

You sit on your couch, staring at your legs in amazement. You had just received the bottle of Midnight Lycanroc Soda you ordered online, and drank half of it. The next thing you knew, all of your clothes from your waist down had disappeared, and your feet and legs had shifted and reshaped into the paws and legs you have now.

You continue to stare for another moment, and then you are utterly thrilled and overjoyed. You've got Midnight Lycanroc legs! This is amazing!

You jump up and stand on your new footpaws. You take a moment to admire your digitigrade paws. You then reach down with your hands and move them up from your right footpaw up your now elongated "foot" to your fur covered "heel". The way Midnight Lycanroc's legs bend waa just so cool, and the white fur that covered them felt so awesome.

You stop feeling your new legs and then start tapping your footpaws, the three big toe claws on each foot glinting in the light. You then start walking, smiling as you feel a sense of power and dominance in the way your legs move.

You then stop at the threshold to your kitchen. You glance at the linoleum floor, and then smoothly extend your right leg out over it. You then lower your footpaw onto the smooth floor and start to rub. You chuckle as your footpaw slides over the smooth surface while emitting squeaky noises from your paw pad rubbing against the floor.

You then recall the wet cement of the new sidewalk outside your home, and you quickly run outside to it. You stand at the edge of the smooth cement for a moment, then you dramatically raise your right foot and press it down into the cement.

You sigh as the cement squishes between the digits of your paw. You attempt to lift your paw out, only to discover that it was stuck in the cement. You nervously grab your soft, furry, white leg with both hands and pull. Your right leg goes nearly straight as the angle widens at what used to be your foot's former "heel". Your paw finally pops out and you land on your rear. You smile at your newly freed paw, although now it has cement all over it. You get up and hop on your left foot back into your home and into your bathroom.

You fill up your bathtub and sit on the edge with both of your furry legs dipped in the water. You use your clean footpaw to rub your cement filled one. Cement flakes off, revealing the clean white fur and prominent toe claws underneath.

You step onto the bathmat and slide your paws across it to dry your paw pads. You then lift your right leg and grab your right footpaw with your hands. You gently rub your three toes with your fingers, and then move on to massaging your entire paw. Your fingertips stroke your impressive toe claws, and you take the time to appreciate how shiny they are now. You eventually stop fondling your right footpaw and then do the same to the left. It might not have gotten stuck in cement, but massaging it still felt amazing.

You then grab a towel to dry off your legs. You then step off the bath mat and walk across the floor. Your claws click against the tile floor, creating a sort of a beat. The rhythmic clicking of your claws make you feel like dancing. So, right at the threshold of the bathroom, you hop over it, twist your body in midair, land on the hallway floor, and then start passionately moonwalking. You can feel your paws glide across the floor as you do this, and you glance downward and admire not only how easy it is to moonwalk on these digitigrade feet, but how smooth and cool it looks when these uniquely shaped legs moonwalk.

You reach one end of the hall and pose on your tiptoes. Then you take a step forward, only to hear the floor creak loudly. This surprises you, as you would expect these Midnight Lycanroc footpaws to be stealthier than that. You go back on your tiptoes and take another step with your left foot. The second your paw touches the floor, a static shock zips through your legs and causes all of the white fur on your legs to poof out.

You laugh out loud at this, and you shake each of your legs a bit to return the fur on them to their normal state. You walk into your kitchen and then see the half full bottle of the Midnight Lycanroc Soda you bought. For the first time, you see the message on the label which reads: "Drink the entire bottle to teleport into the world of Pokemon and completely turn into a Midnight Lycanroc permanently."

This message causes you to snap back into reality, as it were. Realistically, you can't just live your life with Midnight Lycanroc legs. The public will think you're a freak and either run from you or attack. Even if they didn't, every government in the world would seek to capture you for experimentation and possibly dissection. Plus, while having Midnight Lycanroc legs was awesome, being a full-on Midnight Lycanroc with big forepaws, sharp teeth, perfect night vision, the ability to talk to and battle with other Pokemon, and soft fur all over sounded like paradise to you. So, you grab the bottle and walk back out to where you stepped in the cement earlier. You take a moment to admire the perfect paw print in the sidewalk, then gulp down the rest of the soda. You then vanish without a trace.