

My Life as a WereKrystal

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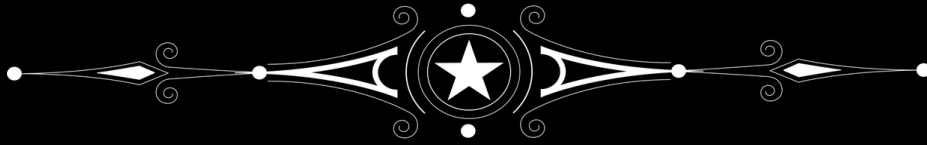
A crowdfunded story

By

Desmond Fallout

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

Read at your own discretion.



Part 19: Joe

Unlike Cait, I was not about to argue with an armed gunman anymore than I wanted to parlay with a more experienced werewolf.

And like Mr. Never Serve or Protect over there, I was ignoring Cait's protests as I followed their instructions.

I'm sure a lot of people might think the gender change is the weirdest anatomical change I have to deal with regularly. They may be right, from an outside perspective anyway. What always blows my mind is how werewolves can be both bipedal and quadrupeds whenever they damn well feel like it. I don't know if it's the tail, the longer arms, or some weird gyro mechanism in my, ridiculously wide, hips. Galloping on over and plastering my face against the wall came as natural as breathing.

Honestly, I think its one of the more fun things about the transformation. Life is a lot simpler when you can pretend to be a dog. Shame I wasn't going to be getting that escapism tonight.

"You too, freak." I didn't need to turn to know he was talking to Leon. The fact our lion friend could barely move his injured arm didn't seem to register on his caring meter. "Yeah. Don't think you're getting off easy. Get over there with the animals so we can get everything nice and sorted."

"Officer, please!" I choked out the words almost gagging on my tongue. Amidst the chaos I didn't notice I was fighting back tears until speaking had caused them to start pouring down. This better not reopen my nose wounds when the mucus works came out. "I'm registered with this country along with my mom. We're students at the college next door."

"Oh, you're with that whore, huh?" His sneer had become underlined with a bitter amusement. Those eyes dropped their stabbing gaze down across my body, suddenly making my fur feel like I was drenched in oil. "That explains the big tits. Just stay put and maybe you'll be in one piece when she comes to pick you up in the morning."

"Hey...asshole...she..." Cait tried again to stand and yell her own thoughts, only to fall back claspng her throat in a coughing fit.

I really hoped that wasn't blood mixed in with her spit.

"Cait, just stay down!" I called back over my shoulder.

"That's my line and you better shut that yapper, mutt." the cop took a moment to snap at me, promptly whirling his attention back to the other two still standing. Most of it now focus on the black wolf that had gone disturbingly relaxed in all this. "What you two zoo rejects growling at? Get over there with your wild bitch. I'm guessing you're not the mother, so you better have some registration to be around civilization."

Leon didn't waste time taking a knee facing the wall beside me. I had to admit his big guy presence was a little reassuring, especially when our eyes caught. Once he was sure the cop wasn't looking, his good hand gave me a gentle squeeze on the shoulder. I wiped my eyes and returned a small smile in thanks.

The other guy apparently had a much different grasp on this situation.

"You got silver in that thing, human?"

It was almost impressive how this guy didn't show a sign of emotion at the thinly veiled question, but I wasn't about to give a cop a compliment. He leveled that shotgun directly at the wolf's chest without flinching. Unfortunately, his target didn't look interested in the threat of buckshot either.

"Not that I need it at this range, but I come plenty prepared for the genetic freaks in this town already. You ain't exactly a step up from the zoo fodder."

"Whatever you need to make yourself feel superior," the black wolf said in an almost bored tone. One paw took a lazy step directly toward the officer. The cocking of a shotgun didn't even slow a second step.

"Don't think I won't blast your ass and let you heal it off in a cell at your expense! Now get against the wall."

"No. Please! Give me an excuse to..."

He had raised his malnourished arms and was waving all ten claws at the cop like he was teasing a child. Whatever taunt he was going to make, and surly escalate this night into a felony, died off on his tongue. Even from my position I could spy his face turn from gleeful malice to one of shocked confusion, and then stupefied horror?

I picked up on what he was seeing past a second later. Judging by the way Leon shifted with a groan, his animal instinct could too. It was like a cloud of dread had dropped right on top of the parking lot. A thick aura of pure domination pushing down our wills with the force of a steamroller. I'll never forget the first time I felt this much raw anger. I had been eight and knocked over a particularly unique antique of werewolf heritage in my rough housing.

Never thought a primal threat of violence would make me feel relieved.

The only ones that didn't seem to notice were Cait, still stuck on the ground keeping her breathing steady, and the dumb ass human that never notice what had come up behind him.

"I think that's enough of that, Francis." the female werewolf spoke softly, yet still made the cop jump so bad I thought it was lucky he didn't start shooting. Unlike the other two werewolves present, her body was remarkably average, even for human standards. Bright blond hair contrasted the jet black fur of her body almost comically and her height was short enough to almost be mistaken for a teenager.

Such a nonthreatening physique didn't stop him from whirling to bring the barrel right up to an inch from her nose. She dipped her snout to look down the barrel a moment before smiling back up at him. Poor guy really was dense if he couldn't sense the escalating blood lust radiating off her. Granted, that was probably for the other black wolf dropping his posture with a pathetic tucking of his tail.

"Sorry for all this mess, officer. I'll take responsibility for these two strays, if you don't mind calling for medical assistance. That girl and lion look like they might need help."

Leave it to her at being the level headed one in a crisis. Too bad the officer was busy screaming in a panic to hear any of it.

"Don't even try to flank me, you fucking animals! Get against the god damn wall now before I blow your damn head..."

The smaller woman brought a hand up, wrapping elegant clawed fingers around the barrel of his shotgun. An act that made his attempt at demands fall off in confusion. With barely a jerking of her arm, a loud crack rang out through the nearby woods.

I could hear Leon mumble some exploitive next to me but I was more amused by the cop looking ready to piss his pants. That tiny werewolf had broken the shotgun clear down to the butt he still grasped in his shaking handed. Bits of buckshot were pouring out the jagged metal end along with some more dripping from the piece she now held up like it was a prized fish.

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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