

My Life as a WereKrystal

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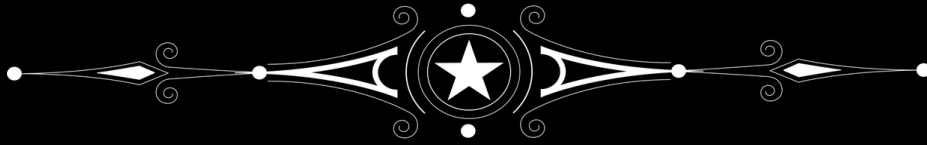
A crowdfunded story

By

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

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Part 14: Leon

"Long story short; I had a tussle with this guy back when we were little kids. We were like twelve or something around that time. He was already getting that whole 'human superiority' gunk shoved onto him so he thought I'd be an easy mark."

I couldn't help giving a soft chuckle, despite how that probably made me look. It'd been a long time since I had to recall my first fight, though there was a permanent nook in my tail to always serve as a memento.

Then I noticed Caitlyn eying me again.

"In any case, it was a school yard feud. He got some scratches, and I'm pretty sure I had a fang chipped. Honestly, I'd say the other guy got the better of me."

"Physically, maybe. Mentally, poor Joe was so rattled it was a while before he let house cats approach him again."

"Joe! That was his name, right?" I looked past Kira towards Cait. She just can't resist butting in at every opportunity. At least the name drop sparked a flood of memories I'd been struggling to recall. "How has he been doing? You two still hang out?"

"Why on Earth do you want to know this?"

Sensing a looming presence killed my come back.

"Hey, Kira. You're up!"

The armadillo clicked her tongue, looking disappointed as she jumped from her seat. "Just when it was getting good, too."

She strolled off for her turn with the pins. Krystal promptly flopped into the now vacant seat next to me. An act I could help enjoying with the way it visibly upset Caitlyn. Apparently, they weren't on the same page with subtle positioning cues.

"What'd she mean by that?"

Krystal's innocent question whipped my head in her direction. Having a chance to be this close to her helped me assess she wasn't that much bigger. Maybe a foot at most. But damn, those muscles were taut. Way more than my own. Plus, she smelled

so good. It was getting so to keep my tongue from becoming a floundering fish when I spoke.

"I was just recounting the tale of how I was a dick in high school."

"Oh yeah?" Her beautiful face twisted into a grin I recognized. The kind where she knew an awful entertainment show was taking place. "Well, credit for admitting it. Does that mean you're carrying some regrets?"

The more important question should be why is everyone putting me on some kind of trial tonight? Caitlyn was one thing, but getting grilled by these strangers that knew nothing about me felt unfair. For a moment her beauty stopped mattering, especially with that shit eating grin painted on it.

"Joe started a fight that I finished. I get plenty of shit every day for existing, so I'm not about to feel bad for standing up for myself. One would think a werewolf of all things would understand that."

Caitlyn was doing something behind me, which I ignored. My eyes remained locked with Krystal's getting some small sense of victory watching this giant wilt under our common problem.

"But you were petty enough to keep it going for years after the fact?"

Her tone had drooped to something a bit more gentle, more pained than I'd expected, but it was impressive she still had something bite back.

"No one messes with you when you set a clear example of the consequences." I knew that had been an awful sentence the second I saw her ears drop. "I'm not trying to justify everything here. Frankly, it's feeling like Cait here is the one still being petty. It's been years and I bet her old fling is doing just fine far away from me."

"Y-yeah?" What the hell was up with that smile? Krystal's lips warped like she was trying to fight her way through a bucket of moldy cheese. "I guess moving on does help sometimes."

"At least Joe and I went to prom together. Don't seem to recall anyone asking a creep like you."

"And that's what I'm talking about!" I whirled to face Cait, stopping short of jabbing her with a claw. "You just want to shove every bitter memory back at me while you have the chance?"

"It is making me feel better, honestly."

"Pfft! You were the ones being talked about the week after prom, if we want to get specific. Something about being attacked by a wild animal. What was up with that?"

There was a surprisingly pathetic whimper from Krystal. She'd taken to pretending her paw coverings needed adjusting when I shot a glance back.

"I don't see how my love life is any of your business."

That got my fur rising in a low growl. Something that didn't seem to faze a perturbed Cait. "Oh, now you want to play that card after busting my balls. What the hell are you doing holding this grudge? What do you want from me?"

"Hey! King of the jungle." Both of us jumped at Kira suddenly standing before me. Her thumb jerked back at the bowling lane with her muzzle stuck at a crooked grin. "Much as I'm enjoying this amazing banter among frenemies, it's been your turn for the past two minutes."

Giving the release of tension around me, I think all three of us were glad for any excuse for a brief respite. Good to know Caitlyn's been seething about this crap long after I'd been out of her life. At least her friends were still taking it with a relative open mind. Just wish I could know just how much of my teenage mischief she'd been yapping about to Krystal.

For that matter, I wish I'd been paying attention to when any of the girls were playing, because I had no fucking clue what to do with this giant stone ball.

TO BE CONTINUED...

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# Afterward

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