

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 6: Leon

I could tell everything about my prey before they'd even entered my ring. Their hesitation was a sour scent that itched at my pink feline nose. The way they refused to look at me, when at all possible, on the walk over. Then their hilarious struggle getting through the ropes into position.

My whiskers couldn't help flicking at the sight of them. What a complete chump. Novices like this were why I hated the complete waste of time that was the tryout process. Just one of those things I got to work through for the end game, I guess.

The poor human, eventually, made his way into position before my mind could wander too much. Our eyes had no choice but to lock this time, but I tried keep my fanged smile as neutral as possible. There wasn't much fire behind his look or stance. Couldn't blame the guy when you're forced to spar with a king of the jungle. At least he was already resigned to who the winner was going to be.

I was promptly proven wrong when coach blew his whistle. The guy rushed into a tackle without giving me a chance to consider the first move. Clever bastard knocked the wind right out of me, dragging my feet along the matted floor quiet a distance from the impact. Thankfully a little adjustment with my whippy tail helped keep my balance enough so he wouldn't knock me down just from that. Hell. If it wasn't for the specially designed socks and gloves keeping my claws capped to prevent accidental injuries, I wouldn't have budged more than three inches.

Too bad for him. I used the remaining momentum of the tackle charge to grapple under his armpits and twirled for a hard throw against the ropes behind me. It got the desired rubber band effect, sending the poor guy stumbling into my clothesline.

Long as my playmate was on the floor gasping for breath, I took the moment to turn at wave both my covered hands to the crowd. While these weren't serious wrestling bouts in most regards, it still drew a decent number of students wanting entertainment. I hadn't worked out what kind of persona I'd playing when I went career, but might as well get some practice experimenting.

Clearly, I needed it when showboating only got me a few odd calls and claps. Or maybe I just got a tough crowd tonight. A trio of anthro ladies were sitting at the front row, so I tried a bit of flexing for their pleasure. One of them actually scoffed at me and

went back to checking her phone. How weird. After pumping weights all senior year, I would have expected more people to appreciate some pure lion beef.

"Grwah!"

Okay, new learning experience; don't keep up the stage performance for too long. The girls got a bit of a laugh when my human opponent pounced me from behind. It was only by the support of the ropes that I was saved a painful fall onto my muzzle. I got the wind knocked out of me for the second time by that little punk. I grabbed at the supports for some kind of balance, snarling my intention to repay him for that.

He never gave me a chance. Arms wrapped around my orange furred pecs in a half-nelson that kept my right arm pinned. Not a bad move, actually. No amount of flailing with my left arm was going to shake him loose. My own muscular weight was being worked against me. The ropes elasticity strained with our combined weight being pushed against it.

But the sound of those connecting springs straining is what gave me the idea to just fall our collective embrace into them. I heard the man gasp into my ear as my lunge forward picked him off the ground onto my back. The rings bindings pushed out supporting us further and further. Thankfully the polls didn't break before reaching their stretch limit. A second later we got pushed back in another springboard effect.

From there it was a simple matter of letting gravity do the work. With no foundation to stand on, my opponent could do nothing but ride my backwards leap and take the brunt of my weight when we landed with a loud thud on the mat. Three hundred plus pounds of lion pride was enough to loosen his hold. I did a quick roll over and returned the favor by locking his chest between my thighs while keeping one arm hugged against my chest. His free arm tried to pull my legs away with little effect. He wasn't getting out of this hold anytime soon.

After a few seconds of struggling, I heard the familiar rhythmic thunks of Couch slapping the mat, blowing his whistle upon counting to ten seconds. My human went limp in defeat immediately and, after a second's pause, I relaxed my legs enough to let him slip free. Shame. I was hoping we could have played a bit longer.

"Good match," the human said between gasps for breath. I must have overdone my pincer again.

I offered a hand up, which he surprisingly accepted. Poor guy still smelled a bit fearful despite things being over between us.

"That's some good tackles," I offered in response. "A bit reckless though. It doesn't do much good trying to knock down someone that outweighs you."

We made our separate ways out of the ring to polite applause. There wasn't much point talking things out with the coach. I'd won every match for this session, ending out a nine-win streak since the semester started. No way I wasn't going to be put on the wrestling team at the end of these trial runs.

Course I made sure my path took me in front of the girls that'd been killing time watching. Whatever they were babbling about must have been important, because it took them a surprising number of seconds to notice I'd stopped mid-step upon reaching them. Not the most graceful of poses to try holding.

"Ladies," I said with my most sensual purr. A gentle roll of my shoulders adjusted things so my pecs and hardened abs pushed forward. Sweat in my fur glistened as a natural highlight for my muscles many crevices.

"Ugh!" was the disgusted grunt I got from a chipmunk in the group. She promptly jumped to her feet and stormed off; nose still glued to her phone screen. The other two anthro's smiled and rolled their eyes following a few steps behind her.

"Well, okay then." I let my shoulders drop at a complete loss. This is why I never trust my dad's spiels about hard work paying off. It might be worth skipping gym tomorrow morning. I haven't read anything off eBooks for a while and I heard this campus has a great coffee shop.

Oh well. The night was still young. Before I could think of doing anything else this big kitty needed a shower. The scent of matted fur was bad enough. Trying to wear clothes over it was even worse.

Figures the second I started collecting my duffel bag there came a chime from within. I ruffled through for my phone, snorting at the ID of my caller. A simple button push sent my dad to voicemail. I'll be more than happy to listen to whatever he has to say with the other four messages from today when I'm done enjoying myself.

"Oh. Hello?" On my way to the locker rooms there was a community notice board hanging between the entrances. A particularly flashy posting in bright colors just happened to catch my interest. I'd overheard some of my classmates talking about the bowling alley next door, but had almost forgotten the start of semester parties their owners liked to throw.

Not like I had anything better to do tonight.

TO BE CONTINUED...

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Afterward

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