

My Life as a WereKrystal

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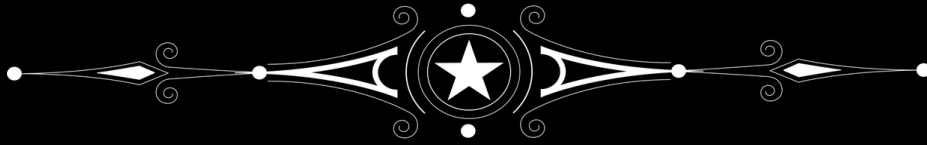
A crowdfunded story

By

Desmond Fallout

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

Read at your own discretion.



Part 13: Leon

"Look, that was a long time ago."

"It was barely two years."

I took a long, deep breath through my nostrils and let the exhale blow through the space between my fangs. No. This damn grumpy human wasn't going to get under my fur. She had a way of doing that in high school like a super power, which she'd clearly learned to master by now. Something told me they were begging for an excuse to start a fight. It's easier to get a furry thrown out that way.

I decided to try a different tactic. My first impression was already a sinking ship without me starting a fire on it. "The point being, we've had lots of time to reflect on past actions and take in the real world as adults."

Cait snorted but surprisingly refrained from giving any low brow sass. Something about my words seemed to have caught Krystal's attention, though. The big wolf babe had her ears perked in my direction with her head at a slight tilt. Just the opening I needed, so I shifted my full gaze towards her.

"I can admit whatever she's said about me is probably true. Lots of people are awful going through their teens. A lot of it has been shameful to think about now that we're out in the real world. If I'd go back and redo a lot of it differently if I could."

The scoffing from Cait told me she wasn't buying it. Maybe I did regret a few things. Breaking a guy's leg by accident when I didn't fully comprehend the force of a ten foot fall off bleachers, for example. That was supposed to have just been another day of rough hazing. At least the poor bastard healed faster than I thought humans ever could.

More importantly, I seemed to have Krystal's attention now. Those brown eyes of hers seemed to be judging my words, yet kept flickering between meeting mine and pretending there was something interesting on the floor in different intervals. When I moved the slightest bit towards her, hoping to emphasize some form of sincerity, she promptly took two steps back. Ears flopped back as her arms raised to her ample chest.

Damn it. I'm too tired from practice to try anymore with these petty women.

"Listen," I turned back to Cait, who I failed to notice had taken a step like she was preparing to get between me and the big wolf. "Like your friend said, I just wanna do some bowling and chill. Can we all just pretend we're mute for an hour or something?"

Before Cait could fully think of something truly nasty, I knew would come, the armadillo spoke up from her seat rather casually.

"You know party rules can't let us refuse him, right? And there's plenty of others waiting for the lane if we're just going to stand around bickering."

I shot this tomboy savior what I hoped was a thankful look. Basic logic seemed to finally knocked the wind out of Caitlyn's raging sails, though that stink eye would probably stay on me for all eternity. Now I really was regretting a lot of my high school choices.

"Get a damn ball already," she grumbled while walking past me. "I'll add you to the roster."

"Thanks, Cait," Krystal said and then glance to me with the most forced smile I'd ever seen on a canine. "She's a wild cracker, huh?"

"Literally the only human I was ever scared of in high school," I admitted with a chuckle.

The big wolf blinked and rewarded me a giggle of her own. I saw those big muscles of her finally relax for the first time since I arrived. Shame she promptly moved to take a seat beside the armadillo.

Glancing up at the screens, of course Cait would put herself first. That gave me more than enough time to find a ball that my sausage fingers could fit into. A downside of having some lion paws was how bad I handled elegant tools. When I came back the witch had already done both her rolls and Krystal was lining up for her turn.

Cait was looking right at me when I glanced over in search of a seat. The fact she'd positioned herself on the opposite side of Krystal's now empty chair sent a clear enough message. I made a straight line for the only remaining empty chair beside the armadillo.

"So, what's your deal with these guys?" she asked almost the second I sat down.

It was so sudden I needed a second to realize that pointed nose was looking in my direction. "What? You mean the angry human over there hasn't written my autobiography of war crimes yet?"

Okay. I'm probably a hypocrite for how fast I diverted to poking back, but I've had a long night. Sue me. The look Cait gave before trying to check her phone was totally worth the risk.

Besides, the slight remark seemed to amuse their other company, which made me feel a lot better.

"I just met these nerds an hour ago. Name's Kira. My family moved into town a couple months ago so I could get some education cheap." She leaned on in until our shoulders pressed together, looking up at me with an exaggerated eye blink. I never knew an armadillo could look adorable until tonight. "They say there's always two sides to a story. I think I'd rather hear yours first."

"Uh," was the intellectual sound I made in response. Looking to Caitlyn, she was already eyeing me with such an intense stare it my mane in a frizzle. After a few seconds of silence broken by the clattering of bowling pins, she finally went back to her phone. Warning well received, ya psycho.

TO BE CONTINUED...

This story is a crowdfunded project made possible through the support of my [Patreon](#) and [Subscribestar](#) \$20 tier and [Ko-fi](#). Every \$20 milestone in donations towards this project gets another 1000 words added.

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Afterward

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