

# Dingoes (Couple to Anthro Dingoes TFTG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

## A Commission for AI

*When a pair of American tourists visit the great Outback in Australia, he becomes annoyed with their cultural insensitivity and crude understanding of local wildlife. After committing one too many social faux pas, a mischievous entity known as the Dog Lord decides to teach them a lesson, by making them a pair of breeding anthro-dingoes, Aussie accents and all, and as the opposite genders at that!*

## Dingoes

The Australian Outback was truly a beautiful sight to behold. Kakadu National Park offered its visitors a sight of great plains, natural forests, impressive climbs, and photogenic lakes and rivers to swim in: if one was brave enough to withstand the sheer cold of the water. The rest was hot, of course: the sun baked down upon the landscape, warming the red cliffs and mountains, and illuminating the vast stretches of plentiful forest. Far from the stereotype of simply being a desert, this section of Australia was full of greenery.

But it was more than dry enough, with rocky heights and climbs and walked and great stretches, which was something Sam and Lilly had more than a few complaints about.

"I knew it would be hot, but this is ridiculous!" the older man complained. He was in his early fifties, missing most of his hair already, and what was left was white. His features were coarse, and he had an embarrassing amount of sunburn to go along with it.

"Someone should have told us," Lilly said, agreeing with her husband. "I would have assumed that *American* sunscreen would be enough. Why would the Australian one be better?"

Lilly did still have all of her hair, but it was currently a bleach blonde-dyed mess beneath her cap. Her shirt was soaked in sweat as she mounted the climb beside her husband. She had a thin, pointed face, and one could easily gain the impression that years of scowling had transformed it such: she managed to glare even through her sunglasses.

"You told me that American was best," she added, curling her lip at her husband.

Sam shrugged. "I guess they know their sun best, dear. But they should have told us."

*They* being the hotel staff, presumably. Or the tour service. Or even the locals. This was ignoring the fact that the American tourist couple had, in fact, been warned a number of times about bringing a lot of water and using a lot of the 50+ sunscreen available right from the counters everywhere. This was a detail they'd conveniently forgotten, though.

“At least it’s a beautiful sight,” Lilly said, taking in some of the breathtaking views as they continued up the summit of the reach. “Wonderful at dawn too, except for that horrid screeching. Was that the natives doing some rituals or something?”

“The local dogs, Lilly. They’re called dingoes.”

“What a silly name.”

“I didn’t name them, dear.”

“You should have. What kind of name is dingo? I swear this entire continent is odd. And they don’t even laugh along with you when you point it out. What about that woman yesterday who just looked at me when I said that ‘shrimp on the barbie’ line?”

Samuel nodded. “I used that one too, and the man just said they call them ‘prawns.’ Prawns! Can you believe it?”

“Bizarre people. The accent is just far too nasally for me.”

Sam smirked. “Well, at least we’ve left the tour group behind. We can catch them back at the campsite. That way we can stay clear of ‘bloke’ and ‘streuth’ and ‘crikey’ and all the other nonsense words.”

“I’m still traumatised by what they call a toilet. A dunny! It just sounds wrong. Dirty.”

“Well, you can’t expect much better from a nation of convicts, can you? They’re a different breed here, dear.”

“Just like their dogs.”

He chuckled. “Yes, just like their dogs.”

They continued taking photos.

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The Dog God, the Lord of Dogs, the Master of Canines. The entity had many names, and at times was male or female or neither or both depending on its whims. One thing that was always true of it was that it was dog-like. The other was that it was always absolutely, one hundred percent crazy. They didn’t call it the *Mad* Lord of Gods or the *Crazed* Dog God for nothing. After all, why else had it created hyenas, if not to cackle insanely along with its own crazed tune?

It was a creature that travelled where it wished, altering its appearance at whim, mostly looking like a giant conglomeration of different canine species all fused into one horrid, misshapen, perpetually laughing creature. It loved to chase cosmic entities, foil the well-laid plans of the more enigmatic and calm Cat God - its forever rival - and to generally make chaos and run free and hunt according to its instincts. But it also liked to revenge itself rather magically upon humans that would mock and mistreat its kind, and make them serve dog populations, rather than dispel them. And with this particular American couple’s

comments upon one of its finest creations - the sleek hunter that was the Australian dingo - it began to invisibly follow this couple, to see if they would be worthy of its 'blessing.' After all, while it wasn't as malicious as the Cat God, it was certainly still mercurial enough to want to find something worth catching them on. But a dog was man's best friend, and it was important to remember that.

So the Dog God followed the American pair, intent on seeing if they would learn how to treat the local dogs with respect, or whether they would need a more . . . instructive lesson.

"Hee hee hoo HAAA!" it laughed to itself, unheard by either Samuel or Lilly. "This is gonna just be the fucking best! I can f-feel it in my canine bones! Time to go local. Time to go real ocker! Time to become a real sheila, one might say! HAHA!! Crikey and streuth, this'll be a lark!"

Its features became more dingo-like in nature, its ears taller, its fur shorter and more dusty-coloured, and its snout longer. One eye remained bigger than the other, and its tail was still far too busy, but it was never too coherent anyway. Where was the fun in that?

"Let's see how these seppoes act!"

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The so-called 'seppoes' in question had no idea that they were being shadowed by the Mad Dog God. They finished their walk, marvelled at the astonishing land before them, and then hiked back to camp after taking many, many photos. They left plastic rubbish strewn about in the bushes and scrub, uncaring of the effects it would have upon the environment or wildlife, or the sacred nature of this place to the original custodians of its land.

That night, Samuel and Lilly were awoken by one of their guides, a clever man of Aboriginal heritage who went by 'Arnie.'

"You mob might want to get up! There's a sight to see and you won't wanna miss it. Won't take but a tick."

Lilly groaned, wondering what on earth it could be, and dearly needing some beauty sleep after the arduous day, but Sam was more keen, and the two roused each other until they managed to extricate themselves from their tent. For all that they had heard of the outback being a scorching hot place, its nights were surprisingly frigid, and Lilly had to wrap herself up. The various other tourists and local trekkers were gathering around Arnie, who sported a classic Akubra hat and was grinning from ear to ear, white teeth flashing on his dark features. He had an innate charisma to him, and it was that charisma that helped the two tired tourists gather their senses.

“Sorry to wake you lot,” he said in his broad Aussie accent, “I know you’ve had a hard yakka from the hikes, but good on ya for getting up anyway. Come watch with me. There’s a piece of wildlife you don’t get to see too up close that you’d might get some sights on. No cameras, though, got it? Flash photography especially. No need for that.”

Sam and Lilly exchanged a brief glance, then tucked their smartphones into their pockets. Sam also placed his handheld camera into its pouch, then made sure to conceal it beneath his jacket. Just in case, after all. Arnie led them on, urging each to be quiet.

“What are we looking for?” Lilly said in her nasally voice, but Arnie hushed her.

“You’ll see, mate” he whispered. “Just crouch over here. Don’t approach further than me, less you want to get bit. Let your eyes adjust.”

The group, which included a couple of touring German girls, a few British travellers, and several Australians from further down south, all remained hushed and quiet.

“Don’t see what we’re looking for,” Sam said, but the group hushed him.

And then, slowly as his eyes adjusted, he did.

Over the embankment they’d stopped at were what looked to be several dingoes curled up in a den between several rocks, with some shrubby grass and a small tree binding them together. There looked to be a mother and several pups, and while she had most certainly noticed their approach, she wasn’t showing any alarm. Yet.

“Are those dingoes?” one of the German girls asked.

“Right on the money,” Arnie said. “We won’t get any closer, and we’ll back off soon too. Don’t want these lovely dogs onto us. It’s their land as much as ours. More so, really. This here is a mummy sheila and her little pups. A pretty rare sight. Don’t worry, they’re mostly harmless if you respect them, keep out of their way. Just gotta respect the land.”

“Ah, but ‘a dingo ate my baby!’” Sam joked.

There was a sudden silence that fell.

“Mate,” Arnie said. “Trust me when I say it’s not a joke in this country, especially around this land. Okay, we’ll just move backwards now and show her that we mean no disrespect.”

But Sam felt disrespected. It was just a joke, wasn’t it? Weren’t Australians meant to be all carefree ‘larrikins’ and all that? In the dark, he couldn’t see Lilly’s expression, but the fact that she kept a slight distance made him wonder if she was embarrassed of him. She was often finding excuses to complain and whine about his behaviour.

“It was just a joke,” he whispered to her, checking her reaction.

“You made us look like fools,” she whispered back.

“I did not. I’ve heard a lot of people make that joke back in the US. Look, I’ll make it up to you. I’ll get a photo of that little dingo family.”

Even in the dark he could tell she was interested. "Are you sure? What if we get caught?"

"Think of the photo! We could show it to the Benthams. They'll be jealous as hell they didn't get a snap like that when they were here."

Lilly bit her lip. Showing up their neighbours across the street of their little slice of suburbia Americana was an intriguing proposition. Besides, she felt that Arnie was often overblown, and his constant talk about 'respecting the land' was getting tiresome. As far as she was concerned, the 'mighty bush' could do with a few more modern highways and stairs to navigate the nature more easily, and open it up to more people.

"Fine, do it. I'll distract Arnie for a moment."

"Good idea. Bring up that you think you should climb Ayer's Rock again. And call it Ayer's Rock instead of Uluru."

She giggled. "Sam, you are a mischief," she said, and went off to do just that.

Sam withdrew the nice camera from his jacket and distanced himself from the retreating group. Thanks to the darkness, it was easy to do so. He approached back to the embankment, listening to the voices of his wife and Arnie.

"Nah, nah, you don't understand it, mate. It's Uluru because that's what the mob that lived there - that still live there - called it. It's not just a rock, it's a sacred-"

"But surely it was discovered by a man named Ayer? Shouldn't the person who first put it on a map have the right of naming it? And what does this have to do with climbing it?"

Sam cringed a little. He loved his wife, and certainly the pair shared more than a few grievances together, but she was forever henpecking people, irritated that she couldn't do everything. Restaurant visits were a damn pain to be with her, and she always made sure to hide behind him when it came time to face the now-angry staff. He had no doubt that he and Arnie would have an awkward talk later. Still, he'd suggested the topics, so he bore the responsibility as much as her. He just didn't realise she'd be so . . . vigorous in pursuing them.

"You rather embarrassed my husband earlier when you corrected him as well. I'm just wondering why you would-"

Sam rolled his eyes as he readied the camera at the entrance of the den. "Oh for fuck's sake, Lilly," he said.

From the den came a low growl. For just a moment, it sounded like a second growl, lower and larger, came from behind him, but it vanished before he could sense it out properly. Something nervous had settled into his chest, and when the growling rose, he scampered back up the embankment. His wife had just finished arguing with Arnie, who was looking confused, bemused, and amused all at once.

“Look, sheila, I’m the guide. I know these lands and its traditions like the back of my hand. We’ll rest up, have a cuppa and chat tomorrow about all of it tomorrow, and maybe that’ll sort it all out. In the meanwhile, I’ve gotta catch some shuteye. You two Yanks sleep well.”

He headed back to his tent. In the incredibly low light beneath the dazzling sky, the couple conferred.

“Did you get the photo?” Lilly asked.

“No. There was something odd out there. Something growled.”

Lilly sighed. “We’ll go together.”

“I don’t think that’s the best idea, honey. I had a bad sense out there.”

“Did you hear the way he just walked off on me? Stand up for your wife, Sam!”

Sam sighed this time. “You’re right, dear. We’ll head back. But this time, no arguing. We get the photo quickly and then come back.”

Lilly beamed. “Of course! We’re heading back tomorrow afternoon anyway. This’ll be our little keepsake. Our little piece of ‘the land’. Ha!”

They headed back, Sam wanting to reassure his wife of his manhood, and she wanting to have her way. It was an ongoing dynamic between the two, but the strain of it was always directed outward to the rest of the world, never against one another. Two toxic peas in a pod. They searched, occasionally using the light of their cell phones to light the way. It was after ten minutes of awkward shuffling about that Sam felt he’d found it.

“Here,” he said.

“Are you sure? I thought I heard growling back there.”

“No, it’s here. I’ll get the flash ready.”

He readied it, trying to ignore the other low growling that Lilly had just referred to. A twig snapped far behind them, and there was a light scuffing on the ground. He hoped it was just a kangaroo or one of the other ridiculous creatures of this continent.

“One photo of the year coming up,” he said.

He clicked the button, and the camera suddenly flashed. There was a loud growl from the den where the mother dingo was suddenly alarmed and terrifying by the blinding light. Its cubs panicked, shifting about around their mother, unsure what was happening. Lilly sucked her breath in at the victory, but one was not enough.

“Take another, Sam!”

“I think that’s enough, Lilly. I think-”

“Oh, be a man, Sam. Just a few more!”

“Yes, dear.”

He let the flash glow inside the den a couple more times. The mother pushed forward, growling, but didn’t stray far from her cubs, more keen on protecting them than

anything. She was a large specimen, and Sam and Lilly retreated a little, but still he took photos.

“What a beautiful creature!” he said, as he took one last snap.

“YES. SHE IS, ISN'T SHE? HEE HEE!!!”

The pair suddenly spun about, terrified by the low, sinister voice that giggled at their presence. Sam accidentally hit the flash on his camera as he turned, and the pair were briefly greeted by an abominable and *impossible* sight.

“Oh God!” Lilly cried. “Oh God, oh God!”

Another flash, and the creature's body was shown to them once again, grinning and maddened and utterly canine. It was like some giant dingo creature, but with unequal proportions, its front legs far too much like muscular arms, while its tail was long and serpentine and bushy. It had the triangular ears and short, tan fur of a dingo though, as well as the elongated triangular snout that marked them as quite distinct. Slobber and drool dripped from its hungry jaws, from which irregular teeth sprung. One eye was larger than the other, and they had different colours. One was the golden amber of a dingo, the other was a pale blue, like that of a northern winter wolf.

“HAHA!! SURPRISE!!!” it cried, in a voice that could have male or female. Whatever it was, it was terrifyingly bestial.

The two tourists screamed, running through the dark and trying to get back to camp. They stumbled over bush and scrub, slid over the red dirt and tendril roots of the Kakadu forest clearings, and they never stopped shouting for help.

“Arnie! Help! HELP US! MONSTER!!”

Everything was a blur. A rush. The land which they had so scorned seemed to envelop them, coming alive to block their path. The campsite was just a ten minute walk away, but the pair flailed as they tried to find it, and soon they were among trees and overhanging cliffs, the starry sky falling away as grey clouds moved to block it. Sam dropped his phone in a panic, and to his embarrassment it was Lilly who got hers working, providing a light.

“Sam, you idiot!” she cried. “You've gotten us lost!”

“Me? I was trying to escape that - that *thing!*”

“THING!?! I AM THE GREAT MAD GOD OF DOGS, YOU MORTAL HUMANS! HEE HAA! YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT'S ABOUT TO HAPPEN TO YOU!”

The voice echoed from all around them. In terror, they continued to flee, hearts beating rapidly, minds overwhelmed by fear.

“Please! Leave us alone!” Lilly cried. “We don't deserve this!”

A dark shape flitted past their light, and for a moment they saw the huge, horrifying form of the self-professed god of dogs. It was reshaping, altering, gaining and losing dingo-like traits in real-time.

*"Anything?"* the creature's voice echoed. *"You would make a - haha! This is fucking amazing! - a deal!?"*

"Yes!" Samuel yelled into the darkness, pushing through the dense outback scrub, the surroundings tearing at his clothing and skin. "We'll make a deal if you don't eat us!"

"Please!" added Lilly.

The Master of Canines giggled to itself. It could not believe its good luck. It was still angry over these ridiculous old humans terrifying the dingo den. It loved dingoes! They were among its finest creations, and it was disgusting how few there were left! And unlike the local Aboriginal peoples, who treated them with respect, and only ever hunted them out of necessity, never for sport (and never to a great extent), these foreigners clearly had no respect for the land they were upon, nor its wildlife! And, while the Dog God was not exactly one for human society, it also, like many other entities, had a fondness for the slang of the land down under. And this couple had crossed more than one line by mocking *that* as well.

And so, like the dingo itself, which stalked its prey carefully, it stayed largely out of view, intimidating the uncaring couple into its next trap.

*"Well, mates, this is gonna be crackin'!"* it exclaimed, affecting a broad Northern Territory accent. *"You two are gonna fess up and make something of yourselves. If ya don't want me ta eat you lot, you might want to consider taking this deal. If you agree to help do your parts to make sure dingoes flourish rather than get swepted away, then I might just let ya off the hook."*

"So long as we can walk away on our own two feet, that's fine!" Sam cried.

The Mad Dog God giggled. *"Two feet? Two FEET!? HEE HAA! Well, fine mates. I won't be putting up an argument on that. You can have your two feet, but you'll still be helping the dingos propagate. Deal?"*

"Deal!" Lilly said, looking all around and failing to see where this terrible monster was.

"Deal!" Sam echoed. "Just get us out of this place."

A loud howl, like a terrible screech, emanated from all around them. The dreadful sound of the dingo call, only more monstrous.

*"Out of here? Mates, don't you worry. I'll take you even more down under than you could possibly know. So let's chuck some prawns on the barbie and get this started!"*

Suddenly, the figure was bounding towards them. Lilly trained her light on the creature, and gave a bloodcurling scream as it leapt towards her and Sam. He screamed too, clutching his wife, and to his great shame, hiding *behind* her.



Their screams ended as the creature leapt, laughing all the while, and collided against them. Or so they thought.

Because the second it touched them, everything went dark. They dreamed of dingoes mating, producing pup after pup after pup. For some reason, there was something satisfying about the dream for the childless couple.

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The land was hot and warm when they woke. Sam coughed, and Lilly spluttered, and the two of them took some time to take their bearings and remember what had happened.

“My dear, are you alright?”

“Does it look like I’m fine, Sam? We were chased by a monster last night! Where even are we?”

Sam scanned his surroundings. He knew they’d gotten lost last night, but it was difficult to tell exactly where they were. There were still the beautiful dry forests to their left, and a running creek of cool water, but the mountainous geography to their right was all wrong.

“I’m . . . not sure, darling. I think we’re in a similar place to our camp, but we’ve wandered off.”

“How come Arnie hasn’t found us yet?”

“I don’t know, Lilly.”

“Some tracker! I knew he was all talk and bluster. I still can’t believe he called me ‘mate’, how outrageous!”

“Look, let’s just focus on getting back. I’m starving.”

Lilly’s stomach gurgled loudly. Far too loudly for the norm. She blushed.

“Me too. Thank God we didn’t sunburn.”

Sam looked up at the morning sky. The sun was reasonably high up, and it wasn’t like they’d been in the shade. Why hadn’t they been sunburnt? They both went red as cherries beneath the cruel Australian sun. He shook off the thought.

“We need water,” he declared, moving to the creek.

“Sam, it probably has diseases in it!”

“Have you got a better idea, Lilly?”

She didn’t, but was repulsed by the sight of her husband lapping at the water using one hand. He looked like the fat kid out of Willy Wonka scooping up chocolate.

“Sam, that’s enough. You look ridiculous.”

“It’s tasty!”

“Did you forget we were chased by a giant monster last night?”

“Maybe . . . maybe we were hallucinating.”

“Not likely. Sam, you need to take charge. You got us in this situation.”

Sam spluttered. “Bull shit I did! You wanted that photo!”

“You suggested it in the first place!”

“You got into that argument with Arnie! That monster said we were disrespecting the land!”

“And you made a deal with it, Sam!”

He sighed, began lapping up more water, almost animalistically. “Just drink some water, dear. We’ll need it. Besides, it’s really delicious. Alarmingly so, in fact. I can’t believe how refreshing it is. I almost want to dip my face right in and . . .”

Lilly gaped as Sam did just that, lapping at the water with his tongue like a dog. She came over to admonish him, but the smell of the creek was indeed wonderful.

“Perhaps . . . just a few handfuls.”

She lowered herself down. “Really Sam, you look ridiculous,” she said, opting to use her hand. At least at first. The water was unbelievably refreshing. She drank more, and more, and then like her husband, she pressed her face against the surface and lapped the water with her tongue.

It was only after they were full and refreshed that they realised what they were doing.

“Sam . . . that wasn’t normal for us.”

Her husband furrowed his brow. “No, it wasn’t. Let’s . . . let’s just get back to camp. I think it’s in this direction - the sun is coming up in the east, obviously, and if the other side of that mountain looks how I think it does . . .”

“You better be right about this Sam. I swear, sometimes you have no direction and this better not be one of those times!”

Lilly followed her husband, continuing to nag him. At times, he almost wished she’d been eaten by that dingo monster, though these were just irritated thoughts perpetuated by the heat and his hunger. As they moved, a number of lizards and rodents fell into view, scurrying into bush and plain and rock. Sam licked his lips, intrigued by them. For some reason, the sight of them was making him hungrier.

“Crikey, I could eat some lizard right now. And some plump roo.”

Lilly batted her husband lightly on the shoulder. “Sam, this is no time for jokes!”

“I wasn’t joking. Look at that plump green sheila.”

She did, and Lilly too felt that strong hunger as well. A blue-tongued lizard scurrying over a red rock to find a better place in the sun was particularly delicious looking.

“God, Sam, we must be starvin’. Have a squizz of that one.”

He looked at the blue-tongue and took a moment to catch his breath. He wanted to grab it and shove it right into his mouth, which was presently watering.

“Mhmm, fuckin’ delish. I bet we could cook that old mate up between us and - what the fuck? Why am I talkin’ like an Aussie!?”

Lilly turned about to face him. “You *are* talking like an Aussie, all ocker and everythin’, darls. Wait, so am I! Why is my voice so fuckin’ broad, and why I am swearing up a storm like a goddamned larrikin in the middle of the red desert!?”

“I dunno mate, but I’m saying ‘mate’ and I can’t fucking stop it. Mate.”

Lilly grit her teeth, but she was unable to let loose one final Australianism.

“Crikey!”

“That dingo monster has done something to us. Popped a few screws loose or something, mate.”

“Has this got somethin’ to do with our deal, darls? Why would that horrible critter want us speakin’ like a couple of true blue fair dinkum Aussies?”

“No clue!” Sam said, voice broad as any Northern Australian, “but fucking oath, this is all kinds of wrong! We gotta get back to that camp and figure out what’s gone wrong before things go tits up.”

“Too right,” she agreed, though the words were not exactly her notion of ‘too right.’

The couple continued, heading around the reach of the mountain, clambering over rock. Lilly felt her feet getting sore, and the same was true of Samuel. Their hands were feeling more cause, and they both had to occasionally stop to calm themselves.

“Gotta be just around this reach,” Sam muttered to himself, rubbing his pained fingers together. “Fuckin’ oath, my fingers and feet are killin’ me.”

“Same here, darls, same here. This is the worst day ever, Sam. Can’t stop even speaking like I was born and raised a goddamned in goddamn down under! The fucking swearing is far too fucking much!”

But neither had any idea just how far their strange changes were going. Occasionally they scratched at the end of their spines, irritated by the pulse of pain and pressure there. Neither had any clue that something was developing there either. Only the Dog God did, and it was too busy cackling from afar as it followed them invisibly, unable to be heard in their realm.

Their *new* realm.

Sam and Lilly didn’t know it yet, but not only were they not in Kansas anymore, but Kansas wasn’t even anywhere to be found on the map.

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It was half an hour later when Lilly collapsed. The pair had been stumbling around the gentle, if craggy, slope of the mountain range, determined to reach their camp before things

went too wrong. They were both hungry, and tired, and in pain though, so they took a brief rest upon some flat rocks beneath the hot sun. Neither was feeling any kind of sunburn yet despite the presence of the sun beating down upon them, and that was weird. But other matters concerned them first, because after taking a sip from a small creek nearby - this time instinctively using their tongues once more - Lilly fell over on the way back.

“Oh, Sam! My f-foot! I think I broke my foot!”

“You haven’t broken your bloody foot,” Sam replied, annoyed at their progress. Lilly had been complaining the whole time as usual, and as usual also was his own concern that he was failing to lead them in the right direction. That he was failing his manly duties.

“I think I have, darls,” she replied, still frustrated by her new accent. “It bent clean out of shape, and feet aren’t meant to do that! Sam, we’ve got ta find another way.”

“Jus’ lemme take a look at it. I’ll just peel off the shoe and sock and - streuth! Crikey and fuck!”

He scrambled backwards at the sight of her bared foot. His wife screamed, nearly stumbling backwards until she realised she couldn’t get away from it. It was impossible. Utterly impossible. But then so were monsters that made cursed deals, like the one that had led them to this point.

Lilly’s foot had somehow transformed into a dingo-like paw, fur and all. It went all the way up to her ankle, and her ankle was more changed than it should have been too, having altered shape so that her foot naturally leaned upon the toes rather than the flat of her heel. Indeed, her toes now had sharp claws, and the pads of her foot had just that - actual pads!

“Like a dogs. Like with dingoes!” she said, voice going up at the end of her sentence in that whiny way Aussies often sounded like.

“Is it just one foot?”

She shook her head, wiping away tears. Together, they pulled off her other boot and sock, and sure enough she had two dog-like feet. Dingo-like feet.

“Bloody oath,” Sam remarked, and that seemed utterly appropriate. They were both silent for a time, taking in what they were looking at.

“Darls, why the fuck am I growing dingo feet? Why am I - NGHH!!!”

Lilly trembled, clutching her temples. Another change was coming, but this one was less gradual. Less stealthy. She shuddered, feeling the presence of that horrific Dog God nearby, taunting her.

“Lilly, what’s happening, mate!?”

“It’s that horrible b-beast! He’s ch-changing me, darls! I can f-feel - Ohhhh! It feels so wrong, but also pretty damn good! Bloomin’ hell, what am I saying!? Ohhh!”

Right before Sam’s eyes, his wife’s ears began to migrate north. They pushed up to the top of her head, slowly but surely, then once they were lost among her bleached-blonde

hair, they began to change shape. Lilly clenched her eyes shut, clenched her teeth shut too, as two pointy dingo ears formed on top of her head, parting her longer hair.

“Why is this fuckin’ happening to m-mee!? AAAOOOAAO!!!”

She clutched her mouth in her hands as the changes ended. She now had dingo feet and a pair of dingo ears to match. Sam’s eyes were wide, his jaw dropped.

“Lilly, love, ya just fuckin’ howled! That weird howl like *they* do.”

What *they* was, was obvious. Dingoes. Lilly felt her hair, trembling in horror at the fact that she now had perky dog ears, and ones that were suddenly hearing a *lot* better now too.

“Oh God. Oh fuckin’ hell. This is bloody wrong, Sam! This is all bloody - what’s the matter?”

Sam was beginning to breathe tightly. Something was going on with his feet. And his ears were starting to feel odd too.

“Oh blood oath,” he said.

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“Walking like this is bleeding impossible!” Samuel complained.

“You’re telling me, darls,” Lilly scoffed.

“Yeah, but you’ve at least worn heels before!”

“True,” she admitted. “But a hairy woman is worse than a hairy man.”

“You’re not hairy mate. Well, apart from the ears, anyway!”

“And the shoulders! Look!”

She pulled back her shirt, having long since ditched her jacket as the day heated up. True enough, she was growing fur along her shoulder blades. Sam had a feeling she would be: his fur had started to come in after a spate of itchiness not too long ago. It had been over half an hour since they had developed dingo feet and ears, and the married pair were finding it hard to even talk about it, Lilly especially. For one, their accents and voices were all wrong, particularly since Sam’s voice sounded more and more high-pitched while Lilly’s had a kind of husky growl to it. For two, neither wanted to acknowledge the fact that they were stumbling about on dog feet. And for three, their excellent new hearing was a constant distraction. Only now, with their stomachs groaning in agony from hunger, it was proving more useful than expected.

“There!” Sam suddenly cried.

“I heard it!”

Sam vaulted forward, and despite not being used to his new feet, instinct guided him forward. He moved rapidly, ears flicking in the direction of his prey. He was hungry. He had

to prove his manhood, and feed his mate. His wife. But, to his astonishment, Lilly somehow raced ahead of him. She grabbed the large lizard before it could scurry underneath a rock.

“Aha!” she cried. “Lunch! Fuck yeah!”

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They had their lighters, so they could start up a small little fire to cook the large lizard on a stick. Neither wanted to waste time getting back: the itchiness on their skin was spreading, and both were feeling a strange warping sensation in their legs, like the muscles were tightening. Or perhaps *growing*.

“Since when do you hunt?” Sam said, ears drooping sadly.

“I dunno,” Lilly said, before catching herself. “I mean: *I don’t know, Sam*. I just had this . . . this rush! This instinct! Besides, I was fucking starvin’ and you weren’t doing a bloody thing about it.”

“I could have caught him.”

“Yeah, good luck with that. He would have crawled away.”

Sam fumed. He felt emasculated. He’d always imagined that in an emergency situation in the wild that he’d be the one to come to the rescue and guide them to safety. Now, Lilly was taking more of an initiative. He clenched his fists in irritation, well aware that they too were changing shape. Already, his nails had small black claw-like nails extended from them, and some pads were growing in on his palms.

“Let’s just eat this thing,” he finally said.

“I can’t believe we’re doing this, darls.”

“I know. I never would have - you never would have!”

Lilly sighed. “It’s changing us. I’m fuckin’ scared, Sam. I’m feeling all . . . feral-like. I can’t stop scratching where this fur is coming in. It’s disgusting! But . . .”

“It’s also exciting,” Sam said.

“Nah, yeah.”

Sam swallowed. “That dingo monster - the Dog God - he knew this would happen. Or she. Or whatever it was. We’re turning into *dingoes*. It tricked us!”

“But it promised we could walk on two feet!”

“Maybe it doesn’t give a damn about two feet. Crikey, this is crazy.”

“Too right, darls.”

They began eating the lizard. It was absolutely delicious. Sam could barely believe it, and neither could Lilly. Its flesh was tender and surprisingly sweet, but it was also tough on the outside, and that too was wonderful. The pair set their teeth upon it, and soon they were snarling like dogs tearing at a favourite bone.

“Ggrrggh!!”

“Aagghh!!”

“Eerggh - Oh! Sam!”

The lizard fell from Lilly’s mouth, and she just managed to catch it. She ran her fingers along her teeth, grunting as a new change came over them. “Muh jaw, Tham! Muh jaw!!”

“Muh jaw too!” he stammered back, briefly unable to enunciate his words. The two panted, trying to come to grips with what new change was coming over them. They could see it in each other: both looked on in astonishment as their partner’s teeth changed from largely flat to a sharp series of, appropriately enough, *canines*. Their tongues slithered forth, becoming flatter and longer, hanging out the side of their mouths until they pulled them back in. In mere moments, they had developed far more carnivorous teeth and a very dog-like tongue. In the heat, it was difficult not to pant.

“This is bloody ridiculous!” Sam yelled, his ridiculous new voice echoing across the land. “We’re turnin’ into goddamn gods, Lilly! I tell ya mate, this just isn’t done!”

“I know that, Sam! You think I want to be talking like some ridiculous crocodile hunter? Goddamn, these teeth are ridiculous. So pointy! But . . .”

Hesitantly, she lifted up the half-eaten lizard and raised it to her jaw. She snarled automatically, and chomped down once more. Her new teeth easily tore away at the tough outer scales, and soon she was finding even the bones delicious.

“What the fuck are ya doin’, ya crazed sheila!?”

“Just try it, darls! Try and see!”

Sam did, and found the same result as his wife. Both were equally frustrated by their new capabilities, even if they found the act of tearing apart their food, bones and all, quite tantalising. They finished their lizards in silence, their snarls dying away so that only the outback wind gave sound to their environment.

“We’re startin’ to even act like animals,” Sam said.

“I know, darls, I know. We’ve got to take charge and get back to camp. Find a doctor or a witch doctor or something.”

“I don’t think Aboriginal people have witch doctors, honey. I think that’s in Africa. I think.”

“Well, whatever bloomin’ thing they have! Surely they can help us! I don’t even want to think about what’s happening to my bloody hands. Sam, I damn well refuse to end up as a true blue Aussie breed, ya hear? Ignore *how* I’m sayin’ this, and focus on *what* I’m sayin’. We *have* to get back to camp. Follow me, will ya?”

Sam took a deep breath, and tried not to pant with his tongue out. It was weirdly addictive. Once again, he was trying to take charge, and once again he was failing, while Lilly ended up taking charge.

Worse, it was starting to feel right. When Lilly made strong statements like, Sam experienced a strange desire to go along. As if she were a rank up in their little hierarchy, instead of him being the head having to prove itself.

Lilly, for her own part, was feeling oddly headstrong. Ordinarily, that obstinance manifested in whining and complaining and then hiding behind her husband when it came time to pay the check. Not so now. There was an aggression flowing through her, spurred forth not just by her hatred of the Dog God and her disgust at the changes happening to her, but also something deeper as well. Something instinctive.

“Come,” she repeated. “I think I can . . . smell the camp.”

She sniffed the air. Yes, she was certain. Something was off about it, but she could definitely smell it. Sam followed after her.

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As the next hour passed, the two drew closer to their destination. The geography was becoming more familiar, even if it was a little different than they were used to: the trees seemed a lot more lush, and hadn't the moon just set before? How was it up in the sky so visibly? Both gave the thought not great focus, however, because their main attention was on getting back, and on the continuing changes to their bodies.

Their fur had continued to expand. Lilly was continually vexed by its spread down to her lower back, and upon her thighs. She scratched at the continual itchy areas often, but that only seemed to inflame the changes, spreading the fur yet further. Sam was the same, only his hairy body had a head start, and so now his calves and forearms were becoming fully encased in dingo-fur. It itched so terribly, in fact, that it was slowing their progress greatly, as they stopped to scratch themselves. And, just like dogs, their legs had greater mobility and flexibility than they ordinarily would have, and without even thinking the changing husband and wife took to scratching their ears and furry cheeks with their feet, right up until they realised what they were doing and forced themselves to stop.

“It's n-not fair!” Sam whined. “We're not meant ta be a pack of outback dingoes! It's - eughh! It's t-too bloody ridiculous! NNGH!!”

His fingers transformed further, gaining sharp black claws and more fur. Two fingers merged - his pinkie and ring finger - leaving him with three fingers on each hand. His ring was gone, replaced by one hanging around his neck by a threaded cord.



“G-Goddamn changes! I’m about ta put my boot in this, mate! I’ve got a pair of fucking d-dingo hands!”

“I’m g-getting them too, darls,” Lilly replied, voice lower and huskier. She grit her sharp teeth, panting heavily. “And m-my muscles are g-growing! UGH! Oh f-fuck me it’s strong, Sam! And it f-feels - OHHHHHH!!!”

She let loose a howl, a roar, a sound that mingled somewhere between outrage and overwhelming pleasure. More fur spread down her lower back and connected to the patches on her thighs. Her muscles indeed grew, and so did her overall frame. Her shirt nearly gave way, stretching tightly over her breasts. Even as it happened, her figure also became more taut.

“Aahhhhh, it’s like I’m g-getting y-younger too!”

“I think you are - I think we b-both are! Look at my h-hair?”

She cupped her vision to see past the brilliant sun’s light, and went wide-eyed at the sight of her husband now with a full head of hair. Sure, it was . . . furrer than it should have been. And yes, his teeth and ears and cheek hairs were all wrong, but he was by no means balding anymore. And for all that his face had altered in terms of its species, it also looked younger. Softer. A *lot* softer, actually.

“You I-look like a bloody sheila!” she said, half-laughing before another change hit her, and her muscles bulged further. She welcomed this change despite not truly wanting to: the powerful release was glorious, and the experience of her frame expanding was like coming into herself. Her spine extended with a *pop pop pop*, leaving her several inches taller, and certainly more so than Samuel. He gazed up at her, and if his cheeks weren’t hairy his red blush would have been obvious: she was now bigger than him. Broader than him. Stronger than him. His muscles had grown too, and he had become younger like her, but she had gained so much more. It made no bloody sense!

“Crikey, you’re big,” was all he could say. “Streuth mate, you’ve got to stop! You’ll end up looking like a right fella!”

“I feel like a bloke alright,” she replied. “I’m practically ripping out of these clothes. Fuckin’ oath, why can’t we stop changing? Why can’t we - NGGH!!!”

This change came as an utter surprise to the already very-changed Lilly. She tensed as something *exploded* out of her backside, blowing a hole in her hiking shorts and spooling out. It was her spine, or something attached to her spine. It surged out of her, and for reasons unknown it was almost like the act of penetration in reverse, and just as pleasurable. Samuel and Lilly’s love life had died away in recent years for a myriad of reasons, most of them due to their inability to be satisfied or enthusiastic about anything, but she suddenly missed the intimacy of sex as she moaned in a low, passionate voice.

“Ohhhhhhh, yes! Yes! Ohhhhhhh, yes! Grow! GROWWWW!!! AAOOOOAAAO!!!”

Sam stumbled towards his wife, trying to steady her or comfort her or figure out what on earth to do. A large furry tail was pushing out her backside and beginning to wag in joy even as it continued to extend. It was large and thick, growing from the base of her spine.

“Lilly, stop that! You’re making a bloody fool of yourself! Stop moaning like you’re some fuckin’ - NNGH!! Oh sh-shit! I think I’m g-growing a - it’s happening to me too! OHHHH!! AHH!! EEEEEHHH!!!”

To the husband’s utter humiliation, his voice shot up yet higher in pitch as his shorts were similarly punctured by the growth of a new dingo tail. He too felt the call of bodily passion, recalling the feeling of thrusting into his wife and taking pleasure from it. It had been too long, and yet there was something else tempting entering his mind, a desire to *be* taken, that excited him. He pushed the thought away even as it returned, eliciting yet more high cries of bliss from him.

“Aahhhhhh, of f-fucking oath that feels amazing! It feels - Jesus Christ! Aahhh!!”

“I know right, darls? It’s f-fuckin’ out of this world!”

They remained panting in the aftermath, now with long ropey dog tails that wagged back and forth happily. They were able to move them by will, but not entirely either, as they reacted as much to instinct as anything else, as evidenced by how still and upward they became when the two collected themselves and realised how wrong their changes now were.

“Fuck!”

“FUCK!”

“A tail!”

“A GODDAMNED BLOOMIN’ TAIL!!”

“Fair dinkum.”

“You said it, darls.”

Sam idly kicked a rock, infuriated. “It feels weird! It feels all wrong, mate!”

“I know, darls,” she replied.

“And you’re bigger than me! Why are you goddamn bigger!?”

Lilly felt a strange protectiveness towards her smaller husband. Towards her *mate*. She enveloped her larger arms around him, and for a moment the two half-human, half-dingo people stayed holding one another, trying to become accustomed to the feeling of their new foreign appendages. Sam couldn’t get his mind off of it: his tail had a defined weight and heft, and now with his wife cuddling him from behind, making him seem so small, his new limb was wagging happily. In truth, he was indeed more soothed by her presence.

And then he was more than soothed. His manhood, so far unchanged, hardened between his legs. A strong arousal grew, and the same was true of Lilly, who could easily

sniff the air and sense it from her husband. He joined her in that sensory delight, taking in the pungent aroma of his wife's horniness.

"Lilly, it's been so long."

"Goddamn it has, Sam. We haven't rooted one another for years now."

"How did we let it get this way?"

"I think - I think we've just been a pair of bloody whingers, darl. Whingeing about this, whingeing about this. Just being a real pack of absolute tossers."

"Dickheads," Sam added. "I've been a goddamned dickhead. We ended up here because of me and my bloody need to prove myself."

"No, it was because I was nagging and nagging like a goddamn mother-in-law," she replied, voice low and serious. "I made us this way."

"We both did. Acting like bloody morons."

He turned and buried his head into his wife's shoulder in an oddly feminine way. It just seemed . . . right. His nipples tensed strangely, but the feeling was too nice to stop, particularly since Lilly's shirt was stretched over her muscles almost to breaking point. He almost wanted her to burst out of it so she could suck on his nipples and -

"Whoa! Bad fuckin' thoughts!" he cried, stepping back.

She flung back too. "Me too, Sam. We were admitting all that stuff and suddenly I was feeling wet and ready - I mean, aroused. But then . . . I started thinking about *mounting you*."

Sam swallowed. "Don't say it! It . . . makes me feel bloody odd. I was thinking about it too, ya know. From the other side, I mean."

"What do you think it means?"

"Nothin' good. Let's just get out of here, mate. You lead the way."

Lilly did, surprised her husband let her take charge so easily. Often she had to henpeck him into such things, and he was always so frustrated by it. Now, he was deferring to her. More than that, she was feeling a sense of responsibility with this new role.

It was nice. Empowering, even.

Still, it was annoying that she couldn't watch his cute tail. And when had his ass gotten so cute?

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They were so damn close. The camp was in the distance, perhaps an hour's trek away. The pair had stopped for water, and Lilly had run off, now used to her digitigrade stance, and managed to come back with a pair of lizards and even a freshly caught fish.

“Not much else out in the scrub, though,” she said. “Thought I’d catch scent of a wombat or something, but nothing! Not even a bloody roo!”

She was talking like she actually knew those things, but Sam didn’t comment. The curse of the Mad Dog God was giving them funny thoughts, especially to one another. By all rights, the transforming couple should have looked at one another with revulsion, even more so because they could now easily smell their respective animal scents upon one another. Instead, an undeniable attraction had re-entered their relationship. They still had a lot of forest trekking to get to the camp up on the other hill, so instead they shared their food, gnashing away at it with their sharpened teeth, occasionally glancing at one another.

“You don’t look all that bad, ya know,” Lilly finally said, taking the lead.

“I look bloody ridiculous, mate.”

“Yeah nah, not the case at all, darls. I meant it. This whole thing is so ridiculous, and I hate that Dog Lord for doing this to us, but you actually look kind of . . . sexy, Sam.”

He paused. “You - you really think so?”

She chuckled, and it was a deeper sound than it ordinarily would have been.

“Yeah. I do. I don’t know. I’m just feeling this attraction in the air. It’s the bloody dingo instinct.”

“We’re also younger. I swear I’m back to bein’ twenty or something, Lilly. I feel like a young larrikin’ again, only smaller than I was.”

“Yeah, but cute-like.”

Sam blushed, though his face was even furrer now, so there was no evidence of it. Still, he looked away, sensing that arousal growing. His cock stiffened. It had shrunk a little, and he’d chalked that up to the strange changes, much like Lilly had avoided revealing that her clitoris had swelled embarrassingly large.

“Well, you look real beaut, love,” he said. “Truly. I . . . I haven’t said it enough. You were a looker back then and you’re a looker now. I should have told you everyday, instead of being a damn dickhead and being so stubborn. Always trying to be the man.”

“I wasn’t much better,” she admitted. She scratched her tail, which moved softly behind her. “Needed to pull me head out of me ass. I was always wanting things my way, my way, my way, but always pulling you around by ya neck to make it happen. Now, I kinda feel like I’ve got the strength to do it. Wish it didn’t take becomin’ a bloody dingo to do that.”

Sam looked at her. Really looked. Her eyes were a more golden amber now, and her nose more prominent. Her shirt had ripped in several places, barely able to contain her. He was simultaneously jealous of those muscles, and yet also appreciative of them. Very appreciative.

“Lilly,” he said, voice cracking up an octave again. “I think - I think we should kiss.”

“We never kiss, darls. Not even in public. You hate it. Say it’s showy.”

“I know, I know. I was a dickhead. But . . . I dunno. I just feel more . . . in touch with my emotions or something. I think I want to kiss you. I know I do.”

He stood from his seat, which was a convenient fallen log, and moved towards his larger partner, guided by instincts but also by his secret wants. Lilly was like a black hole, her bigger size pulling him into her gravity, her protective dominance making him feel comfortable. She in turn welcomed him into this unexpected embrace, feeling strangely closer to her partner than she had in years. Decades.

And so, for the first time in a far, far too long, the couple kissed. It was not a small kiss either, but one full of passion and romance, and more than a little seduction and sexual desire. Their subtly altered faces, which had pushed out somewhat further, was no obstacle to this kiss, and soon they were clinging to one another, pressing their bodies together and running their paw-hands over each other's fur.

“S-Sam.”

“L-Lilly.”

“We've been apart too long. God, we've been a pair of squawkin' idiots too long!”

“I know. It took us becoming this to realise it! I miss the passion. I miss the adventure of when we were young, before we became so bloody jaded.”

“When we were more passionate,” she said. “When we fucked and rooted for what felt like days!”

“God, that was another age, wasn't it?” Sam reminisced. “Where did we all go wrong.”

“When we started expecting excitement instead of making it,” Lilly said. It was an epiphany. “When we started thinking we'd seen it all. When we stopped caring about learning about new places and started demanding the same treatment wherever we went.”

Sam nodded, pausing from the kissing and cuddling and feeling to realise it too.

“When I started getting scared I was losing my place in the world, and thought that being angry was the only way to bloody well assert myself in it. Fuck, I've been a tosser.”

“And I've been - been a total bitch of a sheila!” she replied, chuckling as she did so. “Let's make up for lost time! Let's just be us, with these instincts, for a moment, and get to the camp after. I want you, Sam. My body needs you.”

“Mine too, mate. Mine too. Fuck, I need you -”

He just stopped himself. He was about to say ‘need you *inside* me.’ Thankfully, he prevented himself, instead continuing to make out with his more muscular, stronger wife, savouring her touch upon his softer, smaller body. As they became increasingly aroused, their bodies changed yet more, de-aging until they could reasonably have been in their late twenties, perhaps even in their early ones. With the fur growing all over their face and their bodies so changed, it was hard to tell, but they could certainly *experience* becoming more

youthful, as their increasing vitality pushed them to greater passion and excitement. One thing was certain as well: they were growing asymmetrically, with Samuel noticeably smaller and slimmer than his wife.

And curvier.

“Ahh!” he cried, as his left hip cracked out a little wider. He repeated the sound as his right hip did the same, then the left hip again, followed once more by the right. His waist pulled in slightly, and it was like being squeezed by dozens of invisible hands. He momentarily tried to resist the changes, but Lilly enveloped him with her greater strength, and that made it seem far more alright.

“Ohhhhh, Lilly! Mate!”

“Sam! You f-feel so soft. So gorgeous. You’ve got - curves!”

He did, and they were only becoming more prominent too, particularly in comparison to Lilly. He sniffed her fur as it pushed out from the few remaining patches of bare skin, and again when his nose pushed out as part of a canine snout. His sense of smell increased tenfold, and nearly all of it was focused on the powerful musk of his lover. Lilly was so dominant, so powerful, and her bestial scent reflected that. She in turn groaned in pleasure as her jaws reshaped to become a snout also. She nipped playfully at Sam’s neck, toying with her lover as he had once toyed with her. He was so small compared to her, and that was deeply sexy now, especially since Sam absolutely *reeked* of passivity, submissiveness.

Femininity.

“Ohhhhh!” Lilly cried, realising what was happening. Her form expanded again, breasts withdrawing entirely into her manly chest which proceeded to burst through her shirt, ripping it to mere shreds. Sam actually *squeaked* in response to this, astonished at the raw sexuality of this sight. Muscles grew along Lilly’s biceps, delts, and along her stomach. But the biggest change was happening between her legs, where a pressure was making itself known. Sam’s tongue wagged out the side of his changed jaw as he beheld his wife growing a large dingo cock. It burst forth from a furry sheath which proceeded to cover and then override her womanhood, and with it her voice dropped down to a low brass bellow, unmistakable manly. Lilly groaned, relishing the sheer intensity of the feeling, the sheer *power* that was now hardening between her muscular thighs. Her cock, pointed and massive and throbbing, was hugely erect. It needed to enter something.

It needed to enter Sam.

“Sam,” she breathed. *He* breathed. “I need you. I need to f-fuck you. My instincts are going fuckin’ crazy, darls. I want you.”

Sam scrambled, but only succeeding in falling over some scrub and ending up on his back, legs spread wide and tail off to one side. His shorts ripped open, and as if invited by

Lilly to do so, his now-male partner ripped them to shreds with his claws, leaving him naked from the waist down.

“Lilly, what are you doing!? This is - oh f-fuck, I’m so horny. Goddamn, I’m feeling horny. But we’ve got to fight this!”

“No,” Lilly said. “We can’t, and we shouldn’t. Sam, look at us. We’re becoming a pair of dingo-people. We *can’t* fight it. And these instincts are magnificent. We both feel it. We both feel more alive than we have in decades, and happier to. Don’t you feel that?”

“But - but I’m supposed to be the man!”

Even as he said it, his nipples tingled, and his chest began to rise. He panted, cock beginning to withdraw.

“You can be my sheila, just for a little bit! We’ll find a way to turn back when we hit camp. I promise. For now, I need to root my mate. C’mon Sam, don’t fight it. Give in! We were just talking about taking the plunge. We both want this.”

His wife - if she even was that - was speaking the truth. They both knew it. They could both smell the unbearable heat that was building up within Samuel’s body, the rising femininity that was conforming his body to that of a dingo sheila’s.

“Oh bloody hell,” he finally said, voice now utterly female. “I do want it. This better not be a fuckin’ mistake. Ohhhhh! YES!!!”

He stopped fighting the change, and let the Mad Dog Lord’s magic sweep over him. He hadn’t stood a chance before, but with Lilly now the dominant one of the pair, there was nothing he could do anyway but embrace what was coming. He moaned, scratching at his shirt and ripping it off of his body. His chest swelled yet again, forming two small breasts that proceeded to grow larger and larger in a very quick span. Beneath them two more breasts formed, and then a third and final pair. Each was smaller than the last, but they continued to grow apace regardless.

“MMhmmm! S-so many! Fuckin’ oath!”

“Extraordinary,” Lilly said, whose mind was also turning increasingly masculine. In fact, ‘Lilly’ just seemed not quite right anymore. *Lyle*, on the other hand, was just right. And he had no doubt that *Sandy* would soon be the new name of the day too, judging from the smell of estrogen coming from between her mate’s legs. Indeed, Samuel writhed as his manhood withdrew. He grasped at his testicles and penis, only to release as a miniature orgasm swept over him. He came briefly, the last of his seed spraying onto the earth, and then they melted away entirely, leaving him with a wet, feminine slit that was yearning for Lyle’s attention.

“Lyle!” the new woman cried, instantly recognising her lover’s new name. “Please!”

The new alpha dingo-man said nothing, instead seizing the initiative. He gripped his changed lover, squeezing her large double-D cup upper breasts. He had once scoffed at

women so busty, calling them fake. Now, he realised it was just jealousy. But he was not jealous now. He was hungry, horny, and ready to take the plunge. He gripped Sandy by the hips, and with one powerful motion he plunged his cock deep inside of her, sliding into her tight wet tunnel.

Sam howled. Howled again. Howled some more as her lover penetrated her changed body. The feeling was unlike any other. There was a brief, momentary pain, but even that pain gave way to animalistic lust. Lyle began to slide out again, then back in, and within moments the pair were bucking in time to their shared rhythm, his enormous length entering her again and again and again.

It was magnificent. It was ecstasy. It was impossible and strange and foreign and terrible and neither wanted it to end no matter how bizarre and wrong it was. Lyle finally felt in control. The dominant one to Sandy's submissiveness. And Sandy in turn relaxed, finally accepting what it was to be not in control, to not have to prove anything. The pair panted, licked one another. Lyle enjoyed squeezing Sandy's new breasts, all six of them, and this sent the latter into fits of ecstasy. He continued to ram his huge cock into her, pushing it ever closer to Sandy's new cervix. She responded by clamping down upon his sex, her vaginal walls wet and sensitive, their muscles clinging to him for dear luck, milking him for all he was worth, for every drop of pleasure.

And, of course, every drop of seed to come.

"I can't fuckin' believe I'm saying this, but I want you to c-cum inside me, mate!" the new woman stammered.

"I can't believe I'm saying this, but goddamnit Sandy, I want to. And I'm gonna!"

Sandy grinned, flashing her canine teeth. Her rational mind was gone, and her body was enveloped in heat. They didn't have children, it just wasn't in the cards at any point, but the pair were sure thinking about little pups at that moment. It was not the kind of thing Sandy had ever imagined wanting, especially in that context, but as Lyle fucked her again and again, bringing her closer and closer to her first female orgasm, she found herself whimpering with bliss at the thought of being filled with a little of little dingo-babies. It was instinct. It was her bodily heat. Her estrus hard at work to mold her mind.

And at that moment, as embarrassing and shameful and humiliating as it was, she couldn't give two hoots. She wanted to be made up the duff, as her new Aussie self would put it.

"Cum in m-me!" she cried. "I need it! This stupid fuckin' dingo sheila body wants it!"

"I will!" Lyle roared back. "S-so close! Are you sure? We shouldn't - we're not m-meant to be dingoes."

But Sandy shook her head, snarling at the very thought. "D-don't care! N-need to f-fuck! Make little dingoes! We could s-start again!"



At this opportunity, Lyle seized the initiative once more, thrusting ever more deeply as he licked at Sandy's tits. She moaned as he spoke.

"That's right! Start again! We start again, Sandy! If we can't turn back, if we're stuck like this, then we can experience this land as we should have from the beginning! Respect it, and love it, and make love in it! And if we can turn back, well, might as well have fun, right mate?"

"R-right! Ohhhhh! Aahhh!! Stop torturing m-me!"

"You are a real beaut, Sandy."

He thrust into her again and again, and finally the pair of them climaxed . . . *hard*.

"YESSSSSSS!!!!" they cried together, half-howling in delirious joy. There was a rush, a pressure unleashed in Lyle's testes, and suddenly the floodgates were opened, and stream after stream of hot cum shot forth in powerful wads, pouring into her former husband. The new sheila scratched and clawed at her male lover's back, unable to cope with so much sensation. She could feel the wet warmth enter her, the hot sticky pearly fluid shooting deep into her waiting womb. Once more that desire to bear pups entered her mind, and this time she didn't have the will to push it away. For all that she still clung to some male pride, the thought of having a litter of little anthro-dingo babies suckling away at her teats was just too much to resist. Her estrus was simply that strong.

"Ohhhhhhh . . . yesssssss. Make me fucking p-pregnant. Ohhhhh, mate. Ohhhh."

But Lyle wasn't done yet. His thorny cock was still hard, still implanted deep into his mate. Another pressure, another release, another stream of hot seed spurting into his lover. It came several more times, and while he no longer had the multiple orgasms of a woman (not that Sam had been too great at eliciting those), he did have one long continuous release that affirmed his raw power as the alpha of their little pack.

Sandy, for her part, whimpered and panted, at the mercy of numerous orgasms that swept through her. She was not used to so many, nor the way they overlapped, and so she simply shuddered and shook, letting her tail wag all about. She had been mounted, and this was the glorious aftermath.

It took some minutes for the two of them to part, when Lyle's thorny dick finally released and allowed them to gather themselves. Neither could quite believe what they had done. It was a hell of a lot for them to take in, especially since they were now so fully changed: Sandy as a cute, voluptuous, yet still wild-looking dingo sheila, and Lyle as a muscular protective mate, his chest a wall of firm muscle. They were young again, vital again, and for the first time in so many years, they had made love and felt as one with nature in the act.

Wordlessly, it was Sandy that shifted back towards her lover. Her former wife was so much larger now - large and in charge, as they often say - and there was something so right

about that. Like being released from a responsibility she'd never loved having to deal with. Now she was free to be supplicant and submissive and soft, in her own way. She sat in her mate's lap, feeling his softening cock against her rear, and rubbed his side gently with her tail. She leaned back, allowing him to feel her three rows of breasts, and kissed him lovingly. Despite their new snouts, it wasn't as difficult as either imagined: even the nipping of one another was passionate and caring in its own way.

Then, she rested against the wall of muscle that was his upper torso, and gazed out at this land that just the previous day the pair had been constantly complaining about. It was mid-afternoon, and the sun was beginning to fall further to the horizon, bathing the land in hues of orange and red. They both gazed upon it, staring out from their hill, across the valleys and over to the distant camp that was both so close and yet so far away. Lyle held his mate, appreciating her soft curves and gorgeous tan fur beneath that same light.

"It's beautiful," Sandy said. "I can't believe I didn't see it before, but it's a real beauty, isn't it?"

"It is," Lyle admitted. "Fuckin' amazing. The land down under. We were wasted on it."

"Do ya think the Mad Dog God wanted us to see it this way? Y'know, after we'd changed into dingo people?"

Lyle shrugged his powerful shoulders. "No clue. But I feel so much more alive than I have in a long time, Sandy. I can't explain it."

"Me either."

"But it is beautiful."

"Yeah, too true."

They continued to gaze for some time, until finally Sandy felt a distinct hardness against her larger, softer, and furrer posterior. She was still coming down from the shock of having had sex as a dingo woman, and allowed herself to be fucked by her new alpha mate's cock, but already her pussy was becoming damp again, her estrus running out of control. Lyle in turn was feeling the pressure, the need to fuck his mate once more, and claim her as his own. And so he began to caress her, scratching at her fur playfully, nipping her neck lightly. And then, much to Sandy's delight, he used his powerful grip to position her on all fours upon the grass. Her tail raised up automatically, her new womanhood ready to receive him.

"Mount me," she said. "God, I fuckin' need it. Mount me and get me up the duff!"

"Already planning on it, darls," he replied.

He took her from behind, and the surrounding area began to echo with the sounds of their animalistic passion, their excited growling getting louder and louder as Lyle took his new sheila, appropriately enough, doggy-style.

It was even better this time than the last.

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The pair wondered if they would be considered freaks, and if they would be able to change back, or if they would have to live in the surrounding Kakadu region off the grid. They had been cursed into these new bodies, and neither could forget that they had, as part of their deal, promised to help with the population of dingoes. The fact that they'd had sex four times already only made that future a near-certainty unless they changed back.

A rather strong part of them didn't even want to.

Still, they had to approach the camp, and see what was going on. It looked a little different: some tents were bigger, and it was organised further West than they remembered, but perhaps people were just looking at them.

"They'll probably bloody well bug out seeing us," Sandy said, indicating her busty dingo-lass form.

"Yeah, and I'll scare the shit out of 'em. Hell, I scare me with how big I am. I'm not used to it, Sandy."

"Well, get used to it. We might be stuck like this."

"I didn't hear you complaining when you were being mounted."

Sandy grinned, as turned on as she was embarrassed. Already she was missing the sensation of hot cum being sprayed inside her, and the imagery of pregnancy it created in her mind. But before she could come up with a clever retort, someone called out.

"Well, the two lovebirds finally came back! Enjoy your call to nature?"

It didn't sound like anyone they knew from camp. In fact, it sounded altogether more husky and bestial than a human voice should be. They turned as one to the left of the camp they were so close to entering, and both nearly jumped. Lyle had to place a protective paw around Sandy, in fact.

Because roughly thirty metres away (their minds even thought in metric, now), was a tall kangaroo woman with a smirk on her features. She bounced towards them, her upper half a little more humanoid but still sporting fur, a snout, the long ears and sharp claws of her animal species. She was wearing a cute travel skirt and a flannelette top.

"Um, do we know ya?" Lyle asked.

The roo woman cocked a bushy eyebrow. "Don't tell me you were out there smoking some good stuff? You two were supposed to lead us on a tour of the lower region about thirty minutes ago, before it gets dark. You still gonna do it or what? We been waiting!"

She indicated with her clawed hand to the rest of the camp. There, a portly potaroo man and a wide wombat woman were getting out of their tents, their bags packed ready for a trip. Further away, there were a couple of tiger people, and even a wolf woman who looked

to be a little big pregnant, along with her mate and several members of her family. It explained the bigger tents.

Sandy and Lyle exchanged a glance, taking in this new information. It finally made sense. The slightly different geography. The two moons. The lack of wildlife other than fish and smaller creatures. The fact that they were seen as normal. They hadn't just changed bodies, they'd changed *realities*. For a moment, none of them spoke, and then the formerly jaded pair who had seen it all and become tired of it broke into wide grins.

"Sure, we're ready to go," Lyle said. "A new adventure, right?"

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The world was named Tanarra, as it turned out. In this strange world, the sun and moon were worshipped as grand celestial creators, and the intelligent population consisted of all sorts of anthro-humanoids, ranging from bunny people (who populated like mad) to surly crocodile folk to shark girls and owl men and so on and so forth. It took a lot of getting used to, especially since the odd Australian wildlife that the married couple had been so negligent towards in their visits while human were now neighbours and fellow countrymen. In this new life as Lyle and Sandy, they even had a venomous snake woman named Jara as one of their best friends, and a fellow dingo called Shaz who was as broad Australian as one could get.

Not that Australia really existed in this world. Their equivalent of 'down under' was called Kalawatta, but just like its Earth equivalent it was a large dry continent that inhabited all kinds of strange marsupial and mammal life, only here it was fully sapient and urbanised. Well, mostly urbanised.

It took some getting used to for Sandy and Lyle. They were now dingo-people, but at least they lived out in the scrub rather than Dashton or Yolloway, some of the major cities by the coasts. No, the dry land that they had scorned was now their home, and in this new life they were - irony of ironies - a pair of tour guides. It made them howl and cackle when they had time to talk about it: the laughing Dog God certainly had a sense of humour to make them give excursions through the kind of land they had scorned and mistreated in another life. Now they were custodians of it, and with their new lease on life they were sure to prevent people from littering upon it, or disrupting any sacred or important spaces.

Of course, in Tanarra, dingo-folk *were* considered quite ancient and traditional, despite their low numbers. The pair were surprised when they first came upon the camp to notice that the roo-people and wombat woman and wolf family were all wearing perfectly ordinary camping clothes, while they had been left naked. And yet the others viewed them as normal, if a little bit different, perhaps. It turns out that unless they were living in the city,

the dingoes who called the great outback their home were almost always content to live naked and be at one with the land.

"I should be more humiliated by this," Sandy admitted, "particularly with these tits on display. Y'know, all six of them. But don't ya just feel kinda . . . right with it?"

"That's exactly what I was thinking, darls," Lyle replied. "I feel like I'm part of it all. The land. The seasons. The den we share. You. And of course . . ."

He lowered a hand to gently rub his mate's stomach, where her dome was just starting to form. Sandy grinned despite herself. She was damn well nervous about what was going on inside her body, but it wasn't like neither could see it coming. Once it became obvious that the Dog God wasn't coming back to return them to their old lives, it was only a matter of time before their constant, *constant* mating finally produced some results. Though judging from the timeline, it may well have been that first time she was mounted that had done the deed.

Sam and Lilly had never planned to have a family. The time to do so had long since passed them by, after all. Besides, the two had never really cared for children: having kids seemed to be messy, busy, and most of all: expensive. It tied you down, stuck you on the piece of land where they were born, and you had to tend to them from that point on, like them or not. Samuel certainly had wanted to remain a free man, and while Lilly had occasionally felt that maternal pull, she followed Sam's lead. And with her biological clock done ticking and well into its expiration date, the lack of children she had produced was only an occasional source of irritation to her, little more.

Now though, things had changed. The anthro-dingoes had transformed not just in species and accent and even gender, but also in instinct as well. The new *Lyle* found himself unable to resist looking at his new sheila *Sandy*, who was so appropriately named for her gorgeous sandy fur. The fact that his former husband, who had been in his mid-fifties and balding and well past his prime, was now a sexy and curvaceous woman whose breeding cycle was only just beginning, had more than a little to do with this fact.

Sandy's very movements were enticing: her pup-making hips sashayed from side to side as she walked, and her tail seemed to move in a way that teased Lyle without even intending to. Neither were used to flirting openly with one another - it had been years since they had the health and libido for such things, let alone the optimistic fervour - but they were re-learning old techniques fast, even if from the other side of the gender binary. Lyle found that flexing his muscles, leading the way, and generally acting dominant and possessive towards Sandy made her arousal increase, sometimes at the drop of a hat. Sandy, on the other hand, was at the mercy of her breeding heat. She found that pressing her lightly furred breasts together could make Lyle go almost empty-headed with lust, while pressing her softer, curvier body against him made him go hard as diamond. Most of all, she loved to let

him watch her rear. Their canine instincts meant that their favoured position was for him to mount her from behind, her tail caressing his chest while he thrust deep into her.

They fucked a lot, in fact. A hell of a lot. Whenever they weren't directly leading a tour group they managed to find free time to explore a new part of this wonderful land and make love to one another. They drank from fresh creeks and hunted the lizards and birds of the region. And when satisfied, they gave in to their instincts, more at one with their new bodies than they'd ever felt about their old ones. Unlike before, there was little to grumble about.

But all this had a consequence, one that Sandy was certainly feeling the heft of as the months passed. When her arousal dimmed for a few weeks, it was obvious that she was expecting. It was nearly enough to make her demand to become human again.

"This is - this is bloody fucked in the head!" she exclaimed in her high voiced Aussie accent. "I'm not meant to be up the duff! I should be the one with the dick, not the one getting dicked! God, how did we get ta this point, mate?"

But Lyle just chuckled and held his mate, softly stroking the taut pressure of her stomach. "Calm down, love, calm down. It'll be fine, no worries. We never had kids before, and it's not like we're changing back. It's an adventure, remember?"

"Nah yeah, I remember," she said softly. She held her mate's hands as she leaned back against him. "It's just . . . fuck mate, it's a lot."

"Yeah, but we want it, don't we? You want it, my mate?"

Sandy took a deep breath, and listened to her body. The body that was now hers for the rest of her life, and was evidently *very* fertile.

"I do," she admitted. "Crikey, I do. I want these babies. It's just so . . . embarrassing!"

"You'll come ta love it, darls. But in the meantime, why don't I show my sheila just how much I appreciate her for getting knocked up with my pups?"

"Mmhmm, you're on!"

She continued to grow from that day, and it didn't take long for her to determine that she was pregnant with a full litter, especially given how big her belly was by her sixth month. She was just thankful that her gestation period wasn't like a real dingo, which could be as short as sixty days or so. That would have given them no time to prepare, and yet at the same time, perhaps her male self would have wanted it done and dusted. Instead, she couldn't help but savour the experience as it went on: the wonderful feeling of the many kicking pups within her, the fact that her body was truly creating life and giving back to the land that she had come to finally respect and love. Of course, on a more shallow note, she also loved how protective and energetic Lyle became as she swelled with his babies: he hunted for her, expanded their den, and started fires to keep her warm by night. His libido for her had only increased, and while she got more tired the more pregnant she became, she was always happy to receive his seed, especially since her breasts were so much fuller:

she needed him to nuzzle and nurse from her occasionally, since her body was already prepared to feed her pups.

“Ohhhhh, yes! F-fuck yes!” she often cried. “Ohhhh, mate! That’s perfect!”

“Good, ya deserve it, darls,” Lyle replied, caressing his mate’s swollen stomach as he thrust into her. “You’re bloody perfect, ya really are. And I want ya to know how much I appreciate ya while you’re making our pups.”

“Ohhhh, why do I get the feeling that I’m getting up the duff more than once?”

Lyle just grinned, squeezed one of her breasts, and continued to thrust. He knew that neither of them minded the prospect. After all, he was the one giving the tours more often now, and they would have some time in the off-season to raise their pups together before it started again. Dingoes grew up fast, too. It made their possibilities open wide across the great dry bushland.

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It was two years later, and Sandy was already pregnant for the third time, this time with a litter that she guessed to be four in number. She was a little disappointed by this: her first litter had been five and her second a full set of six to cover her teats. Still, it just meant that she could instead just convince her alpha mate to get her up the duff again, not that he’d really need convincing. He loved breeding her, and she loved the idea of being bred even when she wasn’t in estrus. Sure, birth wasn’t always the best, but there was something so absolutely fucking rewarding about pushing new life into the world, and helping repopulate dingo-people back into this land. Despite her initial hesitations, she had become a fierce denmother, and she and Lyle worked together to ensure that their progeny learned all about how to respect and live off of the land they inhabited, rather than disregarding it as they once had.

This particular day had been long for Lyle, who’d finished up a hiking tour with a large group. But this was a special group, one that they had met on that first day of change. For while they were as Aussie as one could get in a land that technically didn’t have an Australia, they managed to meet a family that were as Dutch as possible without their being a Netherlands to speak of. Lyle and Sandy had been shocked yet oddly joyful to learn that they were not alone in being placed in this reality by the Mad Dog God. The large family of wolves, headed by father Marcus and mother Henrika, had been in many ways a model for their own. The pair were fiercely in love, with Henrika playing the part of the submissive wolf to her alpha-male husband, despite the fact that he was in fact quite the caring, compassionate man. And they certainly had children to spare: apparently more than four

dozen from their many litters, most of whom were being looked after back on their home continent by Marcus' mother.

The two couples instantly connected, not the least of all because Henrika was visibly pregnant and Sandy was instinctively excited by that prospect. They had gotten to talking, and by the time their first tour in their new lives was done, Marcus and Henrika had promised to keep in contact. The wolf-woman in particular seemed struck by the new dingo pair, and something about the way they had acted during those first several days must have tipped her off about their true origin, because in their continued contact over the following months, she would occasionally ask odd questions about Tanarra and their lives and pasts. They only had the phone for emergencies for the most part, but they too sensed something different about Henrika.

In the end, they had each come clean. She too had been transformed by the Dog God, having formerly been a would-be Dutch hunter - a man at that - who had feared and hated the return of wolves to his land all his life. And now, having been punished and blessed by the Lord of Canines, she had gone through their journey a long time ago. She had found a gorgeous hunk of a mate, fallen in love with him, and begged him to breed her with as many wolf pups as he could. A task that he had evidently succeeded in spectacularly, given that she was rarely not pregnant.

It had been a revelation to Lyle and Sandy, and it only made them want to meet up and chat in person once more. The stars took a couple of years to align though, particularly given that sometimes Sandy was too pregnant for the wolf family to travel and then Henrika was too pregnant to visit. Finally, nearly two years after Sandy had first spread her legs and pushed her first dingo-pups into the world, they managed it.

Sandy grinned as Lyle emerged from the treeline, helping Marcus and Henrika find the way. The other two were naked, and seemed happy to have ditched their clothing now that they were back in the wild again. It was another reason Sandy and Lyle liked the pair: they just *got* it.

"Here we are, my little ones," Henrika said in her cute Dutch accent - well, *they* knew it was Dutch at least. She helped a couple of little pups to her chest, and several others plodding along beside her, and another was carried by Marcus. "My goodness, it's exactly like you described it! A real den! Why don't we have a den, my mate?"

Marcus rolled his eyes and chuckled. "My dear wild one, isn't the expansive house in the middle of the woods enough for you?"

"I thought it was, until I saw this."

"You like watching television."

"True, but still! Sandy, Lyle, this is incredible!"



“Come find a comfy spot on the leaf mat ‘indoors’,” Sandy remarked. “The fire is warm, and most of my young ones are having a little nap, while the rest are excited ta meet ya. I’ve got some wonderful lizard meet cookin’ too.”

“Lizard meet?” Marcus remarked.

But Henrika strode right in, excited, taking only a moment to embrace Sandy before they all settled down.

“You’re glowing!” she said.

“I feel like I’m a fuckin’ balloon or something, seriously!”

“Well, we *former men* have to get used to it, right?” the wolf woman said back in a whisper. Marcus and Lyle were already engaged in a spirited conversation. The two were engaged in a slight competition over their shared hunts, though Sandy knew the ultimate survivalist was her own dingo mate. *He* didn’t need a fancy house. Besides, Marcus was a big damn softy at heart. He even *grew* his meat. Which was nice, but quaint.

“Ya know,” Sandy said conspiratorially, winking at her mate who utterly understood what she as about to say, “I never imagined I’d be happy as some sheila of a dog in the middle of nowhere. Especially one always getting up the duff with my litters.” She stroked her round stomach, feeling another set of kicks. Several of her dingo babies were feeding from her, and others were simply lying lovingly against her.

“But it’s absolutely worth it, isn’t it?” Henrika said.

“Abso-fucking-lutely. I wouldn’t go back if I could.”

“Here’s to being dogs then!”

“Hear, hear!” said Marcus, who’d overheard without context. “Though wolves are the best, of course!”

“Not here they aren’t, mate,” Lyle responded. “And besides, you can’t be saying that while *this* dingo has the secret beer stash sitting in a cold lake nearby.”

There was a shared laugh between the couples as the afternoon shifted to evening, and they all settled down for a night of reminiscing. And for three of the four present, it was a reminiscing that was out of this world.

The Dog Lord watched all of this with amusement, cackling and laughing at the sight of the former American tourists now living their best - and most fruitful - dingo lives.

“Well, I wasn’t counting on a happy ending!” it said aloud, laughing invisibly from the sidelines. “But I guess things happen in reverse down under! Hee hee, haha! All the best to the pair of you, and all your little dingos! Ha!”

And then the entity scampered away, across the dimensions, in search of more chaos and fun to sow.

**The End**