

Perfume of Pulchritude

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A Family Affair

‘For pulchritude most resplendent, breathe of my scent and be beauteous forevermore.’

Bess turned the bottle over in her hands, fingers tracing the clear crystal lines of the nose-shaped handles.

She wouldn’t have believed that such a small thing could hold so much power... had she not experienced it with her own body.

It was amazing that those surreal, *divine* women had left the bottle behind, but their loss was the pig-nosed girl’s gain.

Alongside that snout they’d gifted her.

Sniffing, her porcine proboscis creased, the twin openings of her front-facing nostrils flaring, as she took in the scents of the family home.

Everyone was gathered in the lounge – with her heightened sense of scent she could tell clearly.

Her mother, Victoria, her father, Elias, her sister Tara and the twin brothers Harry and Lucas, all five were waiting already.

Bess was still dressed for the gym, but clothing was the last thing on her mind.

Entering, she grinned, as all eyes turned her way, and she heard the gasps of her family members, as they saw the alteration to her face.

Her father and brothers in particular looked shocked, while her mother and sister seemed... surprised yet inquisitive.

“Honey?” the elegant older woman asked, “what happened to your *nose*?”

“Oh, just something I picked up at the mall, while I was getting your birthday present,” she replied, with a bashful giggle.

The laugh became a snort, escaping her snout, to make the family gathering gape, but she ignored the tingle of embarrassment at that un-feminine sound.

“Happy birthday, Mom!”

Unwrapped though it was, the perfume appeared a remarkable gift, that ornate, vase-like vessel glittering as Victoria took it, the weight alone affirming its worth.

The matriarch of the family might have pressed her eldest, on how and why she'd come to the party with a pig-nose of all things, yet that impossible anatomy seemed somehow less significant, as she breathed in the faint traces of fascinating scents, emanating from the bottle in her hands.

"Well, won't you try it, Mom?" Bess asked.

The insistent, eager look in her eyes made it a request.

"Ah, of course," Victoria said.

Her daughter might have looked unusual, but that didn't excuse being ungrateful, as the host of her own birthday gathering.

With a spritz the bottle expelled a small cloud into the air before her, and Victoria leaned forward, breathing in the fragrance.

As that strange substance brushed through her sinuses, to set off tingling sparks of color and smell, her sniff became a deep and gasping breath.

Victoria was drinking in the mist, channeling it through her nose and mouth, filling her lungs with that *invigorating* aroma.

Its nature was hard to place.

It evoked for her the woodland, fresh and earthy after the rain.

Hot bread, newly baked and still steaming.

Her husband, Elias, after a vigorous walk.

All her family.

Their bodies, their odors, the scents of their breath... their sweat... their loins and soles.

Addictive, alluring, Victoria snorted in that strange cocktail, then sprayed a second dose for herself.

A third.

Bess was watching, eyes shining with eagerness, as her mother huffed lungfuls of the concoction, the rest of the family looking on in bewilderment as she snorted perfume, yet Victoria found she didn't want to stop.

Her own anatomy was part of the smell now too, the scents of sweating armpits and seeping sex, even her soles, sweating inside slip-on shoes.

That blend of musks were coming not from the bottle, but her actual body.

As she sniffed in the heady cocktail of odors, Victoria was soaking wet.

The bottle fell to floor with a gentle thud.

“My arms?”

She looked at them in confusion.

They were supposed to end in hands.

Watching as blank wrists melted away into elbows, the woman shuddered, the erogenous ache of her nose and lungs spreading out through all of her warping flesh, concentrating in those vanishing appendages.

With a rush of aroma, smelled in the muscle and bone itself, Victoria felt, smelt her limbs disappearing, the fragrances of those bodyparts growing diffuse as they simply ceased to be.

In mere seconds, she was a limbless torso and head, flopping back on the couch.

Her husband and children were speaking, moving about, making various commotions, yet for the woman at the center of the chaos, it all seemed quite insignificant.

As she flexed her shrinking waist and chest, the smells only grew stronger.

The pleasure only came thicker, faster, as each snort of her nostrils drank in deeper.

They were growing, even as everything else shrank.

Odd as it was, Victoria felt herself smile, as her eyes closed over.

Without vision she could finally concentrate, focus herself, all of her being, on that thrilling world of scent, radiating out from her snout. Those precious orbs of her eyes had been vital for so long, yet as they dissolved into her spreading nose, it was a *relief*, a release, to at last be free of sight.

As she was being freed of all her anatomy.

Her hips were gone, her chest and neck softening and flowing, mass all channeling together, into that one, most vital place.

Her nose.

Already it was all of her.

With every breath, her connection to the world intensified, as she breathed in the bodies of her beloved family and their home.

She might have lost her arms, her legs, but she could reach out and *touch* more clearly than ever.

She could feel, hold and caress her loved ones, with the affectionate wisps of her breath.

Just as she could explore herself that same way, each breath revealing, exploring and arousing her warped, surreal new self.

Victoria had no torso at all now, not even a head.

She was one huge piece, immobile and utterly helpless.

It ought to have alarmed the former woman, to be reduced that *thing*. To be blind and mute, no longer a person, not even animate, trapped in its own body. As a mere *part* of a body, totally debilitated and inhuman.

Yet it felt utterly *right*.

Relaxing, comfortable, *correct* in a way Victoria had never imagined existence could be.

It was a living nose, the size of a woman, laying atop the couch, sniffing greedily at the air.

"So I'm... married to... a nose?" Elias was murmuring, as if questioning his untrustworthy eyes.

"Happy birthday, mom!"

Bess' words were barely perceptible amid the flood of sensuality assailing the nose, yet it took them in, along with the flow of lust that the young woman released, making the aching nostrils of the vast proboscis twitch in delight.

"I hope you like your present."

Her hands were smelt before felt, but the nose was glad to add touch to that connection, as Bess embraced the former woman, pressing herself against the huge, soft mound and flaring nostrils at its base, planting a deep, desirous kiss on that immense bridge.

The nose longed to caress her back, to hold its beloved daughter, to caress her beautiful body and adore every inch of her.

With a whirl of breath, it did just that.

With tendrils of wind, it caressed her figure, holding her close, sliding scent-sucking gusts under her clothing, to drink in the fragrant musk of the woman, to kiss, to suck and lick and make love to her pussy, her armpits, her tart toes and steaming soles.

Just breathing her in was divine, flooding Victoria with pleasure as her smells washed up, through achingly erogenous nostrils. The odors of her feet caressed it internally, as they walked sweaty footprints up through the nose's folds. The scent of fingers massaged its sopping lining. The perfume of pussy kissed throughout that larger sexual organ which Victoria had become, kneading at the tender folds of airways orgasmic, Bess making love to her mother with all her body at once.

The nose could feel all of her, even see her all over, all at once, more clearly than if it had eyes. It could smell, *taste* her everywhere, experiencing each part of that gorgeous girl it had raised into so sweet a woman.

It was captivating, to make love to its daughter so.

Yet something was wrong, it realized, as she held herself against those sniffing snout-holes, and snuffled back with her own pig-nose.

Bess was beautiful, but bland.

Just as Victoria had been, when it was a person.

Those hands, so capable and dexterous... where was the challenge? The beautiful convolution and limitation?

That face, pristine and perfect... it dominated and suppressed the true beauty of her body.

Those eyes, so simple and direct... yet blind to so much. They misled and insulated her from her world, isolating her from the pleasures of her other senses.

That figure, animate, agile, acting at her merest impulse, it was all so easy.

Too easy.

Too dull.

Too ordinary.

Bess was missing out *terribly*.

All of its family were, the nose realized, as it breathed in the feeling of those bodies.

It had to save them.

To *free* them.

With a sigh, the nose exhaled, and released a dense wave of scent, the same perfume it had so eagerly sucked up. The substance was seeping from every pore within those huge, smooth orifices, each soft, slick tube of erogenous nostril throbbing and drooling as the pussies they were, as the living nose expelled its new sexual juices directly into the air.

The gasps of pleasure were felt clearly, carried into the nose, as it sniffed up the smells of those rapidly-warping forms.

“M-my hands!” Elias gasped, holding them up to his face.

Harry and Lucas were staring at one another, as they too changed.

“Are... are our fingers shrinking?” Tara asked.

She sounded not frightened, but bewildered. Uncertain how she was meant to react, even as the intense, aching pleasure of the transformation spread through her body.

Only Bess seemed to understand.

She was shuddering, pressing those altering appendages to the mother-nose, groaning aloud, as she, like all her family, felt her hands transform into feet.

Fingers were shortened to clumsy, incapable toes, digits too restricted to control the world as they once had.

Palms thickened, softened, growing intensely sensual as their undersides filled out, creasing and stretching folds of foot-flesh making all five family members tremble with desire.

All were alike, elegantly curving, petite and delicate, female feet, on the wrists of men and women alike.

Everywhere those intense new extremities glistened, beading with a fine mist of pheromonal perspiration, and the room flooded with the fragrances of sweat and lust.

Female lust.

“Harry, your face,” Lucas moaned, even as the brothers pressed those intoxicating new foothands together.

The two were changing all over, as was their father, the men altered far more than the women, clothes evaporating off to reveal new curves.

All three males were remade in moments, becoming female versions of themselves, panting with the sensations, the experiences of burgeoning breasts and engorging labias, and the thrill of clumsily interlocking toes where once were fingers.

Drastic as it might have been, to be remade into a woman, to have hands become feet, none panicked, for all five were overwhelmed by a different emotion.

Eroticism.

As they explored the plush, delicate soles of former hands with those clumsy, incapable toes, each felt the surreal thrill of debilitation, just as Victoria had willed. They experienced the arousal, the lust of four intensely sensitive soles, rubbing them together, kneading them into newly-formed pussies and breasts, and they cried out in wonder and carnal want.

Yet the transformation was yet to finish.

All five women felt it at once, that tingling pressure between their toes, where before was only the pleasure of another source of pungent sweat.

Upper and lower feet alike, it gripped them, the surreal need somehow to *sneeze*, as their reshaped extremities grew puffy and swollen in those spots.

The flesh was bulging, aching for release, as strange hollows seemed to form within and beneath.

A chorus of soft pops rang out, as those new tubes split open, making the foot-handed family groan in pleasure.

The creases between their toes were parting into tiny rings, forming natural openings, capped with delicate and sensual sphincters, just like those of their noses. As each woman took a new breath, they shuddered, to feel the new nostrils between their toes inhale.

It was an incredible feeling, to breathe through their feet, flooding their bodies with the fragrance of toes and soles as they pressed those newly aerated foothands and feet against one another.

"I don't understannnnn-" Elias groaned, words slurring as his head reshaped into a giant nose atop his neck.

His confusion didn't stop him from plunging his toes into his pussy, and nostrils, to snort the smell of his sopping female sex as he explored his new nose-head, all other features of a face expunged in favor of that eagerly-huffing pair of holes.

Nor did the baffling changes to their bodies hold back the brothers, even as each watched the other's face reshape, melting into matching feet, a left for Harry and a right for Lucas, the new parts emerging sightless and sniffing atop their shoulders, totally replacing heads.

All three former men were groping, pressing toes into butts and armpits, and pressing feet to snouts and crotches, as they sniffed and kissed and caressed one another in an orgy of blind adulation.

Best of all was Bess, grinding her foothands into her mother's supine snout, kneading that immense monument to nasal beauty, kissing along ridge and around openings, in worship of a being truly divine.

But she was surely far from finished.

Even as its daughter paid grateful homage, with soles and toes and grinding sex, the nose knew it had more to do.

With a powerful suck, it beckoned her closer.

"What is it, Mom?"

Her voice was thick with lust as she answered.

The nose sniffed again, more insistently.

Snout twitching, Bess leant in, sniffing the air flowing from a huge right nostril.

"You're so big... so beautiful.... So-"

With a rush of air, an audible *snort*, Bess' head vanished up into the orifice.

Another woman might have cried out, but for her second time being sniffed up into a snout that day, Bess was shuddering with arousal, not alarm.

Her foothands pressed to her mother's sides, rubbing at the immense, immobile nose, even as she felt her face being sucked up.

Sniffed away, by the hugging grip of that huge nasal pleasure-hole.

In that dark, wet embrace, her features seemed to *smear*, to suck up, even as her shoulders remained static, lodged in the entrance.

Unlike anything she'd felt yet, beyond even her wildest imaginings, the woman shook and moaned, as the eyes popped gently from her sockets.

Her nose followed, peeling away like simple putty.

Ears and hair were stretching, mouth elongated, brows teased out.

All those features too were slurped off her head, yet the mother-nose was still inhaling.

Stretching out even the neck of the woman, until at last there was a *pop*.

Feeling her head release, Bess was abruptly disembodied, sniffed up into Victoria's innards as a mass of melting flesh, while her body was freed, released to emerge decapitated.

Bess' body stood, uncertainly, acting for herself for the first time, *aware* of herself for the first time.

"Bess?" Tara asked, amazed at the surreal sight.

The beheaded body shook not a head, but shoulders and bust, bare boobs swaying at the other woman.

"You're... just my sister's body?"

Flexing her back, she nodded her top.

Mere moments before, the mind now replying had been merely a *part* of Bess, yet with her head gone, she, the body, was blessed with a complete and independent existence.

Tentatively she raised foothands, to feel, to sniff about at that blank top, nostrils flaring as she pressed them to the skin, where not even the faintest trace of a neck remained between her shoulders.

The snorts of her amazed feet made clear her pleasure.

Tara was still staring, yet that latest twist to her reality seemed as undeniable as any before it, be that the intoxicating feet breathing on her wrists, or the immense and incredible bodypart laid out on the couch, in place of the person who had been her parent.

If her mom could become that huge, voluptuous nose, sniffing so seductively, flexing and winking its nostrils as if to wave, as it breathed in the smells of their bodies, then why couldn't Bess be snorted up, reduced to just one of those odors.

She felt a strange pang of envy, as she imagined it... pictured existing, wholly inside that perfectly-formed bodypart, exploring the graceful lines within each nostril, flowing over scent-receptors and circulating up to that proud button-tip.

Not that her present state wasn't suitably exciting, as her sister's body reminded her, gently clutching at the sensitive toes still breathing on the ends of her arms.

"I guess you're... Jess." She declared, gripping back.

It felt funny, to so casually name another being, but as with so much of that surreal day, it just seemed... to fit.

She *smelled* like a Jess.

For her own part, Jess nodded her chest once more in agreement, and reached out blindly, to press her foot down on Tara's face, probed her looks, 'seeing' her in the touch of soles and breath of so many nasal passageways.

The other woman shivered as her features were slicked with sweet sweat, compressed around the shape of that beautiful foot exploring her features, and pushed her original nose up, between those delicate digits, to breathe the pheromones directly. As she did, sniffing, pressing and rubbing herself against those gorgeous feet, Jess' toes slipped into her nostrils, plugging them perfectly for a moment. Tara groaned at that carnal connection, drinking in a still-more concentrated dose of scent, while the other digits gripped and stroked at her bridge and the bulbs of her stretching openings.

Her own foothands rose, to hug that foot to her face, and soon Jess had her free foot intertwining with that of her sibling. Both women shivered, as they breathed the scent of one another's feet, feeling soles press and perspire, toes clenching, feet flexing together, caressing that nose growing larger each moment in the middle of Tara's face, as Jess toe-fucked her snout.

At the same time they were rubbing their sniffing soles together, digits intertwining to let their intra-toe nostrils meet. Each tender ring locked together, nasal passages mating, swapping scents as they smooched, delighting in the smells of their soles.

"This is so... strange... but... so good," Tara murmured, voice distorted as she and Jess played with her nose.

They weren't only sniffing one another – each savored the scents of their family all around them. One was missing, however, as Tara realized. Jess, delicious as the smells of her were, devoured as eagerly as all the rest, was not *Bess*. Absent the head which had governed her for so long, she had a distinct new fragrance, to match her potent new personality.

"Jess... if you're *Bess*' body, where's... *Bess* herself?"

Victoria sniffed once more in answer.

Floating, formless inside her, the former head of her daughter was waiting to emerge.

Obediently the body pressed itself to the left nostril of their mother, and the vast orifice kissed her sex deep, nostril smooching labia, making both woman and nose shudder in breathless bliss, as Victoria blew into the sopping folds of that gorgeously fragrant pussy.

Inflated with more than mere air, the body shook as she felt *Bess* enter her alongside breath. Awareness flowed through that soaking sex, enervating each crease and tongue and ripple of tender vaginal flesh with new presence. Intelligence, taking root throughout that womanhood.

Breathed into her own vulva, *Bess* gasped through her aching folds.

Jess shuddered, feeling that incredible inhalation as her pussy sucked up the scents of itself, and the bodies all around, flooding with the fermenting female musk of labia, of feet and armpits, and of course that ass, tantalizingly nearby, all combining in its new airways, to make the sex *convulse* with pleasure.

Overwhelmed, ecstatic, it clenched and shook, soaking folds shuddering and clenching in spasms of bliss, as Bess experienced her new self, felt through the caresses of that loving snout on the couch.

She was her own pussy.

The vulva kissed their mother-nose deep in return, making love to the immense nostril that enclosed it, both bodyparts trembling in delight, as each breathed into the other, exploring one another's shapes, showing each other their new forms.

Sightless, bodiless, able only to feel and taste and hear that soft tube of flesh which had formerly been its genitals, Bess understood the gift her mother had shared as they caressed one another with smells.

When finally they broke apart again, each was snorting, puffing with pleasure from experiencing their shapes through pure touch and fragrance.

She wanted more, yet she couldn't move her body to kiss that mouth-watering nostril again.

Bess was only a piece of the body to which she belonged.

Existing as a mere part, lacking all agency and unable to exert even the most minute influence over Jess, she understood the rapture of Victoria's form in full.

That divine, delirious debilitation, in becoming so utterly, completely helpless.

Experiencing the world all at once, in the delicious cocktail of smells caressing and clutching at her innards, yet being incapable even of touching herself, let alone moving or seeing or speaking.

All the new pussy could accomplish was *flexing*, clenching its lips and snorting, as Bess winked and drooled and sniffed up the smells of her sisters.

"My gods," Tara murmured, as she pressed her toes to that needy slit, and felt how greedily it sniffed and sucked at them. "Bess is really... her own vagina?"

Jess' nod matched the giddy ripple, which passed through her pussy, as the headless woman rubbed her thighs together, delighting in the feeling of her former mistress, reduced to her sex.

Bess was powerless, incapable even of voicing her objection, as the toes of her body pulled her wide open, and a long, deep snort rippled through her, wind ripping up into that sex to make Jess shake with silent glee.

Yet none could fear for the disembodied woman, for the smells emanating from her were clear.

Intoxicatingly so.

As Tara inhaled, she smelt it, that sense of immense, unbounded well-being.

The bliss of the blind Bess, as the pussy clenched and twitched, and sniffed wantonly at its own musk, oozing from its folds and rising from its body's playful feet. It was being groped by her body's own foothands, acting wholly without her command, all power given over, from Bess to Jess.

Clearer than any words, that cocktail of odors the vulva emitted told its family how elated the new sex was with that gift.

How liberated she felt, to truly, totally lose control.

Being reduced, from a person to a part, was heavenly.

Becoming her own body's pussy, was *nirvana*.

Watching that labia convulse with euphoric twitches, seeing how it snorted and smelled, and tasting that delight on her tongue, Tara shivered, overcome by her own desires at last.

Seduced, by the surreal sensuality of her altered body, and that still-more inhuman figure of her sibling.

"Mom, please," she croaked, voice breaking with her urgency. "M-me too!"

Victoria knew just what to do, as her daughter pressed her face into the embrace of that immense nostril.

The matriarchal nose knew, just as a mother should, exactly what its girl needed.

Tara shook, moans turning to muffled snorts, as the mother-nose sniffed off her face.

Experiencing that same disembodiment as her sister was a thrill, as she spent a long moment percolating through the chambers as mere smell, alienated from all anatomy, detached from her body in every sense.

Finally, as if releasing a breath, she was blown back out.

Back into herself.

Not as a new face, deposited onto her blanked head, able to see and speak and live like a human.

Rather, she was returned in the form she desired, the configuration she truly *needed*.

Blown out, into her own pussy, Tara felt a shiver pass through her body, as it returned to her awareness, her presence rooted not in her head, but in her hips.

She felt her own folds, the walls of her vagina, closing in, rubbing and sliding and squeezing, and exulted, to smell that wonderful new home which she was becoming.

Tara was taking root, regaining shape, not as a woman, but as her own pussy.

One which controlled all of her body, from right there between her thighs.

Soaking already, the sex clenched, as it felt its awareness spread out, through those channels of its hot, gooey core, and onwards, to take up the reins of limbs and feet, and to sniff eagerly through itself, through its foot-nostrils, and through the giant nose which opened atop it, supplanting its head.

Yet its mother wasn't done.

Still smooching those quivering labial lips, Victoria sniffed once again, kissing, snorting, kneading at the vaginal flesh, to make the core of Tara's form *flow*, teasing her out in a long, achingly erogenous new strand.

Twin channels, extending from her edges, into a tube that grew like an immense phallus, directly from her vulva.

Soft, sensual, pungent, the pachyderm resemblance was pronounced, as the puffy pink proboscis flexed and waved, thick folds piled up on its outside, the inner lining at once vaginal flesh and nasal passage, flooding the sex with smell and sensation, as the woman-turned-womanhood groped at her squishing new crotch-snout, and reached about, tasting the air, drinking in the smells of her intoxicating new self.

Sightless and mute as she was, Tara the pussy snorted in awe, through her new pussy-trunk.

She could feel everything, more clearly than when she had a face.

Like Bess and Jess, and the former boys before them, she understood completely the immeasurable blessing their mother-goddess had bestowed upon them, in reforming their bodies and removing their heads.

All other senses should exist only to serve scent.

So too should *bodies*, such as those enchanting female figures of Elias, Harry and Lucas, gyrating together as they sniffed and sweated and produced a beautiful perfume that sang of their love.

That fragrance spoke clearer than any words.

Taking another sniff through her feet and noses, Tara's pussy shivered at the beauty of her new self and of her remade family, as with each breath she caressed and embraced the mother-nose, which rested at the core of her remade existence.

Opposite her, Bess was breathing in the new smells of the matriarchal snout too, along with the fragrances of her sister-sex, and that still-more debilitated womanhood throbbed with the pheromonal poetry of her pleasure, as Jess masturbated her, and reached out to intertwine toes with her sister's body.

It was challenging to control limbs and feet as a vagina – Tara seemed to operate them from a distance, feeling them intensely, yet unable to exert the control she would expect of arms.

With how far she was from them, it was apt that she felt more like she was moving a second pair of legs, atop her shoulders. It was her *trunk* that was her true connection to the world now, that achingly erotic limb still inept compared to hands, yet thrilling to operate, as it groped across her own breasts and armpits, then pushed into her dear sister's folds.

That clumsy fumbling, that challenge, the struggle of operating her own anatomy, now that she was a mere pussy, felt perfect.

Gone was the urgency of her old existence, the immediacy and tyranny of vision, and the stress of a human shape.

Tara, like Bess, was genitals, blind and silent, save for those happy sniffles.

The two womanhoods came together, as the one slid up, inside the other, and both vulvas quivered, to feel Tara's trunk penetrate Jess, making the other woman shake and gyrate atop that immense, phallic pussy-snout.

Bess and Tara were lost in bliss as they made love, embracing and caressing every part of each other with their sniffing, drinking in scents as they squeezed and rubbed and clenched genitalia together, in that overwhelming bliss of union.

The pussies climaxed as one, over and over, clenching and grinding those squishing forms, intoxicated with one another, as well as their new selves, drinking the smells of their remade bodies as they swapped liquid scents.

Each sex was shaking, clutching, kissing at the other, as their bodies too made love, toes intertwining, nostrils flaring, spreading beautiful aromas to all the rest of their family, as the orgy of odors deepened.

At the heart of it all, Victoria sat, taking in the bliss of its brood as they fucked, and supplying each with its loving breath, whispering care and lust to them without speech.

All *six* sisters could feel it with every breath, pressing foothands and feet eagerly to the surface of that wondrous entity, that pristine, perfect nose, which had given them the blessings of those new bodies.

Feeling, smelling Victoria was better than seeing.

Their feet were eager worshippers, paying homage to that temple to olfaction, overcome by pleasure as they massaged their moisture into each curve, every pore of the beautiful nose they served, marveling at those cavernous nostrils, pressing nose-heads and foothands inside to add internal kisses to that orgy of nasal adulation.

Each was lost in the ecstasy of their new forms, besotted with Victoria the nose, and with one another.

No-one present would ever be human again, yet all were elated by that knowledge, as they shared with those surreal, sensual, permanent new forms in unending intimacy, making love with noses, kissing with nostrils, caressing every inch of one another with each embracing sniff.

At the center of the storm of sniffs the nose lay, reflecting on the wonderful gift its daughter-pussy had brought.

It couldn't wait to add more offspring to its harem.