

My Life as a WereKrystal

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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 4: Debra

The parking lot was packed by the time I pulled in for a spot. That was always a good sign. They'd have to be serving some good stuff to be attracting this kind of business.

I had heard about the Stormy Tigress Tavern opening a month or so ago from one of my club friends. It'd just taken me a while to swing my tail in for a personal review. Mostly it had to do with my last fling, Fred, becoming such a bore lately. He was doing that thing most mortals do when the thrill of first meetings wore off. Our time together was becoming less about dancing and booze, more about quiet dinners and long walks.

All that romance crap can kiss my very sexy ass. Long term relationships never turn out well for therianthropes. I had thought Joe understood that when they broke up with their amazing girlfriend. Instead, the poor boy seems to be getting grumpier about my choices every week. They should be worrying about their own future. It's bound to be a very different one than either of us expected, after all.

Speaking of which, I should take his Krystal side out for an evening to celebrate their new college life. That might be a good excuse to start unloading all the werewolf baggage we've been avoiding since the first change. No better way to break the ice than some booze and dancing. One of my favorite clubs even offers video games for him to get distracted on. A looker like him could pick up a good lay afterwards. Finally popping that cherry would make explaining a lot of things easier for me.

Assuming he'd go for any of that. My list of potential ways to bond is a bit short. Would be nice if my own kid came to me for help instead of hiding in that room all night. They're going to end up a recluse hermit camping the woods like in the old times, except with more game boys or something.

Bah! These were problems for future wolf mom to worry about. I paused a moment for the standard fluffing of my golden hair and strolled in with my chest puffed out.

Of course, the bartender would be a furry tigress. I love these modified mortals' sense of humor. Not bad on the eyes, too. They sported a torn sleeved t-shirt that showed off thick upper body muscles. Someone that sure loved pumping weights, with brown hair tied back in a ponytail to complete the butch look.

Naturally, my entrance got her attention in the middle of serving two valley looking girls a round of shots. Her golden eyes met mine in a very analytical gaze. I responded with a wink and tail wag that got her muzzle curling into the slightest of smiles.

We were definitely going to be friends by the end of the night. Before that I had to scope out my list of potential prey.

A badger was shooting pool with some humans when this rocking wolf had caught their eyes. He was a bit chubby around the middle, but might be a good cuddler. Even the female among them was eying my girls with a hint of desire. I do so love that I can still spark that in people.

Four nerds were playing some kind of card game in a corner booth. Why would you come to a bar for that kid stuff? Oh right. Joe had mentioned something about a popular game store closing last week. Social hang outs are hard to come by, I guess.

A fox guy, a mouse girl, and three humans were filling up the bar stools. None of whom seemed interested in talking outside drink orders. Those that weren't watching a muted basketball game had their noses in their phones.

Really not a lively looking bunch so far. Still, the night was young. I padded on bare paws over to one of the stools with a vacancy on either side. Maybe a subtle invitation might draw my next catch.

The shelf bottles practically rattled with the bartender's approach.

"Hello blondie! I can't put a claw on it, but I swear that entrance of yours feels familiar somewhere. What's your poison?"

"I'm a very active barfly, so we might have seen each other in passing around town. Could I get a screwdriver, please?"

"Yeah. Sure, hun."

I rested my muzzle chin in my hands watching that amazing kitten stomp away. Stripes go damn good with muscles, I must say. Hearing the door open again made me turn with several other curious heads to check out the new arrivals. Two humans and an anteater were looking ready to relax after work by the smell of their formal clothes.

Their eyes lingered on me for a second, but apparently there wasn't enough interest to come say hi. Pity.

When I realized they were going to spend all night hiding in a booth I settled back onto my stool. That was about the time my acute canine senses picked up a presence occupying the seat beside me. A notion that sent a rock plummeting in my stomach with a loud dejected sigh without me having to look at them. Only a handful of people I knew of could sneak past my ears.

None of them I liked.

“Nice to see you too, Debbie.”

A second sigh came out more as a threatening growl. Just happened to be my luck the bartender chose that second to return with my boozed-up orange juice. Thankfully, she only seemed a little surprised and didn't smell the least bit put off while setting the short glass on a coaster in front of me.

“Your daughter need something?” she said, directing the question at my unwanted new companion.

Not the first time that little assumption had been made. Aside from our matching blond hair and brown eyes, the night-black wolfess was my exact opposite; short and flat as a plank of wood. What little figure she had got buried under a rusty jeans and t-shirt. Though it wasn't her lack of feminine charms that had my tail curling between my legs.

TO BE CONTINUED...

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Afterward

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