



BLOOD MOON RISING

The skies were bathed in crimson shade, emanating from an ominous moon that didn't seem to shine with as much light as it usually did. Yet, the surroundings were painted bright red all the same, giving one the eerie sensation of being in a waking dream, threading the border between reality and fiction with every step.

All over the world, people gathered in droves to witness or at least, try to catch a glimpse of the Blood Moon. But in a certain country where a small, sleepy town that looked a decade or two behind most other places lay nestled deep within a mountainous ravine dotted with enshrouding forests, the bleeding moon was a sight the locals could not miss. Not when the oppressive orb hung over them like an unblinking eye.

Unlike the rest of the world however, the residents remained inside their homes. Unmoving, not making a sound, every single one of them either taking shelter in their cellars or in places where the bloodlight outside couldn't shine in from their windows. And judging from the lines of salt scattered subtly across the front of every door, it was clear that the populace was highly religious...and afraid of something lurking outside.

But amidst this temporary climate of silent fear, one brave soul would brave the night, tromping through snow clogged roads with a camera held tight in reddened hands, snapping pictures every so often whenever his keen eyes picked out a good scenic shot amidst the spiked peaks of old craggly roofs and twisted trees. Painted red like freshly used stakes slick with blood, keeping his attention pointed skyward, oblivious to the silent figure stalking him down the street.

The man was a blogger, running a popular, adventure themed website with photos that ended up being featured in many important places, from high profile news broadcasts to art galleries dedicated to photography. And the reason for his presence here in this isolated town far from society was the same as always; looking for the next big thing that would advance his career. And the best shot of the last Blood Moon for the next five years sounded like just the thing he needed.

Except what he didn't know was the secret practices kept hidden to him by the locals. As reclusive as they were, the fact that they welcomed this outsider so willingly without complaint should've roused some suspicion, but excitement and adrenaline made him careless, too caught up in his next claim to fame to notice how the lifeless the place had become the moment night fell...or how close the shapeless shadow stalking its way toward him had gotten, reaching out a stump like hand to touch the nape of his neck...

A barely noticeable shiver, and he would continue on as if nothing had happened, trudging down the road, eyes still pointed skyward, refracting the crimson glow above while subtle changes began to assault his body. Going unnoticed, even when his impressive height of 7 foot 6 rapidly begins to shrink down to a petite 4 foot 8 with every step taken by legs that likewise, were stripped of their muscular girth. Conforming to the slender doll-like figure his chiseled body had been reshaped into, dainty hands clenched around a camera still clicking away incessantly, lens pressed up against a face that was gradually losing its rigid, Caucasian features

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for the soft allure of the opposite sex, ripe pink lips so plump and soft they couldn't close fully, flanked by serpentine fangs protruding from his upper jaw.

Warm clothes were swapped out for a bareback dress that left a sexy back exposed to the elements. Baggy underwear vanishes altogether, leaving small sensitive mounds atop a small chest uncovered, instantly tenting the silken fabric once pink nipples swell and harden on contact, stimulating once dormant nerves and glands in a chain reaction that defuses the ticking time bomb below, causing it to immediately retreat back up between pert thighs connected to handlebar hips capable of hosting a baby or two leading up to a subtly cinched in waistline and a toned belly bereft of hair and swole abdominals.

By now, the man...or rather, the young lady bearing heavy local features he had turned into within a minute had to have known something was off. Especially when her former crunching footfalls are replaced by the sharp clip clapping of heels striking the uneven cobblestone beneath, accompanied by a subtle jiggle in certain portions of her body. But before she could raise a gloved hand to brush at the silken head of pale blue hair that had replaced her crew cut tickling the nape of a delicate neck, the blogger freezes in place once her eyes catch sight of the nearby graveyard, finding herself unable to resist a sudden urge to head that way, disregarding her previous concerns even as her ears begin to lengthen into pointed flaps while her formerly dull gray irises are diluted with pink, then fiery crimson the same shade as the Blood Moon still burning high above in the night sky.

It sounded like a disembodied voice, calling out from the depths of her mind, calling for her to 'join them', providing her with a memory imprints that puppeteer her body, holding her mind prisoner to prevent any attempts at resistance while the rest of the transformation finalizes itself in the shape of a cute flowery bonnet cap secured tightly around her head alongside an entire bevy of accessories from necklaces to earrings. Leaving the metamorphosed blogger standing limp in the middle of the misty burial grounds, vapid red eyes staring blankly off into the distance, slick drool leaking off the corner of her luscious lips as they hung open slightly, exhaling in short husky breaths that left a chilling mist hanging around her lifeless face.

But before she could do anything to try and free herself of the supernatural binding that had her stuck fast once her mind had caught on to the fact that she had lost her pecker, the monument in the center of the graveyard begins to tremble and glow with an ominous magenta that fuses with the moonlight into a nauseating glare that had her thoroughly transfixed. Feeling as if a part of her being was being sucked out of her the more she stared.

She wanted to close her eyes, look away, but the brighter the light grew, the more her resistance would crumble. And the more she stared, the more extra changes her body would undergo, like the enormous, leathery wings that jutted out just below her scapula, wrapping around her flank like protective veils or how her innards were being rewritten down to the genetic level, leaving her unable to consume any ordinary food

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for sustenance. Instead, her empty tummy now croaked for something that once flowed within her veins instead of the black fluid beneath her pale beige skin.

A final strobe of red from the monolith signifies an end to the blogger's humanity as all she once knew, what she stood for, was sapped out of her body and soul, leaving nothing but a husk behind. An undead beauty shaped after the region's most bewitching women in an effort to lure in human men to sink her fangs into.

But she would find no food here tonight, wrinkling her nose up at the foul stench of purified holy salts literally wafting in like a putrid tidal wave in the air, the camera by her feet long forgotten with the removal of her human memories, absorbed into the collective consciousness lurking within the cursed monolith of unknown origin going silent as the Blood Moon overhead begins to lose its scarlet hue, gradually returning the region to normal, a signal for the newborn vampiress to return home, back to the mountains above where her brethren awaited her presence, flexing her waxen wings before pushing off the ground in a pale blur, vanishing entirely with the only thing left to mark her presence being the ruin electronics lying in the middle of the silent graveyard.



She would meet up with her brothers and sisters, they would tell her of the nearest towns populated with delicious humans, and then she would have her nightly fill from less superstitious folk who wouldn't know about the existence of vampires, running a long pink tongue over her lips as she flew through the air, vague remnants of her former self manifesting images of the modern men who inhabited the villages and towns on the way to that reclusive hermit's dregde. And while some looked like portly morsels she would've liked to drain dry like a raisin, other, more handsome individuals sent a pang of lust shooting through her cold, cold body, envisioning the fiery comfort a man's semen could bring her once she had found a suitable mate to shoot his load deep inside of her, shivering in utter need while her aching snatch quivers at the vision. She simply had to hurry before the sun rose!

After that day, no one would ever hear from the famed photographer and blogger ever again, fading into obscurity as others in the business took over...all while the village hosting that accursed obsidian structure would enjoy the coming five years of peaceful nights free of the vampiric plague while their neighbors suffered a sudden string of unexplained attacks and weird dreams of a pale girl who would appear at night, soliciting sexual favours from certain men who found the sight of her enchanting. And although there had

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been a few deaths, the men lucky enough to encounter this 'Midnight Maiden' claimed to awaken the next morning feeling utterly wasted...and in oddly high spirits.

The authorities of course, would chalk it up to the work of a crazed street walker, remaining none the wiser to the supernatural threat that now lurked in the mountains alongside what few remained of her more ancient, reclusive kin. Uncaring of the life she had left behind...

THE END