

My Life as a WereKrystal

1

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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 7: Joe

"Cait! If I ever start a business, promise you'll force me to pick a better name than The Nine Pins of Hell."

That got a giggle snort from Caitlyn while I climbed out of her car. "Is that your backup plan in case math becomes too hard for your wolfy brain? Set up shop as some grouchy peddler for the next aspiring generation?"

"Grandma always told me it's wise to make back up plans." My tail hung low as I followed behind her across a packed parking lot. I could see the side-eye she was giving the calculus book and notepad tucked under my right arm. "Besides, setting up a form of entertainment right next to a place full of stressed-out people needing an escape is nothing short of genius."

My observation wasn't just spouting hyperbole. That we could even find a spot on the far end seemed like a stroke of luck. Dozens of our fellow students were hanging around in their little packs. They were forming miniature beer parties with car radios blaring whatever music they fancied. Word from upper classmen was that this bowling alley's annual party was one of the biggest events off campus. Freshmen like us especially got huge discounts for the first three games and drinks.

"Yeah. I guess that makes sense. Have you figured out your main plan yet?"

I managed to hold back a growl, but she still caught my ears folding for a split second. Good old Cait can always be counted on to hit my main problem in its face. "There's no real hurry, is there? I'm sure something will click for me once I've completed the basic credits."

"That's what you said about high school." she pivoted a few feet from the entrance so abruptly I couldn't stop in time to prevent her pointing finger from pushing into my nose like a button. "I swear to the gods, if you're using this newfound 'longer life' werewolf thing as an excuse to be lazy, I'll nag on you until I'm a wrinkled old lady."

I swatted her hand away, snorting back in her face. "You knew I was lazy before I started regularly sprouting a tail."

Giving my best grumpy face wasn't enough to get Cait backing down. Dang it. There's little point in playing a big mean wolf card when someone knew you well enough to call your bluff.

"And how long do you think your mom is going to let you hole up in that cave you call a room? You said it yourself; she's browsing around for some new company. It's only a matter of time until someone sticks, or she gets out of the lone wolf phase."

I raised an ear with my eyebrow. "I was not aware you're an expert on animal psychology."

"I could teach Krystal a lot of things, assuming she swings that way." Her expression got incredibly smug with the knowing drop in her voice. "Or if she ever wanted to experiment."

"Right," I said, clicking the roof of my muzzle a couple of times. This is not an ideal conversation when random people were coming in and out of the Nine Pins a few yards away. "Can we just get to bowling or what?"

"Oh, fine!" Cait held the door to let me enter first.

It wasn't a surprise to find the place packed to bursting. Soon as I stepped inside all my senses were under assault. An ambience of balls rolling, pins striking, and the chatter of over two-hundred people drowned out whatever techno music blared overhead. Lights flickered and flashed from overhead strobes and the many computer displays in the lanes.

For a werewolf, the only thing worse than going deaf from the noise, were the smells. A dumpster full of waste produced by a petting zoo at the county fair can't begin to describe the many essences that combined to completely numb my strongest attribute. Too much scents clustered together have a high chance of completely numbing my taste buds. Neat bit of trivia I learned when mom took me out partying after my graduation. Would love to know how she deals with it.

Normally this wasn't an ideal space for the animal-inclined people of the human race, but I'm probably not qualified to speak for them, either. The ones I spotted hanging around looked to be having a grand time. Still, I was getting used to dealing with large crowds by now. College life tends to demand such things. I paused a few feet from the entrance so my instincts could acclimate to such an environment without being in everyone's way. Being a little off for a few hours wasn't about to make me turn down cheap food and something to get my mind off home.

"Yip!" I gave out a soft bark when Cait nudged me from behind to speed up my process. The very canine noise got her laughing and she took my free hand with a gentle tug before I could voice any more complaints. It was probably for the best, or else I'd be an amazon wolf statue all night.

"You want to eat or find a lane first?"

"Is that even a question?" Now I couldn't help flashing some teeth in a smile. "Those are the exact words to wake up my stomach. I heard this place has good chicken tenders."

"You really love your white meat, little pig." She gave my muscular abs a smack. "Ever think of eating some veggies to trim all this fat?"

I stuck my tongue at her, which only got a bigger laugh. If you've ever seen memes of dogs making 'disgusted' faces, I'm told I look exactly like that. A lot of people find it incredibly cute on something that can bench press them, oddly enough.

We must have lucked out with our arrival. The line to the snack bar was relatively short while most people looked to either be out in lanes or chilling in the arcade room. Too bad they only had three pool tables. I'd prefer that to tossing heavy objects.

Our turn still came up within a few minutes. I treated myself to a double helping of tenders and a hard pineapple seltzer. Cait mixed things up with deep fried cauliflower and a burger. Once we got our food collected there came the fun challenge of figuring out where we'd eat it.

"See an open table from up there?" Cait called over the chatter.

If I wasn't balancing food, a textbook, and booze I would have bapped her. I wasn't even the tallest thing in the room, though the competition was admittedly scarce. She continued looking up at me expectantly, so I made a show of rotating my perked head in a quick scan.

"I think we got something. This way!" I barked after spotting the perfect place. Predatory hunger helped me forgo manners as I used my bulk to clear a path with Cait right on my tail. Our destination was a four-man booth down near the very farthest set of lanes. Surprisingly it only had one occupant; an armadillo going to town on a brownie sundae. "Hi! Mind if we join you?"

TO BE CONTINUED...

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Afterward

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