



The Shadow of Midnight Power

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Lake sits by his bedroom window, watching the golden sun sink below the horizon while a strange pulse throbs beneath his skin. As the silver full moon crests the dark treeline, an eerie heat surges through his veins, signaling that the night has finally arrived.



Dark fur sprouts rapidly along Lake's arms as sharp claws extend from his fingertips, accompanied by sweeping obsidian wings and dark curved horns sprouting from his forehead. He gasps in awe as his teenage frame expands into a towering shadow creature overflowing with untapped strength.



Lake tests his massive new muscles, flexing clawed legs and vaulting over the high backyard fence with effortless grace. The thrill of absolute physical power coursing through him feels far superior to any fragile human limitation he has ever known.



Unfurling his broad leather-like wings, Lake leaps high into the cool night air and rides the wind above his sleeping town. Down below, the neighborhood streetlights look like tiny fireflies, filling him with an intoxicating sense of ultimate freedom.



He swoops down into the deep pine forest, snapping thick branches with a light tap of his claws and letting out a low rumble that shakes the autumn leaves. The sheer, terrifying rush of strength floods his senses, making his heart hammer with wild delight.



Lake pushes his limits further, sprinting faster than a mountain lion and leaping across deep rocky gorges without hesitation. The wild surge of dark adrenaline blinds him to all fear, making him forget his human chores, his school, and his everyday troubles.



Landing atop a tall granite cliff, Lake rears back and unleashes a victorious howl at the glowing moon, his wings fanned wide against the star-filled sky. He grins with ferocious joy, completely spellbound by the dark monster he becomes whenever the sun goes down.



When Lake stops to catch his breath over a calm mountain pool, he catches a glimpse of his reflection in the dark water. The glowing, feral eyes staring back at him lack all human warmth, startling him with the realization of how deeply the beast is taking over.



Taking a deep breath, Lake closes his eyes and deliberately recalls his favorite human memories, forcing his roaring beastly heart to calm down. He realizes that true power comes not from wild destruction, but from mastering the ferocious storm within his chest.



As the first pink rays of dawn break across the horizon, Lake feels the shadowy wings fold away and the dark fur retreat into smooth skin. Walking back toward his home as an ordinary teenager once more, he carries the quiet confidence of a boy who commands the dark without losing his light.