

My Life as a WereKrystal

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A crowdfunded story

By

Desmond Fallout

The following contains: Werewolf transformations, Male to female TG, awkward romance

Read at your own discretion.



Part 10: Joe

"There's that wonderful human hospitality I've gotten used to receiving back home," Kira said from directly behind me. My folded wolf ears could hear the sarcastic eye roll oozing with her words.

The attendant didn't appreciate her commentary any more than I did. Those hate-filled eyes leaned to the side for a glance around my beefy figure at the armadillo. "Keep barking and see what happens, freak. The college might be friendly to the animals, but locals are allowed to run their businesses as we please."

I could feel Kira's heated breath on my back, sending a shudder through my tail. Thinking quick I fished out a handful of bills and slapped them on the counter. Turned out to be a pair of forties but it was too late to reconsider for fear of making things worse. "We're not here to cause any troubles. No worries. Just a pack of college girls looking for fun, ma'am. Keep the change!"

Caitlyn made a choking noise that I could only assume was an expression of disapproval. Thankfully, she chose not to chime in as the lady directed her scowl back to me. Our eyes remained locked for several seconds but I don't think my towering stature could fold in on itself any further than I had already managed. The fact I could pick up a growing line of other customers forming behind us probably helped bring out spat to an end.

"Fine then," she said, taking the bills with the apprehension one has for picking up dog poop.

A minute later Cait and Kira got themselves some fitting bowling shoes, albeit fairly overused looking ones. Me? Well, being a werewolf, I got to wear what was colorfully referred to as the 'doggy protectors.' Basically, a mix between tacky crocs and slippers, they were mostly just lumps of rubber meant to encase the claws of my enormous paws. I'm sure some anthro's might have to wear them on occasion, but our claws had a tendency to be a bit more dangerous than a normal lupine. Plus, we lacked the luxury of them being retractable. Any place with delicate floors would use to wear such ridiculous squeaky clown shoes if they were smart.

Assuming they let someone like me through the front door in the first place.

"Enjoy your games, lady and pets," the old woman said with a smile that felt even worse than her scowls.

"You too!" I blurted out without thinking over my words. A gentle nudge of my arms helped guide a grumpy Kira and Caitlyn towards the lanes. Amazingly we managed to snag an empty one as another group was leaving for the night.

"Freakin hell, J...Krystal! That was pathetic." Cait was more than happy to air out her opinions while we took seats to change out footwear. "You could easily yeet any single person in this place through a wall and you dropped cash in her face instead?"

"I'm not fond of it, either," Kira said, though a lot calmer than she'd been a minute ago. "But in my experience, it's not worth picking a fight with every person that spits at you on reflex. Though I am curious about that generous tip as well."

I could only shrug under her dazzling stare. "My own experience playing a lot of table top games. When peaceful negotiations don't work, bribery tends to be my fallback plan. People are always willing to overlook their own faux principles for a bit of free money."

"Wow." The armadillo shook her head with a giggle. "I never took you for a gamer girl, much less someone so pragmatic."

My tongue flicked out to lick the tip of my big black nose. "Is that a good thing?"

"My friends in middle school liked running a few fantasy RPGs. Just idly pondering if we could get our own small group going around here."

"Don't look at me," Cait said, even though neither of us were glancing in her direction. "Numbers and dice rolls are really not my thing. This big nerd couldn't get me to understand League of Legends."

"No one understand League, honey." Kira snorted before moving to sit at our lanes console. "Anyone care what order we go in?"

I was too busy trying to get the damn coverings on without them pulling at my claws too painfully to answer right away. That was when I picked up the soft thump of someone fairly large joining us on the lane.

"Hey ladies," a male's voice said feet away from me. I immediately had to suppress a groan since he was talking in that tone that suggested such a bland greeting was akin to playful flirting. "Mind if I join in on your game?"

Cait was oddly rendered speechless, for once in my life, so I decided to just shrug dismissively as I finally got my squeaky rubber pads on right. House rules obliged us to accommodate anyone and everyone due to the sheer number of waiting players. I could at least appreciate the fact this idiot bothered to ask first. "Find a ball and jump on in, bud. We got plenty of..."

My voice dropped on half as fast as my heart after I sat to take stock of our new playmate. I was greeted with a very dense eight back of abs poking through a tight sports t-shirt. The lion that owned this brick wall had decided to stand just shy of my

nose being able to bump into his belly button. Not that I couldn't enjoy the nauseating scent of sweat and body spray from a few inches away.

Sadly, his scent wasn't what filled me with a sudden urge to vomit. That sensation came when I continued looking up to meet his confident grinning face. His mane was stylized in a new pattern, with highlights that had to be a professional fur dying job, but there was no mistaking the scar that ran from his right temple down to his cheek. I was the one that accidently gave it to him when we were twelve years old, after all.

"Leon Greene!?" I gasped, and promptly hated myself for it. His eyes grew wide, no doubt at having an unfamiliar woman with beef to rival his own know his name.

The fact my mistake made his muzzle open wider to show all his smiling fangs made me want to yeet myself out a window.

TO BE CONTINUED...

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Afterward

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