



The boy knew something was wrong. He paced through the woods behind the rental cabin, hoping the fresh forest air would calm his nerves, but the glow of the full moon only seemed to exacerbate his symptoms. He had been sweating and trembling ever since he went on the bat cave tour with his family earlier in the day. He was able to ignore how he felt at first, but as the sun sank and the full moon rose over the woods, he began to feel like he'd caught the flu. He thought he'd eaten something bad, or even caught some disease from one of those flying rats in the caves, but he'd never felt sensations quite like this. He told his family that he was going for a short walk to clear his mind since he didn't want to worry them on vacation, but the longer he spent outside, the more he began to tremble. His pace slowed as he began to feel his back muscles beginning to twitch and spasm. Suddenly, a jolt of pain brought the boy to his knees.



He grit his teeth in pain and confusion as his back arched upwards. He couldn't see what was happening, but it felt like something was beginning to protrude from his shoulder blades. He groaned in pain as his bones began to crack, forming new appendages as his muscles tensed and began to rearrange themselves. Beads of sweat rolled down his face as his shirt tightened against his growing protrusions.



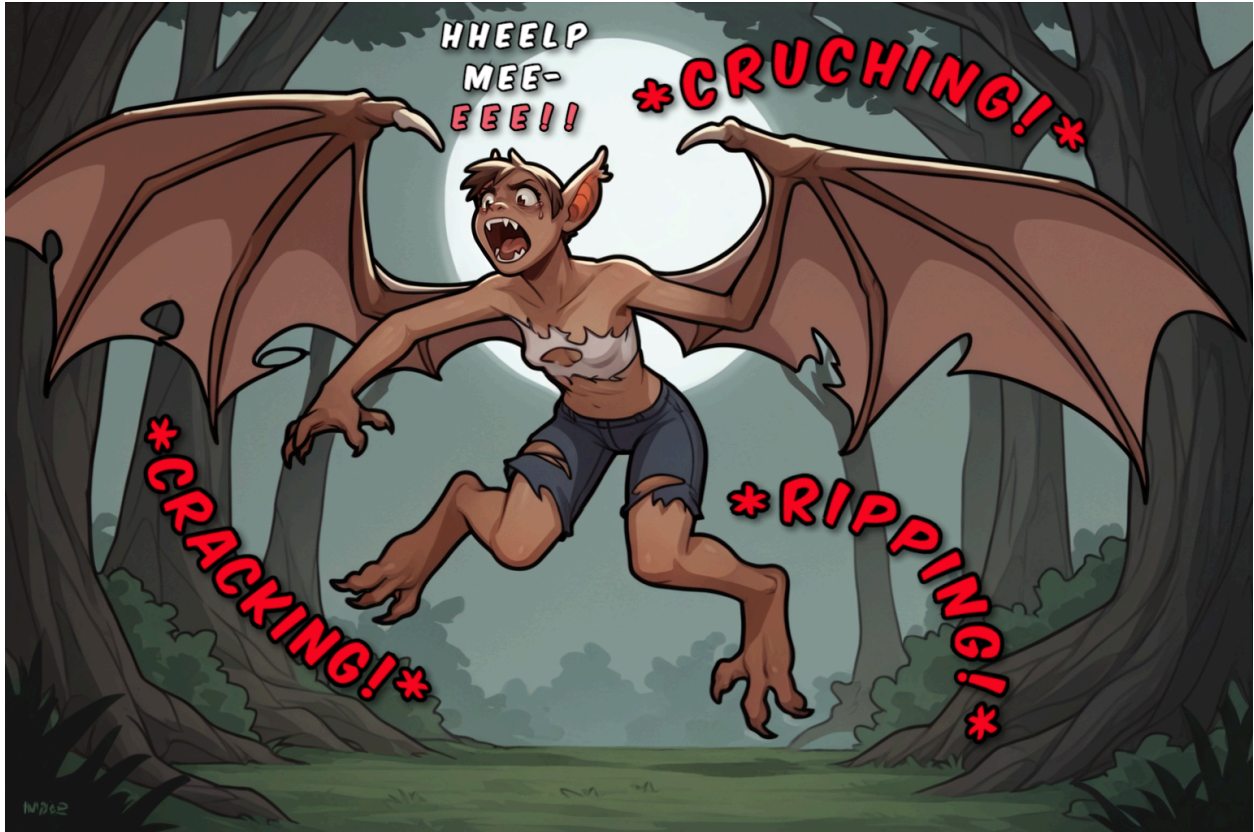
He tried to stand, hoping to make it back to the cabin for help, but as he began to lift himself off the ground he heard his shirt beginning to tear. He looked back just as two monstrous wings violently burst out from beneath his clothes. He stared in shock as his new wings began to twitch, their nerves sending alien sensations through his nervous system as their webbing swept against the cool night air. He gasped in confusion, barely noticing the changes were beginning to spread across his entire body.



He began to moan as his transformation grew more intense. He inadvertently flapped his wings with his new back musculature as they continued to grow. His whole body began to grow in tandem, his clothes ripping further as they struggled to contain his growing frame. His eyes widened in terror as his limbs elongated to match his stretching torso. The sounds of his cracking body started to sound louder as his ears began to grow long and pointed. He felt them twitch as additional nerves grew, capturing more soundwaves and feeding them back to the already overwhelmed boy. His mouth trembled as his teeth sharpened into a pair of vampiric fangs.



He stood up as his spine continued to elongate, pushing his perspective even further from the ground. He watched himself grow in terror as his wings continued to grow in strength, struggling to maintain balance as they flapped wildly. He clenched his teeth as his fingers began to twitch, his bones cracking as his nails began to elongate and harden into claws. He was already too terrified to think, but his confusion only worsened as he felt two soft mounds beginning to protrude from his chest.



His new wings stretched to their final wingspan as his arms suddenly snapped backwards. He watched in horror as one of his arms began to merge with his wing. He desperately tried to keep his other arm free as the nerves merged down his changing arm, letting him manipulate his wing like a giant webbed hand. Cracks and pops echoed through the woods as his humanity continued to fade. His skin began to darken as light brown fur spread across his body. He screamed for help as the violent flapping of his wings began to lift him off the ground. His screams began to devolve into monstrous screeches as his feet burst out of his shoes, lengthening into talon-like claws as his toes began to crack and merge.



He continued to float upwards, his new breasts bouncing with every panicked flap of his wings. His screams continued to devolve into shiver inducing screeches as his mind struggled to comprehend his new form. He shut his eyes as his viewpoint continued to get further away from solid ground. He might've even chuckled at the irony of someone with a fear of heights gaining the ability to fly if he wasn't overwhelmed with terror and confusion. His screams took on a blood curdling echo as his tongue began to swell, growing long and pointed as it snaked past his fangs and out of his mouth. His heightened senses began to work in tandem, the taste of the air alongside the sounds of the forest painted a better picture of his surroundings in his head than his own eyes. He could feel something happening beneath his eyelids as his eyes turned pitch black, losing visual clarity but gaining superhuman sensitivity to light. He wanted to cry as he imagined the monster he was becoming, but his fears were becoming replaced with something else. He felt a hunger growing within. Something feral. Something bestial. His crotch suddenly inverted, flooding his mind with overpowering sensations and causing him to let out an ear shattering screech of pain, pleasure, and confusion. It was all too much. He couldn't think. He opened his eyes and stared at the moon, the glow bouncing hypnotically off his shiny black eyes. He couldn't fight any longer. He was a creature of the night.

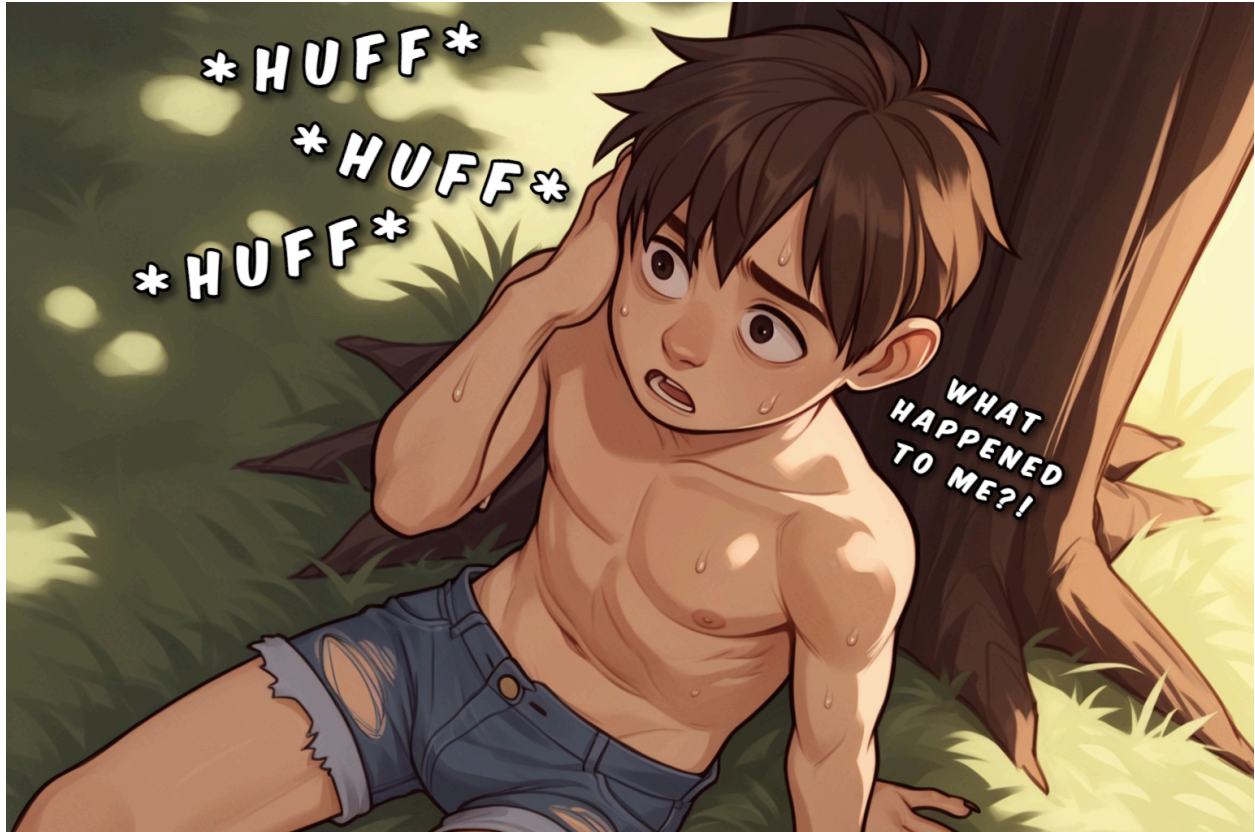


The new creature screeched as her instincts took over. She began to dart through the trees like an apex predator. The sound of her screeches bouncing off her surroundings gave her a perfect picture of the forest without even having to look at the ground. She could smell all of her possible prey nearby. She could practically taste their blood on her salivating tongue. She honed in on a doe drinking from the nearby river and wasted no time in hunting her first meal. The bat creature dove silently from above before pinning the animal to the ground with her claws. She trapped the panicked animal within her wings as she plunged her fangs into its neck, draining its blood in a matter of minutes. The creature crouched over her prey as she relished in bloody satisfaction, cleaning herself off before taking to the skies again to scout her next prey. She drank voraciously until dawn, landing below a tree to rest as the sun drained her monstrous energy and returning her to human form.





The boy panted as his body cracked and shrunk back to its original size. Memories of the previous night faded in and out of his mind like half-remembered dreams. His tongue receded into his mouth as his fangs dulled into human teeth, but the metallic taste of blood lingered. His wings snapped back into his body as his nails returned to normal, the sounds of his changing form growing softer as his senses dulled to human levels. The last of his fur receded back into his skin as his eyes began to flutter open. He breathed a sigh of slight relief as his vision came back, allowing him to take in the sight of the warm forest sunlight before leaning back against the tree and wondering what happened.



He didn't want to believe it was real, that he'd transformed into some monstrous bat creature, but his torn clothes and the taste of blood in his mouth confirmed the validity of the jumbled memories floating around in his head. He began to sweat again as he thought about what he would say to his family. How could he explain what happened without sounding insane? Were-bats weren't a thing, right? He decided to tell his family that he'd simply gotten lost in the woods after running from an animal last night. They were happy he was still alive and were about to call the cops to report a missing person. Needless to say, the vacation was cut short and they all returned home that day. He spent the next month nervously awaiting the next full moon, planning an excuse to get away from the neighborhood and ensure he didn't hurt anyone.



He spent the next few months looking for a cure to his curse, but to no avail. Every full moon he ventured out to the most remote part of town he could and reluctantly awaited his transformation. His friends and family were beginning to become suspicious of his behavior, and despite him wanting to tell the truth about his condition, he couldn't risk anyone being around him during a full moon. He thankfully hadn't hurt any humans yet, but he feared it was only a matter of time. It felt like he was becoming more monstrous with each transformation, but that's not what scared him most.



What scared him most was the fact that he was beginning to like being a werebat. The physical transformation still hurt every time, but the freedom of giving into his instincts was intoxicating. He'd begun storing his clothes in the same place every full moon so he could return home in the morning without being half naked. The transformations still put a strain on his body, but it was significantly more comfortable to deal with a growing body without clothes trying to constrain his powerful new form. The cracking bones and spasming muscles still hurt, but he found himself enjoying the sensations of his growing breasts and inverting sex a bit more with each full moon.



The feeling of his arms merging with his wings was still the strangest part, but he began to appreciate the dexterity he gained as his hands and wings became one and the same. He'd even noticed his fear of heights had dissipated as a human, but that made him wonder how much of this cursed form was bleeding into his human mind. A part of him always tried to resist giving in to his bestial urges beneath the full moon, but he also began to enjoy the process of letting go. The familiar sounds of his voice devolving into a monstrous shriek began to bring him a slight sense of relief as he gained superhuman awareness of his surroundings. His mind grew continually focused on animalistic urges as the moonlight melted away his human stresses and insecurities. He basked in his feminine curves growing more dramatic while his masculine fight or flight response was replaced with a willingness to submit to the night. After all, what would a monster have to fear?



The freshly transformed werebat let out a satisfied growl as she felt her humanity recede to the back of her mind. She was free from the constraints of society, of intelligence, of fear once again. She reveled in the night, taking twisted joy in knowing that the creatures of the forest panicked below her whenever they heard her screech echo through the woods. The bat monster had even become a local myth once hikers began finding animals completely drained of their blood. Against her human desires, she actually hoped to find a lost hiker wandering the woods tonight. She yearned to taste new blood, human blood, as her bestial instincts grew stronger with every moon cycle. Perhaps one day she could remain like this instead of having to revert back to her weak human form. She knew that even her human self loved the freedom and power this form offered, despite him being unwilling to admit it. Someday she would become a resident of the night permanently, and the whole world would see just how real the “Winged Terror” was.