

## Rubber Moonlight: Instincts

Carmine's eyes remained locked on that beautiful white orb in the sky. She's seen it almost every night, the white surface, the shining glow that illuminates the world around her, more so in this natural environment, far from the light pollution of mankind, made it an even more amazing sight to behold. Those dark pocket marks along the white surface, the creators dotting that barren landscape, the mysterious hue around it, the stars twinkling around the one dominating force in the night.

Its light reflects in her yellow eyes. It shines off her black rubber anthropomorphic wolf body, the long flowing white hair that runs down her back, almost glowing as if it has taken the essence of the moon and given it physicality as her hair. Her tongue runs across her canines, her elongated muzzle, pointed right up at the moon, her target locked in her sights. Her long howl, calling out to her new goddess, the one truth that gives her power, her breath visible before her as she lets it all out.

And what power she feels, her muscles tense, her claws extend from her fingertips, her long black tail with a white rubbery tip wags happily, feeling the new her that has completely overtaken all that she once was. The frail simple human, that she once was, is gone forever. Her meager life, one of passiveness, and being told by others to do this, and that, because she felt she did not have the strength to do otherwise.

Her powerful thighs tense, her feet dig into the soft, grassy earth, her vocals vibrating in her throat, vocal cords changed, her soft voice replaced by this powerful beast that has now overtaken her. Her howl continues, ears twitching, hearing her voice joined in by new packmate, the two wolves like sisters, twins almost. Sleek rubber bodies, they stare up at the moon, declaring their dedication to the source of their power, growing a bond with one another.

Carmine's mind, changed, warped, turned into something else. Her logical human mind would have been wondering as to why she would take the time to howl at the moon. That she was naked, people could see her. She is cold, she should find some shelter, a fire to keep warm. That she should find others.

Finding the others was one of the few things that her old and new mindset still shared. The soft squeaks of her smooth, slick skin, the cool air around her body, it felt invigorating. Her lungs expelling all the air they can in that one long howl, this brief moment feeling like it is lasting forever. Her first howl, the first surge of feral instincts that is washing over her mind, washing away the humanity that clings to it, cleaning it of doubts, self-consciousness, social constructs and morals ingrained into her mind since the day she was born, pushed away, letting in simply natural born instincts through.

Her nostrils flare scents from all around come rushing in, the howl ending, she turns to look at her packmate. Her tail sway, her simple body movements, the roll of muscle, the smooth rubber chest, the fur hiding all but the most subtle of a female breast. Her piercing eyes stare back into Carmine's, feeling a rush of information. Her mind processing it in ways that she

never thought possible, but now felt as natural as breathing. The new rubber werewolf, that she has become, has changed the very essence of who she is, how she thinks.

She finds herself not struggling with this change, with this new filter her world view is being pushed through. She simply embraces it. It is who she is, the previous self foreign, alien, yet so familiar. She is still her, but at this moment, the differences between her old self and the new is night and day.

Her packmate drops to all fours, she walks and moves with a strange mix of being bipedal, while other times she leans on her front paws to move about, to increase her agility, her speed, moving close her packmate sniffs along her form.

Carmine falls to all fours, sniffing her packmate in kind, getting her scent imprinted into her mind. Knowing her, the unique rubber aroma that is unique to her, the one that bit her and transformed her, the one that has given her these gifts. Yet despite what her packmate has done for her, there is no sense of authority between each other. Their rubbery forms gently touch the other, a soft squeak, tails wagging, the joy of having another nearby fills them both.

Moments later, a human scream out in the distance catches their attention, drawing them away from getting to know the other better. Their ears perk, tails raised, heads turned toward the noise. Carmine recognizes the noise, it is Bella, she always screamed at the scary points of her stories, but now, Carmine isn't sure why those were so scary in the first place.

Her packmate gives a nip on Carmine's neck, before rushing out toward the noise. There was barely a moment to process it, there was little need to think over. She already knew that her packmate wanted to follow her, what else was there to think about? Her body felt a drive, and she simply followed.

She sprints through the woods, her packmate only a few steps ahead of her. Their paws crunch on the leaves and twigs, and despite their size, and their sleek rubbery forms, they barely made more than a soft rustling noise. The wind blows across them, caring with it, vital information.

Several birds are in the trees up ahead, an owl is eating a freshly killed mouse, irrelevant information that is tossed to the side. Small rodents hide in the brush, more irrelevant information, her mind already knows that this is not what she is looking for, but there is more to be found hidden in the wind.

Her hair feels the cool breeze, as it flows behind her, running across her back and sides, fanciful and free like her. A second breath, more information, the scent of larger prey. Food? Perhaps. Procreation? Maybe. She didn't feel the answer come to her, not yet. But there was something else there. The smell of water, algae, fish. Something within her got her heart pumping, a rush of adrenaline that makes her heartbeat faster, to feel herself put on edge.

She sees her packmate equally alert, catching the same odorous scent. Something about it made her feel uneasy, ready to fight and attack the source of the scent without warning, or provocation. Deep down she knew what it was, though she did not put it to words, no breakdown of ideas and thoughts, they were not needed. It was competition.

Their ears twitch, they catch noise, noise of prey. Her packmate shoots off to the side, Carmine follows in kind, following off to the side, in the distance they hear the breaking of twigs, the snapping of branches, the kicking up leaves.

“What were those things?!” exclaims Bella.

“I don’t know, just keep running!” Paul replies, looking over his shoulder toward the campsite, then back to Bella.

“It got Adam and Emile!” she replies.

“I don’t want it to get us, just keep running,” he yells, moments later, Bella trips over a root hidden by some leaves.

So inelegant and weak the prey was. So easy to take and keep, but they are alert. This prey is more than they appear to be, caution still must be maintained. She knew this, she followed along behind her packmate. What made matters worse is that competition was nearby, they had to be extra careful. The urge to rush in and grab them had to be suppressed. She knows that her packmate has more experience, she will follow her lead, learn from her.

Her packmate slows, looking at the two humans from a safe distance, the Bella having slowed them down, she whines her ankle has been twisted, injured prey, even better. She looks at Carmine motioning her head slightly, her body motions told her everything she needed to know once again, no need for words or higher-level thinking. This was a hunt, her first hunt, it excited her.

Carmine nods back, understanding the suggestion, she will stay here watching them from this side, she will move around to the other, blocking their avenue of escape. Her packmate disappears into the woods, her scent wafting in the air, reminding her that though she is not seen, she is there with her.

“Can you get up?” asks Paul.

“I can,” Bella says, wincing, limping slightly, before she continues to move but at a much slower pace.

The prey still has fight in her and has protection from more prey. The thoughts fill Carmine’s mind. Her history with them, remembered, known. Yet it felt disconnected to who she is now. Like watching a children’s movie, you loved when you were four, when you are a twenty-something year old adult. The need to enjoy numbers and the alphabet felt so... off and not them anymore.

“It will take us all night but if we try, we will get back to the ranger’s place,” says Paul, helping Bella move faster by having her lean on him, but in the end it slows them down. Their straight line slowly bends and turns without their knowing. The prey’s sense of direction is so crude, so pitiful.

Her packmate’s scent remained in the air, she felt her nearby. It felt safe, delightful, knowing she was not alone in this hunt. Their prey was getting themselves lost, and tired, and for the moment the scent of the competition had faded, no need to rush. Patience is always needed when hunting, waiting for the perfect time to strike.

“What about Carmine? Do you think that thing got her too?” asks Bella.

“I don’t know. I just don’t know. Maybe? I hope not. She was weird, but no one should have to deal with those things,” replies Paul.

Carmine heard the noise. She recognizes it. It had meaning to her. It was the person she was referred to before becoming what she is now. But that is all that it was. Just a simple noise that had some extra meaning to her, but nothing more than that. What matters most now is the hunt.

“Are you sure you know where we are going? I feel like we’ve gone in circles,” says Bella.

“We’ve been heading straight this whole time. I bet we already lost whatever it was, but we shouldn’t let our guard down.”

“I don’t know. I feel like we are being watched, and what was that howling noise we heard before Adam and Emile were attacked?”

“Let’s worry about one thing at a time okay?” Paul says grunting, panting his body, growing tired.

The prey has some instincts, albeit faint. The prey is growing tired. Her strong muscular body is able to keep up with them with little effort. Their strenuous movement was more than a brisk little jog for her.

“Bella, you need to keep calm. We’ll get there,” Paul says, the stench of fear heavy on him. Bella too of course, the smell of them, the sound of their heavy breathing, their ever slowing of their pace. Carmine’s tongue hangs out in a soft pant, saliva dripping from her tongue, overflowing past her teeth. She licks her lips, swallowing some of her overflow, the excitement of the hunt building within her. Her muscles tensed, which she wanted to jump in, she wanted to jump in. Now is the perfect time, now is the time to strike. Her muscles tense, ready to move in. Her packmate is out there, ready too, she can smell it.

The moonlight shines through the trees, reflecting off of her rubber form, yet, that isn’t what catches Bella’s attention. Her eyes constantly daring through the dark forest, what little light she sees makes her blind when compared to Carmine. But then their eyes meet. Bella feels her heart stop, a pair of cold feral yellow eyes staring at her through the trees in the distance.

“P-P-P-Paul?” she stutters out.

“What is it Bella?”

Bella points out into the woods, right at Carmine. Carmine knew what this means, she has been spotted. Paul turns his head following the finger to lock his eyes with her. The aroma of fear and panic now overflowing from them. The prey is so weak and fragile.

She lets out a low rolling growl, her claws dig into the soft earth, muscles tense, tail slightly raised, she wasn’t going to let them get away. They’ve seen her. Her packmate will back her up.

Slam! Paul and Bella yell out as a pair of fish monstrosities that leap out of the trees. The couple have gotten themselves lost and by the river once more, a river that is downwind from where Carmine is.

With green rubber scales, webbed feet and hands. Big bulging fish lips, head rounded and smoothed, gills opening and closing trying to grasp for water. Their bodies are wet and glistening from the cold water they were in recently.

Bella screams, clawing and punching helplessly against the creature, “Let go! Let go!” she yells, screaming at the top of her lungs, but the fish creature easily overpowers her, squeezing her against its wet, slimy hide, moving to draw her back to the river.

Paul grunts and screams in pain, his hands squeezed by the fish monster, his failed attempt at punches now held by the fish webbed hands, the slime running down his fists, the gurgling bubbling sound of the monster is all that they hear, the creature’s lips open and close as if gasping for air, like a fish out of water.

Carmine’s eyes grow wide, the sight of this creature fills her with a feral lustful rage. An instinctual animosity filling her. A total disgust and disdain for the existence of this creature fills her. But what made things worse? They were taking their prey! She let out a howl that echoes out through the woods. The fish creatures turn to the noise, one moving back still dragging Bella toward the river only several yards away.

This one is Carmine’s target. Paul was keeping the other one at bay, though quickly losing, this one was the one that needed to be dealt with. Her muscles sprint to life. She sprints across the ground on all fours, kicking up dirt and leaves along the way. A few birds in the trees are stirred away and fly off. Faster she runs, her mostly feral run, transforms into a bipedal sprint of an Olympic runner.

Carmine growls, teeth baring, eyes reflecting the moonlight, that feral animalistic stare. Bella screams out, crying for help, more so when she sees Carmine coming to her “rescue” out of the corner of her eye. The fish creature tosses Bella to the side like a rag doll, bracing itself for Carmine’s attack.

Claws swiping at the fish monster, but her main focus was its neck, her mouth extended wide, head tilted, leaping in the air ready to bite down and snap that windpipe, an instinctual need to go for the throat filling her.

The fish counters the head in attack with a hard-wet slap, the force of the blow knocking the fish back several feet but sends Carmine flying several feet away into a tree with a hard-heavy thud and squeak.

The wind rushes out of Carmine’s body, she lets out a sharp quick whine as her body hits the wood, cracking the trunk, loose twigs and leaves still clinging to the branches fall to the earth.

Carmine shakes her head growing, getting back onto her four feet, tail raised, ears back, her eyes glaring full of bestial rage, baring her teeth, a deep powerful rage within her, the feral beast she is growing stronger in her veracity, her desire to fight this creature to the death no matter the cost. There was no care to save Bella. To help Paul. Her former friends were nothing but prey to her. She simply wanted this creature dead. She didn’t question it. Didn’t wonder why. She simply acted upon it. Ready to unleash everything she can against this creature who stares at it with a similar hateful glare

“Werewolves now? You have to fucking kidding me!” exclaims Paul, trying in vain to hold the fish creature back as he kicks it hard between the legs but there is no sign of pain or even a recognition that Paul even attacked it.

Carmine charges the other fish creature again. Panting heavily, her rubber body squeaks ever so slightly she moves to bite at the creature’s leg. The fish creature ready to kick and send Carmine flying again when Carmine’s pack mate leaps in from the side, snapping its jaws around the fish creature's neck, slick green-blue blood gushing out from the bite wound as gills are torn.

The momentum of the attack knocks the fish creature to the ground with a heavy thud, causing Carmine’s bite to miss, but like a ravenous beast she is, she joins her packmate. They bite and claw the fish creature, tearing at the flesh, breaking bones, eating the creature while it's still alive, their entrails gushing out from their ripped open belly as they work together to subdue and kill it with no remorse.

Bella is too terrified to do anything but watch in horror at what is happening. Her mind utterly not prepared for the dark realities of the world that she has found herself thrown into.

By the time there is nothing left but a torn apart husk of a fish creature, the two werewolves look around ready to attack the other, but it's gone, along with Paul.

They pant heavily, blood dripping from their claws and teeth, they smell the air, catching the fading scent of the creature, going in the direction of the river. The cowardly creature has returned to its domain, there is nothing more they could do to fight them.

Carmine pants heavily turning her gaze toward Bella, her large feral eyes locking onto her simple frail human ones. She licks her lips and teeth clean of the taste of the fish, moving back over to her prey who was too stupid to run when she had the chance.

“P-please don’t hurt me, I don’t want to die,” she cries out to her, tears rolling down her face, her clothes torn and tattered from the whole ordeal.

Carmine looks to her packmate, who is taking a moment to lick her claws clean of the creature’s blood. Her eyes meet, the subtle body language giving all the knowledge that he needs to continue forth. She had to secure her prey.

Bella tries to move back a little, wincing in pain, her body cut and bruised, she quivers in fear, watching Carmine move closer and closer to her. Each animalistic step, with the faint sensation that there is a bit of an anthropomorphic nature. The way she could move on two legs if she wanted. It was like nothing she’d ever seen before.

Carmine watches the prey, helpless, unable to do anything. So weak, pitiful, just like she was, yet, there was a fight in her. A source of instincts that could be used. She felt the urge of what to do. The answer to her earlier question became clear. She bites down onto Bella’s neck, a firm strong bite. She feels she could easily crack her collar bone, but as Bella’s screams of a dying prey animal fill her ears. Carmine simply holds on. Not letting go.

Her powerful claws wrap around the frail human body. At any moment if she felt the need she could tear this creature to pieces, to leave nothing left but broken flesh and bones, food for her to devour, but that is not what her instincts told her to do.

She rushed off with her prey, Bella feeling the more pronounced breasts that were hidden against the rubber fur. The mixed breed of human and animal, carried away farther from the river.

This irony of it all doesn't escape Carmine. Her packmate did the same thing to her. To secure her, when she was prey away from the river, away from the competition. Her packmate saved her from a fate far worse than death. She could have been taken by those things, the things she hated more than anything else she has never known.

Deeper and deeper into the woods Carmine takes her prey, looking for a clearing place where the brilliant moon can shine down upon her and her prey. Her packmate nearby, running along beside her, guiding her toward a place. After all, she knew the forest far better than her.

Bella's cries of pain, pleading to be let go, her body weak from the hours of running, from getting no sleep, the loss of blood was a notable factor and then like a limp defeated animal she is dropped unceremoniously onto a small clearing in the forest.

Carmine pulls back, watching, waiting, her packmate moving behind the prey, keeping an eye on her. Bella groans and quivers in fear, her eyes locked on Carmine's, those deep yellow bestial eyes. She reaches to touch her wound, wincing in pain, not noticing the blood now congealing into a gel, rushing back into her wound.

Bella grunts and groans, feeling a warmth come over her, the start of the transformation.

Carmine watches, staring at her prey, watching as the fingernails turn into claws, the black and white rubber spreading across her form. Her human features steadily being lost under a sea of bone cracking transformations.

Carmine can tell by the look in her eye the discomfort, the pain, the transition that took herself only hours ago. Carmine's only response was a happy tail wag, the only clue of just how delight she truly is while she keeps her bestial stare on her prey. She was still prey after all. Not till the transformation was complete. Not till their eyes met once more, yellow bestial feral eyes. The complete loss of humanity of once were, the reflection of the moon in their eyes, making all three let out a triumphant howl in the acquisition of another packmate.

Bella simply knows her two new packmates, as that, packmates, the new mindset sinking in, joining the pack without hesitation, concern or worry, her body now becoming a strong, viral beast just like Carmine.

Carmine feels her packmate move up against her, gently nibbling along her neck and muzzle. Powerful canine teeth biting against her rubber skin. Carmine's tail continues to sway happily, returning the powerful nibbles and bites, feeling herself be rewarded for a job well done. Bella watches feeling this new need to join in overcome her. She approaches them, one of the feral beasts she used to fear.

But what about Paul? What happened to him? The fish did lose a member, a good thing they captured him to replace their losses.