

Olfactory Affection

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Chapter 2

Morning afters had never been a strength for Katie.

Nor had mornings, for that matter.

This one in particular was a challenge, her head and body feeling heavy, her mouth parched and her skin dirtied.

It wasn't odd to want for a shower after a night such as hers, but that morning she was so stinky that she could actually smell her own odors, even without raising an arm.

Little wonder, given the athletic exertions of her evening... it was hard to believe how wild things had gotten.

Her eyes flicked open.

Sunlight was streaming into the room through the blinds, perfectly filling the empty space in the bed beside her.

Too good to be true, that was the only way to describe the night she'd spent with Melissa. Because, naturally, it *wasn't* true. Witches and magic were no more real than the idea of meeting a woman she could click with so perfectly in mere hours, and in a nightclub of all places.

She sighed, but the sound came out wrong.

Thick, as if she had a cold.

"Great, I'm sick too," she croaked.

Those words were distorted by the arm pressed against her face.

Yet... as she pushed herself up in the bed, both arms were under her.

Crossing her eyes, she saw the huge, pink mass of... something... hanging down from her face, heavy and thick, throbbing as it shifted with her. The end flopped onto her lap, and she felt a shudder as so much weighty, soft, tender flesh slapped her thigh.

"No way."

Her speech was stifled, emerging against the delicate underside of that vast, misplaced and malformed limb, and the feeling of lip and breath on its surface made her shudder.

Stumbling to her feet, clutching the spool of that aberrant growth in her hands, she made it to the mirror.

Katie stared at her reflection in silent awe.

Stared at the wrinkled, creasing folds of stretchable skin, at the long, prehensile tube they formed and at the pair of winking, grasping nostrils at the end. Releasing the mass, it hung down near her crotch, a gentle but insistent weight attached directly to her face.

Taking a breath, fluid coursed through her new airways, and with it came the smells of her body, the slight bitterness of areas in need of a wash, the floral tint of her day-old conditioner, the musty lust still tensing her crotch, the salt and sweat of her skin... and a plethora of fragrances around the apartment too.

Her trunk curled with the surge of arousal which gripped her, and as she turned her head to look at it she felt the inertia, working out her neck-muscles and pulling on her skin.

It emerged seamlessly from her features, the top blending into her brow, the base rooted just over her lip, and as she hefted the ophidian form again she felt how it sagged a little in her hands, boneless, squishy, shockingly *sensitive*, more like a flaccid phallus than an arm or leg.

Willpower was required, not to push it directly into her own crotch, then and there.

“Holy shit,” she whispered to herself, “Melissa’s real.”

The secondary realization to which she returned, belatedly, was that magic too was a fact of life now.

Unfortunately, neither the witch nor her works were anywhere to be seen, aside from in the shape of Katie’s new snout.

At least, there was no trace of other magic. What there was, was a note on the dressing table.

She seized it in both hands, tight, as though it might escape were she to relax her grip.

‘Morning, cutie,’ it read, ‘I hope you loved last night as much as I did!’

Katie’s curling, twitching trunk was proof of that. She felt herself smiling, lips curving against the base of her elongated nose, and it made her shiver with perverse pleasure.

'I had to go early, but I want to see you again. Soon. Friday week, unless you can't make it... of course I'd strongly suggest that you do, because I don't own a phone, and I'll be out of town until then.'

She was already cancelling her theater tickets in her mind, when she saw the post-script of the note.

'Oh and enjoy the trunk! I really think it suits you!'

There was nothing else written.

Katie stared at the words on the paper, then up, at her own surreal reflection.

A beautiful blonde girl, with a giant fleshy trunk growing from the middle of her face.

Her thoughts raced as the limb flexed languidly.

She was *stuck* like this. Until Friday at least. Perhaps longer.

Biting her lip, she eyed the way the tip of her trunk seemed to fold over on itself, mirroring the gesture of her mouth. It all felt inarguably real, weighty yet agile, an extra limb growing out of her face, feeding her fresh surges of scent and sensuality with each inhalation.

Melissa had warned her, after all, had told her about the 'curse'... and she'd certainly never mentioned anything about it being temporary.

"Am I supposed to go to work like this?!" she demanded of the note.

It remained stoically silent.

The obvious thing to do was the take a sick day, and go hunting for Melissa.

That plan might even have worked, if Katie had gotten anything more than a name out of the woman last night. Unique as 'Melissa Morgana' was, in appearance as well as appellation, she could be quite literally *anywhere*.

Perhaps this was part of the 'curse'. A sting in the tail after that evening so such intense pleasure. Maybe Melissa even meant to leave her this way... permanently.

The thought sent an anxious, exhilarated tremor through her core. Disastrous as it would be, there was a queer, masochistic sort of thrill to the taboo idea. Her knees rubbed together as she felt the bizarre, humiliating sense of anticipation that sparked in her.

She felt a certain chagrin too, as she remembered Sophie's words.

'You can't just jump into bed with any strange girl you meet!'

Of course there was also the other issue... she was out of sick days, ever since the flu last month. She might have gotten away with a day's absence regardless, even two, but certainly no more than that, especially if she cared about her career. She *had* to go in.

Her head spun as she wondered what people would say. She was aiming for promotion, but it was hard to picture the company elevating a part-elephant to project supervisor. Then there were her co-workers, and her friends outside work.

Cheeks burning bright pink, she imagined the looks, the questions, the humiliating *admissions* that would be demanded of her.

'How could this happen?!'

'How could she do this to you?!'

'What do you mean, you asked for it?!'

'Are you... out of breath?! Are you enjoying this?!'

Shuddering, she closed her eyes, as if to block out the embarrassing scene, but that only gave volume to the *other* voice, crying out between her thighs, breathlessly demanding, pleading that she attend to its needs. And to the needs of her trunk.

Opening her eyes again, a glance at the clock shocked her anew – she had only minutes to shower and change before she had to leave.

Hot water felt good, especially on her nose, the supple surface throbbing as she made herself wash it. Katie wondered if this was what it felt like to wash a penis, only no penis she'd ever seen was this large. She couldn't resist twining the thing about her bosom and tummy, snout stroking her back as she scrubbed it.

Putting the thought out of her mind, she moved on to her hair. The product she used was a mild one, yet it smelled a little too pungent for her liking now, especially as rivulets trickled down her trunk and tickled her nostrils with their fumes of false feijoa, but it was nothing she couldn't tolerate.

For one day, anyway.

After the shower she donned her baggiest pants and shirt, loose clothes that weren't strictly fitting for work, but would certainly arouse less reaction than going into the lab with the wrong number of extremities.

Hiding her nose entirely was impossible – it was far too large, a thick and bulbous growth on the front of her head, tugging at her neck when she moved it too fast – but between a thick scarf and a facemask she could at least disguise it somewhat.

The tight covering made the shape of her trunk seem... not smaller, but less obviously elephantine. The creases were still visible at the top, spilling out slightly around the edges of the fabric, but lots of people had wrinkles. What was harder to overlook was how she couldn't turn or raise her head without the front of her scarf bulging out.

Katie completed the disguise with an unseasonably heavy coat, and stuffed her feet into a pair of flats.

"Just got a bit of a cold," she said to her reflection.

The words emerged doubly muffled, tickling the underbelly of her tingling noseparts.

Air would come from the tip, subtly poking out at the base of her spine. It was rather like wearing a gas-mask. If a gas mask made one's knees weak with each breath, and painted a vivid, visceral picture of the world all around, from a thousand competing scents.

At least she made it out of the building without seeing any neighbors.

Setting off down the street, her tension made her trunk tighten around her midriff, her breath quickening as the first sets of eyes turned her way.

Strangers all, they looked past her just as quickly.

Moving along the sidewalk, she was one figure among many, and most spared her less than a glance.

A few looked longer, even stared at her unusual get-up and oddly-full facecover, but they too all had better things to do than accost a strange woman wearing too many layers for a mild spring day.

It was almost... fun. Exciting. To walk undetected among humanity, while hiding her dark, shameful, *terrible* secret.

To hug herself with this surreal new bodypart, and breathe the smells of a cityscape, so vividly deepening the reality of the world she knew so well.

Passing a bakery, she stopped, taking a long, deep breath, savoring the mouthwatering smells within, each item smelling sweet and savory and perfectly browned.

A trilling toot of delight escaped her trunk.

Several people stopped, staring around, some at hers, others at one another.

Katie froze, as she realized the sound she'd made.

"Was that you?" a young man asked, looking closer at her unusually engorged facial area.

"Excuse me," she muttered, muffled voice barely audible as she pushed past him, her face pink with dismay and embarrassment.

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The front desk at work received similar treatment, the young scientist not trusting herself to talk to their ever-alert receptionist in her present state... especially given how cute the woman was.

On the research floors above, however, things weren't so simple.

"Ms Hall."

The disapproving tone announced her supervisor just behind the wave of synthetic flower-scents which were her herald. Katie's whole nose tensed up, cloying, over-processed perfume attacking her hypersensitized sniffer, just as a glare drilled into her countenance.

"Good morning, Miss Jones," Katie replied.

"Late again," the older woman remarked, with a slight shake of her carefully controlled head. "And what manner of attire is this?"

"I have a cold," was her stuffy response.

In truth she was already sweating inside the layers, for reasons beyond just the heat.

"Then you should be at home! At the very least you can remove that ridiculous coat and scarf while you're in the office."

A single hair slipped free from Jones' bun as she gesticulated. It was swiftly returned to incarceration.

"I really shouldn't, I don't feel the best," Katie said, almost pleading.

"If you feel that unwell, take a sick day. If you're staying, then the scarf and coat must go."

Before she could react, the wrapped garment was tugged away.

Katie froze, mortified as several inches of trunk spilled out, bulging over the hem of her shirt.

Everyone was staring at her, Jones' brows furrowed as she eyed the offending extremity.

"Don't tuck your nose into your clothes, girl, this is a professional lab!"

"I'm sorry, I- uh... what?"

Katie stared at her, as she processed what she'd heard.

"I'm telling you to get that ridiculous hosepipe you call a trunk out of your shirt," Jones said with a weary sigh. "Honestly, I don't know what you were thinking, having something like that done. No concern at all about how it makes the company look either."

Her fingers sank into the appendage, and Katie winced as tender inches of snout were drawn out by force, then released to dangle free, obviously, utterly exposed on her face, and pressing on her bust below.

"S-sorry?" she murmured.

A curt nod was the only answer she received, and her boss moved on.

Katie was left reeling, her trunk totally exposed, the eyes of her coworkers all on it, and the attached, bashful and bewildered girl.

"Morning!" Sophie said, waving from her desk. "You look how I feel! Late night, huh?"

She nodded slowly, as she moved over to sit.

Sophie tilted her head towards the new addition to her friend's face with a curious look.

"You get that done after you left the club last night? I didn't know you were into plastic surgery."

"You think I had... surgery... to do this?"

"Well it's not like trunks grow on trees, is it? Doesn't look like it came off an elephant either. Must have been pricy!"

"I think you're nuts, blowing money on something like that," Candice sniped from across the lab. "Gotta be some weird sex thing, right? You look like you belong at the circus!"

This was entirely different from what she'd expected – no shock or outrage, or litany of questions about how such a thing could have occurred – but still, she had been exposed. Seen. Judged.

Katie felt the blood rushing to her face and nose once more.

"You'd know, with that clown makeup you're wearing," Sophie shot back.

She put a hand on Katie's side, an airy look on her tanned features.

"Ignore her, she's just jealous that her name didn't come up for promotion. It's a cool look for you, and anyway, it's your nose, not hers."

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The rest of her work day passed in a surreal state of mundanity.

She could smell the people around her, the office space and lab equipment, the odors of samples and the wafting traces of cooking from elsewhere in the building, all adding an extra layer of enhanced reality to the otherwise routine tasks of preparing for the afternoon's lab time.

Comments on her new nose were little different from those which might be earned by an unusual haircut or extensive facelift, the whole staff of the company seemingly under the impression that Katie had simply paid someone to surgically restructure her nose into a trunk overnight. Fortunately no-one seemed to realize it was also as sensitive as her sex.

Admittedly, she did get a funny look the first time she opened the door with her trunk, to save putting down the box she was carrying, but once she'd gotten over the jolt of pleasure from operating her delicate appendage, she realized that many looks were more envious than judgmental.

When Sophie asked her to pass a pen she chose to pick it up with her trunk, actually enjoying the rush of stimulation... and attention. Her friend looked taken aback, but Katie's nostrils were dry and clean, and she managed not to let on just how exciting the process was for her.

By the end of the afternoon no-one was batting an eye as she put her nose to work as a third arm, carrying samples, working the equipment and holding spare tools in its coils.

Then there was the way her olfactory centers lit up, each time she was checking a new concoction.

Her sense of smell wasn't simply acute – she could pick out so much more, elements of each ingredient, even traces from each container and process through which her samples had passed – all with a savored breath.

Katie actually finished slightly early that day.

As she bid goodnight to coworkers she realized there was no need to mask up for the trip home.

Instead she walked back slowly, via the park, huffing the beautiful scents of the blooming flowers and the earthy smells of trees and grass all about her.

It was like reaching out, touching everything around her, all at once, a deeper, stronger connection than mere sight, and far more evocative.

Memories came to her, of walks in the woods, of playing in her childhood home, of spring-times past and the pleasurable ways each was enjoyed.

Her trunk was a marvel.

Even the stares of the strangers were only a slight, almost welcome embarrassment now, making her nose bend in bashful arousal as she walked.

But the greatest pleasure of the day came at mealtime.

A simple soup was all she had prepared, yet the flavors were intense, her tongue salivating from the moment the bowl emerged from the microwave, each mouthful spreading savory, satisfying notes of tomato, basil and garlic through her nose.

The sensuality of the experience had her well-primed for after the meal too, when she finally had a chance to sit down and relax with her new anatomy.

And to put it to more erotic purposes.