, covering her chest like a feathery bra. Feathers also marked the transition point of her avian feet and her human legs.

“Yeah, she sure is pretty,” he responds.

Carmine understood what she was. A harpy, she let out a low growl, muscle tensing, ready to jump into the fray, the urge to stop this hunt that was interfering with her own, was all that was on her mind.

The harpy continued to sing, *“Come lost travelers. Come to me. I will show you how you should really be. Just like me.”*

Carmine felt a surge rush through her. Her tail wagged angrily, she knew what the harpy was going to do even though this is the first time she's seen one or even heard of one. This innate instinctual knowledge of her foe informed her of her decisions. She let out a loud billowing howl.

The harpy caught off guard by the sudden howl stopped her singing, looking in Carmine's direction. The two humans broke eye contact with the harpy, turning to Carmine as she leaped out of the bushes. She towered over the humans, the human screamed for her life, the harpy clenching her claws around her shoulders digging into her skin, drawing blood. She flapped hard, lifting her kicking and screaming into the air.

"Charline!" screamed the man.

"Johnathan help me!" yelled the woman, her heavy backpack falling off.

Jonathan looked to Carmine the sleek muscular wolf, his meager instincts telling him he had no chance, he simply ran for his life. Carmine not even paying attention to him, eyes trained on the harpy and Charline.

Higher and higher she was taken, up to the very treetops, to a thin slender tree with no branches low enough for Carmine to climb up on. Time and time again she tried to claw up the side, but she slides back down leaving deep gashes into the tree bark.

Charline continues to scream for her life, that is, until she makes eye contact with the harpy, who has already begun to sing. Her wings flapping steadily, smoothly keeping Charline on the edge of a tree branch, her hair blown widely.

*"Foolish young wolf, barking up a tree. Please wait, for I have something to show thee."*

Charline's struggle weakened with each passing moment, the avian's claws dug into her shoulders more, yet, she stopped reacting to the pain, only slight body jerks gave away the natural pain she was suffering. Her eyes locked on the harpies' big purple eyes.

The harpy singing, *"Come lost traveler. I will show you the way. To become like me. What do you say?"*

Charline let out a soft moan, her hands twitched, her heart raced, a heavy pant escaped her, pupils dilated, she cried out "Yes."

Carmine growled, watching the human, stripping herself of some of her clothes as if she has become too hot and needed to cool off.

The harpy grinned, showing the rows of sharp teeth, *"Come lost traveler. Become what you are meant to be. Forever bound to your fellow sister. Me."*

Charline panted, her fingers elongating, golden and white feathers sprouting from her skin, moving from her spreading, and contorting hands and arms, hiding the transformation from view. Her moans grew softer, higher pitched, the feathers racing up her arms, her form becoming slender, the feathers pushing her actual brow as her supple bust is covered under a brilliant blume.

*"Come lost traveler. Become a wonderful bird. Then we the true Mistresses of the forest. Will show this curd."* the harpy glared at Carmine, their eyes meeting. Carmine barked louder, followed by a long deep growl.



Charline's shoes popped off, her soft human feet growing yellow scales, with black sharp talons poking out of her merging toes. Another toe sprouting from her heel, becoming more avian with each passing second. Her body becoming slender, softer. Her eyes shifting, becoming amber, and more avian like. Sharp teeth sprouting within her mouth, pushing away her hold of former human teeth which fall to the ground.

Carmine growls, looking over the teeth, sniffing them, looking back at the lost opportunity to convert another for her pack. Anger and annoyance filled her, tail wagging angrily, claws digging into the soft earth, she parked more.

Feathers sprouted along the former human's legs, her body weight shifting, her form becoming lighter, the heavy beat of the other harpy's wings lessened, letting the new harpy grip the tree branch as naturally as if she was born with them.

*"Come dear sister. Listen to my song. Let the breath of the harpy fill you. Become what you've been meant to be for so long."*

Charline panted, her heart beating faster and faster, her bones hollowing. Her skin soft supple, pants torn to shreds in the transformation, leaving only a small shred of clothing around her waist, hiding her nethers from view.

The harpy let go of Charline completely, she flapped her wings faster, moving herself in front of Charline, eyes meeting, she leaned in and kissed her. Charline's avian feet tightly gripped the branch underneath her, her new harpy wings fluttered, flapping in unison. When the kiss broke, Charline smiled the same devious smile as her harpy sister. They began to sing in unison like a perfectly practiced Duet.

*"Welcome dear sister. We've missed you. Welcome back home. We have so much to say and to do."*

Carmine grilled, angrily, not wanting to be defeated, she sniffed the air, catching the scent of the human, Jonathan. She sprinted after him. The two harpies watched from their perched location, to each other then back to Carmine before following.

Carmine sprinted through the forest, hot on the trail of her consolation prize. Shifting from her bipedal run to four legged whenever it suited her best, leaping over bushes, landing on all fours, then running again on two legs whatever the situation provided she shifted between the two as naturally as breathing. As normal as following the scent of her prey who was in full sprint away from the mind fuckery events that he just witnessed. His mind was desperate to try not to wrap his head around it, not till he was sure he was safe. Looking behind him, Jonathan sees the black rubber with long white flowing hair wolf hot on h nipping at his heels.

"Oh shit, oh shit," he stated, dropping his heavy backpack. Carmine leaps over it with ease, about to strike at his prey when the harpy swoops down, clawing along the Carmine's back, throwing off Carmine's attack, barely missing the human who ducks out of the way into some bushes.

The heat of the stinging claws pulsates along Carmine's back, she growls angrily, feeling blood trickle down her back. The black feather harpy flying over head out of reach, singing,

*“Unfortunate wolf, having lost her way. This will not be your day. Helpless and alone. This is our prey.”*

Carmine growls, barking at the harpy who gives a smug grin in return, flapping her wings, hovering over head. She leaps, snapping her jaws, claws reaching up for the frail bird, but is unable to even get close to her.

*“Come lost traveler. Hear my singing. Let your frail mind go. I say your name Jonathan, your ears must be ringing,”* sings the harpy Charline.

Jonathan looks in her direction, pupils dilated, drawn to her, “Charline? I thought I lost you. I’m coming!” he says running over to her.

*“Come lost traveler. You are my dearest human friends. Come closer to me. So you may meet your end,”* she sings, Jonathan reaching her. Charline with a toothy grin grips on his shoulders, claws digging into him, blood running down his arms, yet he lets out only a soft grunt.

“Charline...” he groans while being lifted up into the air by her.

*“Come lost traveler. Let my song give you peace of mind. I will take you away from here. Where my sisters and I will dine.”*

Carmine rushed over to her prey, trying to stop what is happening. She leaps into the air, claws reaching out for the human, about to grab onto his feet to drag him down when the black feathered harpy swoops down, claws striking at her muzzle and noise. Carmine lets out a soft whine, her claws missing the human, but with a quick snap she manages to bite onto the ankle of the black feather harpy, dragging her to the ground.

The harpy lets out a loud ear-piercing shriek. Carmine’s head throbs, letting go of the harpy, recoiling back, hands over her ears. She glares at the harpy, growling, teeth bared, snarling while she flies back up out of reach.

*“Unfortunate wolf. You got lucky. But it has run out. Let's see if you remain so plucky,”* the black feathered harpy sings.

Carmine’s ears perk, the screams of the human echo through the forest, mixed in with the song and chirps of several more harpies. She tenses, glaring up at the black feathered harpy, her right foot dripping crimson blood, foot twitching. Looking over to the sound of the human’s dying screams, the faint sound of flapping wings grow ever louder. Carmine’s tail wagged angrily, her instincts giving her a new sensation that sank in the pit of her gut.

She hated it, but she knew better than to resist the urge. The urge to run, the scent of close to a dozen harpies reaching her flaring nostrils. Carmine gave one last long growl, ending in a feral bark before sprinting down the mountain side, the sound of flapping singing harpies keeping pace, the black feathered harpy remaining not far behind, singing.

*“Poor unfortunate wolf. Filled with fear. Filled with despair. When we catch you, we’ll be filled with cheer.”*

Leaping over bushes, landing on all fours, sprinting like a feral wolf, taking a sharp turn on two legs, shifting and changing her step as the need arose. She let out an echoing howl that resonated throughout the forest.

Carmine's heart raced, adrenaline pumping, her sleek form, barely able to keep ahead of the harpy, that flew above the trees, unhindered by the forest.

Carmine leaps over a bush, misjudging the height, her foot catches some of it, she stumbles and rolling onto all fours, slowing her down to a near stop.

*"Poor unfortunate wolf. You've now made your mistake. It is now your life. That I will take,"* the black feathered harpy sings, swooping down, claws aimed right at Carmine's throat.

A pair of howls ring through the forest. Julia and Bella burst from the bushes. Julia swiping at the harpy, who barely manages to avoid the attack, foiling her own in the process.

Julia and Bella growl, taking positions to protect Carmine while she regains her composure, joining them mere seconds later.

The harpy looks down at the three wolves, letting out a loud set of chirps, flapping her wings, rising herself higher into the trees. Flying off, singing, *"Poor unfortunate wolf. You got lucky today. But just you wait. I will make you pay."*

Carmine let out a deep annoyed huff, ears folded, tail wagging slowed. She looks to her two companions, a sense of sorrow and defeatism overcoming her, the scent of the either harpies fading.

Julia moved over to her sniffing her wounds, tenderly licking them.

Carmine let out a soft whine. Bella joining in tending to Carmine's wounds. After a few moments they gently nuzzle and nip at Carmine, an attempt to lift her down spirits.

Carmine let out an annoyed grunt. Tail wagging a little faster, a little happier. The three heading back to the camp, to their home. Even for a werewolf, not every hunt is successful.