

My Life as a WereKrystal

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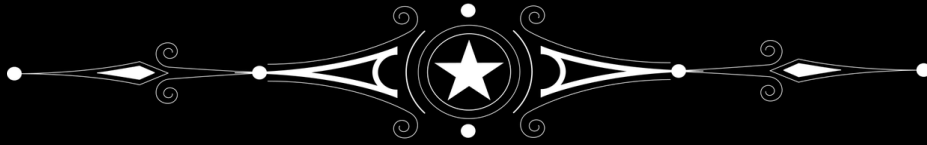
A crowdfunded story

By

Desmond Fallout

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

Read at your own discretion.



Part 2: Joe

At any rate the easy part of my night was over. Grasping the rim of my sink I leaned forward and rocked my body violently back and forth. My enormous tail lashed about like a wild snake with the shaking of my hips while waist-length hair fluffed up. It was a very dog thing to do, but also did wonders in loosening up the crap ton of extra mass I'd just grown.

Thankfully, I wasn't one of those wild, growling kinds of lycanthropes that needed to be locked in a cage every change. According to our family, this whole thing is a genetic trait from a very, very long lineage. Time has a way of domesticating even the best of us, I guess. Hell, aside from the odd height and extra strength such a condition provided, the general public didn't find me all that interesting. Any odd instinctual tick got chalked up to another wolf furry doing wolf things.

Like the annoying compulsion to howl. Holy crap! My fangs clenched as I fought a desire to rock my head back and let loose a primal cry. Even mom couldn't explain why every damn change left us wanting to do such a stereotypical act. Maybe it dated all the way back to a real wolf's way of announcing 'Hey! I'm here!' when traveling to new territory. I've always been more concerned about upsetting the neighbors. It took months after my first change to finally push that part of me back enough to stop it. And boy does mom like to tease when the occasional awoo slips out.

The feeling passed after a few agonizing seconds without so much as a bark, leaving me on a fifteen-night streak. Now I could finally straighten and grab a brush from the make-up box for a quick grooming. Somehow gaining an extra two feet of length left my hair really tangled. Plus, it felt great brushing the fur on my face and arms.

There were other fancy things like coloring polish for claws, and highlighter for aforementioned facial fur. The box had been one of moms many graduation gifts, though the brush was about the only thing I'd used in the preceding two years. Gender flipping wasn't unheard of among shapeshifters according to the limited online research I could find, yet was still an anomaly in itself. We are both fairly lost on how one deals with such a thing on a nightly basis.

Yeah, we change almost every night. No idea how moon phases ever factored into the legends. Maybe I get slightly bigger on full moons? I've yet to care enough to run a comparison when everything feels in the way as I am. In the end being forced to get a job and either attend college or pay rent had a way of working things out for us.

Since I can only ever work day shifts, attending night school as some young lady wasn't too big an issue.

Speaking of which, I'd delayed things for about as long as they could go. After a quick sit on the toilet, I went to collect my books into a backpack and slipped on the larger pair of sneakers beside my bed. There wasn't a point bothering with socks when my toes have claws and natural pad support.

My pointed ears perked the moment I opened my bedroom door to leave. Two familiar voices were already conversing downstairs in the kitchen. Unlike my vocals, moms stayed roughly the same after her change, if maybe a little deeper. The other was my best friend, turned ex-girlfriend, and back to best friend again.

"Look who finally decided to come crawling out for the evening!" Caitlyn said the moment she heard me thumping down the stairs. For just being a normal human, she had the uncanniest hearing sometimes. Her and mom were already at the kitchen table getting comfy over a carton of orange juice. "I was worried I'd have to bait you out with a doggy treat."

"Nice to see you too, Cait." I strolled in ignoring the smug look on her face like she hadn't given that joke at least six times in the past month.

You eat one milk bone on a dare and the girl never lets you live it down.

Eating the entire box of treats right after was just one of those instinct ticks I was talking about. I swear! Making them come in pizza flavors is just criminal.

"How'd you do on the math assignment?"

At least she had the sense not to hang on to my shame forever. Although she still watched me like some pet in a shop window while I poured myself a cup for the road.

"It should be fine enough," I grumbled between sips. It was nice to still have cheeks for proper drinking. Letting habit's take over for tongue slurping never sat right with my human raised nature. "Still not getting the advanced algebra stuff."

Cait waved that off with a free hand. "I'm sure we'll find someone that can study group with us before it becomes a problem. We're only a week into the semester."

"Are you sure you want to wear that again?" Mom pipped in. "We can get you more clothes, dear. You don't have to use the same thing every night."

I looked at my fellow werewolf kin having to really bite back an urge to say something salty. While most people I've met consider me big even for furry wolf standards, my mom was, for lack of a technical term, fucking huge. We're talking eight feet, have to duck to get out the front door, stacked like an anime nerd's waifu, huge. The fact she managed to fit her brown fuzzy hourglass into a tube top and daisy dukes was both impressive and embarrassing.

“It’s fine, mom. The thrift store is better on a college budget than trying to get something tailored around my tail.”

“You should just wear skirts,” Cait said before finishing her juice. “Way more practical for managing that thing. Besides, you’d look adorable in them.”

“Please don’t help!”

TO BE CONTINUED...

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Afterward

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