

Olfactory Affection

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Chapter 3

In the days following her fantastical encounter with the mysterious Melissa Morgana, Katie had settled into a new routine. It was much like the old one, but with plenty of extra gaps for... personal leisure... and extra time allotted to the savoring of each meal.

Work was going better than ever too, her results coming thick and fast.

All thanks to her nose.

Date night came quickly the following week, and it was with an excited, nervous energy that she met with her witch once again.

Appearing at her door early in on Friday evening, she wasted no time in pulling her inside with her trunk, or in taking a fresh taste of those captivating lips.

It was to the bedroom that they retreated, for the second round of that surreal experience which had been on Katie's mind the entire time since their first date.

"How are you enjoying your new nose?" the witch asked, some hours later.

Laying in bed together, she was stroking Katie's trunk slowly, the altered woman's head resting on the witch's breast as she recovered from the experience.

"It's been incredible... but you could have warned me better about this curse of yours. I was worried I was stuck like this you know!"

Melissa giggled, at the slight note of reproach in her lover's nasally-distorted voice.

"Who says you aren't?"

Katie's glare set off a laugh, faux severity melting away in the warm sounds of mirth.

"Okay, I admit that was a little mean... but I really did have to go. Besides, I made sure no one would notice anything too odd. And now...."

Her hands tightened, rubbing up, along the length of the inhuman snout which had graced Katie's face for over a week. Flowing like molten glass, it compressed and shrank, resisting but yielding slowly to the magical touch, folding up on itself and then simply dissolving away, until all that remained was a little snout on her face.

“...you’re all back to normal.”

“Normal?!” Katie asked, as she sat up, feeling the porcine stub.

“Well, within reason,” Melissa added, as her fingers joined those of her lover, kneading the reduced bodypart, shaping it back into something more human.

When she was done, she held up a mirror for Katie to admire her work.

She eyed the gorgeous ridge and perfectly-formed flare, everything from bridge to tip pristine. It was lovely, yet it was so much... less. Thousands of trace scents had disappeared, and without them the world felt duller. Smaller. Less real.

“Do I really have to lose the enhanced sense of smell?”

Melissa beamed at her, and planted a loving, tender kiss right onto, into her nose.

With a rush the scent of her breath returned, along with innumerable other details.

“Better?”

It was, but it still wasn’t quite the same as that long, sensual, erogenous bodypart she’d had to manage....

It felt silly to think that she missed having a trunk, but there it was.

“This is *not* my original nose,” she said at last.

“Well no, I mean I only saw it the one time last week, and it was dark.”

There was a casual disregard in Melissa’s voice, as though she had simply forgotten the precise phrasing of an old quote.

“You mean you don’t know how to put my old nose back?!”

“Well, I did warn you about curses,” the other responded, with a sly smirk. “Such as my poor memory.”

“You evil witch!” Katie laughed, throwing a pillow at her. “My parents gave me that nose and you lost it!”

“But I gave you another!” she pointed out, as she caught the cushion.

“You better give me more than just that.”

Melissa’s eyes lit up at the demand.

“Your wish is my command.”

They kissed, lips parting and tongues meeting, as the two women ran fingers through one another’s hair, over curved breasts and rears, down elegant thighs and along pristine legs.

It was intense, erotic, addictive even, yet something was missing.

Katie felt far too... normal.

Melissa’s fingers lingered on her nipples, and her partner gasped as she felt the tell-tale throb of enchantment.

Her areolas were tensing, *clenching*.

She wanted to look down, to observe that anatomical impossibility, but Melissa’s mouth demanded her attention.

Instead she smooched her all the harder as she felt the surreal pleasure of the erect points of her boobs starting to spread.

Dilate.

Fingertips penetrated her, and Katie felt her chest throbbing as she took each breath.

Air rushed into her lungs through her mouth. Through her nose. Through her breasts.

Whining into her lover’s lips, she ground the aching domes of fat into Melissa’s hands, confused and horny, each breath setting her nipples ablaze with impossible sensations and surreal stimulation. The feeling of the points atop each bosom growing larger, stiffer, spreading and splitting, as if her nipples had somehow multiplied.

Breathed in through her breasts, she felt the familiar flaring of sphincters of muscle, and tasted that wonderful cocktail of bodies and all about them.

Melissa’s tongue lapped playfully at the redefined tip of her boob, and she felt a familiar, exciting shape. Her breath was blowing out, against that of the witch, channeling though three routes at once, each as sensitive as her trunk had been.

Her nipples were noses.

“There you are, my dear, a gift, new noses for old.”

The witch released her bust, and she felt her swollen teats sag once more.

Staring down at herself, her lip quivered at the bizarre sight, two petite button noses growing from her boobs, alive with intense sensation and practically pleading to be touched.

Her hands enclosed them both, and Katie groaned, feeling like she was touching her bare clitoris.

Her lover did just that for her, and she bucked against her hand, rubbing herself on that playful, commanding hand. Her own were fingering her snouts, pushing her breasts up to meet the face of the woman who had so captivated her. Giggling, Melissa buried her own nose among them, taking deep, desirous sniffs.

“Don’t stop,” Katie gasped.

“I couldn’t if I wanted to!”

Groaning in her passion, the witch’s lips kissed her hungry snouts, tongue caressing their curves, teasing their flaring, tensing openings as she made out with the pair of nose-nipples.

“Mmmh, gorgeous,” she breathed, between smooches at each surreal breast, “you love this, don’t you? You’re a nosehound at heart, the same as I am....”

Katie could only nod in her assent.

“More!”

She whined, as her hips gyrated against the woman’s hands, repeating her demand.

“I need more!”

As magic flowed into her womanhood, she got it.

Her pussy was drooling, clenching and quaking, but it was as powerless as its owner to resist what was happening, as she felt her passage narrow, then bifurcate, her innards rearranging as to follow her lover’s will.

Reshaping her vulva, sculpting her labia’s throbbing lips, Melissa went to work crafting her flesh into something absurd and exquisite.

The thrill of feeling air rushing up, *inside* her pussy, was nothing next to the explosion of sensory overload which flooded her body, as she took a sniff through her sex.

Watching in awe, she looked down at the sight of her hood expanding, enclosing her folds, everything condensing and compressing into one shape, the form which was growing in her mind to sit at the center and seat of her pleasure.

Her pussy was a nose too.

Perhaps twice the size of the snout on her face, she shook as she snorted through it, air and fragrance penetrating her like a lover, piercing to her core.

Her hands moved at once to the blinding knot of erogenous overload, as she realized that her genitals were now breathing, smelling, sampling her scent and that of her partner, every shuddering sniff an eruption of rapturous odors and erotic stimulation.

She all but throw herself on Melissa, burying her four most precious organs into the other's face, chest and crotch. Her horny snorts made the other guffaw, even as she was grinding back against her.

Her pussynose was just enough to push past the outer folds of the witch, and as she rubbed her way in, she drank the gorgeous taste down, her mind awash with the smells of their love.

Bodies moved together, kissing, smelling, rubbing, Melissa sniffing in return, the two totally lost in the thrill of their nasophilic coitus.

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Anticipated as it was, Katie still felt a pang of loss come the next morning, when she awoke alone.

It was eased as she sighed, and felt herself exhale through all four of her most sensitive points – her quartet of super-sensing noses.

Another note teased her about the pleasures they had shared the night before, and promised her enchantress's return in another week, which left the noseified young woman with seven whole days to enjoy and explore her new and ridiculous state.

Just walking around her apartment put a smile on her face, as she felt the air waft over and through her breasts and crotch, and enjoyed that feeling of silky skin moving against her pussysnout. It was thrilling to feel it, a nose of all things, rooted in her groin, nestling between her thighs. Every step made her groan in desire as her altered anatomy brushed together.

She spent much of her Saturday morning rubbing it, sniffing and massaging, grinding her snouts into pillows and squeezing them between her hands and hips as she pleased herself, marveling at how bizarrely thrilling it was to be warped into a being unable even to attempt ordinary sex.

Her newfound inability to pee was probably a good thing, and certainly saved on trips to the bathroom, however her alteration did bring with it an element of frustration, when it came to the other 'release' she might had desired. Orgasm was an uncertain proposition to say the least, as her weekend proved, but even if she'd been groping and sniffing and kissing her nose-nipples and pussysnout all weekend without cumming, she was enjoying the challenge there too. It felt divine, to drag a long, deep breath in, through her erstwhile vulva, and let it vent from her jiggling, bountiful breasts.

As a result, she soon stopped using her face-nose for breathing entirely. It simply felt too good, letting air and fragrance penetrate her crotch and bust with each inhalation.

At times she just lay there, watching her boobs rise and fall, admiring the beauty of her new noses. They were reminiscent of the old, but prettier, perfectly formed to seduce her with the perverse shape of her own body.

Even donning a tee and shorts, to try to cover up, only highlighted the points of those squishy, sensual triangles, adding a fresh cotton scent to each breath as they rubbed up and down under their veils. Somehow that seemed all the more salacious, her tented clothing *highlighting* her transformation.

Nothing seemed to fit right with those added inches of bust and crotch either. Moving around pressed and pulled at the new noses with a merciless, intrusive touch, like the groping of a stranger's hands. More often than not that lured her own into joining the fray.

Inevitably, she had to eschew underwear entirely, and kept to only the baggiest of over-clothes, favoring miniskirts and loose tops which didn't press too hard on her delicate areas.

That left little to the imagination, especially when she flipped her shirt or skirt up to sniff a good meal or check a sample... but she was quickly growing to love the quizzical looks whenever strangers saw her extra parts.

No-one seemed too shocked by the sight, of course.

More magic.

If anything her co-workers were envious, of her growing ability to dissect a food sample based on fragrance alone, and her burgeoning gift for concocting new mixtures that were more delicious than anything they had made before.

In her off-hours Katie spent her time drinking in all the wonders of a world which had gained a seductive fourth dimension, and showing off her absurdist self freely to all around her as she did so. That earned her many looks, exciting and shameful in equal measure, but none were too perturbed, even when she visited the beach and stripped totally nude. It wasn't as though she had anything to hide – Katie had no human genitals, after all – and as curious as those about her were, none seemed rude enough to interrupt her as she huffed the gorgeous sea breeze and sniffed about the delicious food stalls.

The daring, twisted feeling of flashing herself about the city combined with the tingling teases of her breath to ensure that she seldom kept her hands from her lowest proboscis for long.

Even in public.

It was simply too sexy to resist pressing her crotch into anything with a pleasing smell, then stroking, massaging the odors into herself with her hands as she chased that tormenting, receding release.

The spiraling lust and self-aware shame had an allure of its own... as did the startling realization that Melissa had surely left her like this in full knowledge of the effects.

In the lab she found that her boss and coworkers were amused rather than offended – many times she was teased for her hapless, horny attempts to make a nose ‘climax’ somehow – which only stirred her desires up all the more.

Little wonder that by their third date, Katie was a pent up, sniffy, squirming mess.