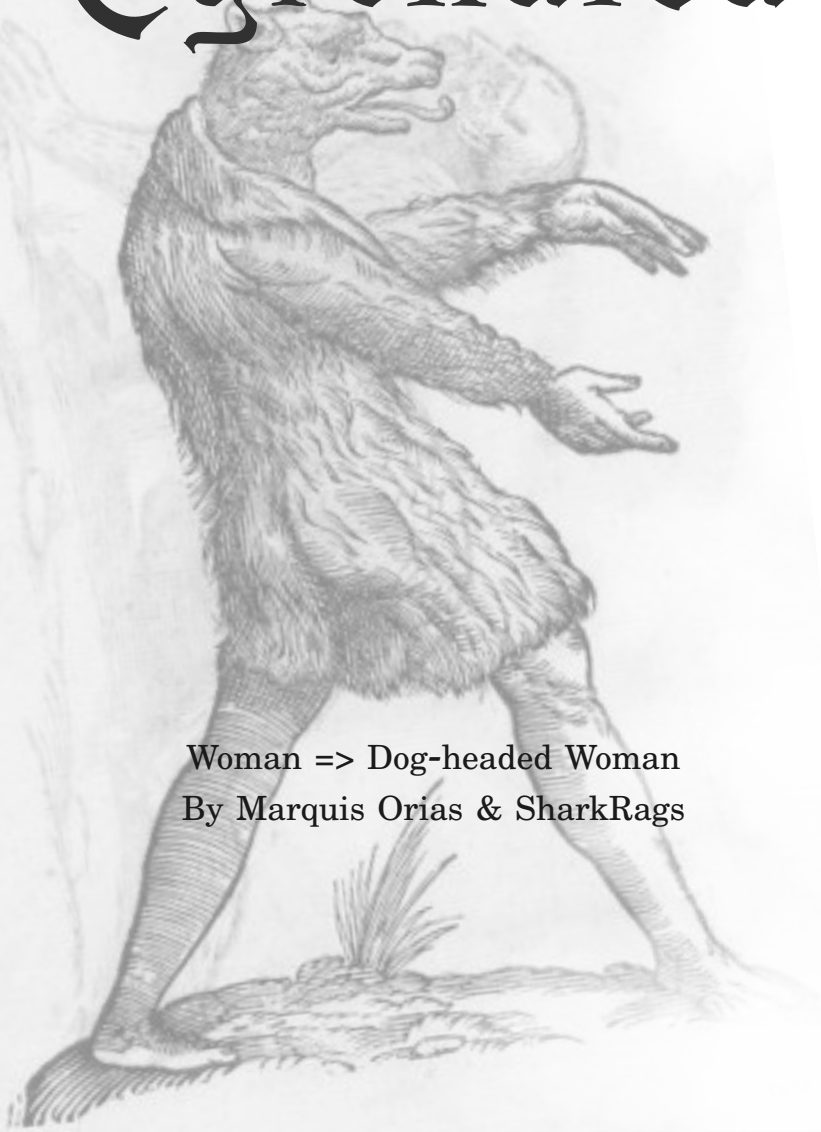


corpus humanum habere...  
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erg; alijs armis nullo modo lædi possant. Quocirca Cynocephali illic insidi...

# Cyrenaica

Cynocephali effigies.



Woman => Dog-headed Woman  
By Marquis Orias & SharkRags

“Wasn’t my first choice of dig sites, I’ll tell you that much.” Anne mopped away sweat collecting on her forehead beneath the searing Libyan sun. Her short-cropped black hair did no favors for keeping the heat off. “For a variety of reasons, mind you.”

“You mean being in a war zone under false pretenses to steal-” Reinhardt, shaded under a luxury tent, rested at his fully assembled work desk complete with a pith helmet sitting beside Victorian-era maps.

“Extract!” Anne snapped and clenched a fist. “Not steal.” She went over such technicalities before- optics mattered in academia.

Reinhardt’s mustache twitched. “Pardon me, ‘extract’ artifacts from a tribal village that existed back in Roman times.” Reinhardt rolled his eyes, the elderly clerk was company-mandated baggage as far as Ann felt concerned. The people who funded her expeditions demanded a “vetted expert” accompany her out in the field. Unfortunately, her benefactors clearly never spent hours upon hours being bombarded by his pontifications.

“If we don’t, someone is apt to come along and destroy this place. Much better that we’re here instead of a rabble of frothing ideologues looking to smash up old pagan relics. I’ve seen it happen before. At least I don’t want to break anything.” Anne pointed a tanned finger at her associate.

“Whatever you need to tell yourself to sleep at night, I suppose.” Reinhardt flipped open his thermos and poured steaming tea into a small cup.

How he could stand to drink hot tea in this climate was beyond Anne’s understanding. Maybe he wanted to have a stroke on the company’s dime.

“You’re involved in this too-”

“I document.” Reinhardt said between sips. “I keep records. Timestamps and affidavits are what I keep- all signed in triplicate. I don’t steal from ancient ruins. Too many curses floating around, I still remember that King Tut business.”

Anne had to laugh. “That’s a load of bullshit and you know it.”

Reinhardt took another drink, his eyes avoiding Anne’s glare in favor of the faded, inaccurate maps piled across his table. “It’s not bullshit, I have legitimate forms to process. Forms to keep the IRS off our ass, because while you can lie to customs you can’t lie to Uncle Sam’s wallet.”

The worst part of having to deal with Reinhardt was that he often mixed truths alongside the suspicious, fanciful crap.

“The IRS is real though, curses aren’t. Simple as that.” Anne couldn’t believe she was having this tired, worn-out discussion with him on yet another expedition. Each time she ventured onto a site to study some dilapidated corner of civilization, talk of curses always cropped up before she could pitch a tent, as if hexes and black magic affected the world. From the way Reinhardt prattled on, she couldn’t kick over a rock without some evil spell leaping out to nip her boot.

“Believe what you want!” was her weary stance on the matter.

“Look I’ve got to get back to digging, the crew needs supervision... just... no more curse talk, okay? We’re professionals doing professional work. Not superstitious thieves.”

“My my, feeling temperamental and it’s not even noon...”

Anne didn’t bother answering him, she just rolled her hazel eyes and dipped back out into the merciless sunshine.

\* \* \*

Coastal Cyrenaica wasn't a desolate wasteland, but the small village half-buried by desert sand seemed proud of its outlier status among the Mediterranean orchards and hills. They'd bribed the regional government to let them in on the pretense that they represented a petroleum firm. Archaeology wouldn't fly under the threat of military sieges and mortar bombardment, but exploring black gold was permitted. Reinhardt, for all his superstitious delusions, slipped easily around custom officials with smooth talk and the occasional bribery. Such instances were the only times over the past few days where Anne didn't want to sink her fingers into his wrinkly neck and throttle him. No, he made sure the team arrived on site without hassle, though a few wayward college interns managed to get themselves lost for a few tense hours, their jeep's GPS supposedly malfunctioning.

Anne had a different theory. Human error.

The team's preliminary research indicated the village remnants belonged to a now-extinct Berber tribe, already gone before the Roman Empire granted citizenship to those within its border. Those who lived and died here likely never took up the mantle of the Roman eagle, and Latin probably wasn't their lingua franca. They'd almost certainly fought among their own ranks, drew swords against other tribes moving in from the deserts, and spilled the blood of countrymen before ever setting sights on a Roman legionary.

Conflict seemed to be a running theme, even if the houses were remarkably intact.

The village itself sat on the remnants of an oasis, with random pits of palm wood showing up across burial sites and filled in wells. The town, not quite at Pompeii levels yet, lingered at the mercy of desert winds fighting to close the gap

one day. Long, clenching tendrils of sand swirled around the foundations, turning the entire site into a town-sized zen garden for those who didn't mind the heat.

The work team, made up of recruited locals, milled about between dig shifts. Anne saw them filling their pockets with shards and the odd piece of bronze. No true treasures, certainly nothing worth displaying in a museum or private collection, but she wasn't the only person on the excavation with sticky fingers.

Now does that make you feel better or worse, the archaeologist asked herself almost daily, to no clear response. She never thought herself exploitative, as such but knew her presence failed to make this country a better place.

That was why she decided the best course of action wasn't to think, but to press onward for gold and glory.

\* \* \*

Anne's chief interest concerned ancient coinage and traditional barter systems. How this tribe lived day-to-day didn't need to be a mystery lost like the sand-weathered structures of this village. If nothing else, she could save a small piece of it to be remembered in books and records. Maybe they traded in swords and knives, maybe they compared seashells, or maybe they didn't trade at all. . . maybe this was the long lost tribe that finally got communism to work. The narrative existed as Anne shaped it, and Anne had plenty of ideas about how to spin this tale... at least when she wasn't dying of heatstroke.

Anne sought a little refuge under Reinhardt's tent to mop the sweat off her neck and knock the sand out of her

boots. Unfortunately she had to deal with Reinhardt in exchange.

“Do you know what the Romans used to say about these border tribes? Their old gossip was curious, to say the least.” The man always shared some piffling anecdote or historical blather every time she ducked out of the misery of the sun to catch a breather. Long-sleeve shirts and jeans, she would think to herself when he started on some new dribble. That would keep the sun away. I’d feel stuffy and sweaty, but it’d keep me outside and away from this creaky windbag for a little while longer.

“No... what?” Anne panted, splashing so much water against her face that her damp white blouse let her skin show through. She suspected that Reinhardt and his sexual appetites appreciated her repeated cool down visits.

“They used to say the Berber tribesmen of this land had the heads of dogs. Imagine that. Dogs.”

Anne grabbed a towel and wiped water from her forehead. “Like they wore headdresses or masks?”

“That’s the logical line of thought, but the Roman texts are very insistent that these individuals not only had the heads of dogs, barked and bayed like beasts.” Reinhardt sipped his tea. “A fantastical assertion. Imagine running across your neighbor on the road and he howls out a good morning.”

The clerk loved hints of the supernatural and shades of the surreal. Why couldn’t Reinhardt leave the bullshit folklore to himself, or at least save it for the evening campfire?

Maybe I’m being unreasonable, Anne thought. Probably. Do I care? No.

“They wore masks, Reinhardt. Slap together some wood, paint, maybe a little goat hair to please your gods and invite

good fortune and ward away the more dickish spirits,” she said flatly and ducked back out into the baking sun.

\* \* \*

By the end of the third day, the junk-filled pockets of the workers outweighed and out-valued the formal haul put before the clerk for indexing. The excavation unearthed a lot of zilch and a verified nada. Word of this debacle would zip through the usual circles, Anne knew. Treasure hunters loved hearing about the humiliation of competing teams. Kindness was not a trait in the freelance archeology community. She could hear the laughing and jeering now. What’s worse, such mockery made its way to corporate ears. Sponsors would hold their checks close to the breast- no use providing grants to teams with a penchant of finding nothing.

“Well, guess I’m fucked.” Anne sulked along the outskirts of the village, staring off at green hills turned a lurid red and orange by the sunset. “Academically, certifiably, authentically fucked.”

No house units remained out of the examination selection, all that was left were corrals and pens etched into the earth, pastures for livestock. Any digging would haul up some animal bones, but likely nothing more.

Most of the camp retired for the evening, Anne saw the distant flicker of campfires cooking their dinner. Still, Anne wandered the rocky desert, shovel clutched in her hand like a makeshift dowsing rod. Was she going to give in, pray for a sign to come and save her sorry ass from getting reamed out?

You bet.

“Look,” Anne whispered to the desert, softly enough so none of the workers enjoying their meals overheard how crazy

she'd gone. "I really don't want Reinhardt to laugh at me, or anyone to laugh at me. My reputation's on a thread here. Could you please give me something? Anything? I'm not looking for a massive treasure trove, just a little artifact will suffice. Preferably something a bored tech-valley millionaire would be willing to pay through nose to own. I'll be content with that. Please."

The wind said nothing and uncovered no discoveries, delivered no succor, or spoke any comfort. Anne's sunburned arms and face only shivered as the nightly desert winds whipped about.

"Whatever." Anne turned away from the sun, took four steps, and tripped over what she prayed for.

The archaeologist lifted something heavy that glistened against the setting sun. The final red glimmers of evening light glinted off gold that belonged to an eight-inch hand guard of a massive dagger.



Anne gaped, turning the blade over in her trembling hands. The weight, the density, of the blade checked out. This was solid 24 carat gold arranged as a ceremonial dagger . . . completely useless as a practical tool, but its gem-encrusted handle was perfectly sized to flash before the gawking eyes of the faithful (not to mention potential buyers). Religious rites with this



knife must have been incredible, to see the polished metal in all its glory besides roaring fires and-

The icy desert wind kicked up, and Anne coughed as dust clogged her throat. The dagger slipped from her hands and fell toward the rocky ground. Her hand shot out and grasped for the blade. Anne's quick fingers saved the ceremonial knife from getting shattering against the stone, but also took a nasty cut. It took a few moments for Anne to realize that the blood pooling from the wound was her own.

"Of all the stupid things to do, this might have been one of the dumbest." Anne could see the scene play out now, of Reinhardt laughing at her for violating the first rule of kitchen safety by trying to catch a falling knife. Didn't care much for the decorum or pecking order of an excavation team. No, the old clerk would laugh at her. But at least with this find she wouldn't be out of a job and stuck with categorizing pottery fragments in the back of some third-rate university. Not again, she thought, never again.

Anne slipped the ceremonial knife into the waistband of her khaki shorts, and grabbed her shovel with her uncut hand. She hoped the workers would notice the cut on her hand and ignore the priceless knife she was trying to hide. The dig team wasn't the worst she worked with, but there was no lack of covetous eyes. Certainly the local workers were strapped for cash and this dagger would fetch a pretty penny at any market.

Anne whispered her golden rule. "Finders keepers."

Regardless, no one paid particular heed to the lone woman returning to camp after scuffling around in the dark desert all by her lonesome. Not even Reinhardt said anything, though Anne suspected the aloof clerk tipped some whiskey into his canteen when he grew bored of tea. Uninterrupted, the nervous archaeologist stowed her new treasure among her

personal belongings and bandaged her hand without anyone being the wiser.

Maybe... maybe I don't have to log this treasure with that clerk, she considered. Maybe I want a little more than my standard paycheck. Maybe I want to be set for life... the blade alone is worth more than its weight in gold.

She ate dinner with the silent, uneasy thrill of someone grappling with a plot. When the brilliant moonlight illuminated the entire village, ghostly shadows slithered around sandbanks, reached between dunes, and lurked between the dry threads of desert grass. Every hill and dugout housed phantoms that spied Anne from some arid, dusty yesteryear. She almost saw dogs in the stretches of night, shadows that danced in a playland for ghosts and desert djinn, screaming spirits that rode the winds and lashed at the faces of weary travelers.

She needed sleep. A full night's rest would leave her better prepared to get this dagger out of here and into the hands of a willing buyer. Alone and unbothered inside her tent, Anne sat down on her cot and shifted through her notes aided by LED lanterns. Soon she could kick up her feet and call it a day, waking up bright and early to continue rummaging through the digsite. Everything moved by the book, and Anne took solace in the fact that all went according to plan.

She'd prepared for the heat of the day. She'd prepared for the chill of the night. But nothing, however, would prepare her for growing a dog's head.

The changes didn't start in her wounded hand, but rather with an itch at the tip of her nose, a stuffiness that normally relented to an aggressive sneeze... until it didn't.

Anne wiped her nose and felt surprised by an unfamiliar wetness. A nosebleed, she thought, but her hands came away clean. No, this was something else.

She didn't have a mirror on hand, not even a bucket of water water to catch her rippling moonlit reflection, but she did have two perfectly working hands to grope the skin bubbling across her face, the coiling muscles, and the creaking ache growing in her brow and jaws. The archeologist's heart drummed.

What was happening to her?

A shaky finger ran across her mouth. Her lips felt thin and yet gummy, almost like rubber. A far cry from the chapped smackers she sported that morning.

Maybe this was heatstroke, she thought. Maybe the harsh Mediterranean sun solidly baked my brain and this is my hallucinatory gift. That must be it. My sense of touch has been fucked up by an over-extended summer trip. I just need to make my way to the medical tent and-

Anne's face snapped forward into a long gray-furred snout, bones popping as her cheekbones cracked and shot into long, sleek lines to keep up with her stretching jaw. Caffeine stained teeth turned to putty and reshaped against a tongue that lashed further and further along the side of her maw. Nervous fingers reached into her stretching mouth to nurse teeth bestowed with a bestial sharpness.



Monstrous, she thought. They feel monstrous.

Ears jerked and twisted towards the top of her head before outgrowing their cartilage support and turning floppy, though still keen enough to catch the distant snores of the dig crew, their low conversations, and even the chirp of crickets and scurrying of tiny, furry things between the rocky outcrops.

The very hands that clutched her changed maw soon sprouted curled talons, sharp keratin turning black, little obsidian knives that pressed and tore at the front of her work boots. Pressure built, but her shoes relented until she finally rolled forward to clutch at the tight laces and yank and pull until the leather slipped off her expanding feet. Tattered socks greeted her wide eyes. Fraying white fabric, increasingly soaked with sweat, broke as her sharpened toenails poked through the distorting threads.

Anne might have screamed if it weren't for the snout stretching between her panicked, glaring eyes. Doglike, that was it... yes... she'd petted enough canines to recognize the overall shape of her new skull. But... why? Why did she now have a beast's head? The cut from the dagger? Didn't Reinhardt say these villagers used to have dog-

No!

No way in hell that old windbag could be right. She caught a fever, or infection, maybe even was poisoned or-

Something more hot swelled up deep between her thighs, more fierce than any sunrise in this country. The need to touch herself, to dig deep, to grip, grope, and squeeze careened up and down her body, grabbed her attention almost as hard as her new dog snout, howling louder than all the horny thoughts in her life combined. Her entire body, coated in sweat, ached for relief.

The time for thinking could wait.

The woman, panting through her new muzzle, stumbled out of her tent, sneaking out beyond the lantern-lit village, ceremonial dagger in hand. Her immense needs were barely kept in check by her desire to avoid detection. No, she would sin under the desert moonlight, unbothered.

When she felt comfortably out of sight, Anne used her claws to shred the remainder of her clothing. Pointed ears swiveled as she examined her naked body, finding herself otherwise untouched. No fur, no tail... completely human, at least below the neck. But her skull snarled, drooled, huffed, and drank in the scents and sounds of the desert only like a canine could.

This felt real, and not some get-up bought at discount from Party City. No Venetian Masquerade out in the high desert. This felt like liberation, she yearned to indulge in sensation, to celebrate. Her new face was a greater validation to her years of perseverance and doggedness than any number of zeroes written on a check. This was a gift, granted across dry, sand-worn millennia.

Very much like a dog, hunger welled up inside of her, and what better way to venerate the canine than to indulge in sensation, and celebrate? Intrusive, carnal thoughts guided trembling hands closer to her waist. Desperate panting grew louder in her ears and overcame the midnight humming of the desert.

The dance under the moonlight started with the gentle caress of her tanned breasts, excitement quickly unleashing a burning tingle in her loins, and the fresh scent of female arousal now carried on the desert winds. Anne's fingers slipped down her toned stomach, gliding across the thin wispy black pubic hair that rested atop her mound, until she sank into wetness and howled.

She'd masturbated plenty of times before, hell she'd been fucked plenty of times before, but this release held no comparison. Magic, as much as she rejected it hours before, was very real and encouraged her to plunge more fingers into her dripping folds.

Deeper, she whined in her head. I needed to get deeper. I need to be filled to make the burning go away.

Wet hands pulled from her dripping pussy, her body helplessly humped at empty air, she growled and snarled under her breath as she tried a more nuanced approach to working her clitoris. The rubbing started gentle, then built over her sopping folds. She wasn't getting any closer, she needed to cum so she could howl and drink in the glory of the desert moon. In her lust-clouded mind, the jewel-encrusted grip and broad pommel of the ceremonial dagger looked far more cock-like and enticing, the hand-guard big enough to keep the actual blade away from any sensitive folds. . .

Am I going this far, she asked herself. Am I desperate enough to fuck myself cross-eyed with the smooth pommel of the damn knife that gave me a dog head in the first place?

Of course she fucking was.



\* \* \*

Back at camp, Reinhardt awoke from his slumber to howls on the distant wind, heavy with ecstasy, followed with a thunder of triumphant roars. In a half-dreaming state, he recalled old stories of spirit banshees stalking the desert, creatures who stole the souls of men lost in the long stretches of dunes.

The elderly clerk slowly pulled his cot's blanket up over his face, and tried to will himself back to sleep. His shaking fingers drifted closer toward the 9mm kept beneath his pillow for security purposes. If only he brought his tape recorder, maybe he could capture this sound for Anne, and prove to her definitively that monsters did exist.

\* \* \*

Lust indulged under the moonlight by the hilt failed to sate the urge of flesh within flesh. Anne would have to look elsewhere to address her new needs. Luckily, she knew just the place. With perspiration coating her nude form, Anne wandered back into camp.

\* \* \*

Toiling under the sun for the prospect of landing a full-time position with international travel perks hadn't exactly panned out, and the intern tossed and turned in his cot as a miserable, sweaty mess. Was everything too good to be true?

The career fair brochure had been so convincing... At least his tent still held up against the desert winds, for now at least.

He'd been in better spirits back in the states, before he was sunburned, exhausted, and not even finished with the provisioned deal all under such a tight NDA that if he opened his mouth to his fraternity brothers he would be fucked out of the industry forever. Word traveled fast in these circles and reputation couldn't just be repaired by more physical labor.

He didn't hear the footsteps approach, but he heard the drop of a heavy object against sand. Opening his clenched eyes, he frantically rubbed at them to dispel the mirage apparition standing inside his tent. The naked dog-headed woman, panting muzzle addressing the fact that the heavy sweat pooled across her brown skin and gray fur alike matched his own built up perspiration. Her eyes burned with human vigor, and her floppy ears and broad snout twitched with intent.

The intern's eyes grew wide with surprise and excitement, and his boner grew stiffer, straining against the front of his boxers. The implication became clear though unspoken between them.

Shall we now sin?

Her sweaty body pressed against his, slick cool skin upon skin. A sensual ache, a fever in the desert in a tent below the midnight sun. Just a fleeting taste, her rubbery lips pressing against his beard before she backed off once more. Ass raised to the air, she rocked the cot as she turned her attention toward the college intern's throbbing erection.

Grinding her hairy bush against his outstretched leg, she forced her pussy lips up and down his knee, humping him like a needy animal. Just a warm-up, of course, for what was to follow. She needed her new toy to be quivering with as much sexual desperation as herself.



Naturally, she had a few choice ideas about how to properly edge.

Anne's nimble feet delicately brushed against the intern's erect shaft, her clawed toes drifting up and down his penis as she let the tension build further. All for a bigger payoff, she couldn't wait to feel this fat cock burst its loads inside her and fill her hungry womb. As her footjob continued, Anne's soles discolored to a pale gray before a familiar paw print shape emerged from toughening pads that barely poked up from her skin. Enough to keep the heat of the sands off; Anne had a feeling she'd be wandering for some time.

The pace of the strokes of her nimble toes intensified. All for a tease toward the crescendo, the coming promised release. She could see precum begin to drip down the college intern's veiny length.

Anne pulled away her feet and motioned for the panting intern to lay flat on the cot. This next part would require very little effort from her temporary lover.

On her hands and knees, she moved across him with her dripping slit mere inches above his cockhead. But the riding had to wait so her new toy could prove his devotion.

Anne, clenching her eyes shut with mouth agape, let the man eagerly lick the collected sweat off her hanging breasts. All the electric tingles rocketing up her tits only made the heat in her loins more intense as she let him kiss and suckle on her heavy teats. That the tender brown flesh of her areola turned to a striking inhuman coal was lost on her in the moment, all she cared about was the attention. It was all she needed.

A gruff little whine escaped her lips as the only signal that it was time for the worship to stop and for Anne to take the plunge. The dog-headed woman arched her back and came down straight on the intern's teased cock. Fresh juices poured from her pussy lips as she straddled her mark and took him

deeper inside with eager bounces of her smooth, sweaty ass cheeks clapping off his thighs. She rode like a champion, and let her breasts swing free as she let instinct take over.

The normal pink and brown of her labia blackened beyond any human skin tone as she rode on, skin taut and glistening as her midnight labia gripped her plaything's throbbing cock. With her human-shaped pussy lips now the striking obsidian color of a horny bitch's sex, Anne's body was marked beyond just her canine head and claws. Anyone looking at her nude form would see this new development on full display, her altered coloration accentuating just how animalistic she'd become, and her gushing juices showing just how much she loved every second of it. Not that she wouldn't tell those shocked faces using her words, oh no she'd cry her passions to the high heavens just to let them know how much more complete she felt with her altered physiology. She'd pant and she'd beg and she'd—

She'd walk naked through the desert with the sun across her perfect brown skin and gray fur, serving as the living embodiment of the fleeting oasis that wandering merchants claimed to see at high noon. A Goddess incarnated in sensual flesh to be adored and venerated by men who craved just a little huff of her sweat and a little taste of her pussy. The intern she straddled grunted, his seven incher sputtering inside her with a heavy pent-up load from days spent laboring in the desert. As he came, she dug her claws into his hairy chest, deep enough to etch marks in his skin, the wry smile across her snout letting him know she meant no harm and loved every second of the connection.

She pulled herself off her mark, slowly enough to let his virile seed dribble out past her darkened lips. Holding this elevated position as long as her limbs would permit her, she stared longingly at the intern who looked back at her in realization.

“A-Anne?” He whispered as his supervisor slipped from her straddling position to curl up next to him.

“It’s a long story, and I don’t feel like explaining.” Her familiar voice, unchanged despite the long muzzle, made the intern quietly sigh in relief.

No existential terror about fucking a strange desert monster, no he just fucked his transformed boss. That’s all. Nothing more to it.

Of course he had plenty of questions-

“Anne, but-”

“Hush.” She pressed a clawed finger against his lips as her dark nostrils flared and drank in the scent of sex that hovered in the cold midnight desert air.

A good lay, all things considered.

“I need you to promise me one thing.” Anne clutched her lover tighter, the urge to snuggle against her mate utterly overwhelming. “On the off chance that this doesn’t go away by morning...”

The college intern, heeding the command to silence, merely nodded and waited for Anne’s instructions.

“Don’t let Reinhardt put any of this in the official records, shred them, burn them, shatter their ashes to the wind. Understand?”

The intern nodded and hugged her, his cheek pressing against her soft gray fur.

“Good, because I’ll make it worth your while.” Anne rolled her shoulders and reached over the side of the coat, nearly falling out as she retrieved the item she’d dropped when she entered. The ceremonial dagger, soggy hilt clutched between her clawed fingers, glowed despite the lack of overhead moonlight as Anne shoved the pommel back into her

dark well-bred folds. "Lost tribes can't idle if they want to return en masse."

**THE END**

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