

My Life as a WereKrystal

1

My Life as a WereKrystal

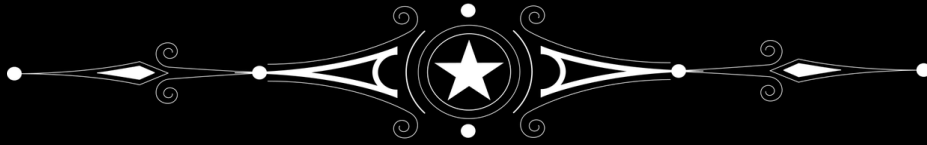
A crowdfunded story

By

Desmond Fallout

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

Read at your own discretion.



Part 8: Joe

Their complete non-response to our arrival made me wonder if they were even aware of us. But then the way they took their sweet time savoring a spoonful of ice cream and chocolate cake had me convinced this was a deliberate act. Perhaps they didn't know I was an expert at the patience game and could wait hours for them to scarf that whole thing if it meant seeing who cracked first.

"Yo! The wolf queen here asked you a question!"

Caitlyn was not so much one for patience. We all knew this furry can't outright deny us eating space. It was part of the party rules plastered all over the place. Given the owners wanted to cater to as many freshmen as possible, sharing space was more or less mandatory. All part of that socializing experience I hear so much about.

"Hmm?" The armadillo finally glanced, way, up at me with sparkling blue eyes. It was only then I realized we were talking to another woman around our young age. Their oversized shirt, pants, and beanie threw me off when I already couldn't smell for beans. Being suddenly granted the moniker of wolf queen already had me looking away to hide the blush. Something this new girl seemed highly amused by. "Oh! I'm sorry. By all means. Make yourselves comfy."

Cait snorted, sliding into the opposite bench without comment. I flopped my much larger butt next to her, having to partially hang some of it out the side. They never make these things big enough for a part-time girl like me.

I decided to break some already thick ice first. "I'm Krystal. This sunshine is Caitlyn."

"Kira," the armadillo said between mouthfuls of sundae. "Nice to meet you girls. You wouldn't happen to be locals, by chance?"

"Born and raised!" Cait piped in, though I wish she'd swallowed her mouthful of burger instead of trying to speak around it. "We're three years out of high school and only partially know what we're doing with our lives."

Kira hunched forward looking like she might have bitten the spoon in her mouth clean off in an effort not to laugh. She eventually choked back a piece of brownie with tears in her eyes. "Wow! I admire your blunt honesty."

"Never been one to beat around the bush. It just makes things more complicated than they have to be. I take it you're from out of state?"

"Just arrived last week. I'm originally from the southeast, but it's hard to get a scholarship or grants when you're...you know..." She held up one of her hands. Though it still had a feminine grace, it was also covered in brown fur with armor plates running down the back and sporting long claws.

"Right." Caitlyn nodded, this time waiting to finish more of her burger before speaking. "We get our own share of issues, but it's certainly a lot more welcoming up here."

"I'll say. Just seeing everyone mingling in this place tonight is a huge breath of fresh air." I'd been happy to nibble on my chicken in silence while the girls talked shop, which is why I nearly jumped when Kira suddenly turned her attention on me. "It's really surprising to meet a werewolf here too."

"Pssssh grrrkle bwaaank!" Those were more or less the sounds a wolf woman makes when choking on a piece of fried chicken. I was quick to guzzle my sparkling cocktail in an attempt to wash it back, soaking the front of my stretched t-shirt with about a fourth of it. Cait slapped me on the back a few times offering up a napkin, but the cheap excuse for paper didn't help much.

"Sorry, didn't know you were still self-conscious about it." Kira's muzzle split into a fanged grin in what I could assume was an attempt at looking empathetic. "It's not often I meet one face to face."

"W-what makes you think I'm a..."

"You got to be kidding, right?" The armadillo cut me off, gesturing at my body in a sweeping motion. "It's impossible to notice a big girl like you sticking out even in this crowd. I've had wolf friends back home and they aren't a brick house like you. Hell, I bet you can suplex both of them with ease."

"Both at once?" Cait asked with a curiosity I found disturbingly earnest.

I gave my friend a long stare. "You always know how to ask the important questions."

"It's one of the things you like most about me."

"I think it's pretty awesome," Kira said, regaining control of the conversation. "The blue fur is an exotic look I can really go for. It helps bring out your feminine charms."

"I know, right!?" Cait was all too eager to jab a finger into my bicep. "I've been telling this beta to get a live stream channel for years now. Between video games and these guns she'd rack in a year of tuition."

"Those boobs wouldn't look too bad in a tank top, either."

"Why do I feel like the finalist at a dog show?" I grumbled, stuffing another chicken tender down my muzzle.

"I would have pegged you for puppy in the pet shop window." Kira shot me a wink and I could feel the steam coming out my ears. "The way you shy up so much is adorable."

Holy crap. Was this hipster tomboy flirting with me?

The realization hit me like a freight truck, forcing me to confirm her assessment about my timidness by looking intently at my lap. That couldn't be how social interactions work in the adult world. We literally just met.

Kira had giggled at my futile attempt to look smaller and glanced to Caitlyn. "I'm sorry, are you two a couple, or...?"

Letting that question hang sent a shock that stopped my heart. She really was fishing for me. What the heck do I do? No high school girl ever expressed interest in me when I had the manhood. Cait had been more of a pity hang out after the second time she caught me being bullied.

"Nope! We're just good friends. Tried dating senior year and agreed it wasn't really that kind of relationship." Caitlyn was rubbing her hand absently at the memory, right over the scars as she spoke. "She's a lone wolf, and trust me when I say this pathetic introvert could really use a pack."

At least I could always count on her to spoil a mood with some chop busting. "What happened to wolf queen a few minutes ago?"

"You earn your way up to queen when you show more assertiveness for a change!" She gave me a raspberry.

I snorted a growl in response. "You can't just promote and demote me on a dime. That's a nightmare of paperwork for the secretary."

"You let me worry about the werewolf unions and eat your chicken like a good puppy."

My mind was still reeling from the person across the table and couldn't think of a sassier come back. After a few seconds of Cait and I silently glaring each other down, I broke away to chew on my last chicken tender. Kira's soft laughter actually felt good to my wounded pride.

"You two are amazing." The armadillo had finished her sundae, washing it down with a bottle of draft beer. "I can tell who was the top during your hook up."

Caitlyn laughed so loud it attracted curious stares of nearby tables. Something I was glad for, because it drowned out the noises I made from resuming to choke on fried chicken.

"See, Krystal?" she jabbed me in the ribs once we'd both calmed down. "And you were worried about meeting new people. Not everyone wants to stab a werewolf with silver on sight."

Kira's ears perked up from under her beanie. "Holy crap! That's actually true?"

"Krystal says it's not, but I'm sure that hasn't stopped some people."

"Ah. True. Still, I agree. It's great there's parties like this for students to get to meet each other. This certainly improved my night." Kira took a long swig of beer, never letting her eyes off me. Those damn, hypnotic blue eyes. "So, Krystal? I hope I'm not reading this wrong, and please forgive the forwardness, but would you like to try hooking up?"

I must have looked like a statue while both my companions watched for my answer. At that moment my world had shrunk to the size of a raisin, so I needed a minute before checking back into reality. It was obvious this night was not going how I'd expected.

I mean, I'd take this over passive aggression and threats of violence, but at least my mental state had been prepared for those. The side of me that was Joe did somersaults trying to decide an appropriate response. My Krystal half was more forward with her feelings on the matter. I was pretty sure everyone could hear the rapid thuds of my tail wagging against the booth.

A sharp pinch in my arm brought me back with a yelp before the two sides could reach consensus. Caitlyn had jabbed her nails hard into the back of my hand as a means of motivation.

"Yeah. Great! How does next Wednesday night sound?"

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.

Copyright © Desmond Fallout

All rights reserved.

Afterward

Hello, you beautiful person! I hope you enjoyed this story as much as I loved making it. If you'd like to read more, feel free to check out several of my other platforms where I post content for free and special exclusives.

<https://www.patreon.com/Vault72>

<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/desmondfallout/>

<https://www.deviantart.com/desmondfallout>

<https://ko-fi.com/A54251GK>

<https://twitter.com/DesmondFallout>



SPECIAL THANKS!

All my work is made possible through the amazingly awesome support of my fans and friends. Thank you everyone for helping me entertain you!

Our thanks to the people who have crowdfunded this story so far:

M Livius Drusus

Jacob Blaustein

And a special shout out to my top supporters on Patreon and DeviantArt:

Moresmallerbear

RottenDingo

Axel Stephan

Aneru

Nathaniel Windcaster

Meepes

Redbow

Forvet

Xilimyth Senuva

Scott Collier

Max O-Zuma