

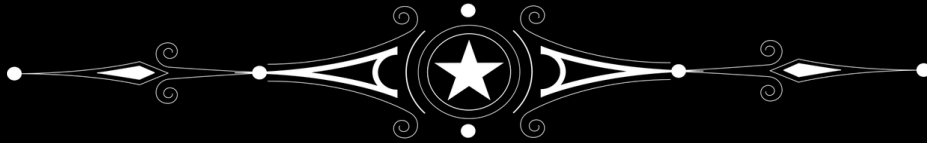
My Life as a WereKrystal

A crowdfunded story

By
Desmond Fallout

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

Read at your own discretion.



Part 15: Joe

Sometimes I like to think it was Caitlyn's uncaring bluntness for why we broke up. Certainly not the whole 'turning into a girl werewolf' thing. Not that either really help foster a romantic attachment between us. For all its troubles, I did appreciate having her around as the protective sister kind of friend.

Except for tonight, when I just wish she'd shut up. The trick with someone like this is to make sure it's phrased gently.

"Don't you think he's had enough for one day?"

Cait gave me a sour look that already expressed I should have kept my big snout shut.

"The hell are you on about?" her expression twisted into a scary grin. "He has absolutely no clue who you really are and you're barely taking this golden opportunity for a little revenge."

I hissed through my fangs. The reason seemed to dawn in her eyes before I turned to shoot Kira a glance opposite me. Our new armadillo friend seemed more interested in some mobile game on her phone than me, thankfully. Though her ears did perk in my direction.

"I have no horse in this race."

"Thank you." I looked back at Cait. "So, what makes you think I'm out for some revenge tonight?"

"Yeah. You always were more of a softy than me." She jabbed one finger into my bicep, which felt like a rock like resistance under the fur.

"Beside the point. Can't we just ease up on him a little? Poor guy seems tense enough. I think he's already had a rough time."

"Are you for real? We have no reason to give a damn about Leon Greene."

"I dunno about that," Kira piped in, giving me a modest jump scare. "He's been standing like a lost kid for a while now."

Cait and I turned almost in unison to follow her gaze. True enough, the big lion was just standing at the head of the ball dispenser. Eyes cast downward with tail

sweeping at his heels staring at his choice of bowling ball like it was some kind of puzzle.

"Oh, my goddess!" Caitlyn didn't seem to try keeping the laugh out of her outburst. "Leon!? Have you never bowled in your nine lives?"

"Like you've done everything outside your little bubble?!" he whipped his head enough to give her a loud snarl, and went back to palming the heavy sphere. I almost snickered myself the way it looked like he was studying it for divine answers or something.

"Okay," I sighed and jumped to my paws before Cait could add some more mud to sling. Stupid paw coverings loved to pinch my paws as I made my way over to Leon with squeaking steps.

"What now?"

His snarl was more deflated towards me, but I did my best to ignore the attempted aggression. Thankfully he went stiff but made no effort to resist me when my hands clasped his shoulders from behind.

"Over here."

Leon let out a confused mew while we awkwardly shuffled sideways two steps. A follow up step backwards almost pulled him back into my boobs. I didn't give him, or myself, a chance to think about that as my hands slide to rest over his. With a bit of gentle coaxing, he finally let me guide his thumb and fingers into the hole.

"Grip I like this," I said short and curtly, mostly out of fear he might get a very wrong impression about our proximity. My arm guided his so it held his ball forward close to the chest.

Damn. He smelled nice. Was that shampoo or lion order?

His damn mane was tickling my chin.

Focus Joe!

"Focus on the center pin!" I snapped maybe a bit too loud in his ear when he turned about to say something. Best to just to roll out my half-assed attempt at instructions. "Step forward following the dots on the floor to find your balance. Make sure you swing back and forward before you get to that line at the start of the lane. Don't worry. I fuck up my first set all the time. You'll get the rhythm with practice."

My wolf senses could practically hear Cait's fuming desire to scream at me for this brazen act of friendliness. Truly the most offensive thing to do was aid a sworn enemy, or some crap. Can't wait for the ear full she was going to give me when we were alone. Having big ears never helps in that regard.

I'm not sure I could articulate what compelled me to spring into action either. It's not like I still hated the guy. Better yet, she said it herself; he had no idea who this lady pressing up against him really was anyway. In a way it felt nice having some form of a do-over meeting with Leon. It's not like he was ever going to know.

"Huh." He snorted, dipping his muzzle between glances at the pins and the floor marks as I directed. I could feel his posture change subtly with a resurgence of confidence.

I released my hold on his hand but accidentally dragged claws along the fur of his forearms instead of just pulling away. Since I was already there, I decided to give his flexing bicep a playful squeeze for encouragement. By Fenrir, this dude was totally ripped since high school. Curiosity almost made me want to challenge him to an arm wrestle.

The look Leon shot over his shoulder made me instantly regret not settling for a pat on the back. Crap. Did he totally think I was flirting with him? Those slit feline eyes might as well have heart for irises for how much I just screwed up signals.

"Thanks," he said, surprising both of us with the tight squeak in his vocal cords. A quick cough did nothing to cover a rather adorable childish moment. "I appreciate the help."

"Just bowl already." I giggled while stepping several feet back from him. "We'll have half the school screaming at us with how slow this is going."

"Right!"

He shook himself limber, took a deep breath, and started his approach towards the lane. Watching his powerful strides from behind, I couldn't help feeling a bit proud of myself. After years of hazing, pranks, and downright assaults as kids, we'd had a friendly interaction together. Sure, the pretenses might have been a bit phony, but I'd take any good vibes right then. I even got to help my bully in some small way. Now I just needed some subtle way to disavow myself as dating material and this night could finally be enjoyable.

"Shit!"

It wouldn't be until long after the fact that I pieced together the two seconds before I collapsed to the ground in blinding pain. Leon had reached his final step, following perfect form with arm swinging his ball back in a powerful wind up. At which point said ball flew out of his grip in an arc behind him.

Right at my face.

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.

Copyright © Desmond Fallout

All rights reserved.

Afterward

Hello, you beautiful person! I hope you enjoyed this story as much as I loved making it. If you'd like to read more, feel free to check out several of my other platforms where I post content for free and special exclusives.

<https://www.patreon.com/Vault72>

<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/desmondfallout/>

<https://www.deviantart.com/desmondfallout>

<https://ko-fi.com/A54251GK>

<https://twitter.com/DesmondFallout>



SPECIAL THANKS!

All my work is made possible through the amazingly awesome support of my fans and friends. Thank you everyone for helping me entertain you!

Our thanks to the people who have crowdfunded this story so far:

M Livius Drusus

Jacob Blaustein

And a special shout out to my top supporters on Patreon and DeviantArt:

Moresmallerbear

RottenDingo

Axel Stephan

Aneru

Nathaniel Windcaster

Meepes

Redbow

Forvet

Xilimyth Senuva

Scott Collier

Max O-Zuma