

Olfactory Affection

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Chapter 6

“Would you believe it’s been two months since you were human?”

The question, projected into her awareness by the woman cradling her in their bed, made the nose scrunch in surprise.

“Wonderful as it’s been, I was thinking it was time we made something more of you.... What do you think?”

As intensely pleasurable as her new existence was, in recent days Katie had been starting to dwell on the world beyond her smell again. To miss the people, and to wonder about her work and friends, and even the hobbies and pastimes she had enjoyed. And most of all, to miss talking to her partner.

Divine as this holiday from her own life had been, it was time to go back.

She gave an affirmative sniff.

“I thought so. It’s time for a body.”

The nose was still.

Silent.

She knew it was absurd to hesitate. As a human she could see everyone again, could enjoy all the physical pleasures of life anew – orgasms included – yet it would mean losing what she had become.

Katie smelt Melissa’s grin.

“I know just what you’re thinking... but don’t worry, I never said it would be *your* body.”

Hands.

Blessed, soft, dexterous, her lover’s hands gripped her body exactly how she loved that she *couldn’t* do for herself, lighting up her shape in the sightless ether, sinking into her soft curves to make her tingle with desire. The nose gusted in her appreciation. Melissa’s spectral voice laughed in turn, and the two were united in a kiss, lips to tip.

It was all too short.

With both lovers shuddering in their mutual lust, sniffing and rubbing and squishing together, it was no surprise to feel the witch's sex soaking her skin. What was unusual was that Katie felt sheets against her front, the human body at her back. It made her sniff curiously, smelling how that delectable form was posed atop the bodypart, weighing down on her as the enchantress thrust against her back.

Fingers ran down her curving sides, tips teasing, then pushing inside her, and both tensed at the intense thrill of penetration, of being filled, stroked from within her twin orifices, nostrils hugging the wrists of the witch.

Pleasure redoubled, as a sudden new flood of sensations expanded through every part of her, and she seemed to experience the strange union from both sides. Feel the body atop her, heart pounding and sex burning, and sense the blood rushing down, through enflamed hips into her own proboscis-person.

Katie heard a gasp, felt the shudder of ragged breath, and saw the brilliance of the sunlight gleaming off the giant snout she was.

Yet her surface remained devoid of features or senses, aside from smell.

The arms which hugged her, massaged and cradled her, moved without her will. Just as they had when Melissa was bonded to her before. Only now those hands were not hers. That skin was paler, the fingers thinner, the body below too curvaceous.

"Wonderful, isn't it?"

The words reverberated as if she spoke them.

She was seeing the world through her lover's eyes.

Hearing with her ears.

Feeling with her whole body.

Their whole body.

They were joined at the hips, pussy to nose, flesh merging, melding together where it met.

To either side of her, thighs closed in, hugging and squeezing, and both shared in the shocking stimulation of feeling folds, both vaginal and nasal, pressed together. Instantly, Katie felt them gush with the shocking new thrill, and the hot, pungent juices of feminine lust flowed through her nostrils to perfume her every breath.

She was directly connected to her lover's labia, rooted just over the opening, on the woman's crotch.

“You’re just a little too big for me....”

Hands pressed to her top and base, and the nose *squashed*.

Gentle, persistent pressure seemed to telescope her down, in width as well as height, reducing her uniformly, as easily as resizing an image. As she shrank, Melissa’s womanhood seemed to grow, the human’s sexual organs expanding throughout Katie’s being, nerves percolating every fiber of the hapless snout, flesh growing ever softer, cartilage becoming erectile tissue, her skin impossibly smooth and soft as it merged with the hood and button behind.

Katie’s nose was Melissa’s clitoris.

Below was the growing slit, hot and gooey and softer than silk, which her breath seemed to link to, each sniff filling that conjoined genitalia with fresh sensation and releasing new wafts of musk.

“Ohhhhh!”

Somehow the groan escaped her mind, to reverberate through every part of the nose, buzzing down her nostrils and passing out through the vulva beneath.

Fingers were stretching, widening that slit, turning a vertical opening into a horizontal one. The outermost fold engorged, spilling over the edges into a red line of new and luscious lips. Behind, the piled up undulations of pussyflesh packed tight as ever, gorgeously gooey, tantalizingly soft and achingly sensitive, yet over them slipped another appendage too, pushing up and out from the bottom of the hybrid vaginal throat.

A tongue.

“Thish ish impohhible....”

The thought emerged through a haze of sensuality, slurred yet unmistakable, spoken in a voice she distantly recognized as her own, through lips which were distinctly not.

Melissa laughed.

Horny and tense as she was, it emerged as a cackle, nigh hysterical, as those magical hands smoothed out the new shape of her sex.

Perfecting those thick, soft lips, and the squishing crotchmouth within. Teased and lengthened the twitching tongue of erogenous new muscle. Sculpted the perfect union of Katie’s nose and mouth with her genitals within.

“I promise you it’s very possible, my new part – you’re the perfect pussy for me, Katie!”

Though her lover’s eyes, she saw herself.

A patch of darker skin, on the lighter hips of her partner, a nose and mouth in place of her vagina, with all the sensuality of each at once.

"You made me into your girlparts," the pussysnout murmured in awe.

"What do you think, my gorgeous little crotchnose?"

"Thank you!"

Erogenous olfactory excitation throbbed in every part of the pussy as Melissa brushed her hands down the sides of that new snout growing from her hips, and shook, biting her lip in lust.

"Gods this is incredible...."

It was for them both.

The feeling of her own vagina vocalizing to her like that, vibrating through her folds, the smells and taste of their mutual womanhood, the intoxicating, overwhelming aroma of lusty pussy and sweating, shuddering, gasping body, it was divine.

High on the olfactory experienced of this new shared self and still twitching and with want after two months of denial, her beloved was finally ready to grant her, grant them both, release.

Their purloined toys were unneeded.

As Katie licked their netherlips they each felt the impossibly intense flare of pleasure, from one part of their sex gliding over another, scintillating bursts of deeper girlscent escaping from the rippling, spongy tongues of their lining, filling their mouth and overflowing through their nostrils.

The duo collapsed onto the bed at the sheer potency of that olfactory thrill, thighs squeezing, rubbing together against their crotchnose, like great veils kissing over Katie's surface, while fingers slipped up to fondle breasts and slide over curves, to share with her the feeling of a human form once more.

"You... missed this, didn't you?" panted her partner.

"So much," she groaned out, through those sopping pussylips.

"Well tonight... I want you... to cum until we pass out."

Katie's only answer was a deep, desperate, delighted kiss, capturing the fingers which had slid down from their tummy, over her squishing bridge and along to those overgrown lips.

The women groaned in concert, body and voices harmonizing as they shared every element of the experience, each feeling how that eager mouth sucked their digits in, those muscular, silky folds enveloping and embracing them in the only form of holding they could experience with one another.

Each curl and twist of a fingertip sent another surge of blood down, and pleasure up, the witch howling out for them both as Katie's mouth and nostrils filled with fingers. As their myriad fragrances condensed on her tongue. As they tasted themselves all over, all at once.

They were crying, straining, back arching and toes splaying, as the two made one lost themselves in their self.

Heart pounding and muscles quivering, they were hyperaware of every nerve, of each beat, forcing blood into overstimulated nethers and aching nipples, of every curve and expanse of softness that was alive with throbbing ecstasy.

It was beyond comprehension.

Katie was a nose and mouth, and they were a pussy, wonderfully filled, coaxed to the pinnacle of pleasure and beyond by the olfactory bouquet and the tender, teasing touches of her goddess.

And she was blessed with all the bliss of that divine woman too, directly filling her perception, as everything she did, every breath and lick and squeeze and twitch, echoed through their conjoined mind.

She was their pussy, yet she experienced all of each of them, in an endless, escalating feedback loop of lovemaking.

Melissa was no different.

Writhing, clutching at her bosom as she fingered herself, felt herself, she experienced the exquisite sensations of that moving, breathing sex, inhaling and kissing at her, sniffing her fragrance and sucking on her fingers. Greater yet was the mindbending bliss of actually *being* that being, rooted in her hips, a pussynose drinking in their flavors and scent as if she were licking them from head to toe with each breath, a mouth flooded with delicious girlcum, the sentient genitals gushing from nose and lips.

Katie and Melissa's body was united, each feeling the other utterly, the connection of a single form, a single purpose, even their souls conjoined, utterly devoted to one another, each giving the other pleasure beyond anything they could have imagined.

One body, totally in love with itself, with its smell and taste, its shape and texture, feeling, experiencing, sharing being *this*, and utterly loving everything about it.

Together they felt orgasm erupting through them, the release they had so craved searing like liquid fire, tracing out their every nerve of the woman they had become, shared body

burning with infinite worlds of pleasure and joy, a fractal cascade of pheromonal radiance, beautiful beyond all knowing.

Yet the pleasure only *grew* from there, pushing past the peak, the limits of understanding, and onwards, upwards, driven by their passion and accelerated by the euphoria of their form, every fiber of their being aching with pure, overwhelming ecstasy, until their screaming, shuddering orgasms united into one, a conjoined singularity of purest nirvana.

They were floating together, in that state of absolute rapture, sharing in that moment everything which made their selves.

Each was something more than either had ever imagined before, and it was wonderful.

Katie and Melissa had found their heaven.

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It was many hours before the high finally ended, and by the time they could move and think again, the conjoined lovers could barely speak, so exhausted were they from the ordeal.

Throats parched, Melissa poured herself a glass of water, and then shared it with her pussy.

The crotchnose was surprised at first, but she saw in the bathroom mirror the playful, curious look on her lover's face.

A tentative sip proved that she was capable of drinking, however a dropped glass and a convulsing witch demonstrated why they would generally avoid the process outside of the boudoir.

Feeling one's own pussy swallow was a *lot*, as they had learned.

Just speaking had them both breathless at first, even as each tried to recover from their exertions and check in on how the other felt.

'Wonderful' was the central theme for both.

For Melissa it was a thrill unlike any other, to have her lover a part of her, that most intimate, special part, so helpless and vulnerable, yet so eager and affectionate. Just stroking their conjoined groin made them both sigh with delight.

For Katie it was all that and more – she was still at the mercy of the enchantress, still frustrated and denied in perverse, exciting ways, every time she thought to move a limb, or turn her head, or touch herself – but now her beloved could grant those wants... at her leisure, of course.

Even orgasm, when she chose.

But their connection went so much deeper too.

Being part of one another, one body... brought a sense of wholeness, of completeness, which neither woman nor womanhood could quite articulate.

"This was my best idea yet," the witch declared, as she rose to her feet, and felt her thighs brush over the new snout, protruding from her crotch.

Every step was a gentle breeze, wafting over her erect, pseudo-phallic new sex, and together they sniffed through her pussy, to make the whole apartment glow with new sensorial depth.

"This really is intense," Katie said, as Melissa was walking through into the kitchen.

She loved how her girlfriend's thighs seemed to cup and cradle her features, like an unending hug, even as she felt their merged body moving, so large and powerful compared to a tiny pussynose.

After the fun of the initial search for victuals, they shared an unconventional evening meal, Melissa occasionally granting her crotch a sip of wine, or spoon of soup. That too was a surreal sensory exploration, but both were too thoroughly spent for it to lead into another round of lovemaking... for the moment.

Instead they rested together, Melissa's newly shared sight and hearing allowing Katie a chance to catch up on all the things she'd missed as an isolated nose.

To communicate she had to speak up, of course, adding a kinky edge even to normal conversation.

Both enjoyed that thoroughly, talking long into the night, just as they had on past dates.

This time, however, the date didn't end.

As they drifted off together, the pussynose Katie had become felt the slowing of their shared heartbeat, and lay, immobile yet enraptured, between those beautiful legs, able to look down at herself through her lover's eyes.

Breathing their mutual scent, the smell of their conjoined body, they slowly slipped into shared dreams of all that lay ahead.

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Katie's first week as a nose passed all too quickly.

She was no normal schnozz, after all – she was her lover's sex, her genitals, remade into a snout and mouth – and as might be expected, they spent more time than not exploring exactly what that meant for each of them.

Becoming genitals, even such absurd ones, was overwhelming, her every moment spent powerfully aware of her shape and self, of the blood pumping through her nose and mouth, and the scents and taste of the body she had become part of. It was no wonder that, afterwards, she remembered little of that week, beyond the intoxicating pleasures they had shared.

Continued to share – for Friday came and went without either part of that new composite person proposing a change.

There was simply too much to experience, to enjoy and exchange, in being part of one another in this most intimate fashion. Even being stuffed into panties proved a kinky, playful form of bondage, which they engaged in daily, Katie making out with whoever Melissa slipped on that day, or just being muffled and bound in a regular item of clothing, while the sentient ones were in the laundry.

The helplessness was a shock at times, as Katie regularly found herself wishing to move a limb which no longer existed, or turn a head she no longer possessed, or simply scratch an intrusive itch.

Such actions were far outside of what a nose could accomplish, but that only added to the joy of her debilitation. The *relief* that the bodypart felt, to be so totally reduced, from person to pussy. Her lover, her *body* was always with her, care and comfort no more than a word away. It was satisfying to have to depend on her in that way, to be frustrated at times, yet all the more gratified when relief came. Or didn't. Melissa could choose for her, be it something as simple as a longing for a caress, or the building ache of their mutual need for orgasm.

"My body, my rules," was the simple edict by which the witch governed.

Her genitals offered no resistance to the arrangement. Her pussynose was far too infatuated, adoring, and deeply besotted with her. Just as she was with it.

No wonder Melissa was so enthusiastic about showing off that new anatomy, first to strangers, then friends and colleagues.

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If going into the office piloted by her own nose had been embarrassing, appearing as another woman's pussy was a whole new depth of shocking... delicious humiliation.

"Hey Soph," said the pussynose.

"No way," Sophie trumpeted, as the witch bared all to the gathering. "She's seriously your sex! That's so wild!"

Her hands were full with boxes, but her remaining trunk, attached in the classical manner to her face, gave a suitably excited gesture, waving others over to look too.

“Surreal,” Mary chimed in, stroking her nose, which was a few shades darker than the rest of her.

Brenda tilted her head too, lighter nose sniffing thoughtfully, as if recalling a distant memory. “Is this like that awesome costume party we had a while back? Where we dressed up as freaky cool bodyparts and stuff?”

It was still bizarre to see how she and the others had so readily dismissed those events, after the week ended... despite the disappearance of numerous coworkers, and the baffling mystery of the entire male staff being diagnosed with ‘late onset’ congenital aphallia. Katie should probably have felt sorry for them, and for the others, who never turned up... or remained in her wardrobe... but as pent up as she herself was, the thought of all those horny, hapless guys, groping themselves and struggling to reach orgasm, and those girls-made-garments, sniffing and licking one another in her drawers... was a little too alluring.

“Not at all,” Melissa assured her. “Katie here just really wanted to actually become my vagina... so I made it happen for her.”

“Tippy,” Naomi and Alexis said in unison, the two-headed, biracial couple peering down their cocknoses and past their impressive bust at the familiar snout on the witch’s bare crotch.

“How are you gonna get anything done?” asked Alexis. “It’s not easy to share a body you know.”

She and her girlfriend spoke from experience there, having taken some time to adjust to each piloting one side of their shared form.

“It’s not going to be so bad,” Katie spoke up, suppressing a moan at the intense stimulation of tongue on lips and air through nostrils. “Melissa’s going to be my arms, like I was hers that one time.”

“Finally, Katie gets to boss *me* around,” the witch affirmed. “At least during work hours.”

A disapproving sniff sounded from over her shoulder.

The woman there seemed to want to say something, but, as her face was still gone, replaced entirely with her nose, Miss Jones could only snort or gesticulate, unless she was willing to take the time to write out a message.

“Don’t worry,” Melissa assured her, with a playful smirk, “I’ll make sure her work gets done just fine.”

The nose-headed woman nodded, seemingly mollified.

In actuality, productivity actually went up that quarter at the company, for the second in a row.

Job satisfaction was also at a new high.

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“No waaaaaaaaaay!”

Baring all in the middle of the pizzeria was already awkward, but the raised voice of Margaret drew all eyes to the near-nude figure among them.

“Y-yeah, uh... surprise?” spoke the nervous crotchnose, as she felt herself flush a pretty pink.

The blush grew all the worse as Melissa, admiring her pussy’s puce cheeks, gave her a loving stroke, right along her soft, quivering ridge. She tried to focus on the mouthwatering aroma of cheese and dough, but that only made her wetter, as she started to salivate too.

“I knew something was up after you stopped coming out a few months back!”

Nathan was as slow on the uptake as ever, but Soph just snorted and patted his head with her trunk.

“Yeah, been dying to tell you guys everything!”

“I thought you must already know,” added the mug on the table. “They’ve come with her hidden in Melissa’s panties twice already, before Katie worked up the courage to come out. I mean she was moaning out loud and everything!”

“Hush you,” Melissa said, flicking her rubbery nose-handle, to make the disembodied drinking-head moan, “or else you can find your own way home.”

“So you really used magic to make Katie into your genitals?” Frank quizzed, “That like a... kink thing?”

“Naturally,” Melissa said, before Katie could even attempt to deny it.

Once more the pussynose blushed, as she felt all eyes on her, even her own.

“Fuck me that’s perverse,” murmured Winona.

“Careful around her,” piped up the mug, “she might just take you up on that. Or worse. I used to have a body you know.”

"You just used it to be a jerk to people," Katie reminded her. "That's why you're tablewear now. Everyone else is safe."

"Of course, a friend of my girlparts is a friend of the rest of me too," the witch affirmed, still patting her pretty little crotchnose. "Just don't be surprised when knowing us leads to a few... unusual physical alterations at some point."

Margaret's eyes widened. "Wait, Melissa, is merging with Katie why you have those cute gold highlights in your hair?"

The witch snorted out a laugh, emerging through both of her noses, upper and lower, to make the conjoined lovers shiver with arousal.

When she'd recovered, she gave a nod.

"That's right! And why you all remembered me to begin with – a little more magic, to save on some confusing introductions."

"Oh yeahhhhhh," Margaret murmured, "no wonder I couldn't remember how we met. You were still just Katie back in Highschool."

The crotchnose cleared her 'throat'.

"Well I still am... it's just that 'Katie' refers to part of Melissa now."

The two shared a moment, as they felt one another's warm, happy tingle, at speaking aloud of their newly shared self.

"That's right," Melissa affirmed, "you can think of us as a package deal now."

"Don't you miss, like... having hands and stuff?" Margaret asked, through a mouthful of pizza.

"Right here," spoke her body, holding up two of them. "Anything my beloved wants, I can provide.... If she's been good."

"The, uh, trickier part is food," Katie said, trying to deflect the curious looks. "I can still taste, and even drink, but solids are a no-go, since I have no teeth."

"Probably lucky you don't, you'd bite your tongue," Winona observed.

"You can't even have pizza?!" Nathan exclaimed.

"I can still enjoy eating with my body's mouth, and I have a little taste with my pussymouth now and then."

Just mumbling the word 'pussymouth' aloud had her blushing again, but Nathan seemed not to notice.

"Well if you ever want one I can like, whip up a pizza smoothie. Did that in college a few times, didn't even hurl or anything!"

Katie smiled up at him, as he dug into another slice, as if to assure himself he hadn't met a similar fate as the genitals before him.

"Trust me, there are other... benefits, which more than make up for it. For one, you can't even *imagine* how good this smells right now."

She was referring to the food... at least in part... but the wetness lining her lips and nostrils seemed to affirm to her friends all her lewdest thoughts.

"Gross," Soph snorted, as she pulled her trunk up, to make way for another slice of her own.

"Well, it's still not as weird as that time I caught Katie smooching that Babar plushie in junior high," Frank remarked.

"Oh my," spoke Melissa, her eyes lighting up, "you simply have to tell me *everything....*"

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Despite some initial hurdles, and a great deal of confusion from her wider circle of friends, many of whom couldn't quite comprehend why Katie would want to be reduced to just another woman's genitalia, everything quickly settled into a smooth new routine.

One far more fun than her old life had ever been.

When she needed to work, Melissa would move things about for her, acting as hands as well as eyes, ever patient despite the hours the work absorbed each day. She apparently found it exciting, taking orders from her crotchnose, and given how both still shivered in pleasure each time she spoke... or sniffed... or felt the air brush over her blindingly sensate skin... it was little wonder they had so much fun.

The surprising part was that they got any work done at all.

Challenging as it was to be another person's crotch, Katie was still outperforming anyone else at the company.

What she lacked in speed, she more than outweighed in acuity and imagination, and by the end of the month her promotion was already won... with another following not long after.

It was expected, when you made your employer eight figures in a single quarter.

But there was far more to life than just work.

As much as Katie loved her job, she and Melissa had other plans too.

A new place, one they would own together, and a new wardrobe of sentient garments, all carefully curated to show off their most precious part – her. Even a special custom computer setup to let Katie’s voice take over for Melissa’s hands more often.

Naturally, all along, they reveled in their sensual forms too, every spare moment a riot of input, a feast for their senses and an orgy for the twin nose-loving souls, united by their passion as well as their romance.

At no point did either of the conjoined lovers stop, to ask just how much they should invest in this theoretically temporary lifestyle.

Melissa spoke as though everything before their merging had been another lifetime, another world... and Katie found herself agreeing, matching that language both at home and with others.

Their life had begun when they became their present self.

It was only in those rare moments of post-coital calm that she even remembered that she was ‘supposed’ to be a human. An entire woman, instead of just the best parts of one.

During one such time, some months on, she voice the idle thought.

“Honey,” she murmured, through the pleasant, warm afterglow of their lovemaking.

Melissa spread her legs, to better listen to her pussy speak, and both enjoyed the perverse pleasure of breathing in their shared musk, and looking down at their wet, squishy, throbbing crotchsnout.

“Hmm?”

“How long have we been... together now?”

Both knew what that meant, of course.

“Four months, sweetnose, why?”

Four whole months, since she had last been a separate entity. It had gone back startlingly quickly.

“Just.. wondering. You do still remember what my body looked like, right?”

Melissa snorted.

“Nah. Why would I need to remember that? I’m your body now, and I have the best of the old you in me; the most beautiful, sensual, sweet and sexy part is my parts.”

The pussynose tensed, feeling herself seeping with arousal all over again.

“That’s... good then,” Katie murmured, as she felt herself engorging all over again with the speeding beat of their heart.

Her enchantress bent near double, to plant a deep, tender kiss on her lips, and the two groaned together in the thrill of self-love.

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By the end of the first year, Katie found she too was forgetting the details of her former form.

After two years she was far too busy, running the lab, supervising the projects, and researching new olfactory creations, to even think about her old self. That life, that existence, as unfettered as it had been, seemed oddly small and confined now.

She was unable to scratch her nose or eat food or cum on demand... but her life was far more interesting without those freedoms.

The nose adored the bond she shared with the rest of her body, deepening every single day. She couldn’t even imagine not being part of the shared person they had become, and she and Melissa treasured each moment they spent, be it in erotic, sensual play, or engaging, academic inquiry.

Or just cutting loose with a little magic at the Christmas party.

Three years in, Katie and Melissa were finishing one another’s sentences, even without any mental magic to share thoughts.

That was when Sophie started asking if they planned to marry.

The betrunken beauty had found a partner of her own, in the ever-horny but equally happy Mary, whom Melissa gifted a trunk of her own to celebrate the wedding. The duo were frequently seen, nose and crotch intertwining as they walked or kissed.

But as cute as that new couple was, the question didn’t make sense to the dual being – Katie was a witchhood now, part of their single shared person, a bond closer than any marriage. Soph might as well have been asking when Melissa meant to marry herself.

Admittedly, that might not have been impossible, given what Melissa could do, but one thing at a time.

Given that no-one affected by her magic seemed to have aged a day, time was something that had a great deal of.

Katie had never been so thrilled to wake up each morning, or felt so at peace, so complete and yet so filled with potential.

The crotchnose was exactly where she wanted to be, part of that enchanting experience she and her soulmate were sharing.

Katie and Melissa loved their self more with every passing day.