

My Life as a WereKrystal

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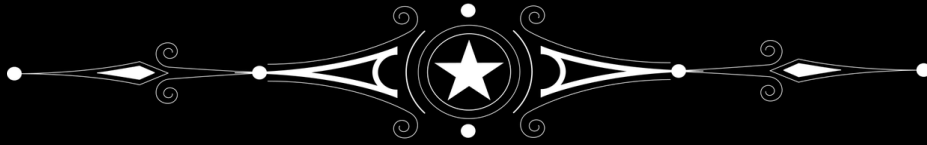
A crowdfunded story

By

Desmond Fallout

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

Read at your own discretion.



Part 3: Joe

“Well, she’s right about the cheap and practical parts, dear.” Mom rose from her chair, pushing back her blond mane in a stretch. “You kids have fun tonight. Don’t worry about waking me when you get home.”

This time I couldn’t hold back a snort while she collected the car keys and wallet on the way out. “Having another night at Fred’s?”

She paused to flash me a toothy grin over her shoulder. “Nah! Fred was a bit of a downer. There’s a new bar that opened up last week. I’m hoping I can catch some livelier prey to play with.”

“I liked Fred!” My protests went ignored as mom blew me a kiss goodbye and slinked out the front door. Moments later my enhanced hearing picked up the sound of our shared Honda revving and I knew she was pretty much gone for the rest of my night.

I would have stood in the kitchen fuming over orange juice for a while if my big black nose didn’t catch a whiff of skittishness. Cait had moved to stand beside me.

“We got class in twenty, by the way.”

“Yeah. Yeah.” I gulped my orange juice down a bit too hastily and excess dribbled over my chin fluff. The taste had gone sour on my tongue anyway.

Soon we were riding along in Cait’s own clunker car. Ironically, I always found her hand me down graduation gift a lot more comfortable than the leather seats mom insists on using. Leather has a very irritating scent.

“You seem a bit grumpier tonight than usual, Krystal. Get your tail caught in the door or something?”

And Cait was insisting on not letting me stew in my own angst. Having a byname of Krystal for campus life had been her idea. I wanted as few other people to know about my conditions as possible. It was embarrassing enough trying to convince the college registration office I was the same guy. Apparently, I remind her of some obscure video game character from decades ago because they also had blue fur. I don’t see a resemblance myself.

She even made up a cover story that I was studying abroad from the UK if anyone asked personal questions. It was full of holes, yet still better than my plan of sitting in a corner and hoping no one notices the tall wolf girl.

“Wish mom would act her age,” I eventually grumbled under her insistent stare.

My reward was a scoffing eye roll. “Oh. This again? Let her enjoy some freedom now that we’re all grown up and independent. My parents did the same thing when I found an apartment.”

“Your parents renovated their living room with their newfound spare cash. My mom has been through two men and a woman in the past year. She’s going to land her fat ass on someone dangerous acting this careless.”

“I’m pretty sure it’d take a lot to overpower a werewolf. You’d need something big like a werehippo, or a weredragon. Do those exist?”

“Lots of lizard furies claim to be dragons, but I doubt it. Remember Glen from algebra junior year?”

“Oh yeah. He wouldn’t shut up about heritage and turned out his family were one-third horned lizards. That was a letdown.”

We shared a chuckle, though my breath turned into a sigh. The college campus was rolling into view through the windshield. “I dunno. She’s trying to be supportive for ‘Krystal’ and all but she’s only sixty-ish. Neither of us are exactly experts on the whole being a werewolf thing. Even Grandma doesn’t know much about ones like...me.”

“Wait, seriously!? Your mom doesn’t look a day over thirty-four. Mine won’t stop complaining about how good she’s got it.”

I didn’t think my tail could sink any lower against the car seat. “Yeah. Found out that the whole myth about fast healing is true when I cut my hand last month. The wound was gone before I could even bleed. Apparently, it makes us age slower the older we get.”

“No fucking way! And here I thought she was going through the whole ‘heat’ thing furies always complain about.” The way she sounded so happy about my latest self-revelation while turning into a parking spot was almost encouraging. At least someone was enjoying this. “So, you’re, like, immortal then?”

That got a bark out of me when I’d meant to laugh. I promptly turned away with folded ears to hide the blush. “Being long lived isn’t the same as invincible. That’s my point. Grandma warned me about letting the gifts go to my head. Frankly I don’t like thinking about what this means for my future prospects.”

“Yeah. It’s way too early for that. Let’s focus on improving our math skills first.” Cait popped open her door laughing, but then paused with one foot out. “Wait. If your mom is over sixty, how old is your...?”

I flashed her a smug toothy grin as I undid my seatbelt. "You wouldn't believe her if she told you. Fuck. I still don't."

"Fair enough!" She locked up her car before we both started strutting our way through the tall buildings. "So does that mean you're going to develop into a bombshell when you hit forty?"

"Cripes! I hope not." Why'd she have to bring that up? That made it harder to ignore how my already heavy chest subtly shook with each step. "I'd miss seeing the ground."

That got a heartier laugh out of Caitlyn than I expected. It ended up being contagious enough to get my tail wagging again. I was even perked enough to hold the door open for her when we arrived at our first class building.

"Wait up!"

"Hmm! Oh! Hey Jeff." I had whirled just in time to see a white mouse guy running down the path towards us. My hand shot out and caught the door to keep it from slamming behind me so he could jump in beside us.

"Thanks, Krys. Hey Cait." He heaved a few breaths before regaining enough balance to adjust his unkempt black hair. "How you girls tonight?"

I gave a shrug letting the door close after no sign of other stragglers. "Can't complain."

"No more than usual anyway," Cait interjected, ignoring the cold glare I shot her. "Are you going to the bowling party after hours?"

The shorter mouse shook his head. "I'm covering a shift at Purgatory tonight. It's going to be a pain getting enough sleep for tomorrow. Didn't know you two were interested in going."

"You kidding!? After all the work I did getting this introvert out of her wolf den, nothing short of the apocalypse is going to stop us." Cait flopped one arm around my shoulders, using her free hand to jab a finger into my cheek like no one knew what wolf she was talking about.

It got a playful chuckle out of Jeff. I ended up being distracted by Cait's hand shoved in my face. Specifically, the teeth marks permanently scarred into the flesh. She probably didn't notice my shaking before I pulled enough wit together for a playful shove.

"Hey! Unless we're going to start dating again, how about some personal space?"

She backed a few steps away, firing off a raspberry. "You forfeited those rites when you let me learn how fluffy you are."

“Much as I enjoy watching you two, the class starts in two minutes.” Jeff pointed out the doorway, where we could clearly see the professor approaching. This place held a serious no tardy policy and students were infamously locked out of rooms even when a few feet from the door.

“Yeah. I could use some lectures on biology to take my mind off everything,” I said while we filed into the classroom in search of desks.

TO BE CONTINUED...

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Afterward

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