

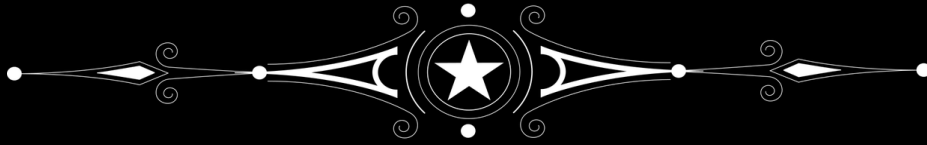
My Life as a WereKrystal

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 11: Leon

Tonight's mission: Socialize

Heh. That felt like an old meme from somewhere. I wonder how long it's been since I played a video game. There was a thought process that left me wondering if I'd spent a little too much time focusing on the whole sports training thing. Last experience I could remember off the top of my head was that one survival horror game about zombies and mutant parasite things.

Or was it the remake of the remastered version of it?

Ah well. Dad wanted me to find a career outside games. Thankfully, he only mildly disapproves of my wrestling choices. Family has always been big on football, but they weren't the ones that got a concussion after being tackled in middle school. Being a big fat predator never stopped those bastards from bull charging right at me. I'm grateful high school gave a few more options outside eating grass like some sheep every afternoon.

Dang bowling alley was already packed by the time I'd arrived. The only parking spaces available were empty lots down the street at a warehouse store. I wonder if this is because of their special event going on or if college students just enjoy a place to mess around. Talk about genius business decisions. All that's missing is a café next door.

Heading inside, however, made me realize just how lost I was. After school mingling was a lot easier when it was the same two dozen people I'd just practiced with in the open gym. This was a menagerie of strangers crammed into a small box. It was impossible to tell one frog's scent from a stain on the rug.

Ignoring the arcade for now, I strode out into the open floor for a better view of things. The sounds of pins clattering sounded off in rapid succession like an explosive war zone. For some reason it only while watching other people roll giant balls that I remembered I had no idea how to play bowling. Most of my experience laid in contact activities. This looked about as slow and boring as golf.

Still, maybe my inexperience would be a good enough conversation starter. Not that I held high hopes after how little people were impressed with my wrestling skills.

"Hi."

The old woman dealing out shoes was giving me some stink eye before I'd even stepped up. I let my ears flick at her tone but never let them fold to show a reaction to their jagged tone. Hell. It was almost surprising to get some kind of greeting at all.

My more professional response was to make a show of slicking back my mane, giving her a muzzle full of smiling fangs with one elbow leaning on the counter. "Good evening, gorgeous! May I have a size fourteen, please?"

She gave a loud snort before turning to shuffle through the assortment of bowling shoe rentals. An act I was almost sure was her attempt to hide letting her scowl turn upwards ever so slightly. The old lion charisma finally worked today, if ever so slightly. Not like I had anything to lose for trying.

I was still sure I heard the words 'cocky freak' amidst her grumbling.

"Any claw damages will cost you extra, especially to the balls," she explained, slamming the shoes in front of me.

"Ma'am. I assure you the last think I'd want to do is claw someone else's balls."

Apparently her face could shrivel into an even more sour expression of raw hatred than before. I quickly scanned my card while some nearby people cackled at what they'd overheard. Good to know someone appreciated a little humor around here. That at least kept a wag in my tail tuft.

I guess that meant I had to find a lane now? Picking a direction to start walking, that seemed more difficult than I'd expected. Large groups were already mingling in the small pits, making a ruckus with the occasional pin strikes. Glancing up at the monitors keeping score I could see each one I walked past was filled up. That is, until I got to the far end of the building.

The second to last lane on this half only had three names on the board so far. Granted, seeing that the trio lazily getting their things in order were all women made me flinch. My mood tonight really wasn't ready for another group like the ones mocking me at practice.

I shook my head in a whooshing of rich hairs to disperse that thought. Maybe this could work. These girls looked a lot more relaxed despite having a heated conversation, and they couldn't possibly be as bad. The armadillo was clearly a tomboy in clothes way too big for her. She was remarking something to a human that struck a chord with me, yet I couldn't exactly remember from where. They looked to be playing tag team in scolding a...uh...

Hello Nurse!

I had glanced over to assess the wolf with them at what could be highly debated as the right or wrong time. She had chosen that moment to bend down and search the lowest rack for a bowling ball, granting me the blessing of her lower assets stretching out every crease of her sweatpants. That thick blue tail of hers swept like a pendulum

trying to hypnotize me to her seat, not that I needed the help. When the few awkward seconds had passed and she stood back up with a large red sphere selected, I was granted a treasured view of her profile for the briefest of moments.

As someone that spent much of their young life getting into pumping iron, this girl was fantastic. I think she was even more ripped than I was. That luscious blue fur complimented the thick definition of her biceps carrying that ball over to the loading rack thing. I have no idea what bowling lane terms are. Like how she was busy snapping at the human with giant ears folded back, I was more interested in taking in her perfectly strong beauty. The way her tank top stretched around two bumps almost as big as her bowling ball. Those epic thighs that could probably break my skull.

TO BE CONTINUED...

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Afterward

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