

My Life as a WereKrystal

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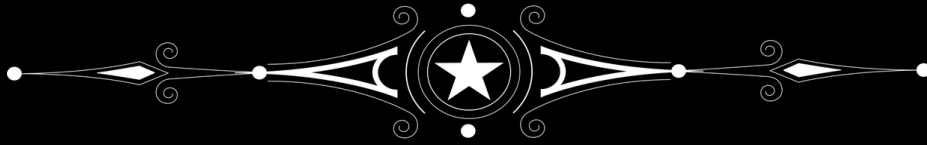
A crowdfunded story

By

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

Read at your own discretion.



Part 20: Joe

Perspective can be a funny thing, when you think about it. For someone that's been a werewolf their whole life, the act of snapping a metal barrel gets pretty mundane. Even my bimbo of a mom could do that, granted with both hands.

She once threw me across the living room shortly after my first change, after all. I still get back pains thinking about that night.

I'm not sure if it was the relief at seeing this little black wolf or the overall stress of the situation that made my mind wander. I just thought it was funny the way this cop and Leon reacted with exaggerated mixes of awe and horror.

"Hey," I said, putting a hand on the lion. That might have been a mistake as he nearly recoiled up the wall to get away from me. "It's fine, dude. I know this one."

He shot me a look that screamed he didn't believe me, and possibly a few other things. Still, I kept a firm grip on his shoulder while wiping away tears with the other. All things considered, it was our dear law enforcement that wasn't acting scared enough now.

"What's the big idea, bitch?!" It was almost admirable he could keep his voice straight while holding the broken butt of a shotgun. Like that could do anything with three werewolves facing him down. That he could, eventually, figure that out on his own enough to drop the thing was almost impressive.

But then he was dumb enough to draw his pistol from its side holster.

"Are we really doing this?" the black wolfess sounded positively bored while she tossed the broken metal over her shoulder. Echoing bangs of hollow metal hitting concrete rang loud enough that it made my heart shiver. "I'm sure we all have better things to do tonight, officer."

"Don't patronize me, you fucking animal. Acting wild only makes it worse, if you know anything about the laws in human civilization. You'll all be lucky not to be in prison by morning."

Boy. How much delusion of power does that badge give people? I caught Leon's eye and could see he noticed how the cop's eyes were darting between all of us while he sputtered demands. He clearly knew just how little that squirt gun helped his position.

What he didn't seem to notice was how the gangly other black wolf smelled just as frightened of this new arrival too.

"I'm well aware of the werewolf laws, officer. I did help write a number of them." A paw started digging around her back pocket. "Hang on. I got my ID somewhere..."

"Don't you dare hide those hands!" The gun trained right between her eyes, but I could see it shaking from our kneeling positions.

Little miss wolf scoffed like she'd just been told a bad joke. "Could you not flop that flaccid dick around anymore tonight? And you..." Her other hand jerked so fast I was surprised the guy didn't fire. A single paw digit pointed right at the other black werewolf, that I just realized had been trying to pad his way back towards the tree line. "Don't even try it."

Such casual, uncaring, words made his gangly figure slump like he'd been the one getting shot. He wasn't about to go anywhere.

While that was cathartic to watch, my real relief was seeing Cait propping herself onto elbows trying to take in the scene for herself. I could hear her breath still wheezing and that neck was looking ready to bruise, but at least she didn't sound to be struggling with either anymore.

"Who the hell do you think...you..."

My savior seemed to have found her card and flashed it in the cop's face. His expression did a wonderful contortion act; going from confusion, to alarm, to a whole new kind of panic.

"You...you're the..."

"Alpha. Yes." She pocketed her ID, then brought the hand back around to gently push the cop's gun away by its barrel. "Starting to see our respective issues here?"

"Did he just say alpha?" Leon's husky voice blasted into my ear so suddenly I almost giggled from the way it brushed my fur. "As in, THE pack alpha?"

"That's correct, kitten," the black wolfess shot a smug grin over her shoulder, deciding to answer for me. "Strongest werewolf in North America and the only thing this shitty government fears more than universal healthcare."

Flashing lights caught my attention. Two more squad cars and an ambulance were pulling into the parking lot. Of course, the dumb ass somehow had the brain cells to call for backup. Their arrival helped highlight that more than a few of our fellow students had been coming out to observe our scuffle. Exactly what I needed for tonight's finale, getting my furry mug all over social media tomorrow.

"What the hell are you doing here?" the officer still tried that authority voice, yet made enough dot connections to holster his gun. It must have dawned on him that he just threatened the leader of thousands of angry werewolves at gun point.

Twice.

"Wrangling a stray for pack business, obviously." She jerked her muzzle in my direction. "And making sure they don't do anything nasty to an important cub of mine."

Ugh. Did she really have to still call me that? In front of normal people, no less.

Pairs of cops jumped out of each car already going for guns at the sight of us, but the first guy on the scene tried waving them down. The paramedics seemed even less inclined to approach until we'd all moved a good distance away from Cait. At least they were quick to give her a look over and prep a stretcher.

The two black furred wolves among us had gone over to the forests edge for a conversation so hushed even my ears couldn't pick it up. Leon and I hobbled off further down the back of the bowling alley until one officer called out to keep our tails in sight. Good ol' bureaucracy wasn't letting us get away without wasting some more time.

"You doing alright, Krystal?" Leon gave my knee a tentative pat. He had such a concerned droop on his muzzle in stark contrast to that ferocity he showed mister lanky over there. It was kind of adorable.

"Yeah, just rattled a lot." I rolled my head back against the brick wall until I was staring up at the night sky. My chest annoying strained in its bra with my deep breath and then I slowly exhaled.

Heh. Yeah. The nerd was totally watching them stretch when he thought I couldn't see.

"So much for a night of socializing and having fun. Crap like this is why I'd rather stay an introvert until I'm thirty."

He gave a hearty laugh. "I dunno. I wouldn't mind seeing you around campus more than every full moon. Assuming you can put up with a meat head like me."

I looked over but he'd already averted his gaze trying to feign interest in the cops. They were having some kind of discussion with the black wolfess next. I could see Cait being loaded into the ambulance and growled. Would be nice if they'd at least let me see her off.

Leon shifted nervously away from me, making my heart skip a beat. Ah crap. He musta thought that was my response to his last statement. Seeing a big guy like that huddle up with folded ears looked so unlike the lion I feared in high school. What the hell happened to you in two years?

"Hey," I eased my tone into something I hope didn't sound flirty. My hand came to rest on his broad shoulder, getting a squeeze of some surprisingly tight muscles through the jacket. "Not every meat head would suplex a werewolf to save Cait and defend my honor. You're a damn hero tonight."

That seemed to perk him right back up and I got a bit of a toothy smile. "Well, I'm not about to let someone die just cause we got some school yard grudge going on. Besides, having the alpha of all people show up to save you is a true wonder. How do you know the top bitch, anyway?"

"Oh, we go back a long ways," the high voice of the black wolf made Leon's mane bristle. I could smell the air become thick with his shock and couldn't blame him. She really liked to make it a habit of moving like the wind. Only the oldest and experienced of wolves seemed capable of keeping track of her from what I've witnessed.

While Leon was busy trying to form a coherent word, she casually stepped paws right past them and came to a stop looming over me. Arms crossed in a warm smile and perked ears.

"How you doing, cub? That piece of refuse didn't put a mark on you, right?"

"Not at all!" I couldn't hold back the pounding in my chest anymore. More energy than I had all night sprung me to my own paws. The little wolf two feet shorter than me got scooped up into a tight hug that left her head pushed firmly into my large mounds. She didn't fight or move in general at the aggressive act of affection. We'd done this literal dance greeting all the time since my first change. "Thanks for saving my fat ass, Grandma."

While I was swinging her around like a limp pillow, my eyes caught Leon's. They were looking ready to pop right out of his skull.

"Grandma?" his hanging muzzle silently mouthed at me.

TO BE CONTINUED...

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Afterward

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