

Change in the Weather (Woman to Anthro-Giraffe TF)

By FoxFaceStories

An Anonymous Commission

Morgan the Witch is bored and wanting to inflict another transformation on somebody. The opportunity arrives when the local weatherwoman Anna appears on the television, clearly flustered by having to film her segment near some zoo animals, which she clearly doesn't like. Well, Morgan is more than happy to make Anna more fitting for a zoo environment.

Change in the Weather

Morgan was bored. Bored, bored, bored. So very damn bored. And *hot*. The beautiful brunette lay on her couch at home, her feet resting up on the coffee table and her air conditioning operating at full blast trying to cool her current apartment down. She even had a fan blaring in the other direction, sending her normally perfectly arranged hair all over the place. It still did little against the horrific heatwave, much to her chagrin. Normally, Morgan would be wearing something chic and beautiful, even in the private comfort of her own home. Now, she was simply in a pair of daggy underwear and a light bra, a sheen of sweat covering her body.

"God, this is shit!" she complained. "It's too hot to do anything!"

She wished she could magic up a solution. Magic usually worked for most things in her life, but not here. Morgan was a cunning and often utterly amoral practitioner of the arcane, but every witch had her speciality. One of them, no doubt, could do something about the weather, but not her. No, her specialty was *transformation* magic. Specifically, the transformation of others. She didn't like to do it to herself; she'd already given herself the perfect body, and didn't want to alter it.

Unfortunately, this meant that the overbearing weather coupled with the laziness that came with it had left her brains practically melting out of her ears from boredom.

"I need someone to change!" she cried out before sipping some icy water. "Someone get in here! I'll make you a bimbo! No, a sexy gator girl. Hell, I'll make you a penguin just so you might bring some Arctic cold with you!"

Naturally, no one answered, so she grabbed the remote by her side and turned the television on. Maybe a rerun of *Gilmore Girls* could make her happy . . .

But before she could switch to whatever streaming service it was on these days (not even a witch like her could keep up with *that*), she caught sight of something that might give her some hope - the local weather report. The woman reporting was short but rather pretty, with chin-length auburn hair and a professional shirt with a blue skirt. Morgan recognised her

as Anna Conn, the local weather woman who often did the so-called 'fun segments.' Except she clearly did *not* want to be where she was, which was at the zoo, with several great African beats in the background: specifically, a playful elephant trying to rub her hair with its trunk, and a pair of tall giraffes in the distance in their own large expanse of land.

"Hello, this is Anna Conn, your local weather girl!" she replied with a forced grin. "And I'm here to report on this burning heatwave we're all experiencing! Make sure to wear your hats, folks, and plenty of sun lotion too! Before we can get to the weather coming, though--"

"Damn it!" Morgan said irritably from her room. "Get to the coming days already!"

"-I'm here to show off how some local critters large and small are coping with the heat. Here at Vander Zoo, we've got some of the *loveliest* animals, like Biggie the Elephant here. Ha ha! What an imaginative name for an elephant, don't you think, Stephan?"

She gave a very forced laugh to a male zookeeper beside her. She looked at the elephant with venom in her eyes, shifting away every time its trunk came close.

"*Stop it,*" she hissed. "*Get him to stop it.*"

The man stuttered, a little awkward from this double-speak. "Why, er, yes! We've got Biggie here! She's actually a female; a bull elephant, in fact. You can pat her if you want?"

"No thank you," Anna said, still giving that plastic grin.

"Well, that's okay. I'll give her a pat. She's adaptable to these kinds of conditions, certainly, though she drinks plenty of water! We can see the camels next, if you'd like?"

Anna shook her head. "No, no, I don't want any spit on me. This is a new shirt. Can we do something smaller?"

"Well, not smaller, but we got the giraffes behind us, a lovely male pair who get along since there are no females."

"Oh, *great*. Just *great*. I hate - um, I mean, I *hate how cute they are!* Let's go see them . . . *if we have to.*"

Morgan no longer had her thumb on the controller, ready to change it. Instead, she was starting to become intrigued. This woman clearly hated zoo creatures and viewed them with disdain. When the giraffes bent down for some feed, she practically yelped, and when the opportunity came to 'pat' the older of the pair, she actually batted at its head as if to try and bop it away.

"How very *hairy* they are!" she exclaimed through the gritted teeth of her smile. "Just so, so much hair coming off them! Shedding *everywhere*, the lovely creatures."

"Oh yeah, they'll do that!" laughed Stephan. "They seem to like you. Try being a bit softer. Maybe they're trying to impress the female, ha!"

She pointedly did not laugh, clearly irritated by this joke, and trying to swipe the shedding fur off of her clothing. "I think we'll have to talk to these people about the weather now, Stephan. We've had our fun!"

But Morgan, now sat up straight and no longer focusing on her boredom or the heat, had other plans in mind. “Oh, Anna the weather woman, the fun is just starting!”

It was much easier to cast a transformative spell in person than it was through a television screen. There were issues of location, conduits of power, possible diffusion of effects, all of it. But Morgan was no ordinary witch, and if she held off on any other transformation for the rest of the day, she was happy spending her existing ‘arcane batteries,’ as she thought of them, on this grand gesture. She began speaking the words, eldritch sounds that had no match in any modern human language. The power flowed from her, the witch’s eyes glowing green as she focused on Anna’s distaste onscreen. She was preparing to finally transition to the weather segment, even as she tried to bat away the giraffes lowering their heads down towards her.

“So you despise giraffes, huh?” Morgan said, briefly halting the ritual spell. “Well, let’s make you one, Anna Conn. A very lovely, very *attractive* giraffe, since you seem to focus on your looks on camera!”

With one final ancient word, the spell was unleashed. A tendril of green magical energy loosed like a bolt from her fingertip, straight into the screen where it travelled mystically towards its final target.

“Enjoy!” she cried gleefully. “I know I will, giraffe girl!”

Onscreen, Anna briefly trembled. A strange ripple ran through her body, like a pulse of foreign energy, or a shiver of excitement. For a few seconds she simply paused, frozen while live on TV.

‘Anna,’ the anchorman back at the studio hissed. ‘*You’re still on.*’

The weather woman collected herself, a brief panic in her eyes settling to calm professionalism . . . along with an unhealthy disdain for the giraffes she was shifting away from.

“Let’s get away from those furry creatures,” she said, a sickly sweetness in her voice. “Now, as you are aware, it’s a hot one today! The kind of heat that makes your *ears prick up and grow fur!*”

At that moment her ears suddenly shifted up, moving to the top of her head and extending, all while growing yellow and brown fur upon them. Anna’s voice went up a pitch in shock, and she quickly grasped her ears, eyes wide. Morgan giggled at this wondrous start. The vocal compulsions she’d added to the spell was just a fun additional touch to test herself.

“Um,” said Stephan.

“*Anna, are you okay?*” came the anchorman’s voice.

“Cut the feed!” she cried, but it didn’t cut. The studio and cameraman both now had a story, particularly when the compulsions kept her speaking.

“Just keep going!”

“I can take over?” Stephan asked, but she pushed him away.

“Are you kidding me? Something’s happened to me! F-fine! As I was saying, the weather here is hot! I’m sure we’re all hoping to get to some cooler weather so we don’t have to rely on *a sunburnt-proof tongue! Ngnh!*”

At this, her tongue pushed out from her mouth, long and eel-like and dark blue in colour, perfect for eating up leaves from tall trees without worrying about the effects of the sun’s rays upon.

“Oh Goth! Oh Goth, mah tung juth groo! Muh tung groo big!”

It snapped back into her mouth, just in time for said mouth to push forward into a cute snout shape to conceal it a little better. Anna held her face, barely believing what was happening, but unable to stop herself from continuing.

The zookeeper was astonished by this point. In the background, the two giraffes - Banjo and Hartley - were starting to get rowdy, trying to escape to get to her. A very confused Stephan made a panicked apology, stared at her changing face, and then ran back to attend to the enormous mammals.

“Muh - *my* apologies for this, viewers!” Anna cried. “S-something appears to be happening to me. I’ll try to remain professional even as I *get a pair of cute, furry ossicones to make me a total giraffe babe!*”

They sprouted from her head, the boney protrusions that were horn-like and yet not horns, already with orange and yellow fur upon them, with black fur sprouting from the very top. Anna ran her fingers over them, clearly trying to escape this moment but fixed to the spot as more and more people tuned in to see this bizarre spectacle.

“Oh God, oh God! My body is changing! It’s changing like - uh, the weather is changing! This heat wave is coming through, but don’t worry, folks, I’ve got a *good tail for you!*”

A sudden audible *RIP* was caught on the mic as a giraffe tail exploded out of her backside, tearing open part of her skirt. It was long enough to droop to the ground, and the squealing reporter turned on the spot trying to see it, only to end up going in circles as her new tail, complete with the bronze patch patterns of a giraffe in its fur, twirled about. The end had a long tuft of black hair at its end, and she howled as she nearly tripped on it, pulling it tight. Anna grabbed the tail and pulled it around in front of her, examining it even as she placed a hand against her snout, which was starting to grow yellow-bronze fur as well.

“A tail!? I’m growing a freakin’ tail!? Stop filming this, I can’t stop myself!”

But only hushed whispers back at the studio could be heard: “*I said don’t stop filming. Jared, keep that camera on her. The reporter is becoming the story!*”

Morgan howled with laughter as she watched this, especially when the tail whipped out of Anna's hands as she was forced to try and continue.

"Excuse my *straying hands*," she said, as her fingers fused together until they looked like manipulable hooves with thick tufts of yellow fur at the ends. From the way she tripped briefly backwards out of her shoes, Morgan had no doubt her feet had changed as well. "*I'll try and hoof it along!*" she said. "Why is this happening to m-me!? I can't stop it! Whoever is turning me into a disgusting creature, please stop! I don't deserve this!"

"Maybe not," Morgan said, as she sipped some cold water and drank in the sight before her also. "But disproportionate karma is sorta my thing, weather woman."

Anna began to moan, more changes coming over her. Her face was now entirely covered in fur, as was her neck and the parts of her legs that could be seen. From the way she scratched her shoulders with her transformed hands, no doubt the fur was spreading rapidly, gorgeous giraffe patterns and all. It was clearly itching her, because she was scratching at her clothing, ripping it in various places.

"Ohhhh, m-make it stop! It's starting to g-get sensitive! Mmhm!"

She scratched at the bottom of her shirt, revealing a stomach that certainly had developed furry patterns there. Her entire body was looking more and more like that of an anthro-giraffe, but she was still too simply human, at least in Morgan's eyes.

And those eyes were the next thing to change.

"I've been keeping my *big brown eyes* on the skies for change, as you know."

She groaned, clutching her face in her hoof-hands before pulling them away, clearly not used to how strange they now felt. But when she did, her bright blue eyes were now a gorgeous hazel colour, with the pupils larger than normal, giving her more of an animal look that brought her closer to her giraffe brethren.

"*Oh my God, she really is starting to look like a giraffe*," the anchorman said from the studio, though the camera kept itself firmly on Anna.

"My eyes? What colour are my eyes? Oh God, I'm covered in gross shedding hair and I've got a tail and hooves and *not to worry folks, because we'll be sprouting some tall clouds come tomorrow! Tall just like your local weather woman, who can see to the horizon!*"

Anna squeaked, clutching herself as her body trembled yet again. The pressure was there, growing and growing and demanding to be unleashed.

"N-no! I don't want to be tall! Don't m-make me as tall as - ahhh - ohhhh - uughh - as tall as - UGHH! NGGHHH! OH GOD, IT'S HAPPENING!!! I CAN FEEL IT MAKING-"

She never got to finish her originally intended sentence, because the budding pressure was finally released. Morgan cheered from her couch, wishing she had popcorn to enjoy this moment, because Anna released a guttural cry that seemed to be as full of discomfort as it was reluctant and pure *pleasure*. Her moans were almost inappropriately

orgasmic as her limbs and spin all extended. She burst out of her clothing, ripping much of it to shreds as she grew, grew, grew, and grew in height. The gasping cameraman Jared had to run backwards just to get the focus right, because the five-foot-five woman was almost immediately seven feet tall, then eight feet tall, then *nine feet tall*. Her rib cage expanded, her legs became stilt-like, just like a giraffes, and her arms likewise lengthened, though they didn't become a pair of forelegs - a minor blessing for the changing woman, at least. The overall effect was ridiculous: a grotesquely tall woman who was almost entirely naked but for tatters of a work shirt covering her furry breasts and the remnants of a skirt concealing her womanhood, thought the latter was incredibly tight due to her hips widening considerably. Her thighs had become thick with muscle to support her, and her tail had extended even further, no longer touching the ground but doing a good job of providing some much needed counterbalance.

"What the *BLEEP*!? I've become a stinking, disgusting, *BLEEP*ing giraffe! Stop filming Jared and *BLEEP*ing well help me! I can b-barely stand! Ohhh!"

She nearly fell over, her legs shifting from left to right, back to front just to avoid tipping her over. Her hooves - the ones on her actual feet - were much larger than her hand equivalents, but she moved like a woman on stilts who had never been on them before. She reached out and gripped something to hold herself steady, only to realise it was one of the giraffes."

Sh-*BLEEEP*! *BLEEP BLEEP BLEEP*! You stupid animal! Did you do this to me!? Was it you, Stephan?"

"I had nothing to do with this, ma'am!" the zookeeper called from below, almost out of sight of the camera.

"Then who did!? How do I change back!?"

Morgan cackled from her couch. "That's the best part, Anna!" she declared. "You never change back! But there's still some changes yet to go, girl! You don't look *quite* like a hot giraffe girl just yet!"

Anna managed to find some steadier footing, her nearly naked and furry form now attracting the attention of multiple zookeepers, and no doubt an increasingly massive audience who were all seeing this highly embarrassing moment on live television. Her hoof-hands shook, and she used one to slap a giraffe forcefully away.

"No! I won't be like you! *Not until I have a good tall neck that can reach to the clouds, just like a good weather woman needs!* Wait, no! I didn't mean that, I meant - oh *BLEEP*, there's a p-pressure! I'm gonna blow!"

She clenched her eyes shut. Her snout had pushed forward a little more, but her face remained distinctly humanoid even with all the changes, and even quite cut. But Morgan doubted she would appreciate that for weeks or even years to come, and right now her

attention was on her own neck, which was very much experiencing a strong pressure. Everyone knew that giraffes had tall necks, after all.

“NGHH!” she groaned, touching her breasts and sliding her hoof-hands down her form without quite meaning to. “Ohhhhh! Mmhmm! Ughhh!”

The pressure was as wrong as it was *wonderful*, and Morgan loved that part of her own magic; to make them *relish* the changes that horrified them. Anna’s neck began to rise up, the pressure finally giving way, the weather woman’s will collapsing as she stopped fighting this new transformation. She cupped her small chest, even lowered a hand down to her barely covered private as her head rose up and up and up upon her increasingly tall giraffe neck. In moments it had extended to five feet long, almost as tall as her entire body had been prior to the changes, and now over a third of her own altered height. She stood at an easy fourteen feet, towering over everything except the other giraffes, who remained just a couple of feet taller than her. Her head bobbed around on top, a sight of panic as she grappled with how high up she now felt, how much lower her own damn body was, and how to coordinate it all given how much more flexible said neck now was.

“I’m gonna fall! I’m gonna - oh *BLEEP* - I think I’ve got it! Oh, I’m swaying! It’s windy up here, I’m SWAYING!”

Jared the cameraman caught this all with wonderful precision, capturing her panic, the way her body swayed, even the obvious pleasure she was trying to fight off. The tight dress fabric against her body revealed a prominent cameltoe - or perhaps *giraffetoe* - one that bulged with unwanted libidinous lust. Her tongue lashed out, long and blue, in frustration and arousal.

“I - I don’t understand! Why m-me!? Why a g-giraffe!? Why on television!?”

Morgan sighed happily, feeling much less bored now that she’d gotten to inflict this mischievous - and permanent - change. Anna was well over twice the height of a regular woman, and the best part was she didn’t even realise how cute she was! No doubt large sections of the internet would go wild for her though; the panicked, clumsy, and frankly *adorable* giraffe woman. Plus, there was the furry aspect; something she would perhaps finally get over now that she had to shed healthily herself!

But something was still missing. All that nonsense about her wanting to look professional, not to mention that, as bad as Morgan could be, she still liked to see her victims find a happy ending. Or at least a lustful one. And Anna looked very flustered by this new body and its needs indeed. Her eyes kept going down to Stephan the zookeeper, who had returned to her side and was holding onto one of her furry thighs, trying to help steady her.

“Woah, girl! It’s okay, Anna! I’ve got you! Just try to let your legs relax, just like a giraffe! You’re doing a beautiful job!”

"But not beautiful enough," the witch mused, watching this scene. The metaphorical light bulb switched on, and snapped her fingers. "Of course! Let's give you one final change, just to drive the humiliation home and still give you the chance for a nice boy who likes a tall gal like yourself. I doubt any giraffe will have quite the curves you'll have, my dear!"

"Th-thanks!" Anna yelled down to Stephan. "*BLEEP*, this is so frickin' humiliating. Is this a giraffe disease? How do I turn back? Are the changes over?"

"Um, they look over!" Stephan said, patting her leg and trying to placate her. "But, um, is something happening to your top? Uh, what's left of it, that is?"

The tall giraffe woman squealed, clutching her chest as the next set of twin pressures began. She looked directly at the camera, panic on her oddly attractive anthro features.

"N-no! Not another change! *Because we'll be getting a change to the weather tomorrow folk! A beautiful rain will finally clear this heat away. Trust me, your weather giraffe girl has a big pair of weather balloons that can confirm this change is coming. Get a look at them now!*"

Panic hit her eyes, and Morgan's grin stretched so wide her cheeks actually started to hurt. Anna Conn knew *exactly* what change was about to happen, and the blooming bliss in her small breasts was enough to clue her in if she didn't.

"No no no no, this top is barely clinging on as it issssss!"

Her voice rose in pitch, her neck swaying up so that her face was stretched to the sky. Her tail whipped in the air, and her hooved feet had to gain new purchase as her centre of gravity changed yet again. With a great cry, her chest began to push out. She clutched her breasts, but a combination of the new unwieldiness of her hoof-hands and the fact that her boobs were swelling up too rapidly made it impossible to contain them. Her nipples pressed against the ripping fabric, the remaining buttons pinging off in random directions as her furry bust expanded further and further and further. Anna whined, clearly overcome by the unexpected and humiliating ecstasy of it all.

"Ahhh - s-so big! Ohhh, they w-won't stop growing! Mhmm, don't s-stop! Keep growing! Keep g-growing! Bigger! I need them - yes, yes! - bigger!"

They rose, surging forward and overwhelming her hands, now easily bigger than her own head. They continued to expand, proportional to her body and then some, until a ripe, furry, and very wobbly pair of what had to be HH-cup breasts (or the giraffe ratio equivalent) had sprouted from her chest, easily overflowing her comparatively tiny hands. The last strips of her shirt gave away, and the TV crew were quick to add an opaque bar across her big brown nipples, which were stiff with arousal, throbbing and long. Anna licked her cheeks with her long blue tongue, moaning and nearly salivating from the release of her bountiful and furry bosom.

“Ohhhh, God!” she said, orgasming before an audience of now-millions, her tail whipping about from the unbridled bliss. She took a shuddering step backwards, only for Banjo the giraffe to bend over and sniff her long neck. This was enough to startle her even further, particularly with her greater sense of smell recognising him as *like her* now. With a great cry, the new and very *voluptuous* giraffe woman toppled backwards, the last of her clothing ripping off of her form and leaving only miniature shreds stuck in her ruffled flow. She landed with a heavy thud, Stephan jumping out of the way, and her enormous chest bounced and wobbled heavily, even as she tried to cup her oversized mounds in her hoof-hands. Her legs were stuck out at angles, presenting her womanhood straight to the camera, and someone must have had a sense of humour in the newsroom studio, because now that she definitely wasn’t human, Anna’s privates were now completely on display with not even an opaque bar edited in to obscure them. The giraffe woman let loose one last moan as the last of the orgasms rolled through, and then she sat their panting, her tail thwacking against the ground, her long blue tongue stuck out and her humiliated gaze at the sky.

“I think there’s b-been a change in the weather,” she declared, the hot sun upon her skin. “C-can anyone g-get me a mate? Stephan, do you mind helping a big girl out here?”

Her neck craned down to him, the camera following her movement as she looked to him with desperation, gripping his shoulders with her hoof hands and looming over the confused (yet obviously aroused) zookeeper.

“I really, really badly need someone to *BLEEP* me!”

The feed cut away, and quickly displayed a ‘*We are experiencing Technical Issues!*’ logo. Morgan just cackled like the true witch she was. This had definitely spiced up her day, and she couldn’t wait to see more of the reports about Anna Conn in her new giraffe woman life. She wouldn’t be turning back, that was for sure, but at least her tall body and neck put her closer to the clouds.

“All the better for you to keep an eye on the weather, girl,” Morgan teased. “Though I’ve got a feeling with the lust I gave you, your interest is currently much closer to the ground!”

And then she began laughing all over again.

The End