

Olfactory Affection

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Chapter 4

Katie's long-awaited third meeting with the captivating Melissa Morgana was just as thrilling as she'd hoped, even if Melissa took great pleasure in denying her the release she so yearned for.

And *because*.

Instead, she took great care to tease and torment her girlfriend to the very brink, making her shudder and gasp and snort with desire, yet granting her only the perverse delight of giving orgasm to Melissa with her thrusting, snuffling snouts.

It was intoxicating, to be so totally dominated by her partner, forced to focus on pleasure for her alone, even as her body was pleading for some way to cum.

Weird as it was, she found a confusing comfort in realizing that it wasn't going to happen. Not that night, at least. All her accrued sexual energies were channeled into making her enchantress howl with new heights of bliss, even as she in turn teased Katie to ever deeper depths of desperation.

Finally, exhausted, the two lay together in bed, just talking, playing and snuggling, sharing kisses and sniffs as they simply enjoyed the intimacy and connection.

It was only as she was drifting off that Katie realized Melissa had yet to undo her surreal nasal chastity.

Another long, pent up, sweaty week followed that night, Katie's mind increasingly obsessed with the glorious look in her domme's eyes, as she denied her, and the throbbing, twisted excitement that tingled through her thighs, every time she thought about pushing her impotent snout into her once more.

If that was what it took, to be with this magical woman, she found she was more than willing to accept it. In a confusing, perverse way, she was grateful for it.

Katie made sure to express that fully, when the following weekend finally came.

Melissa was thrilled, just as Katie was, and the two made love with ever greater passion that night, each round of perverted play followed by more traditional, intimate moments of connection.

As besotted as she was with body of her beautiful, bewildering witch, and the twisted, tantalizing experiment in nasal eroticism Melissa had made of her, those calmer times were wonderful too. After exhausting all her sexual frustration in serving the pleasures of her partner, there was the easy, rich intimacy of pillow-talk, the two already chatting as if they'd know one another for years. Even just falling asleep in one another's arms was an experience incomparable to anything past lovers had given her.

That made it all the more disheartening when, once again, she awoke alone.

This time, however, Katie was totally normal.

No trunk. No extra noses. Everything in its right place.

And no note either.

Her distress was writ clear on her face, as she scanned her dresser, wondering if she'd done, said, smelt something wrong... but as the thought came to her, there was an odd whispering at the back of her mind.

It grew into a giggle, and then a hearty guffaw, her heart soaring as she recognized Melissa's mirth.

"Sorry to worry you, sweetheart!" spoke the disembodied voice of the witch, "I wanted this one to be a little surprise!"

Katie stared around the room, and then looked back at her reflection.

"But... everything looks the same.... And where are you? What did you do to me this time?"

"You were having so much fun that I thought I'd join you!"

Katie sniffed.

She hadn't *meant* to sniff, she just did.

Her legs shook, her hands clutching the table-edge as a wave of pleasure rushed through her ever-erogenous nostrils, the surface of her snout twitching with sensory saturation as she took in the familiar yet exciting smells of her bedroom.

And of Melissa.

Before her eyes, her nose scrunched up, as if it was shuddering, and then relaxed with an elegant, petite sneeze.

"Whew... what a rush," came her lover's voice.

"You mean... *you're my nose?!'*"

Her hand rose without her will, and gave her a playful wave.

"I'm you! Although admittedly my soul is in this beautiful button of yours, I've got complete control of the rest too."

"This is fucking surreal," Katie exclaimed, with a nervous laugh, as she felt her girlfriend's intent overriding her own to move her body.

"You're only realizing that now?"

"You know I have work today, right?"

"Counting on it," Melissa answered, Katie's face taking on a dangerous, hungry smirk in the mirror.

"People are going to think I'm possessed...."

"You are!"

She should probably have argued – demanded control of her body back – but worrying as it ought to be, the thought was exciting. Her girlfriend had taken charge of her pleasure, and it felt amazing. Now she had seized total control over her whole body, to puppet and play with, leaving her powerless to resist.

Katie's thighs clenched together, holding back the surge of wetness and heat between them.

Her own hand brushed her cheek, and she took a long, horny breath.

"Just don't... get me in trouble at the company," she said at last.

"No promises."

Getting ready for work was a particularly odd experience, as Melissa piloted Katie around her apartment, going through all the usual motions, but with subtle differences.

Most obvious was how she misjudged the lengths of her limbs at times, stumbling or fumbling with objects just a hair too far to reach, as the taller witch controlled her more compact girlfriend.

There were also the little changes in how she moved and carried her body – the confident gait, the bob of her head... the remarkably bold wardrobe options....

"Are you sure about this?"

"What? You've never worn a bikini before?"

“Sure I have, but this is barely more than a few lengths of string!”

“No-one will notice that anything’s wrong,” the witch reminded her.

“I will!”

“Perfect!”

The startlingly minimal covering hugging her curves with multiple strands of black fabric, almost like blinds... or fingers... gripping her breasts, her hips and thighs, encircling all her most sensual areas without covering anything.

It was good that Katie wasn’t in charge of her body that morning, else she would have never made it out of the boudoir.

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The walk to work was an intense one.

The slightest wind ruffled those light fabric clutches, and teased all that bare skin, while her rocking hips swayed with an absurd exaggeration atop heels higher than anything she had ever owned, making her ass and chest jiggle obscenely.

Small wonder that all eyes were on her.

It didn’t help that Melissa didn’t actually know where she worked.

“Left ahead,” Katie said, seemingly to no-one.

“Really? I thought you said you worked on 8<sup>th</sup>,” she seemed to reply, as the witch spoke through her mouth.

“Yeah, but I always get coffee on the way.”

“What if I don’t want coffee?”

“Well it’s my body and it needs some caffeine, even if it’s going to be puppeted about all day.”

Katie could feel the flush of self-conscious angst on her face as she spoke. Magic might have persuaded passers-by that this pornographic vision was passable in polite society, but nothing could deter their fascinated, desirous gazes, directed towards this one-woman argument in arresting lingerie.

The feeling of exposure, of humiliation and awkward, anxious, confusing arousal, grew stronger as they reached the coffee shop. Patrons in the queue and the staff behind the counter knew her by name, and they turned to look as she strode inside.

None had raised a fuss about Katie appearing in altered states thus far, but this time it was her conduct that was raising eyebrows.

“Good grief, girl, and I thought you were shameless showing up with your noses hanging out!”

The condescending tone matched the sneering expression of Candice, her coworker just a few spaces ahead of her in line. At her side was a leering man Katie vaguely recalled from the Christmas party as being her boyfriend. Both seemed unphased by the glare Melissa-*cum*-Katie met them with.

“You forget to change after late night fling?” she went on, clearly enjoying all the eyes turned their way, as she laid into her favorite target. “Or have you lost something? Like your fashion sense...”

“Not at all,” Melissa said, with an easy smile, “I knew I was forgetting *something* this morning, but I think I’ve just found a perfect replacement.”

Candice blushed, but offered no resistance as Katie’s hands reached up, to cup her cheeks.

Only a slight gasp escaped her lips, as her head was popped off in the witch’s grip.

The woman’s hands reached up, feeling at the rounded, blank bump of her neck, her headless body visibly confused, while her face turned indignant.

“Hey, what do you think you’re doing?!”

“Oh, nothing in particular, I just forgot my mug today,” Melissa said, though Katie’s lips. “You don’t mind standing in, do you?”

Fingers pushed into the sides of her defenseless roman nose before she could reply, and with a pull it stretched out, deforming, flesh flowing with surreal ease as the witch reshaped the organ into a loop – a handle, on the middle of her face.

“Babe, do something!” she gasped, in a suddenly nasal tone.

Her boyfriend gave her a quizzical look, as if wondering how he came into any of this.

“I dunno, babe, kinda seems like you brought this one on yourself,” he said.

The detached head glared up at him.

“Sides, you know I’m only dating you for your body. So, uh, thanks I guess,” he added, nodding towards Katie.

The man had his coffee by then, and as he turned Candice’s body walked with him, obediently taking his hand and following his lead, headed for the door, still feeling ‘her’ empty neck-stump.

Katie felt a strange kinship with the bewildered body, as it was led out into the street, but while she was distracted with that thought she had missed the extensive remodeling being conducted before her eyes.

It was hard to say what exactly had been done with the woman’s brain – it certainly wasn’t inside the hollow bowl of smooth blank skin which had replaced her cranium. She was also far shinier now, her skin turned to some sort of ceramic by the look of her. Melissa was just finishing shrinking her down, the former head appropriately scaled such that her nose-handle would fit a human hand.

Candice’s head was undeniably a coffee mug.

Melissa set her on the counter, and the barista took the odd object in his hands, turning her over even as she tried to protest.

“What a fun design,” he said, as he set her on the espresso machine with a clink.

“Turn me back!” she insisted, as she was being filled, her animated jaw rocking the container back and forth.

“Hush,” the barista said, “or you’ll spill.”

“I’ll tell HR about this!”

“Actually, I think you’d fall more under office supplies,” the witch said brightly, “but if you’re good I might try to find a body for you again when I’m done with you. If you still want one.”

The woman groaned as her handle-nose was gripped once more, a low, embarrassed sound, accompanied by a sniff of the hand wrapped about her snout. It looked sensitive.

Melissa walked out of the coffee shop with her, sipping slowly from her rim.

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“Ms Hall, this is hardly fit attire for the office, and this is certainly not your desk.”

Inevitable as time and tide, Miss Jones had appeared mere seconds after Katie’s arrival at work. Katie had expected her first complaint to be about decapitating one of the staff members, but no-one seemed to think that using a coworker’s head as a drinking vessel was worth comment.

Instead, all the focus was on her.

It was mortifying to be put so on the spot once again, in front of all her coworkers, in such revealing attire.

“Probably not,” Melissa agreed, in a poor impersonation of her partner’s sound, as she set down her moaning head-mug on the desk. “On both counts. But don’t you ever want to change things up? Have a little fun?”

“I’m not paid to have *fun*. I’m paid to sniff out troublemakers, such as you, Ms Hall.”

Katie felt a tingle of anger once more, at the prickly, petty nature of her supervisor.

She felt herself grin.

“Oh, well let me help you with that!”

Before she or Hall could realize what was happening, her hands had reached up, and taken hold of the prim, disapproving woman’s proboscis.

“What are yooooohhhh-”

Her voice trailed off, as Miss Hall felt her nose expanding, spreading out across her face, her other features rapidly subsumed into the growing snout, until her words were cut short as eyes and mouth sank into the expanse.

A giant nose looked back at Katie, totally replacing her face.

It sniffed, and a shudder passed over the warped woman, from head to foot. As with every spell Melissa performed, no-one seemed to panic, even after watching – and in one case feeling – a woman’s face turned into a nose.

A hand slipped towards Hall’s crotch, then wavered.

“There, aside from Katie – I mean from me – you’ve got the best sense of smell in the whole company now!”

Melissa’s words seemed to break the spell of silence which hung over the room, and several coworkers started giggling, or whispering in amusement as they watched Miss Hall feeling at her new ‘face’ with one hand, and groping her way blindly along the desk with the other.

“Damn, girl,” Sophie said, holding in a laugh until the boss was out of presumed earshot. “Way to tell the Hall Monitor who’s boss!”

“How did you do it?” asked Mary, from a few seats down.

"Magic," Melissa replied.

"Oh, yeah, that makes sense," Mary replied, with a hazy expression.

"Hey, your voice is different," Sophie observed. "And you have a new look *again*."

"Well that's because I'm not really Katie," Melissa said, in her most conspiratorial tone.

Katie felt what small parts of herself she was allowed control over tensing, but Sophie just looked confused.

"This is Melissa, her girlfriend," the witch went on. "Since Katie's such a glutton for BDSM, I decide to take over for a while. Although she did insist on this outfit...."

Her face was bright pink, as Sophie and the others eyed her practically naked form. The wrapping fabric fingers made her feel more naked than if she'd stripped off entirely, and the wetness was soaking through at her crotch.

"Hah, what a perv you are, girl," laughed her friend. "Tho I'm getting kinda envious at this point."

"Oh, you want in on the fun, do you?"

Katie felt a little shiver of excitement, as she realized what the witch meant.

"I certainly wouldn't mind joining in with you," Mary admitted, with a crooked, cheeky smirk, as she looked her up and down.

"Same here," chimed in Brenda.

A few of the men chortled.

"Too right! I'd love to get my hands on a body like that," said the graying yet still stylish Naomi.

Alexis nodded wistfully.

"That can be arranged you know," Melissa murmured, stroking the chins of the two. "Why don't you come with me, into the lab...."

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Naomi and Alexis looked rather confused as they tried to sit up a few minutes later.

After being pushed down, side by side on the metal table in the middle of the laboratory, the pair had clearly expected a very different sort of fun to the one Katie had experienced.

Watching the two merging together, skintones mixing like paint, flesh and bone melding into a curvaceous new shape, she had been shocked and titillated, to realize it was her hands which wrought that new and lewd form. Now she was watching in hapless, horny amusement, as the two faced their own struggle.

"This is not quite what I had in mind," Naomi said, her brown cheeks twitching with wry amusement as a tanned arm pushed up her shoulder.

The other rose too, lifted by Alexis, her creamy features similarly chagrined.

"Same here."

"Well then you really should have been more specific," Melissa replied, with a smug smirk on Katie's lips.

The two heads stared at one another from opposite sides of a single pair of slender shoulders.

Alexis' was *mostly* unchanged, sporting the same light skin and cute features, but Naomi had received quite the makeover, her dark skin gleaming with youth. More significantly, each looked down the length of a rapidly stiffening sexual organ. A pair of cocks, growing from where their noses should have been. Each was leaking already, twitching as they touched them together, surreal centerpieces to the conjoined girls' faces. The merged girls sniffed though those mismatched urethras, the dicks rubbing shaft on shaft, and the two groaned at the sensations from their penile probosci.

Below the twin heads there hung a breathtaking pair of breasts, supported by an hourglass figure, flared hips spread, legs apart in an oddly casual pose, to reveal the twin sets of delicate female lips between. All was a warm, creamy tone, elegantly shaped yet moved with a crudeness and confusion that belied the novel shape of the conjoined duo, as each operated their corresponding arm and leg only, forced to cooperated even just to sit upright, or to cup one another's weighty boob.

To either side stood a pair of bewildered men, pants about their ankles, torn between admiring the bizarre creation Melissa had made, and examining their rounded, blank crotches, from which she had sourced the materials.

"Well, my work here is done," the witch declared. "Enjoy, everyone!"

With that, she turned to leave, stopping only at the door to let her girlfriend take another good look at the surreal scene playing out in her wake.

"This is your fault," Alexis muttered, blushing, as they squeezed one another's bust.

"Yeah well I didn't hear you complaining either," Naomi shot back, as she licked the tip of her nasal phallus.

"Nnnnh... I'm not... complaining," the dicknosed woman murmured.

"How about you two?" Melissa asked, cupping Katie's own breasts as they headed back out to the office.

"Wouldn't dare!" was Mary's immediate reply.

"This is temporary, right?" spoke Brenda.

"Nope!" was the cheery answer of the enchantress.

The witch squeezed Katie's chest together before either woman could mount further response, and four voices raised in unison, moaning at the sensation as the two sets of mouth and nose which had replaced her nipples were turned and pressed into a sensual, sniffing smooch.

"I hope you aren't planning on leaving me saddled with these two forever," Katie said, as her legs shook from the intense sensations of mammary-makeouts.

"Oh no! I'm sure I can find someone else to take them when we're done."

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"How are the tests coming?"

Muffled by a full pair of cheeks, the voice emerged from below and behind Annabelle, bypassing the face-mask which enclosed the lower half of her head. Katie giggled as she saw the clenching lips under the fabric, already soaked through, hugging their shape to reveal the form of a vagina as clearly as if it had been naked.

Above that sat the woman's anus, perfectly replacing her nose just as her pussy had her mouth, but it too was silent even as she sniffed lustily at the air. Instead, the apron wrapped around her front ruffled, as the enlarged nose between her legs took a sniff.

"I've no idea, ask my body," Melissa said.

Katie sighed, blushing once more.

"I can't tell, she isn't using the meter right, and she won't let me control my hands myself."

Melissa curled the frustrated food-technician's lips into a knowing smile.

"Don't pretend you aren't wetter than a waterfall down there, because you know I can feel it."

Annabelle looked uncertainly at the disagreeing duo, then took the sample for herself. Holding it down at her groin, she huffed it directly.

“Well it smells done!”

“Good. You can take the rest too, in that case,” Katie said.

Melissa handed the tray over.

“Thanks.”

Turning, Annabelle exposed the thick, full lips of a mouth, nestled between her bare buttocks.

“See you at the bar tonight?” the mouth inquired as it receded.

“Oh, maybe,” Melissa said, smirking. “If only to see more of you.”

The rearranged woman giggled coyly, licking her lips as she left.

Annabelle was far from the only underdressed technician in the lab that afternoon. At the next station over, Sophie was operating a pipette with her trunk, the pale flesh tube carefully measuring out distillate into a vial held in... another trunk.

“You were right,” she said, smirking almost invisibly, “I really am getting used to this quickly!”

It was well, given that the two muscular tendrils were totally replacing both of her arms.

A third, in the more traditional location on her face, wrote notes as she worked, while the bottom two, usurping the stations of her erstwhile legs, were roving over her body, sniffing and caressing her sex and nipples, and wrapping her curves appreciatively in their coils.

“Focus, guys,” she reminded her ‘limbs’. “We’re never gonna finish if you four start goofing off again.”

“It’s a hell of a look for you though,” Naomi observed, from across the way. “Imagine how much action you could get now!”

On the table, the pink sphere presently being used as a paperweight gave an amused snort from one of the half-dozen snouts of various species adorning it.

“Same to you,” she shot back, at the curvaceously conjoined pair. “Guess you two finally figured out how to quit being single, huh?”

Naomi and Alexis joined in the good-natured chuckles at that.

They were sharing kisses – and more – between moves, grinding their cocknoses together and gyrating their child-bearing hips. When they had to walk they did so with an unstable,

awkward lurch, swaying unsteadily, but that was no surprise. They were still unaccustomed to needing to split the task of walking. And then there was the huge toy pushed into them, whose base flared repeatedly, as the two large nostril-openings sniffed at their scent.

“Well I think this whole ‘casual-form Fridays’ thing stinks,” spoke the mouth in Katie’s left armpit.

“I dunno, I’ve smelled worse things in this lab,” replied the right, as her nostrils, flush with Katie’s skin and her lips, took another whiff of female odor.

Her boobs were still bustily making out, and the noses added over her pussy and anus were, for the moment, silently appreciative, to varying degrees. Mostly because they lacked mouths.

It was bizarre, to feel so many presences in her body, cohabiting with her and her lover, occupying such intimate places and parts of her, but each breath they took, each influx of her own roused pheromones and feminine funk made Katie shiver with pleasure.

Bizarre was the word of the day, in any case, as the state of her other coworkers showed.

As she took a sip – and welcome sniff – of coffee, her eyes met those of Candice. The woman whose disembodied head was at present her coffee mug. Her cheeks were blushing, nostrils twitching as she was handled by her handle-nose, and she moaned each time she was moved.

She was far from the only less-than-animate accessory to be seen.

Janet’s face adorned Katie’s purse, nostrils acting as pockets. Alexander and Ramesh from accounting had their own noses stretched out around her feet, acting as her new high heels. Mina, Miss Jones’ secretary, adorned the inside of the multitudinous girl’s panty-strap, nose buried in her sex, tickling her nethers with that wonderful, endless snuffling, while Lauren from accounting, ever acerbic, was in time-out as the lining on the opposite side of her body, sandwiched in her asscheeks.

Katie loved how it felt, each time she gave a huffy, haughty sniff.

The chaos wasn’t limited to Katie’s outfit, either. The office and lab was strewn with stray parts. Some were inert, like the collection of colorful latex dildos Melissa had ‘harvested’ from the genitals of the male staff, for all to enjoy. Others were animate, such as the cock inching along the table, wearing its detached nose like a snail shell, or the ball of quivering pussies and noses which had formerly been the painting crew working on the floor above.

Even those people who retained appendages and faces were warped beyond normal recognition, such as the COO, who had looked in after lunch, and ended up with her face between her thighs and a sentient nose on her neck, in charge of what used to be her torso and limbs.

Inhabited by such a surreal array of nasally bent bodies, it was a wonder any work got done at all.

Indeed, most of the mobile workers were taking regular, rapturous breaks for voluptuary relief, an endless chorus of sniffing, moaning, squishing and kissing sounding out from the at times bemused but always aroused participants.

That was perhaps the strangest part. That for the others this was all... if not normal, somehow unsurprising. Unremarkable and far from alarming. As noteworthy as learning that someone in the company could do card tricks, and spending the day being impressed by the results.

Impressed, and unperturbed.

Even those people reduced to mere toys, or parts of others, seemed inconvenienced more than upset, the odd sarcastic comment the worst any had offered in terms of pushback.

Come the close of business that evening, Katie even heard snorting and slapping sounds from the office of Miss Jones, the nose-faced harridan having lost all track of the time in her self-exploration.

The snorts of pleasure made clear that she was thoroughly enjoying her predicament.

Katie had expected Melissa to start turning people back at that point, but already folks were filtering out, heading to bars or off home, or venturing gods knew where with their new, perverse forms.

Still nude, Naomi and Alexis walked right out the door, with a coworker still buried in their pussy, sniff-sucking one another's cocknoses as they strode off down the street.

Others were struggling with ill-fitting clothing, or trading garments with those who had their former bodyparts, to try to find items which fit.

"Are we really going to let everyone go like this?" Katie asked, "what if we can't find them later?"

"Then we won't have to bother explaining that no, it doesn't wear off, and yes, these are their real bodies now."

"Melissa!"

Her lover simply flashed her a wicked, gleeful grin in the shine of the window.