

My Life as a WereKrystal

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# **My Life as a WereKrystal**

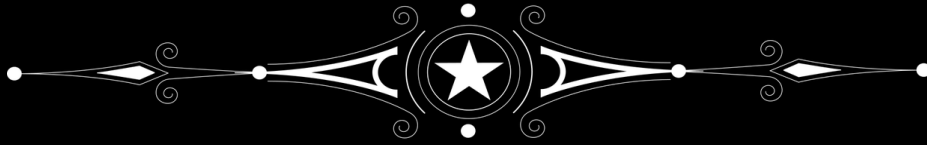
A crowdfunded story

By

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

Read at your own discretion.



Part 9: Joe

It was one of those instances where my mouth ran ahead of my brain. The full realization to what I'd agreed to only struck home after I'm spewed out the words fast enough to be barely comprehensible. After which point my entire body locked up, hands in my lap, eyes staring off into the distance of the bowling alleys far wall, not even a twitch left in my tail. Every possible meaning of the phrase 'hook up' played in my mind on loop, making my face progressively redder.

Kira seemed pretty delighted by my answer, however. At least, until my catatonic state lasted a bit longer than was probably healthy. "Is she going to be okay?"

"Yeah. Probably." Cait snapped rapidly beside one of my pointed ears. Instincts broke me from my trance with a reflexive growl of annoyance. "Poor introvert would get eaten alive in the wild."

"Your confidence in me never ceases to touch my heart." I gave Cait a show of snapping my muzzle full of fangs, but she doesn't even react, of course. Letting out a long sigh that flares my nostrils, I resign to give Kira my full attention again. "I assume you just mean a casual hang out date, right?"

Looked like it was Kira's turn to be taken off guard. Her eyes grew wide as she leaned back in her seat like I'd thrown a punch. A snickering from beside me made my adjacent hand slap Cait's shoulder without breaking eye contact with our new armadillo friend.

"Yeesh! I ain't that much of a party girl," she said once color returned to her cheeks. A soft seething noise erupted from between her fangs in rapid succession that I realized was a giggle. And odd way to do it, but it got me laughing along with her. "Besides, with thighs like yours I think you'd destroy me."

"Oh, shut up!" I snapped back, despite the hard blush that got on my face. Just what I needed; another smart ass to riff on me all day long.

"Wednesday sounds great to me," Kira continued once we'd all enjoyed the moment. Granted, I needed a second to remember what we were just talking about. "Six o'clock maybe? Will you be going as your wolfy self or do I get to see you out of uniform?"

"Oh, well, uh..." I scratched at the back of my ear trying to think that over. Most of the campus staff was aware of a registered werewolf taking night classes, but the only

one aware of them flipping genders on the fly was sitting right next to me. Odds were still pretty good this laid-back armadillo might freak out if I spill the beans this early. Too bad I also couldn't think of a way to back out of a date I just accepted without sounding like a bitch. "Much as I hate to say it, Caitlyn has it pretty right. I'm much more confident in my fur than during my day job."

Kira snorted, her gaze drifting over the lanes full of chattering bodies and clattering pins. "That's a bit of a surprise. After getting out of my last place I figured walking among these apes would get you stoned in the streets."

"It probably helps I'm usually around to kick their teeth in if they tried," Cait chimed in. "Granted, they don't know the wolf big enough to throw them into a ditch is very unlikely to do that."

"The psychological battle is always the first step, I'll admit," I said in agreement. The acidic bitterness that dripped out of Kira at her mention of 'apes' made me all the more confident in my decision to keep up the disguise. Poor girl probably got the wrong end of a hate mob at some point. "My mom wanted to move to this county after high school because it's become a lot more open to furry's. Makes it a heck of a lot easier for us to like semi-normal lives."

"Oh, your mom is a werewolf too?" Kira's beanie shifted with I assume was a perking of her ears. At my nodding she smiled warmly again. "That's neat. I always heard it was the dads that pass it on. Is she a mountain of muscle and curves like you?"

"Less muscle, way more curves. I mean, huge tracks of land!" I rolled my hands out in half circle motions a foot away from my own pretty large bust. That got both of my company laughing again. "But I feel awkward enough without discussing whether or not my mom is hot..."

"And boy is she!" Cait said, earning another smack in the arm by me.

"Can we like, bowl or something?" I mumbled, clambering to my feet.

Kira was quick to climb out after me. "It's not usually my thing, but I ain't got nowhere else to be."

We collected our empty plastic baskets for proper trash disposal while Caitlyn got grilled for other bits of random trivia around town. I was the first to reach the counter for bowling shoes, only to be greeted by a scowl from the greying woman working that shift. They probably already guessed what I was like Kira had, making me silently prey this would be a quick and painless transaction.

"ID?" she snapped in that disgusted tone I'd gotten used to since dealing with the college staff.

Caitlyn's cheery attitude fell off as I fished out my card and passed it over. It's not like I could do anything but roll with it. The government had struck deals with the various werewolf packs across the nation because a war against creatures physically superior

to humans in every way proved very unwise eighty years ago. Legally on paper I was allowed to do what I pleased as long as it wasn't already a crime. In practice, that milage tended to very.

We all watched the old crone somehow make an even more sour look finding my werewolf registration legit. She threw the card clattering across the counter so I barely managed to catch it from falling off.

"That's an extra forty-dollar charge for renting animal protection covers. If you even scratch the lane floors it'll be a three-hundred-dollar repair fine too."

TO BE CONTINUED...

*This story is a crowdfunded project made possible through the support of my [Patreon](#) \$20 tier and [Ko-fi](#). Every \$20 milestone in donations towards this project gets another 1000 words added.*

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# Afterward

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