

My Life as a WereKrystal

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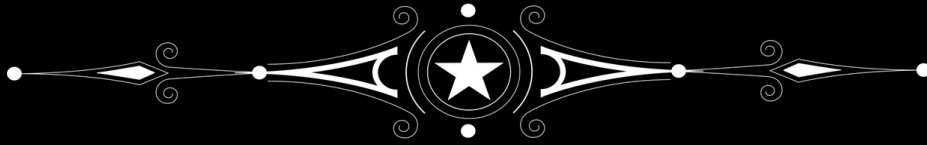
A crowdfunded story

By

Desmond Fallout

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

Read at your own discretion.



Part 5: Debra

"Can you make me a margarita, dear?" the smaller wolf fished out an ID card from her light red purse. She was making it a point not to acknowledge me in the slightest while the bartender read over the info.

The tigress' eyebrows shot up and I wondered if it was over the listed age, or the lycanthropy registration. Either way she was handing the card back with an unsteady hand.

"Sorry about that, ma'am. It'll be just a moment."

While our host bustled down the bar, I took this opportunity to take a large gulp of my drink. Tangy and hard just the way I'd normally like it. "So, I guess we're doing this tonight."

She retaliated by taking her sweet ass time lighting up a cigarette. "Is there really a need for so much hostility? We haven't spoken in six years. I had hoped you'd moved past this enough for a reunion drink."

"The last time we talked we demolished my living room." I took another gulp of sweet booze. "In front of my husband."

"Ah, yes. I am very sorry that it never worked out for you." She paused for a drab of her cancer stick since the bartender had returned. We both paid for our drinks so she could move on to serving the other new arrivals. "You seem to be enjoying the freedoms that come with a divorce, however."

"Turns out being a monster with a smoking hot body does have its perks. Thank you. I wasn't aware my life is still any of your business."

"On a personal level, it still isn't." A petite furry hand took their glass. "The next Wolfenoot is being planned to take place in this region. As everyone's favorite elder, it's fallen on me to find a decent location and herd all the visitors around."

At least she waited until my glass was down to spill that wonderful news. Granted, choking on the floor would have been a good way to get away from this discussion. "Wow! That time already? What a random coincidence you'd be considering this out of nowhere county to host a few hundred wild dogs."

There was some solace in seeing I was getting under her dark fur. My guest took a puff as a means to channel out her tension and exhaled the smoke in my direction. As

if my nose wasn't used to such stench by now. "Do you really have to be acting like a pup about this? We both knew when you left this was going to happen eventually."

"No!" That came out louder and angrier than I'd intended, drawing lots of curious eyes. She didn't have to look smug about it as I slouched back into my stool with ears flattened. "When I left, we were very clear that I was done with this whole pack hierarchy bullshit. If those fossils think getting off their grayed tails just to pay a visit is going to change my mind..."

"It's cute you think this is about you," she said through another exhale of fumes. Perfectly timed so I couldn't breathe to cut her off without really hurting my nose. Fucking wolf senses. "I heard your son's first change was a real shock. Not a good way for anyone to spend prom night. Still, he seems to be acclimating to all the new aspects of werewolf life well enough."

"You conniving little...have you seriously been spying on us for two years?!"

"He came to me, actually." That smugness I wanted to rip off her snout grew enough to show some pearly fangs. "At least the poor, confused pup has the sense to turn to someone that knows what they're doing."

"Oh." I was left to stew on that thought in silence for a moment. The idea that Joe would go to the old farts for help without even telling me wasn't helping lift my ears. Why doesn't he ever come to me with anything?

And the jackass putting out her spent cigarette wasn't done delivering good news yet.

"Besides, you should know the other packs keep regular tabs on those that go ronin. Especially those with our lineage. He was going to get sought after long before any of us found out about his...frankly disgusting refusal to go bra shopping."

"I moved out here specifically to keep him off that crap." I drank the remainder of my glass in hasty gulps, ignoring the excess dribbling down my cheeks. The sting of vodka helped get some fire back in my tail. "They can't just disregard their own laws to..."

"The laws apply for leaving you alone." One dainty finger jabbed me in the left boob. Her stern gaze never faltered under my warning growl. "He's a lost pup in everyone else's eyes. One they don't think you're doing a great job looking after, either. Mind you, I'm the one that's been keeping the more ambitious of our ranks off your fat ass this long."

"Then pull your high and mighty alpha act for Joe too. He has every right to refuse their crap."

"What makes you think I don't want a shot at him?" My growl grew vicious but I no longer cared if the other bar flies were picking up their drinks for safer seats. To my surprise she leaned back with shoulders slumped in submission. "It's not that simple

anyway. A werewolf like him hasn't shown up in over a thousand years. You have no idea how deep I had to dig to find the last recorded case. None of the packs can afford to ignore the opportunity to bring a possible true shape shifter into their ranks. The effects that could bring to future bloodlines is immense. At least having him come around during Wolfenoot will help mitigate the chance of a power move on the boy."

"He's not ready to meet the whole damn congregation. Joe hasn't even developed complete control on the basics yet."

Her ears flicked with the faintest hint of surprise. "Oh, for...have you at least briefed him for when that cherry inevitably pops?"

I wrinkled my nose at her, earning a loud scoff. "Surprised you never bothered with all the family time he was giving you."

"Yes. Giving you any kind of credit as a role model is certainly a mistake on my part. Fenrir bite me! You really are an awful parent."

"What can I say? You were a great teacher, mom." Shame I couldn't look her in the eye when saying that. Instead, I was focused on my empty glass almost wishing I could vanish into its void. "Don't pretend like you actually care about my son's wellbeing."

"I care about our family and its responsibilities. That includes the brats that think they can forsake both on a whim." She finished her martini before standing on bare paws. "Looks like we've reached the limit on civil discussion. Wolfenoot isn't for another five weeks. I'd suggest you bring your son up to speed before less subtle wolves start making visits. For now, enjoy riding out the rest of the night on your back."

"Fuck you!" I spat. Though when I whipped my head to face her again, all I could catch was a parting glimpse of her vanishing out the door.

I wasn't alone stewing in anger for long. The tigress had soon worked up enough nerve to stand before me and collect the empty glasses.

"Damn, girl. I'd heard werewolves can get wild, but that conversation looked downright unpleasant."

"Another screwdriver, please," I mumbled as a hand rubbed the bridge of my muzzle. "Got anything to eat?"

"Got a few frozen burger sliders I can pop in the microwave." At my nodding the tigress set to work. "She your ex-girlfriend or something?"

"Worse. Family issues." My other hand fished out my phone. The first thought had been to call Joe until I remembered he was probably still in classes right now. More I thought about it, the less I knew what to leave on a voicemail either. This wasn't exactly an issue that can be summed up in forty seconds or less. With how well I can articulate things, he'll probably assume I'm drunk on my tail.

Boy. I sure wish I was right now.

As if to answer my desire, the tigress returned with a plate of smoking hot garbage food and a glass of that sweet orange liquid. “You going to be alright? Never seen a hot wolf look so depressed.”

I scoffed, but managed a weak smile. The phone was returned to my back pocket without so much as a text.

“Probably not, but those are problems for future me.” One of the mini-burgers was snatched into my drooling maw. Vicious teeth that in olden times were feared for breaking bone devoured it in a few ravenous chomps. Ah! Food always helps get my tail wagging again. I met her eyes with a smile, taking in the lovely way her stripes decorated those defined muscles again.

Moons curse me! If there’s one thing I hated about my mother, is that she still knows me pretty well.

“That did leave me pretty damn frustrated, though. Don’t suppose you’d wanna keep a wolf company after hours? Do a little howling by moonlight.”

The surprise perk to her ears was so damn adorable. I even saw a hint of a blush as she recovered some wits.

“Nice to meet you too. Name’s Roxy and my shift’s over at nine, if you’re not in a rush.”

“Call me Debbie.” My full toothy smile returned, ears flipping upright once more. “Nah. I got nothing that can’t wait until morning. Just keep the drinks and burgers coming until then.”

TO BE CONTINUED...

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Afterward

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