

Olfactory Affection

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Chapter 5

Two months into their new relationship, it was clear to both women that they had something special. Intense and exciting as it was, their bond was more than just physical, the emotional connection going far beyond that of any romance either had experienced before.

Especially now that Melissa had stopped disappearing between dates.

Katie had never met anyone like her beloved witch. A woman who could bring her to a shuddering, needy whimper with mere words, or the recollections of those sensual nights together. In turn, Melissa admitted she had never known anyone so open, so receptive to her erotic sorceries. Someone she no longer felt the need to hide away from, between dalliances. A lover she wanted to see every day.

Dating had come with adjustments, naturally.

For Melissa, it had meant being there, being available, vulnerable.

Sticking around after date night, and living those little moments in between together too. Being a friend even in the pits, as well as at the peaks. Putting up with Katie's foibles, and swallowing her fears.

For Katie it had meant a radical redefinition of what intimacy was to her.

Forgetting the passé, predictable satisfaction of simple sex, and exploring new horizons, of physical form and connection. At times it felt like she was a guinea pig more than girlfriend.

Yet more time they spent together, the more they each loved everything about this new life they shared.

Especially those times they shared their bodies.

Perhaps that was why both were thinking the same thing, when it came to their next Friday.

After a week with her hands replaced by an oversized pair of Melissa's noses, Katie was pent up and tense. More eager than ever. Clumsy pawing and sniffing had been her only mode of masturbation, and even simple tasks like holding a pen or opening a door had tested her patience and pushed her near-nil dexterity to the limit.

Once they'd gotten past the initial storm of tumultuous smooching, sniffing and snuggles, and Melissa had helped her partner out of those clothing items she couldn't remove unaided, they caught up on how each was after the tribulations of another day.

Then, naturally, things turned to the physical once more.

"How did you like a week with nosehands?" the witch asked, smirking at her from the edge of the bed.

Her chest and original nose were each silhouetted in the moody bedroom lighting, bare skin glistening gold. At least... Katie assumed it was original. It was hard to be sure, given how with each week more parts of her own body were subtly changed, restored, but never quite identical.

She loved that, the thrilling knowledge, sensation, of the permanent traces their love made in her flesh.

Her hands too would likely look a little different, prettier perhaps, like her own current nose and nipples, and certainly more sensitive... like so many parts of her had become.

The handless girl reached over, pressing her sniffing nostrils to her lover's body and squeezing them in her approximation of a grope, making the woman shiver to feel air rushing over her breast.

Katie shivered in turn, as she breathed in her beloved.

"It was amazing," she admitted breathlessly, "so challenging, yet... exciting too. It made me want... even more this time. Even more of you as part of me... or me as part of you!"

No-one could seem quite so at ease, so in control, while in the buff, as the otherworldly enchantress did. She raised an amused eyebrow, as if appraising an especially bold urchin, asking for seconds.

"Are you sure about that? I won't be turning you back just because you bit off more than you could chew. Maybe I'll decide I like you better as a bodypart...."

Dangerous as those words sounded, they were spurs to her galloping passions.

"I don't hear any complaints from my underwear drawer."

Melissa hadn't bothered to turn back the people she wore home after that week of leading Katie around by the nose (or returned any of her many poached penises), but in truth Katie loved wearing her former coworkers each day, feeling their breath, their passionate sniffing and lusty, helpless pokes at her pussy, ass, breasts and feet.

"You know you wouldn't have any time alone," the witch reminded her, expression turning abruptly anxious. "You might regret being stuck with me... to me."

Katie smiled at the adorable sincerity of her lover's concern, and pressed her left nose-hand to the witch's original proboscis, in a bizarre 'kiss'.

"I nose what I want."

Melissa giggled at the determined expression, paired with the absurd pun and adorable gesture.

"I love you," she murmured, as she ran a hand over her lover's beautiful facial button in return.

It was the first time either had said it, yet Katie felt no trepidation as she returned the gesture.

"I love you, my bewitching enchantress."

They shared a kiss, long and deep, each tasting, breathing in the other.

"Then I know *exactly* what to do with you this week, sweetnose. A little... trial run."

Her hands brushed over the similarly-sized snouts on Katie's wrists, and the hapless girl giggled, drunk on her expanded senses, snorting in the odors of their bodies as the two came together.

Just a kiss at first, but as ever, it led to so much more.

Already groaning, snorting and shuddering as she tasted lips, armpits, hands and more with each breath, Katie barely noticed the addition of magic into her corpus, as they held one another close, feeling the racing of two hearts beating in time.

Melissa caressed her sides, ran digits along her arms and over her soaking thighs, but that tingling sensuality was no match for the eroticism of a good nose, or the floral and musky fragrances of her lover's sweat and skin and sexual fluids.

Until, that was, she felt her flesh respond.

Her noses took the hands of the witch, and fingers played about their sphincters as she pawed at her palms.

Melissa pressed back, *pushing*....

Katie groaned at the slow compression that passed up her arms, her chest heaving as the sensations intensified, magnified rapidly as her body obeyed its mistress.

"What are you... doing to...."

“You did so well without hands,” Melissa purred, “I think we can do away with your arms entirely, no?”

Masochistic, twisted delight bubbled up through her burning loins and gusted from her scrunching snouts. As she felt her arms melting away, Katie found herself nodding. Moaning. Whispering desperately for more.

Bones were *shortening*, muscle and tendons sinking into themselves, as her lover slowly shrank her limbs. Watching in awe, she saw how wrist and elbow closed on one another, just as both approached her shoulders. It was terrifying and thrilling.

In mere seconds her arms were gone.

Two noses grew from her shoulders, sniffing as Melissa playfully tickled at their tips.

Then they too were gone, cutting off those divine scents.

Somehow that felt far worse than the loss of her hands had. Without those noses her senses were dulled, reduced, her most vital, pleasurable connection with the world muffled.

Opening her mouth to protest, it was filled by Melissa, even as the witch indulged herself with teasing brushes of fingers over the bumps where arms used to reside.

Soon they were moving on, this time to her legs, gripping her soles and melting those remaining limbs away into her hips just as she had her arms.

Katie was becoming utterly helpless.

Her kisses and huffs grew all the more eager, desperate even, as she felt herself reduced to a limbless torso, laying immobile atop the bed.

All she could do was squirm, and rub her smooth, featureless sides against her lover.

Yet Melissa was far from finished.

In those tender, loving touches was sorcery, of another sort this time, conveyed through her kisses, planted directly onto the brilliant beacon of olfactory eroticism which was her sole remaining snout. With each smooch from those fragrant lips Katie tasted a field full of flowers, as she felt each nerve of her nose lighting up in the shape of that mouth.

The sensations were growing, expanding, while everything else seemed to fall away, shrinking out of her perception.

“Oh gods, what are you-”

“Granting your dearest desire,” came the breathless response.

Melissa's every kiss grew her nose larger, even as she felt her entire neck and torso being pulled up, packed in, under the burgeoning bodypart.

In the span of seconds her entire body was subsumed, heart, lungs, stomach and all melting away into more mass to fuel the growing olfactory organ. It was an unsettling experience, but her excitement overrode any alarm at the loss of so many vital parts.

After so long delving ever deeper into the sensorial possibilities, she was at last nearing the manifestation of her newfound fetish.

Katie was becoming her own nose.

Melissa kissed closed lips and smoothed over eyelids as the defining shape of her head grew.

Mouth, eyes, ears, all were a distraction from the experience she coveted, and each was subsumed in turn, as her entire skull disappeared into the soft, rounded rear of her snout.

Katie shuddered, her smooth, soft surface rippling as she felt her new shape.

Hands, feet, extremities of any kind were gone. Missing too was sight and sound. Speech. Any form of locomotion or self-expression, beyond what she might manage through manipulating her nostrils.

All that remained was all she was; a disembodied, oversized nose, the size of a torso, sitting on its back in the middle of the bed.

Utterly helpless.

Totally deprived.

Nothing to distract from her favorite experience.

She drew breath, and felt how she seemed to expand, her two features – twin nostrils – flaring as they filled.

It wasn't simply air which entered her. It was awareness. Knowing, feeling, tasting everything in that small, cluttered bedroom.

The flowers on the windowsill were a brilliant point of sweet, floral succulence.

Old laundry in her hamper brought the umami notes of perspiration and salt, and the pheromonal cocktail of her own vanished body, from feet to scalp.

The bed beneath her had a subtler, slightly sour tint, where she'd spilled a few drops of coffee earlier in the week.

Cotton and silk came through too, evoking distant animal smells, and the astringent sap of plantlife.

All those fragrances and more mixed together into a soup, thick and delicious, sprinkled through with lesser traces. The spice old wood, in the walls and floorboards. Glue binding her books. Paper. Perfumes in their bottles. Bread, in the cupboard two rooms away. Soaps. Detergent. Smoke. Butter. Rubber. Bananas. Concrete. Cola. Birds. Bubblegum. As she sniffed Katie was aware of them all, and more distant presences she had yet to decipher.

But none of those scents mattered, next to the strongest of all.

Melissa.

Her smell was everywhere, all around, all over Katie, expressed in a hundred ways. The tell-tale piquant tingles of armpits and the musky perfume of ass, the fresh, delicate tones of hands and feet, and the *intoxicating* aroma of her steaming-hot pussy.

All the odors of the woman she adored, filling every part of her, as if her lips and tongue were buried in every inch of those sweating pores, kissing those scrunching soles and curling toes, sucking on those beaming lips... tonguing that clenching crotch. All were delicious beyond imagining, and as hands brushed teasingly over her bridge, the nose scrunched, drunk on the delight of her lover's odors.

She could *taste* the rich, creamy layers of the sorceress' sex, enveloping her awareness, and each breath seemed to sink her deeper into that divine embrace.

And yet, as much as she burned to rise, to press her tip physically into the human woman, the nose on the bed moved not an inch.

Katie was just a bodypart now, totally incapable of acting on that overwhelming, urgent need that her magnified nasal prowess sparked. All she could do was lay there, and be touched. Be kissed. Be rubbed and teased.

It was such sweet torment. Torture she craved even as she railed against her own debilitation. The shocking, masochistic, degrading bliss of so desperately wanting, needing to move her body... and being utterly denied.

Katie's every nerve was crying out for a touch, her mind overawed with the thrill of her shape, yet incapable of bringing even a finger to bear to explore it. She wanted more than anything to touch herself, to feel the nose she had become, and to turn the stimulation of her expanded sense into release.

It was a perverse, wonderful, twisted relief, to know that it was entirely beyond her power.

Only her lover could satisfy the needs of the new nose.

Melissa did so wonderfully.

The oversized organ could feel laughter on the witch's digits, each time she tried to clutch at them with her nostrils. Playful kisses danced over her rounded top and sides. Each one gave her another taste, another pang of want.

Softness enveloped her, as she was raised up, lifted and pressed into the witch's bosom, and Katie did the only thing she could.

The lovers shivered, as she huffed at her chest, fingers of air instead of flesh caressing the erect nipples and silky skin of Melissa's breasts.

Then wetness engulfed her tip, and she howled with the gale of wind she sucked in, as she rubbed herself directly into her lover's labia.

Lips squished, seeped, stank, the smell growing until it displaced all other thoughts and sensations, and still she pushed, worked, inched herself deeper, even as the exquisite softness of her partner's sex engulfed her. Katie's entire being was focused on the gorgeous, *glorious* experience of that olfactory overload.

Melissa, in turn, clutched thighs tight about the snout, and cried out in her euphoria as the nose under her sniffed and snorted, making love the only way it could.

The two were each lost in the bliss of that warped union, grinding together, every muscle trembling, breaths running short amid a storm of sniffing, as they made love to one another.

It was a shock when Melissa actually came – the flow of hot, wet juices tingled on Katie's nostrils, and gushed out over her triangular form, soaking her with the smells of sex – and yet as tantalized, as triumphant as she felt, bringing her beloved to a shuddering collapse atop her, she was no closer to release.

Her body quaked from the captured tip along the bridge, yet even as she smothered herself in the aromas of that wondrous moment, orgasm was impossible.

The nose couldn't cum.

All a nose could do was lie there, sniffing pitifully as Melissa slowly dislodged herself, as if begging for attention.

"I hope that was as good for you as it was for me. Well... almost as good."

Soundless, the thought entered her mind, just as before, when Melissa had merged with her... yet Katie had never been the body *part* in such arrangements, only the body. She had no idea, no ability to make an answer.

"If it was, give me a nice big sniff."

Her snort evoked a giggle from the human, a hand reaching down to brush along her top tenderly.

“Glad to hear it! I guess being a big beautiful nose like this is good enough that you don’t need orgasms anymore, huh?”

It was tempting, in that moment of seductive, masochistic shock, to concur. Instead Katie tried her hardest to shake her tip, side to side, but her hapless wobbling just brought out more mirth.

“Glad we’re agreed! Gods you’re so adorable like this, so sensual and perverse.... I bet you *love* that you can’t cum. Can’t move. Can’t even touch yourself. Not unless I choose it. Perhaps I’ll just leave you like this, in splendid sensory isolation, every part of your existence revolving around the adorable sniffer you are.”

Her nostrils quivered in her needy, impotent frustration, even as the sensual simulation of sound resonated with her own kinkiest inner thoughts.

“Instead of seeing of speaking, instead of going out or getting off, you’re just going to lie here, and breathe it all in. The whole world. The richness of every fragrance imaginable, it’s like the whole city is making love to you....”

Her twitching snort of agreement won her a playful kiss.

“Good nose. So... I take it you aren’t begging me to turn you back?”

Another sniff seemed suitably affirmative.

“Excellent,” was the husky, horny answer. “Because I’m not going to.”

A patting palm graced her top.

“Of course I’m sure you’re just dying for a good orgasm by now, after all that fun. I imagine you can barely think with all that pent-up pleasure and desperate desire.”

The emphatic snort couldn’t have been clearer.

“Wonderful... I’ll be thinking about that, each time I pleasure myself.”

Katie shuddered, as a fresh rush of arousal gripped her.

“I’ll see you in the morning, my love.”

Katie’s startled exhalation was met only with a final kiss, then silence.

She could smell her lover depart, could actually sense her position shift, as the relative potency and direction of her oversexed scent shifted.

Just like that, the nose was alone in her bedroom, helpless on her bed.

It could have been intimidating, to be so vulnerable, but Melissa wasn't so careless. No harm would come to Katie as an immobile, inanimate nose. Even as she lay there on the sheets, she could feel the faint traces of magic on her skin, protecting her.

Protection, however, was far from help.

Be that in relieving the burning desires, aching inside her cavernous chambers, or in the simple act of cleaning herself up and settling down for the night.

Melissa did return, as she said, the following day, however then too she showed no interest at all in actually helping her lover manage her new body. Instead, after a long, intense, intoxicating session of kissing and sniffing and rubbing, one opening against another, she once more left the nose there, twitching with want, laying on the bed in the warm morning sun.

Katie could sense her, moving about the apartment, but when she did enter the bedroom she certainly didn't make any attempts to communicate, even as her girlfriend was shivering and sniffing so desperately on the covers.

Come evening, they made love yet again, and then they dozed off together, the nose cradled in the human's arms, gratefully, lustily caressing her skin with those powerful breaths as they rested, trembling with desire, equal parts agonized and enraptured by her own inability to relieve herself.

The next morning they showered together, Katie cradled like a toy in her lover's arms as the water massaged them both, feeling, smelling, luxuriating in the sensuality of the experience. After was a more detailed cleaning, performed with soft moist cotton buds, Melissa's hands slipping easily up into the delicate orifices of her new form to brush her most sensitive areas, bringing the nose to a twitching, sneezing paroxysm of lust.

Without release.

That was the new routine, over the following week. Mindblowing, world-shattering sex, but with satisfaction granted only to the witch. Then sensual, playful washing, followed by another long wait, pent up and frustrated beyond words, leading to a still more desperate, frenetic olfactory experience the next time.

Yet for all the laying about the new nose did, she was far from bored.

She certainly couldn't move, or to sense her surroundings in the traditional ways, but she had something far more than sight or hearing. In absence of her other senses and organs, there was nothing to dilute the concentrated perceptual experience of being a nose.

A single breath was all it took, to bring the world to glorious, radiant light. Innumerable strands of fragrance filled her each time, sparking and tingling in her chambers, a cascading display of synesthetic beauty, recreating her bedroom, her apartment, her whole building and block, all in the language of smell.

She didn't see or touch, rather she *experienced*, as fully as if she were a mouth engulfing each object about her in turn.

When she focused, she could taste everything about a thing – or a person – in shocking, sensual detail, the undulations in potency and subtle variations of composition telling her more than a look ever could. Colors were impossible, naturally, but materials were obvious, as were shapes and positions. Even texture could be gradually guessed at, from how it altered and blended the emitted smells.

When she relaxed, she could bask in the ocean of olfactory sensation, just letting the world wash over and through her.

Worries such as work, her career, or the question of when her witch might be ready to turn her back... all seemed inconsequential. Out of her hands. Not that she'd had hands for some time. Even if she wanted to be a human again, she couldn't ask, couldn't express her will in any way beyond twitching and sniffing and flexing her nostrils.

Even if she wanted to be human, it wouldn't have mattered.

Unless she was somehow listening in to her thoughts, Melissa would have no way to know.

Even if she was, it was clear her lover wanted her like this.

Just as she wanted her shivering and needy, desperately horny from even the slightest touch.

It was a state of heavenly helplessness, free of all troubles and concerns, all pressure and expectation – all she could do was all Melissa asked of her.

Just to be.

To experience the pleasure of her sensual, erogenous shape, caressing her own skin with her breaths, and shivering with her passion.

Time was hard to track, without hands to mark a tally, or a stomach to announce hunger. The days went by quickly, a week stretching into two, then more, and all the while the nose continued her hedonistic existence, hapless and horny plaything to her lover.

It was bliss.