

Perfume of Pulchritude

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“Smell this!”

Hand raised, Claudia pushed her wrist out towards her friend.

Taller, Jenny bent her head forward, her petite brown features delicately lowering to Claudia’s paler skin. Her perfectly-sculpted nose twitched, nostrils flaring and bridge wrinkling adorably as she took an interested sniff.

“Oh, delicious! I just adore lavender, don’t you? My family grow it back home in Kashmir.”

Charmed anew by the wistful, faraway look on her friend’s pretty, pristine visage, Claudia couldn’t help but press her arm to the tanned button of her nose as she sampled the perfume.

“Hey, I don’t love it *that* much!” Jenny said, giggling as she wiped the spot of perfume from her skin.

“I think I might buy this one,” Angel announced quietly, “I just adore vanilla.”

Gina snorted derisively as she looked down her nose at the petite East-Asian woman.

“You would, *Anj!*”

“You know I don’t like that nickname,” the other replied, blushing at the jibe.

“She’s only teasing you because she’s into you,” Claudia declared.

That made Gina blush in turn, the tint just visible on her tanned cheeks, even as she was denying it.

“Ooooh, smell this one,” Jenny piped up, inadvertently saving her.

A spritz of rose and passionfruit filled the air, and the quartet took appreciative whiffs.

Even in the simple jeans and shirts of a casual afternoon they were an attractive group, the four a common sight in the mall, particularly in the fashion, beauty and perfume stores. The clerk at their current counter knew better than to try to involve herself in their shenanigans, instead contenting herself with working the stockroom and keeping an ear out, just in case things got a little *too* rowdy.

That was why, when Claudia spotted an oddly-shaped bottle, wedged between cabinet and wall, there was no-one present to dissuade her from twisting it free of that forgotten cavity.

Turning it over in her hands, she was all the more intrigued.

The crystal was cut into smooth lines, pristine despite its sojourn in that dusty crevice, and the design was far too elaborate and ornate for any normal fragrance bottle. A vase-like rounded center was bowed out at the front and rear, into stylized nose forms, with handles to either side echoing the motif, with more, smaller probosci.

“Check it out, this one looks *expensive*.”

Squirting out a fine mist, she leant in and took a sniff.

The reaction was immediate.

As she inhaled, Claudia could feel her face tingling, not with some powerful outside odor, but with spreading warmth and sensitivity. Her skin seemed to come to life, each pore dilating, each hair wafting in the air as she smelled everything around her.

Her nose was swelling, pushing out as air rushed in, spreading to the sides and downward, as if her breath was *inflating* that feature on her face.

Gina stared, pointing at the inexplicable phenomenon. “Holy shit, your nose is growing!”

Angel and Jenny were staring too, of course, as Claudia seemed to expand her nose before their eyes.

Freezing at the surreal experience, her breath caught in her lungs.

Panicked, she pulled back, and looked down at it between her eyes.

She’d never been able to look at her own nose so clearly before, and as her fingers brushed tentatively against the engorged surface she gasped at the sensuality of her skin. Supple flesh throbbed to the slighted movement, her breathing spreading a warm pleasure throughout her head. A sniff brought multiple potent scents to the fore, everything amplified in her awareness, and as she took in those newly pungent aromas she detected people as well as perfumes, the smells of her body and those of her friends lingering in her nostrils.

It was intensely erotic.

“Woah, how did you do that?” Jenny asked, looking impressed.

“I don’t think she did,” Angel observed, eyeing the vial Claudia had dropped on the counter. “It looked like this perfume caused some sort of... reaction?”

Both were observing her with a queer blend of confusion and something else... almost like desire.

“Damn, girl, you look ridiculous,” Gina declared, a little too loudly.

Even disoriented and bewildered as she was, Claudia could tell it was revenge for embarrassing her earlier.

It was highly effective too – she felt suddenly, intensely aware of herself, of her body and its shape, and the way her face had been altered. Her nose was far too large, embarrassingly big and obvious... yet weirdly alluring as well.

Across the room, she could hear the voices of other shoppers too, muttering to one another at the bizarre sight, snippets of their conversations carried to Claudia’s ears, along with those inquisitive gazes.

“How silly she looks,” one was saying.

“Plastic surgery gone wrong,” another posited.

Jenny showed no such distaste, however.

“Does it hurt?”

She stroked her fingertips carefully along the bridge of the double-scale snout as she spoke, perhaps mistaking Claudia’s tense reaction.

The touch had her heart pounding, her chest and loins matching that erogenous tingling that had begun on her face, and she couldn’t help but press her overgrown nose into the other woman’s fingers, taking an obvious huff of her skin, nostrils brushing against her digits.

“It doesn’t hurt... it feels... fine. Kind of... good.”

As if emboldened, the Indian girl brought those fingertips down, around the sides of those sensitive openings, caressing circles around her nostrils.

They twitched, dilating at her touch.

“It looks good too,” Jenny said, with a bashful smile, “you always did have such a beautiful nose. Even more so now.”

Claudia shivered, as she submitted to those affectionate hands, feeling her blushes intensify, pressing herself against Jenny’s touch as a moan slipped out past her wavering lips.

“It’s not a trick or anything?” Angel asked, still looking uncertain.

“It’s real,” Jenny declared, “and it seems to be... staying this size too?”

Fascinated by the surreal sight of their friend seeming to derive such... *sensual* pleasure from her giant nose... neither Angel nor Jenny noticed as Gina grabbed the dropped bottle.

They were more focused on Claudia, as she pushed her huge nose into Jenny's hair, sniffing the enchanting fruit notes of the other's follicles, her animated nasal passages clutching at the flowing locks, running along them almost like hands as she took in the fragrances of her friend.

She could smell more than just the girl's scalp, and she flushed with amplifying arousal as she realized she was breathing in the saline odors of her armpits... the musk of her crotch and butt... the tarter perfumes of her feet, trapped in too-thick socks.

That last was faintest, yet she breathed all the deeper for the want of it, drinking in the smells of crotch and feet.

Embarrassing as it was to realize, Claudia was deeply drawn to the scents of Jenny's sex, and the sweaty traces of her soles and toes.

"Are you okay?" Angel asked, surprised by such forwardness, as one friend huffed the other.

"Yes, just... worked up... it feels so intense," Claudia explained. "And I must look really weird...."

"Wonderfully so," Jenny assured her, planting a delicate kiss on the tip of her snout.

"Your nose always was your best feature," Angel added affirmatively.

"Yours too!"

Gina's voice cut through the tender moment, and the girls turned just in time to see her, perfume in hand, squeezing the pump to puff a face-full of the stuff directly into Angel.

Just as before, the girl's physique reacted at once, her formerly small snout expanding dramatically as she smelled the substance. Petite was replaced with perverse, her nose enlarging before their eyes, bulging out further with each anxious inhalation.

It felt incredible, as the others could clearly see, for she kept breathing, *snorting* up the tainted air, even as her nose grew.

Nostrils fanned out ever wider, into a perpetual flare, lewdly dilated and large enough for a hand to enter, and she shuddered as she reached up to rub them.

Angel was moaning aloud, obviously humiliated yet hooked on the intense fragrances, the erogenous new sensations and startling sensitivity of her transforming face too good to resist.

Even as her nostrils waved so lewdly in the air, she couldn't stop groping them.

"It's so intense," she murmured, normally pale features pink with the painful awareness of all the eyes turned upon her, yet still wagging her oversized nose needily as she sniffed that rich cocktail of aromas.

"It feels... wonderful," Claudia affirmed, as the two breathed deep.

That made the other all the more acutely aware of the perversity of her pleasure at being reshaped.

"N-no, it's weird," Angel insisted, shivering at the mixture of embarrassment and eroticism, "I look ridiculous like this! I-I can't believe you did this to me, Gina! What if I can't turn back?!"

Her tormentor just smirked.

"Why would you want to? This is the perfect look for you, sexy and perverse, just like you are!"

Invading hands found the wide rims of those oversized nostrils, and Angel gasped at the sensations of fingers squeezing her newly delicate skin as Gina gripped her nose, pushing the enlarged organ up, flattening it against her face, into the shape of a porcine snout.

"You're like a pig in muck, Anj! I can see that you're getting off on this!"

Feeling muscles flexing in her grip, Gina giggled as the temporarily pig-nosed girl tried to pull away, blushing all the more at the humiliating treatment, and the sensations of hands on her newly sensitized proboscis.

"Stop it, I- I look weird and gross!"

"Yeah but the snout helps," Gina retorted with a demonic snicker.

More customers were staring now, as the embarrassed Angel shuddered with contradictory pleasure from that intrusive contact. The feeling of her flattened nose, the sensations, the sight of something so like a real pig snout on her face.

"Maybe if I hold you like this for a while it'll stick?" Gina suggested eagerly.

Angel quivered at the idea.

The woman's wide-eyed stare was vacillating between building outrage and budding arousal as the other teased her so mercilessly, but Jenny couldn't just watch any longer.

"You clearly can't be trusted with that perfume bottle, so give it to me."

Gina was faster, however, snatching it back up.

Jenny gasped, as she was hit full-face with two huge puffs.

The double dose coated her skin as well as filling her lungs, and she shivered as it seemed to sink into her flesh.

“What have you done?”

A hot, throbbing sensation spread rapidly through her face, radiating out from her beautifully shaped nose to make her writhe in pleasure... as her other features sank into the expanding shape of bridge and nostrils.

With a final sound, not of alarm, but of arousal, they watched her lips absorbed into her nose, the full, plush opening of her mouth splitting into two, spreading left and right as it fused with her nostrils.

She flexed them, and the twin orifices moved, soft, full rings of skin squeezing together and stretching open with much of the mobility her lips once possessed, and clearly inheriting all the sensitivity, given how her hands went to them at once, the suddenly mute girl snorting with her pleasure as she rubbed her huge nose.

Jenny was instantly wet from the incredible sensation, her crotch soaking as she fondled the powerful lines of her reshaped face, similar wetness seeming to well up in her nostrils as she slipped her fingers inside and shuddered at the surreal, intoxicating sensuality of her transformation.

It was impossible to speak – she could *feel* how her mouth and throat had vanished, the opening repurposed into an expanded airway – yet alarming as that was, the surreal experience of blowing air atonally at her friends, feeling her breath massage her sensual lining of follicles and caress her throbbing nasal passageways, was deeply exciting.

The others just stared, uncertain of what to say or do... so Jenny went to them.

Pressing her nose to that of Angel, she snorted with her silent lust, impressively prehensile nostrils finding those of the other, and smooching those giant flared openings.

Both women shuddered, as they rubbed noses together, the smaller girl shaking in the arms of the larger, as Jenny’s more agile orifices gripped and rubbed Angel’s, noses locking, squishing together in an incredible kiss.

It was far better than anything they could have felt with mouths.

“Okay, I think this has gotten weird enough now, Gina,” Claudia declared, deeply aroused herself, but unwilling to risk any further alterations to their bodies.

“Oh come on, they’re having a great time,” the culprit declared.

It was true, but for all they knew, this could be permanent.

Claudia lunged for the bottle.

Gina resisted once more.

Four hands on the crystal container, they struggled, wrestling for control.

“Quit it, or I’ll squirt your boobs too!” the troublemaker threatened.

Claudia could sense her arousal plainly at this distance, and she realized with a shock that Gina wasn’t just breathing hard, but sniffing too, as if some trace of the fragrance had already affected her.

“Hah, not if I spray your face first! I bet you’d be a gorgeous nose-headed girl, blindly snuffling about, following after us and sniffing at our feet!”

Something about that threat seemed to strike Gina especially hard, her hand slipping from the lid of the container as Claudia *smelt* the woman’s sudden wetness.

As she did, the stopper popped loose.

Perfume flooded out, glittering beautifully with a rainbow of colors in the overhead lights.

The cascading veils of liquid gemstone washed over them, soaking both women at once.

Skin flowed with them, the curves of the figures washing together, distinct edges and angles of two becoming the blurred outline of one under the waves.

Emerging from beneath that veil Claudia and Gina’s faces were washed clean.

Clean of dirt and sweat.

Of hairs and blemishes.

Of *features*.

Mouths, brows, ears... even eyes.... All were vanished in the gentle rippling of that liquid magic.

Only the proud, powerful lines of one shape remained of either’s face.

Even the structures of skulls were gone, hair melted to nothing, as their remade heads took form. Each was distinctive, all the more unmistakable for its new scale.

Abruptly blinded in the deluge, Claudia tried to speak, to cry out with alarm, only to find that all she accomplished was flexing her huge nostrils. Yet as humiliating as it was, her

dismay was tempered by the surreal delirium of feeling her reshaped face, her hands reaching up to caress that ridiculous snout-form, totally replacing her head.

She couldn't see, couldn't say a word, yet her awareness seemed all the sharper for her eyeless state, perception focused entirely into her erogenous proboscis, throbbing with pleasure as each breath seemed to light up the curves and set skin tingling with a million magnified aromas.

By her side, she could smell the head of her opponent, and even without eyes it was obvious from the flowing air and the muffled snorting that she too was in the same state.

The two women's heads had been totally replaced, with their own enlarged noses.

They grew from their unaltered necks, yet those in turn were placed atop a form totally new.

Naked, the surreal shape lay totally exposed, at least for the others, who still had the sight to admire it.

Admire they did, Angel and Jenny awestruck by the body they saw.

A single, combined creature, an amalgamation of both people's bodies.

Claudia and Gina were conjoined.

Merged right down the middle, their noseheads sat atop the shoulders of one torso, a wavy line separating and mingling Claudia's right half from that of Gina's left.

More voluptuous than either, their combined body summed the curves of each, to give an exaggerated line to their bust and hips, expanding outwards as the scentless perfume slipped down over their sides, magnifying their own smells along with their shape.

Both girls could feel their heart pounding. One, single beat, drumming inside them, setting their nipples bouncing and their ass jiggling to the touch of exploring fingers.

The fingers of *four* hands, each side of the combined body adorned with upper and lower arms, letting them caress their shared self all over, all at once, feeling the shocking sensuality of being conjoined to one another under their probing digits.

Digits which themselves seemed to shrink and stumble as the flood washed over them too, as if those abnormal waters were drinking their dexterity away.

Their palms were expanding in turn, gorgeously, gloriously sensitive, just as their noseheads were, thumbs shifting into line with their other fingers as those extremities receded into more erotic shapes.

Toes, delicate and delicious, seeping with moisture of their own as they grew slick with pungent, musky sweat. The same which was adorning the plush, squishing soles beneath them, standing out at sharp angles to their arms, yet feeling bafflingly, brilliantly natural.

Claudia shuddered in shocked, humiliating arousal, as she felt their hands turning into feet.

All four of them.

So wonderfully, terribly tender and sensitive, they seemed to swell with pleasure as Claudia drew shuddering breath... then as the lungful rushed out again, they inflated.

Pleasure sharpened into points, as skin stretched taut, then finally *dilated* with a feeling of relief... as new nostrils opened up between their toes.

Twenty digits curled at the wondrous feeling of exhalation through their foothands, sixteen new nasal openings taking shape between them, clenching and spreading, flaring as they stretched their toes and flexed their pheromone-flooded foothands.

Sensations from those new soles were already overwhelming, but as they drew breath anew, they felt in turn the *inhale* of those new extremities... of the *footnoses* that had replaced their hands, and their single spine arched with the intense rush of aromas, the smell of their soft, squishy soles and the focused fragrance emerging all around the nostrils so perfectly placed between their toes.

Without eyes, without hands, they writhed in pleasure, pressing their *feet* to their skin, exploring with the clumsy, clenching grip of those new digits, snuffling along their curves, the transformed girls grinding themselves against their own footnoses in lust.

Claudia and Gina each dearly longed to look at themselves, but somehow, this felt better.

Not being able to see, struggling to probe their body with those undexterous digits, and blissfully spongy soles, even their clumsy attempts to touch themselves pervading everything with the fragrance of sweating feet.

Everything around them was radiant with smell, most of all their unified self.

They were a conjoined creature of surreal intensity, a single merged body each felt as her own, the overwhelming, erogenous thrill of becoming part of a shared being matched only by the brilliance of their blind scent-sight.

But could she be sure Gina felt the same? Claudia realized, with concern, that she couldn't exactly ask the other half of her body how she liked being one with her.

That throbbing beat of pleasure in their shared chest could be the racing pulse of fear, those groping digits grasping desperately for help....

Her concerns evaporated, as their noseheads met.

Nostrils finding one another, they kissed deep, dilating rings of soft muscular passages smushing together, gripping and cupping, planting adoring smooches along one another's bridges in their self-obsession as they stroked themselves with their feet.

Horny former hands found tender breasts, cupping and probing, and they perceived the *trio* of teats that swayed on their merged chest, the central of them marked by the faintest change in perfume, right down the middle – where Angel and Jenny could see the left-right shift from brown to beige.

Each was obviously enraptured by their remaking, yet as the oddly scentless perfume flowed from their form, more changes were emerging in its wake.

Supernatural drops rushed down the pert, pointed nipples in their toes, the tips pushing outwards as their new bridges formed, opening, bulging outwards to each side into inviting new nostrils. Drawing scent directly into their lungs through their new nose-nipples as well as those of their feet, the merged women shook with the surreal wonder of toes and areola able to taste the air, olfactory sensors more potent than any normal human could imagine, channeling breath into their limbs and bust.

Yet they couldn't dwell on such sensory delights, as their lower body was warping too.

They still felt only two legs, but that was itself an aberration for a being made from two complete bodies, so nonsensically reshaped elsewhere.

Those legs, and the flaring hips between them, were still changing too, as the magical shower flowed down in waterfalls over their skin.

A single, shared sex, their two-tone pussy pushed up, outwards at their hips, the duo shivering and snorting in bliss as they felt the tell-tale intoxicating tingle of *olfaction* in their loins.

Lips spread out, parting, as one slit became two, while above the woman-hood of their combined clitoris emerged, bold and proud, to subsume those twitching twin vulvas. To absorb their genitals, into the newly expanding nostrils of their nether-nose. Each was a former sex, a pussy replaced with the dilating passage of an oversized nostril, left Gina and right Claudia, both shuddering together as they clenched either, the slightest movements of their new nose pussy making both weak with arousal.

They took a sniff, and the fragrance of feminine sex flooded their minds, the smell, the *taste* of their musk thick in their maidenhood, their pussies remade yet only more pungent, perfuming every breath now with their delicious flavors.

Wracking their bodies with perverse, erogenous stimulation and deliciously intoxicating aromas.

Just as their foothands did.

And so too their feet – the originals also reshaping into more footnoses on the ends of their legs as the perfume washed down them.

Finally, as if in painterly flourish, the beading droplets on their butt drew out their tailbone.

One last, enormous nose emerged, longer than the others, a stubby ‘tail’ nestled just over their anus, bringing with each breath a gloriously crass wafting of the odors of their ass.

That last addition to the cocktail of their bizarrely warped form was the final temptation, too much to bear, and neither half of the merged woman could resist it.

One cream, one tan, the two nose-heads shivered as they smelled, breathing in *everything* all at once, their figure tensing as it inhaled, each tasting their surroundings with wonderful, erogenous clarity, writhing in sightless sensory overload.

Their depth and richness of their world seemed to expand, even as they had lost all sight of it.

Every breath, winding through feet and pussy, ass and nipples, was a new rush of lust and longing. A tantalizing promise of pleasures they had never even imagined before, brought by a body they could barely comprehend.

As humiliating as it was, to be this conjoined *creature* of base, needy, nasal pleasure, they felt beautiful too. They were so lovely now, their union infinitely more elegant and alluring together than they ever had been apart, even as they were groping themselves with shameful delight.

Absurd as they felt, as embarrassing as their sensual resculpting was, the conjoined figure of the two couldn't resist their transformation.

It felt so good.

So right.

Even to be blind seemed... soothing.

Proper.

A being made of noses should be able to focus everything on them. To *see* would be to *miss* so terribly much. Of herself, of themselves, and of the others around them.

More than that... Claudia realized... she was growing *excited* by her own helplessness. Aroused all the more, their loins grew enflamed by the awareness of their sacrificed sight. The masochistic lust, of knowing that they had lost hands, lost faces and eyes, lost all voice... and that they loved it.

Indeed, Claudia felt a twisted sense even of relief, to be so reduced, her features smoothed away into something so much more perfect, her hands remade into forms fitting for pleasure only, her body plunged blind into the ocean of scents all around.

With how clearly they could sense everything about them, how accurately they could place the people, the walls and counters, and the various shop products in the olfactory landscape of their minds, eyes would almost have been a nuisance.

Hands doubly so, without sight to guide them.

And they still had hearing, if they should ever care to use it.

The twin noses snorted in rapturous delight as they kissed and caressed one another in their toes.

They were aching, overwhelmingly beautiful.

Even those twisted nasal kisses were just divine.

And there was so much more... not to see, but to smell, all around.

Claudia was dimly aware of Angel's voice, trying to make sense of the unexplainable, enchanting amalgamation of her friends, but she and Gina were far more interested in probing the question of which of their nearby sources of female aroma had the more delicious derriere.

"The bottle just says 'for pulchritude most resplendent, breathe of my scent and be beauteous forevermore'," Angel was reading, with obvious alarm. "There's nothing about how we turn back!"

Jenny could only snort in response.

She did so again, as she saw the footnoses of their merged friends pressing to the cheeks of one startled shopper.

The woman was beautiful, even in her gymwear, obviously fresh from a workout yet looking all the more adorable for her sheen of sweat and glow of vitality.

And the blush spreading across her cheeks under the toes which were cupping and snuffling them.

"E-excuse me?!" she squeaked. "Who- what are you?!"

With four arms, there were two more footnoses free to press against her chest and butt, the conjoined duo snorting at her longingly, as the woman wriggled in embarrassed bewilderment.

Claudia, operating her side of that single body, wriggled her toes into the girl's pants, huffing the humid odors greedily.

Gina, in a similar state of abandon, pushed her own footnoses down her shirt, and pressed those of her leg to the woman's bare toes, huffing at her fragrant feet in her open sandals.

Both halves of the newly-made being of noses and feet shivered at the delicious smells, tensing and snorting up the fragrances, as intense as though they were kissing, licking and sniffing the women all over, all at once.

They could hear Angel's protests, but their victim herself still wasn't pulling away, even as Gina caught her face in her toes, and pulled her in for a nostril-smooch.

One which slurped her entire face into the stretching nasal passages of Gina's former head.

"Oh my gods, are you okay?!" Angel exclaimed, rushing to her belated rescue. "I don't know what's wrong with these two!"

Pulling her out again was unexpectedly tricky – with Gina inhaling hard, the pressure was powerful, vacuum sealing her in place.

As both Angel and Jenny tugged the woman gave a muffled yelp, feeling her neck *stretch*.

It looked impossible, but everyone present saw the same thing – like a rubber band, the stuck woman's flesh extended, growing taut and giving a soft creak, as her head was pulled out a full foot from her body.

Finally, with a gasp, she popped free, and her neck whipped back into its proper shape and length.

The woman was panting, shivering with bewildered arousal as she was freed, and one hand went to her neck, as if to ensure it was back to normal, while the other reached up to test her face... and feel the new shape there.

A large, pink snout, the upturned nose of an actual pig, replacing her original human one.

It was clearly sensitive, for as her fingers pressed to that flat front face, her nostrils flared wide and the woman snorted, a rolling oink emerging from her blushing features.

"I am so sorry," Angel gasped, "are you okay?! Does your... s-snout hurt?"

"It's okay," the other girl said, in breathless, obvious excitement, still fingering herself. "It can't be... easy... to be living noses. It's kind of... flattering that they like me so much. Especially when you're all so... very beautiful."

She was staring at herself in the nearest mirror as she spoke, eyes glittering at the surreal sight of her altered face.

More distantly, the clerks and other shoppers sounded astonished, some muttering their disapproval and distaste... others sounding almost intrigued....

But only that one word was circling, in the minds of the transformed quartet. All of them felt it the same, that growing awareness, that confidence deepening to certainty, as they realized that they truly were *beautiful*.

"They're like a goddess," one woman murmured, entranced by the sight.

"I wish my nose could be so generously sized," another said, as they admired Angel quite openly. "And so *shapely*."

All the more excited, Claudia, Gina and Jenny were fondling one another clumsily, the conjoined pair dragging heavy breaths over their shared body, and that of their friend, practically groping their crotches, butts and feet with the breezes they created, and their spare footnoses interlocked in eager, self-sniffing embraces.

It was ridiculously sexy.

Pressing her legs together, to hold back the sudden rush of wetness, Angel grabbed the others.

Claudia and Gina's toes intertwined eagerly with her fingers as they held her hand, and she shivered as she felt their digits splay and sniff at her skin.

"Okay, we have to leave!" Angel announced, alarmed and abashed by her own arousal as much as anything.

Pulling the other two figures along by hand and foot, she made for the door, just as their forgotten new friend with the pig snout was picking up the discarded perfume bottle.