

Olfactory Affection

<https://www.patreon.com/ralwatt>

Chapter 1

Hops, a hint of yeast and the bitter notes of fermenting sugars. An undercurrent of fruity, sweet-forward cocktails. A twang of red wine tannins. Traces of sweat and smoke.

Silhouetted in rippling neon curtains, the young woman took another sniff, slowly parsing the multitudinous smells of the nightclub, and her petite, button nose scrunched at the olfactory assault.

“Oh come on, Katie,” said the girl at her side, “we’re not in the lab now! This is our time off!”

Bubbly and brunette, the tanned beauty took her hand, and Katie allowed herself be led down to the dance-floor.

“It’s just interesting, you know?” she spoke as they walked, half-shouting over the music. “You can tell that the grain alcohols they serve here are cheap. We should probably stick to tequila. I smelled the agave from the table we passed, it’s-”

“Sure sure, you R&D lovers are always ‘on’, I know, but tonight I wanna get wasted and hook up with someone hot, not work on some research paper or product line.”

“Really, Soph?” Katie asked, tilting her head, as if she must have misheard. “I thought you had a meeting in the morning.”

“I do!” shot back the woman at her side, “but you talked me into cutting loose for tonight! Getting away from the tedium of the daily grind for a while, all that. Regular devil on my shoulder.”

“That doesn’t sound like me,” Katie replied, face an innocent act of obliviousness, “but if you’re suggesting it, why not?”

Passing through the column of a white spotlight, her hair lit up, a glowing golden halo around her head, framing the features of a 20-something professional. Fresh from the lab, she looked quite out of her usual place, yet even if her clothing was more suited to a trendy wine-bar or restaurant, she was as agile as any when the beat dropped and the crowd unleashed their energy.

Gyrating shapes came together in the darkness, abstract shapes of dazzling light illuminating equally incoherent tangles of arms and elbows, knees and hair, all moving as one creature, dancing to the thumping heartbeat of the bass.

In that mire of bodies, Katie pressed up against one in particular.

Taller, yet curvaceous in near excess, a figure buxom and bountiful in every aspect, gleaming in the half-light as she worked her body as a master would a violin.

Others retreated from her, fell back, overcome by the intense desire and incomparable physique of that being, but each movement lured Katie nearer, the curling of full lips silently promising a night of bliss, the glittering eyes threatening something more extraordinary still.

Latex creaked as her hand slid up the other woman's thigh, and she gasped in turn as the black-wrapped figure ran a hand down her back, pulling her in close.

There, on the dance-floor, they shared their first kiss.

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"So what *is* food science, anyway?"

Katie took another breath of the fresh-ground Arabica beans, still steaming in her filter, even as she admired the figure of the woman sat across the table... strong features, a bold jaw and brows framing a charming Grecian nose, all exquisitely shaped and perfectly moved... she was so beautiful, and so aware of it.... Expertly using her own body to kindle heat in her host's loins, to make her chest thump and her lips tingle.

Captivating green irises caught her brown ones, the pale oval of her vaguely European face framed by her flowing black hair, a knowing smile playing about the edges of those thick lips, just visible in the glow of the kitchen light.

"Researching how to make food and drink. Particularly, how to make it good."

Setting the coffee down before her guest, she took a seat.

Katie had brought women home from clubs many times, but this was the first who had taken the offer of returning to her apartment 'for coffee' so literally. Usually they wouldn't even see her kitchen until the morning after, the night before a blur of pleasure and abandon.

Somehow, she couldn't quite picture Melissa's state of abandon.

Intimate as this libidinous woman in latex was, sharing kisses, embraces and more on the dance-floor, she seemed distant and restrained away from it. Subjects as benign as her job were met with deflections, or jokes. Her name had only been teased from her over the course of a long conversation, spanning everything from pastimes to philosophy, punctuated with ample diversions into exchanges of a more physical nature.

In that respect at least, Melissa Morgana was an open book. Her visitor made raising a mug and taking a sip into an act of surpassing sensuality, practically declaring her desire as her tongue chased the droplets from her lips and her nostrils greedily consumed the fragrance.

The way that her delicate skin flared with that hedonistic, savoring breath seemed somehow more salacious than any quantity of cleavage or expanse of midriff which her outfit left bare.

"I can taste the results of your studies."

"It's actually mostly smell," Katie corrected, "our tongues provide incredibly detailed textural information, but when it comes to taste they're crude instruments, at least compared to the nose."

Melissa's grin expanded throughout her face, as Katie explained in more detail. She seemed ever to know just what to ask, and to take a genuine, keen interest in the answers.

Soon the hour was rapidly nearing midnight, but their conversation was still in full flow.

"What about you? Are you in science?" Katie asked, as she poured out a fresh round of drinks.

They had circled back around, from coffee to wine, and they were rapidly working through one of her finest bottles.

"I'm a witch."

She laughed, enjoying that happy buzz of a good joke and a great vintage.

"So you said in the club, but between selling potions on etsy or whatever that entails, what do you *really* do?"

Melissa seemed to expect that response.

"I don't know what et-see is, but I assure you that I'm the real deal. As for what else, between my work I garden. Take walks. Read. Magic takes care of the financial side of things... so I can pursue the *hedonistic*."

A lie, naturally, yet it was so charmingly told that Katie found herself nodding along, as the conversation moved on to pastimes and hobbies. Hopes and the future.

Neither had any aspirations towards the 'normal' life – marriage, kids, society events, none held any allure for them. Both wanted something else, something different and personal out of life.

It was far from how the young scientist had expected to spend her night, after those... intense interactions in the club... yet despite the strange undercurrent of tension, agitating

her core and keeping her mouth streaming with words, it felt oddly natural to talk to this vision of rubber and eroticism.

At least, until she broached the subject of the bedroom.

Melissa's distance seemed to grow as Katie came closer to the proposition.

"Would you like to see my-"

Contained within her glove, a hand rose like a wall between them, and with it, Katie's heart sank.

"I should really be going. It's late and I need to get home."

She might have stopped there. Accepted defeat. Retired for a salvageably-early night.

But she could feel the reticence in the other too.

On some level they both wanted this.

"You should stay here tonight. I can call you a broomstick come morning."

Spoken too quickly, the words were unexpectedly blunt, even to her inebriated ear.

Melissa gave a wry smile.

"I usually travel by taxi. It's my preferences in the boudoir that are strange."

"What, you... magic yourself up a cock or something?"

"At times... but that's a little passé for my liking. I enjoy slightly more... esoteric magic. The body is a wonderful medium, and nothing can compare to working it with your own hands."

Despite the alcohol Katie could see a hard, serious edge ringing each of those enchanting green eyes. She felt her heart flutter to know that her new friend was in earnest.

"Show me."

Melissa showed a genuine hesitation, trace pinks and reds rising to her cheeks for the first time that night, her breath quickening as she looked the other woman up and down... as though imagining what she might do with her.

"Are you sure you want that? Most would call my powers a curse...."

Katie gripped her fingers, through the thin synthetic coating.

Melissa didn't pull away.

“Curse me already.”

The ‘witch’ looked giddy as she peeled off the black latex, encasing her hands.

Unearthly light seemed to silhouette the edges of her digits, as though they were back in the club.

“I’m really gonna do it you know,” Melissa said, slapping the gloves down on the tabletop as she rose to her feet, swaying slightly.

It occurred to Katie that they were drunker than she’d realized, as her own legs wobbled under her, but she took Melissa’s hand to steady herself, and leaned in to take a kiss too.

The flavor of fine wine was due only in part to the two bottles they’d drained.

The rest was the smell of this intoxicating woman, who held her face in her hands with such commanding affection as they kissed.

Lips parted and tongues met. Hands ran through hair. Fingers explored asses and breasts. Crotches met thighs.

Noses bumped pleasantly as they embraced one another.

Katie could smell this strange and enticing woman, could taste her all the clearer for it, and she drank in the sensuality as they connected their bodies. Felt the beating of a second heart against her own, and reveled in the sensual stimulation of *two* sets of lips.

It was only as she tried to pull back for air, that she realized their joining was literal.

Their mouths released, yet her nose remained, held fast where it pressed against Melissa’s.

Gleaming eyes met hers as she felt something flowing into her through that odd point of fixation.

Hands caressed her face, stroked down the pretty lines of their bridges and along the central ridges of each trapped nose, to where their apexes met, a glowing point of erogenous connection, through which each woman seemed to sense, feel the other. Share in her passion, her perverse desire.

“A curse, just as you wished.”

Kneading pliant flesh, her partner seemed to draw her back in, and she returned her kisses with renewed vigor as she felt that sensual massage.

It was a connection as intense as it was surreal, yet Katie moaned into those masterful smooches Melissa planted on her mouth, surrendering utterly to the heat of the shared moment.

Barriers broken down, her body too seemed to give, to yield and flow.

Melissa broke the kiss, her mouth moving on and up, to plant another on Katie's nose.

Pulling away, their contact remained as she moved back.

Katie's skin stretched and her flesh expanded, as the witch's lips drew out her nose, from button to rod.

"What are you-" she began, only to cut herself short with a groan, as her snout grew ever longer.

From there, hands took over, pulling and stroking, drawing out ever more of her into that nonsensical proboscis.

"You'll see, my sweet. And feel. And *smell*."

Hunger in her words and gaze, the dark figure was warping her face right there, with her own bare hands.

Eyes crossing, Katie tried to make sense of the pink shaft, stretching out of her features, but her mind could make nothing of it beyond the intense, perverse thrill of feeling herself being pulled and worked like taffy.

Melissa's hands ran along her surface, adding shape and structure to the aberrant new appendage she was sculpting. Nails carved ridges of thicker skin, while the pressure of palms puffed up her nose into something more, something powerful. Everywhere she touched, new nerves took root too, spreading throughout her soft muscle and cartilage. Every movement, every tug and flex, felt bizarrely intense. Within, the channels of her nostrils ran the whole length of her new extremity, throbbing with every breath, as though the air was breezing over her sex itself.

Her nose was like a second clitoris.

Yet that was nothing to the new sensorial landscape opening up in her mind.

Grinding her womanhood against the offered knee of her temptress couldn't slake the dire thirst which filled her.

Only breath could ease the tormenting *need*, the thick waves of smell that poured like fog through her, filling and charting the vast gulf of longing in her mind, revealing the true form, the smells, the tastes of her lover.

Intoxicants beyond any wine were brought, funneled through her new snout as it grew, multiple feet of flesh extending out from her face like a hose, through which she was *drenching* herself in the witch's enchanting pheromones.

The scent of her skin, salty and savory, the hot sweetness of her mouth, the tarter notes of her pussy, the undulating new dimensions of awareness and feeling from exploring every part of her at once.

Melissa pulled the appendage taut, three full feet of flesh tensing against the force.

The pop of release was shocking.

Suddenly, the tip of her snout was free, and with it her mind, the trance of surreal eroticism broken.

She reeled back, hands moving at once to inspect the distortion to her body.

It hung long and heavy, thick as her arm yet soft as her breast, and much more sensitive than either. Fingers were a shock, as they sank into the surface, and the thing twitched, then curled like some sort of tail.

"Wh-what did you do to me?"

"Take a proper look," was the only reply.

The mirror on the far wall revealed the shape which had been created from her face, and Katie gasped, a shudder passing through her whole figure, as she saw the soft, pink, yet undeniably elephantine appendage which grew where her nose should be.

"You... turned... my nose into a trunk?"

Barely a murmur, the words seemed to deflate the mystical figure of the witch.

Melissa was suddenly human again, looking disappointedly at her slightly-less-human host.

"I warned you about my curses," she said simply. "No-one ever seems to share my interests...."

The wistful note in her words was painful to Katie's ears, and before she knew it, her *trunk* not her hands, was taking the magical fingers of her supernatural sculptor.

The witch looked up, startled, only to see the warm, playful grin peeping out around the side of her date's new nose.

Katie gave a squeeze – and a sniff – and both shivered in pleasure as they felt that inhuman anatomy.

“I didn’t really believe you... but I’m glad you believed in me.”

“You mean you like it?”

Katie’s answer came in the form of another kiss.

This time she had to tilt her head and bend her trunk out of the way, but it was well worth the challenge to taste those lips again... and to slide that new appendage down, into and under her partner’s clothing, to breathe the scents of her skin directly. She could feel every curve of the woman, sense the texture and softness, taste the desire, the lust that rolled off her.

Everything she sniffed or stroked or simply brushed past with her erogenous new nose appeared in her awareness with exquisite detail and sensuality.

“I love it,” she whispered, between smooches.

Hands gripped her once more, lips pressing into her tender new surface, and she shuddered as her trunk curled reflexively around her amore.

“Then perhaps I should let you keep it,” the other mused.

As if her sensitive new appendage was a leash, Melissa led her by the nose.

Katie was powerless to resist, shivering in pleasure as she was pulled into her own bedroom and up onto the bed.

Mobile nostrils found their way under the hem of her partner’s skirt and tensed. With a tug the garment pulled free.

Rich and animal, the scent of her enchantress was a drug unlike any other, released in a flood from her bared loins. The intoxicants of a woman overcome by lust, rising like steam from her soaked sex, saline, savory, sweet, smells percolating through her mind as she pressed her snout to those juicy lower lips. Through her prehensile proboscis she was probing her lover in a whole new way, feeling her body, her emotions, even her thoughts, conveyed freely in the subtleties of fragrance, carried by the notes of her body as clear as if she were singing aloud.

Not that the witch was silent.

Agile nostrils flexed and closed, gripping at her delicate folds, teasing and brushing over her clitoris as Katie huffed her lust, revealing in turn the rampant passions of her transformed partner. Every flaring chemoreceptor in her overgrown nose was its own mote of exquisite connection, processing the odorants of the other woman into the very tastes of her body, the nuances of her pleasure and the eddies of her desire. The latter were rising ever higher. Little wonder then, that Melissa was moaning, gasping, crying out as she was pleased by Katie’s snuffling trunk.

Fingers pressed once more to sensitive new folds of skin, and the snouted scientist found that she too shuddered, moaning as her nose was masturbated, her head caught in the legs of her lover, trunk pressing into her vulva as she salivated from the olfactory overload of the gorgeous girl and the erogenous euphoria of her bizarre new bodypart.

The experience was beyond masturbation, greater than sex, weirder, wilder, wonderful in every way, and she snorted directly into the silky creases of the witch's womanhood as she made love to her, working the aching ridges into equally engorged folds, feeling as though her whole self was plunging into that hot, slick embrace.

When Melissa finally came it was the breaking of a dam, in her loins, but also in Katie's mind.

Rushing fluids soaked thigh and snout alike. The smell, the stink of orgasm blended into the melody of her cries, the caresses of her hands, of her lips, all bringing Katie too to a trumpeting height.

An elephantine ululation of orgasm burst from her mouth and nostrils, as they climaxed together.