

Perfume of Pulchritude - Getting a Room

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Treading down a quiet suburban boulevard, which her feet had walked countless times before, Angel felt intensely self-conscious.

It wasn't the street which had changed.

It was her.

And of course, the two yet more ridiculous, still more *alluring* figures she pulled along behind her.

Angel herself was already remarkable, her petite features looks thrown into drastic contrast thanks to her humongous new nose, that sensual organ glowing with heightened awareness of all the rich, erotic scents of their bodies.

The other *three* were yet more striking.

Jenny's snout was still larger. Having absorbed her mouth, the woman was now blowing snorts through flexing, prehensile nostrils in place of lips.

As for Claudia and Gina....

She had to get them off the streets, before they caused some sort of riot, with their shocking, *conjoined* body.

Angel's own apartment had been impossibly far, so instead she was making for the refuge of Jenny's place.

Fortunately, no-one else was home, to question the bizarre new arrivals.

Angel pushed them into Jenny's bedroom, ignoring the lustful snorts of the two-and-a-half figures of her three friends, still groping longingly at one another.

In the refuge of that small but private space, the girls stripped off what clothes they retained, and collapsed together onto the bed.

Finally, Angel could fully admire the body of her merged friends.

Starting with those two unbelievable 'heads'.

What was once Claudia's face was now the front of an immense pink nose... totally replacing the woman's head, supplanting eyes and mouth, ears, even hair or skull, all ceded to that immense, *intense* new sensory nexus.

She was, at that moment, pressing it against its twin, the tanned nose-head of Gina, as the two shuddered together in the overwhelming pleasure of their shared body.

They were merged from the necks down, one body with four arms and three breasts, their limbs all ending the same way; in soft, petite pairs of feet, the rings of nostrils dilating hungrily between their toes as they caressed one another – themselves – massaging the mound of their pussynose, as it drooled pungent juices, and squishing supple nipple-noses under their soles.

It was a sight of total, reckless surrender, to the sensuality of scent... a sound – *song* – of sheer enchantment, as so many openings flared to drag in deep snorts of their bodily scents.

Just like the merged duo, Jenny and Angel were long past stopping, or questioning this surreal gift.

Instead the four women came together with their three bodies, one voice rising in an eager, urgent moan as Angel pressed her soaking sex to the nearest knee.

It was, at least in some theoretical sense, Gina's leg on which she rode, but with the two women mute and sightless nose-heads on a single body, Angel had no idea who commanded it, or if the girl was even still aware of her.

Until Gina's snout flared those huge, captivating caves in her direction, and she felt the woman's foothand press to her back, five nostrils all snorting at once... with that familiar, domineering derision, that she knew so well.

"Now who looks ridiculous?" Angel murmured... as her hands reached up, to cradle that huge nosehead.

Their kiss was all the more intense without any lips involved.

Angel's own nostrils were especially large, even for the size of her proboscis... and they mated perfectly with the still vaster rings of delicate muscle which were those of Gina, noses smooching passionately as they swapped scents with their sniffs and snorts and lusty snuffling sucks.

At the same time, Jenny's nose met Claudia's, and all four of the women clutched at one another as they made out, rubbing and grinding noses together, planting nostril-kisses all over one another's enlarged bridges and flares, and huffing one another's perfumes.

The smells of sweating skin and snouts drooling precum, the elegant odors of musky, pheromonal feet, lubricated with delicious perspiration, and the fermenting, intensifying fragrances of their sexes, both nasal and natural, drenching their legs with the powerful fumigants of their longing for one another.

For Angel and Jenny it was intoxicating, the most erotic experience of their lives.

For Claudia and Gina, it was a whole new form of transcendent, *resplendent* existence.

Freed from sight, from hearing and taste, everything about them was in the depth and majesty of scent now, supplemented only by the explosive immediacy of touch.

They shook with bliss, as they drew a long, loving breath, feeling air penetrate them all over, making love to their foothands with the caressing smells of their friends, licking the nostrils of nipples and pussy with the pungent tang of pits and rears, lapping footsmell along their many snouts to fill them with the rich, burning passions of their own body, and those of the other girls.

Together, the merged women felt everything, inhaling the gorgeous shapes of those three bodies in exquisite detail, raking fronds of pheromonal air over jiggling asses as though groping with unseen hands, sucking the scents from delicious toes and slurping at armpits with each breath, and plunging their hands-turned-footnoses into every crevice of those convulsing, nostril-smooching forms, to revel in the orgasmic thrill of so totally experiencing their flesh.

They were perfect like this.

Eyes would have been torture, a hideous desecration of this supernal way of seeing.

Voices, would have only blocked the way for those longing, loving huffs, sucking in ever more of their world, drinking the details and savoring the tastes better than any tongue, as their olfaction went into overdrive.

All four were in love with the cocktail of their bodies, yet Claudia could have wept for the two who still endured faces.

If she wasn't so wholly occupied with the nirvana of her noses.

Angel seemed to understand well, for at Claudia's side she felt her bodymate tremble, as the other woman brought up her leg, and pressed a bare, soft sole directly into her nosehead.

The scent flooded them both, and they shook, convulsing as they snuffled at sweaty toes and licked up the perspiration beading on that divine sole with their sniffs, both nose-heads coming together to hug the Asian girl's foot, as if pleading for more.

Angel giggled, drunk on her new power, as she gave them what they needed.

She and Jenny were both blushing, but neither seemed to hesitate now, too horny to think, let alone to think better. Instead they pressed bare, tender, perfectly formed feet into the flaring rings of those huge noses.

Gina's own foot met the soft chest of her newfound lover, and her toes squeezed, holding, *pleading* with the woman she had once teased so mercilessly, begging for more; for her touch, her affection, her *stink*.

Angel was eager to oblige her, as she slid her groping toes *into* the other's snouthead, soles kneading, scrunching and groping against the cum-soaked linings of those huge channels, while her breasts pressed into those sniffing foothands, and her arms drew in more flailing limbs to press to her pussy.

Jenny soon found herself similarly enveloped, as the merged pair put all their foothands to work, lovingly trampling their partners, pressing sweaty footprints into their faces and bosoms and wriggling sniffing toes into their sexes to make them shake with shameless relish. At the same time, those lovely, flawlessly formed and succulently perspiring soles were pulled, dragged inside Claudia's nosehead, interlocking their bodies at the feet, all four women shaking in mutual inverted embrace, as they huffed each other's soles.

Jenny and Angel completed that knot of bodies, by reaching out to one another too.

Fingers probed, tentative at first, but driven, shaking with building passion as they joined foothands in tender, intimate touches. Caresses. Swirling digits around the swollen lips of their nethers, pressing into those contacts and bringing all three bodies ever closer and tighter together.

Angel's voice was the only left in the room, but she was lost in wordless bliss just like the others, as they masturbated together.

Fingers and toes, sniffing, groping nostrils, whole noses kissing one another, all were entwined in the jumble of lovemaking.

Gina's demands in particular rose above the others, however.

Her hungry, horny snorts and puffs were a plea to the newly empowered woman at her side, even as she worshipped those elegant feet trampling her former face.

Angel was panting, her skin tingling everywhere she felt the wisping coils of air brush through her digits, licking along her soles to draw in every aspect and iota of their scent and make Gina quiver with the delicious, indulgent, drunken delight of her.

Becoming this surreal new being, senses so deeply focused on touch and scent, seemed to have changed Gina in more than just looks.

Angel wanted, *needed* more of that surreal, submissive new Gina.

Pouncing on her, she planted her lips against that giant nosehead, and giggled as nostrils kissed back with unabashed adoration. Her hands worked up over huffing nipples, digits tickling, stretching at their nostrils as she played with her friend's bust, adoring how those petite snouts sucked on her fingertips.

That gave her a thrilling new idea.

Claudia was oblivious to those sensations Gina experienced from the neck up, yet she knew it at once, as Angel brought her hands to press against the flaring, clenching rings of her bodymate's principal nostrils.

They shared one core, after all, in those enhanced lungs, which drew in air and scent from their every opening, and it was filling with the subtle nuances of articulated digits, the scent wavering with the movements of the hands sliding past Gina's openings.

Penetrating her nose.

Plush, slick, impossibly sensual, Gina shook as her nostrils were gripped from within, all fifteen of her toes curling, her whole body drawing a tense, urgent breath as Angel sank her palm into the pink folds of a passage more sensitive than any pussy.

That nose sealed tight, hugging, caressing back at the extremities coaxing it to that extremum of sensation, the erogenous nasal lining inflating into clutching fingers, palms engulfed on all sides and hugged, cradled and adored by those tight-clamped tubes.

Angel could only return the stimulation with her digits, as she felt the surreal power of her newfound lover, taking hold.

Intensely, achingly envious, Claudia found Jenny's lips, brushing eagerly along the soles of her foothands, and guided them up too.

Towards her nosehead.

The other woman tensed as her whole head was snorted inside, hot, gooey juices drenching her, as they had Angel, but neither woman showed any rejection of that surreal embrace. They were held there, still pressing, bucking and grinding bodies together with noses and feet, as they felt their hands and head change.

As Claudia and Gina smelled that divine odor, brewing between shrinking digits, and tasted the saline slickness of palms, expanding, ripening into impossibly soft, erogenous new soles.

Angel's hands were turning into feet, flawless and erotic, perfectly shaped to fill the nostrils of their newfound lovers.

Jenny's *head* was meeting that very same fate. Blossoming into a big, soft sole at the front, and a ridge of toes across the top of its blank expanse, all trace of cranium or face lost in the scrunching softness.

Only nostrils remained, interspaced between her new toes.

Claudia snorted her approval as the transforming woman flexed her new foothead, and took a long, deep sniff.

Nostrils were all Jenny needed to experience the world.

Finally, Angel's former hands emerged, with a gooey snorting slurp, and she held up the glistening shapes of perfect copies of her original feet, marveling at the sight, at the scent, at the overwhelming pleasure of feeling those new parts of herself, made to delight them all, filling the air with another 'voice' of intoxicating smell, to compete and harmonize with that of the perspiring foothands and feet of the merged girls.

"My hands," she murmured, even as she was sniffing at the musky bouquet of toes, curling towards her enlarged nose.

"They're so...."

So clumsy.

So pungent.

So sensitive.

"So perfect," she sang, as she hugged her face in those new feet, and drank in her own unique perfume.

Gina thought the same, even if she couldn't say so, but her thoughts were clear, from how her foothands took those of her friend. Toes intertwining, body squirming, her feet sniffed, tickled and brushed at the new shapes, until Angel was burying her face in another foot once more, crying out with longing.

A wriggling, pent-up mess of a woman, she pressed her new pair of soles to Claudia and Gina's chest, sliding down, kneading and fondling the heaving torso which was absorbing every odor of their unison.

It tensed, as Angel penetrated that wonderful nose pussy with both foothands.

All over that merged figure nostrils flared, snorting, some sucking while others blew, Jenny and Angel clinging to the bellows of that beautiful body, the divine shape of the being they each loved.

Together, all four were enchanted with one another, and with their new selves.

These surreal, impossible forms.

Their bizarre and redefined bodies.

They weren't just wild and sensational... they were exquisite. Shapes and feelings and smells that wove into a song of scent, the competing notes dovetailing into a flawless harmony, a humid atmosphere of female fragrances creating a melody of glorious, triumphant, orchestral orgasm.

Noses came all at once, sneezing cum, in long streams as the remade women convulsed together, sharing even that climax, as the smell of their release drowned out all else.

It was too much for Gina and Claudia to bear.

Too wonderful to comprehend, in that new world where scent was everything.

At least the first time.

Floating, adrift and semi-conscious in the wake of that climactic release, they were already reaching out once more, probing at the ruined bedroom, and the perfected bodies of their new stinkhearts, as the wanton lust built rapidly anew.

Angel and Jenny cradled them together as they came to their remaining senses, and all four women breathed deep, in their mutual ecstasy.

"Jenny? Is that you?"

The four tensed, as they heard the voice of her sister outside.