

My Life as a WereKrystal

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A crowdfunded story

By

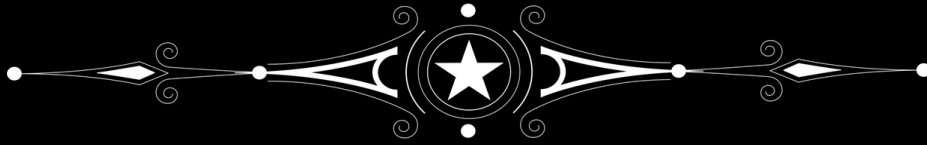
Desmond Fallout

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

Read at your own discretion.

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“Come on! Come on! Double back! Yes! Got it!” I let out a cheer at my own brilliance. With nothing but hours of training I’d mastered the art of flicking controller sticks, narrowly dodging the killer’s attacks three times in a row. The self back patting was short lived when my attention flicked for a split second at the status of my team. “For the love of all that’s holy! Someone do a gen!”

Despite being a distraction for the last decade, my luck finally ran out. I ended up zigging when I should have zagged, smacking right into my lethal adversary’s path. With a bone crunching smack, my character let out a blood curdling scream as they went down. At that point I just tossed my controller away before hopping off my beanbag. I had lost all interest in the game at that point. Some teams are just too brain dead to carry.

My name’s Joe. I turned twenty-one two months ago and I hate my life.

I know that’s not much of a mind-blowing expression for someone like me. Lots of people get caught up in the stress of their early twenties. It’s that magical transition period where you get out of high school only for life to explain with a sledgehammer just how easy you had it until now.

Well, easy in a relative sense. Like any kid of that age, I had made plenty of dumbass mistakes. The worst of which definitely went to picking a fight with the wrong guy in ninth grade. That earned me a personalized bully for the entire remainder of my teenage years. I couldn’t have been happier when we both exited graduation thankful to never see each other again. That hell was finally over.

My mom rewarded me with a fresh new hell called adulthood. Suddenly it was all about college, a deadbeat job, and everyone’s favorite problem, rent. Not that having complete and total freedom wasn’t without its perks. I just happen to favor the ones that involve Xbox whenever possible.

“Honey! It’s almost Five!” The singsong voice of my parent carried up the stairs through my open bedroom door. It’s still amazing she never became a singer with how she liked to carry a pitch.

“Thanks, mom!” Like I really needed the reminder. I had a couple night classes today and it was almost time for me to get ready for them.

Whether I wanted to or not.

“Do you want anything to eat before you go?”

“No thanks! Cait is taking me bowling after classes. We’ll get something there.”

“Okay, sweetie. You want me to send her up when she gets here?”

I grumbled at the obvious teasing inflection to that last question. Sorting out the text books I'd need tonight helped me bite back a more antagonizing response. “Mom! You know I don't like people watching me change!”

“But she keeps asking pretty earnestly about it and I think it's cute. You should let her see it at least once.”

My response was to slam my door shut, setting the bolt lock in place just in case. Cripes! I regret ever introducing those two.

The dresser clock started beeping its warning notice four minutes later. By then I'd changed into the standard attire of tank top and sweatpants. Both hung loose at least two sizes too large even on my chubby body.

I was cutting things a bit close as I could already feel my skin getting hot. A quick glance out the window confirmed night was coming on faster with the changing seasons. The alarms were going to need some readjusting again.

The first pains struck just as I got into my adjoining bathroom. Every muscle in my abdomen began involuntary flexing at once. The hard, rhythmic contractions made it impossible for me to hold back strained grunts. It always felt like I was doing sit ups on overdrive.

Trying to remain focused through the tension, I staggered over to the sink. Soon the rest of my body began suffering the same twitches and spasms, often in random places, which made having a counter to brace on very important. Every muscle was working themselves out in preparation for some big imminent shifts. The first of which I always hated.

An invisible cold finger ran itself slowly down the entire length of my back, causing vertebrae to pop one after another in agonizingly slow succession. When it hit the last bone plate just above my butt, I could feel the very flesh bulge outwards. Within seconds the seat of my sweatpants began tenting from something new growing inside them. I reached back with a trembling hand and fiddled around until I could get it to slide out a pre-cut hole in the fabric. From there I let my soon to be tail swish about in its newfound freedom until it was a large bush of thick blue fur sweeping just above my ankles.

The completion of my fifth limb seemed to serve as opening the floodgates for the rest of my transformation. Blue fur sprouted all over my body, forming thick patches that spread and connected with each other until I had a glorious pelt. The back parts were usually a deep sea while my front and chin brightened to a pleasing sky coloration.

As I watched in the mirror, my ears tugged into sharp points before gently shifting through lengthening hair to rest on my head as large fluffy triangles. Tension in my jaws prompted me to fake a very wide yawn. It made the event of my whole face pushing out

slightly more bearable. My nose darkened as it swelled, riding an extending bridge until my skull had a pronounced snout filled with sharp teeth.

Nails popped off my fingers and toes, only to be replaced by jet black claws. They always came in a bit blunt which was just as well. I'm not really one for hand to paw combat. Speaking of which, it always threw me off balance when the rough flesh pads puffed up under my palms and feet. I regained my balance, snapping my new muzzle a few times trying to work its stretched muscles. A much longer tongue than I had before rolled out to wet my dry lips watching the canine looking creature in the mirror mimic me.

My body was far from done, unfortunately. Shoulders slimmed, as did my arms and legs. The constant flexing of muscles washed away the fat of my shameful gut until my middle was nice and flat. To me, it just seemed like my mass was migrating when my hips and ass puffed out drastically bigger. I developed quite an impressive hump to support my fluffy tail. Even more pumped into my thighs until the sweatpants became a snug fit around their girth.

It's kinda funny how, despite so much of me shrinking and shifting, I was also growing at the same time. With each passing second my perspective of the bathroom became further elevated. All slack vanished from my clothes while I went from a five-foot-ten into something easily towering over seven. All semblance of my chunky masculinity vanished under lithe rich curves.

Grunts were getting higher pitched now. I could feel the tingle of my Adams apple vanishing. One powerful squeeze caused me to give out a very shrill squeal as my waist caved in and further exaggerated my bottom-heavy features. The pointed ears I'd grown folded back against my head with my deepening blush. My brown eyes focused downward to watch the front of my tank top slowly stretch outward with the development of two firm mounds. They inflated to just past a handful in size, leaving a sliver of fuzzy blue cleavage poking through the neckline.

Oh yeah! I probably should have mentioned I was a werewolf. And just to address the elephant in the room; yes, I also transform into a woman in every physical way as well. Not that what happens to my junk is anyone's business.

TO BE CONTINUED...

This story is a crowdfunded project made possible through the support of my [Patreon](#) and [Ko-fi](#). Every \$20 milestone in donations towards this project gets another 1000 words added.

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Afterward

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