

SCENTSITIVITY

COMMISSION STORY

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> Do you like stinky girls?

“...*Huh?*” Joseph *had* been enjoying his day as normal. It was his day off, so he’d had a fulfilling day of *nothing of note*, which was just the way he liked it. If it had been one of those days off where he had to spend all of his time *running around*, then he probably would have lost his mind. Sometimes you just needed a day where you *just* relaxed... and maybe caught up with your immense gacha game in-game event backlog. It was no secret that once you played enough of them it became a little difficult to keep up with everything. *Especially* if you worked full-time.

His eyes narrowed at the message he had received through Discord all of a sudden. It wasn’t impossible to receive unsolicited messages depending on your privacy settings. If you were in a server, for example, you could set your settings to allow anyone in that server to DM you without being added as a friend first. He *was* in more than a few servers, but he was also pretty sure he’d disabled that option. Had there been a glitch of some kind?

How else could he have received this DM from ‘*stinkygirllover69*’?

Ignored. Blocked. DM hidden. That was all he had to do, and that was exactly what Joseph had done. He wasn’t about to get involved with someone with a display name like that, and he still didn’t know *how* they’d contacted him in the first place. Either way, it was out of sight and out of mind, and so he could just get on with his day off. Which meant it was time to...

> Fine then. You' ll learn to like them.

“*Urk!?*” Joseph all of a sudden felt *nauseous* and it took him a second to piece together why. He'd seen that notification from the person he had *blocked*, which *should* have been impossible, just for there to be a *lurch* with both his body and the space that he occupied. It was like he'd been pulled through the world around him; a world that distorted and became something else. Because while he was still sitting in front of a computer, it was *not* the room or computer he knew.

That alone made him feel nauseous, but there was a pungent aroma that wasn't helping. It wasn't quite as bad as *mold*, but it was more like... bad BO that had been sitting around too long? Finally swiveling in an unfamiliar chair to look at the room behind him, well... the source was fairly obvious. It almost *wasn't*, however. The room was only lit by the computer monitor with the rest of the lights off.

But there were worn clothes scattered across the floor of a fairly minimalist space. Minimalist in that whichever *woman* it belonged to, she was living without much furniture. Black walls, a bed, a computer and desk... that was basically it. And he knew it was a woman's space because a lot of the clothes scattered about with black dresses. The scent was likely the scent of unwashed clothes that had been left to stagnate.

“*Gross... but I probably need to get out of here before I even begin to try to figure out what happened.*” Joseph had his priorities straight at least. He didn't need a stranger walking in on him *in their room*, regardless of how he had ended up there. He wasn't going to be able to explain it if he was caught. *He* didn't even understand it himself! But when he finally reached the door and gave the knob a little wiggle... **“*Huh? Is it locked? But the lock is on the inside...*”** And it definitely didn't *look* like it was locked.

He fidgeted with it for a few more seconds, but a sharp chill running up his spine made him step back with a **“*Whuh!?*”**. His body shivered from its passing, and in its wake he wondered if the temperature of the room was a little too *cold*? It was definitely cooler than his room, but it wasn't *that* bad. Not enough to make him shiver, but a shudder like that could be provoked by other phenomena as well. If he'd bothered to *look down* at that point, he might have been able to get an idea of just *what* that was. But why *would* he? The unfamiliar room was much more of a concern than his *own body*.

...Even though the latter was clearly more concerning. No sooner than his body had shuddered did his complexion begin to look... *peculiar*.

Dressed for warmer temperatures, his olive skin was clearly visible thanks to his t-shirt and shorts, not to mention his face. It was because so much was exposed that it was *incredibly* obvious that something was off about that skin, as the olive tone gradually drained from its color so that it was paler – almost making it look like Joseph had contracted some manner of *disease*.

He hadn't, of course, even though that skin's condition worsened. What crept into the territory of pinkish pale soon whitened *further*, inheriting an almost *chalky* white that was suggestive of a severe vitamin D deficiency. This skin took on a sheen that suggested a lack of bathing, and lo and behold his own scent ultimately soured until it wasn't so different from the pungent aroma that filled the room. It was dried sweat that gave it that gloss, and it didn't cling to any of his body hair because that hair *fell out*, disappearing into the mess on the floor.

That said, his armpit hair and pubes actually *thickened* into tangled messes... while somehow darkening to a pitch black.

“Ugh... I don't *feel so good...*” Approximately around the time that his skin took on that oily sheen, Joseph began to feel a little *woozy*. Was it because he was *fatigued*? That was part of it, at least. Just as he hadn't noticed his skin color change, he hadn't realized that his body's muscle-to-fat ratio was shifting. It wasn't like he'd been bulky or even really had overly defined muscles. He'd just been *average*. But that mundanity was removed in the *opposite* direction as what little muscle he *did* have melted, softening until his limbs were thin yet loose, and his now hairless tummy developed something of a bump to it. **“C-Can I even get out of here?”**

You didn't even need trained ears to hear the difference in his voice. It was soft and almost chattery, reminiscent of someone that struggled in social situations due to anxiety or something similar. It wasn't a struggle that *he* had faced, but he also wasn't *female* – which was another aspect of its ring. Regardless, the man himself appeared to be *oblivious* to its unfamiliar ring, instead growing more anxious about how the room felt both *familiar* and *not* to him at the same time. Well, that and the onset fatigue was making it more difficult to *care*.

Nonetheless, if you were only looking at his *face* then you might not have thought the voice was *that* out of place. Paled features were softening, rounding, or *swelling* as was the case when it came to his lips. **“E-Eh!? I can't see...”** While Joseph's vision wasn't 20/20, it wasn't so bad that he needed to wear glasses to make sense of his surroundings. But the moment a dark purple possessed his irises between a pair of narrowed eyelids with lengthened lashes? Everything went so blurry that he couldn't make out the shapes of *anything*.

He fumbled back towards the computer desk like he'd made the trip blind a million times, almost tripping over one of the dresses on the ground until he managed to stabilize himself with a hand that *grabbed* that dress. In the time it had taken him to stumble over there, however? Not only had his dark hair darkened *further*, but it had grown *very* long, thick, and messy, until it reached *well* past his waist with purple highlights dyed into the lowest layer. Aside from that dye, though, there was no indication that it had been taken care of. Everything was unbrushed and tangled, and his bangs hung messily over his right eye.

“A-Ah!” A girlish *squeak* of elation escaped her lips when daintier, yet dirtier fingers grabbed what they had been looking for on the desk. And *she* downright *moaned* when they were hastily placed on the bridge of her nose seconds later... for reasons that were obviously unrelated. Her dick had been *somewhat* hard from the transformation's stimulation, but it ended up softening and merging *into* her pelvis just as a new pussy slit opened slightly father down, giving her thick and messy pubes an opportunity cover even more of her crotch.

You'd *think* that among everything that had happened to her so far that *this* would be that would tip her off that something was amiss, but it *didn't*. Rocking back and forth on feet that were becoming smoother and daintier, the only thoughts running through her head were about how she now wanted to stay *inside* the room she had been trying to escape moments prior. How she wanted to remain in *her* room and not engage the world outside no matter what. That said, as she rocked back and forth upon those feet? It wasn't *only* the feet themselves that were shrinking.

Her entire stature was unraveling. The shorts and t-shirt she was wearing were becoming bigger as she dipped below 5'10" and rapidly approached 5'4". You'd think that this would be the most eye-catching aspect of this particular stage of her transformation, and yet that wasn't even true. As her height diminished, her body became thicker in *all* the right ways for a young woman of around *twenty-three*. In some respects, it was like the weight she'd already possessed was being compressed. That slight tummy bump of hers became a blatant *bulge*, for example.

But on the other hand, some of that weight was entirely *brand new*. It pooled within her chest, ass, and legs, bringing about clothing malfunction in an entirely *opposite* way than you might have expected considering she was getting shorter at the same time. Her shirt *might* have reached her knees if not for the immense weight of her swelling *bosom*, for example, with so much weight shaping those orbs that her posture briefly lurched forward and pink nipples, erect, almost escaped

through the shirt's neck hole before they sagged down under their own weight. They had to be *H-cups* at minimum, and they felt even larger upon the woman's smaller frame.

PING! The sound of something bouncing off the nearby wall at high speeds made Joseph recoil. “**Wh-Wh-What was that!?**” The fact that it was the *front button of her shorts popping off* went entirely over her head (just like the button had), because they were under much more duress than her shirt. Her ass ballooned behind her as she shrunk, with pasty-white flesh peeking over the waistband while her boxers were chewed up by her deepening crack. Her hips were inched wider not only by this growth, but by the thickening of her thighs. The legs of the shorts dug uncomfortably into pasty flesh with vague stretchmarks the bulging skin displayed. It was all *very* uncomfortable.

Briefly.

All of that tightness just *melted away* all of a sudden. “**Haaaah...**” Which in turn left the woman to wonder what had been bothering her in the first place. In nearly an instant, her shirt and short had melted together to become a sleeveless black dress not unlike any of those scattered upon the floor, with a splash of purple in the skirt. She *wasn't* wearing underwear underneath, and you could see her pale shoulders along with her cleavage *and* some of her sideboob. But she didn't care about how much skin she was showing off so long as she was comfortable.

“**Wh-Why was I going to go outside? I-I'll just stay in my room, thank you very much...**” *Label* looked around at her dimly lit bedroom, paying no mind to the dirty clothes scattered about. If she cared about them being there, then she *definitely* wouldn't have put them there in the first place. Besides, with the sweat both damp and dry clinging to her body, she wasn't in any cleaner of a state herself. Despite being an incredibly beautiful woman, she had a crippling social anxiety and *despised* going outside unless she absolutely *had* to.



She lived in a shared house with several women around her age, but even though she *knew* them? She still didn't want to socialize with them unnecessary. That contributed to her filthy, stinky lifestyle in a way. She didn't want to go and do her laundry if it meant that she might bump into one of them, and while she had a bathroom adjoined to her bedroom? There was no bath or shower inside. She'd have to use the downstairs bathroom for that, which once again meant there was a risk of socialization.

“I-I'll just go look at stuff on my computer again... Hehehe...”

Maybe make use of that box of tissues of hers...

“Yeah. I *definitely* cannot stick around here.”

The messages had been addressed to my Axel account, but I'd *also* had an encounter with the soon-to-be notorious 'stinkygirllover69' over Discord, and that encounter had placed me in a similarly unusual situation to Joseph's own predicament. Unknowingly, of course, because I had *no* idea what was going on. I was even in the *same house*. But it *definitely* wasn't the same room.

It was a pretty 'fancy' space, I had to admit. There was a luxurious bed, a deep, walk-in closet, and an expensive looking dresser *covered* with bottles of pricey-looking perfumes. There was also a computer desk with a laptop on top, reaffirming to me that this was still a modern space. **“A woman clearly lives here...”** The closet was *obviously* full of dresses from where I was standing, and it had the neatness you'd expect from a young woman that cared plenty about appearances. Glancing at the nearby window, it also appeared to be *late evening*.

I beelined towards the door with this information in mind, only to find that the door *wouldn't* open.

“Huh... I don't even see a lock on it, though. Is it stuck?” I didn't think I had enough strength behind me to *break* the door or anything, so I put *all* of my power into one final yank with both of my hands on the knob. This action, while thought out well enough in my head, lead to my hands *slipping* right off and my body stumbling back with several steps before I stopped myself. **“Whoa!?”** But when I came to a stop? My pants fell from my hips, pulling my boxers along for the ride in the process.

It was *definitely* strange. You'd think that this would be the sort of thing that I would *definitely* notice – particularly because of the cause behind it. But I didn't, and the cause was definitely *bizarre*. In the process of

my body stumbling backwards, my center of gravity had shifted significantly as the *weight* of my body lessened rapidly during the stumble. I'd *been* overweight to an unhealthy degree, but all of that mass had just *up and disappeared* until I wasn't only *thin*, but there was a bit of tone to my tummy and arms. Without that fatty plumpness to my butt and thighs, my pants and boxers just *fell*. But it also went a little bit beyond that.

If I'd simply lost weight, then why had my waist also pinched in at the sides?

Not that my shirt allowed a peek at that. It was *certainly* oversized, especially since weight wasn't the only 'size' I'd lost. It had been more subtle, but a few inches of height had slipped from my stature as well. I'd dipped to 5'9", but that also led to my shoulders slipping and my limbs narrowing as well. My hands and feet all diminished in bulk, becoming small and dainty as a neat manicure saw to lengthened nails. There was something about my standing posture that came across as rather *feminine*.

But, then again, there was a growing androgyny to my appearance as a whole. "**Is something strange happening...? I'm not sick, am I?**" They were fair questions from what I could tell, which admittedly wasn't *much*. Like my friend, I wasn't able to pick up on how much my body was changing. All of my body's hair falling out? That didn't register. My voice taking a feminine hum that was sweet as honey? That might as well have been a nothing burger. With that in mind, it was no wonder a caving in of my loins only prompted a nibble upon my lower lip at best.

The level of reaction I gave didn't alter the reality that I'd just become a *woman*, however. One with a trimmed cut of strawberry blonde pubes that mismatched hair that was a darker color elsewhere on my body. Given time, once my new pussy had reached completion, the surrounding area began to *bloat*. The thighs of my long legs led the charge; hairless skin pulled tautly around fat that *tripled* their girth and bled into my ass to gift it a verifiable heart sharp that probably would have jiggled if you gave it a light slap.

"I must be sick if I'm dressed like this..." I didn't even stop to think if that was *really* what I should have been focused on. Looking down at myself, what stood out was a men's shirt upon a woman's body, and it *wasn't* cute at all. All the meanwhile, the same strawberry blonde from my pubes had begun to seep into thinning eyebrows and lengthening hair atop my head. It eventually reached the center of my back in length, while on top my bangs were parted and swept to the left.

Changes to my hair would naturally draw attention towards a face that had begun to better suit the honeytrap of a voice that left my lips whenever I uttered a word. The shape of my face had slimmed at the sides, giving my chin a sharper angle and slimming my forehead in kind. This helped highlight just how *thick* and *pink* my lips became as they inherited a natural pout, whereas the nose just above them became thinner with treated pores. My eyes narrowed in shape a tad but longer lashes and golden irises helped bring together what was clearly the face of a *very* beautiful woman. One that was likely *twenty-five* at oldest.

Those golden eyes blinked with confusion as I reached my hands down to grab the base of my oversized shirt. **“Let’s just get this thing off...”** I didn’t know *how* it had gotten on me in the first place, but I didn’t *need* to wear it while alone in *my* bedroom. I had other things to wear! I had to lean forward a bit to get the right angle to pull it up and over my head, but when I tried? **“Huh? Is it snagged?”** It met some *resistance*.

In the time it had taken me to lean forward, a thin and flat chest had seemingly discovered some of the fat that my body had previously lost. My bosom *ballooned*, each tit juggling as nipples surpassed my eyes in width while each tit grew to *rival* my head in terms of overall size. They were *heavy*, but my fitted form was seemingly accustomed to weathering their sizes. All it *really* took was pulling slightly forward to pull the shirt over my natural shelf. **“There we go!”** And before long I was... naked?

I wasn’t naked though? Looking down, I felt... confused. I’d just taken off a shirt, but now there was a *very* revealing black dress upon my body. It was sleeveless with my tits almost *entirely* bare aside from thin pieces of cloth that ran from my neck down across my nipples and to my hips. My tummy was similarly exposed, and while the skirt reached the floor? My legs were basically bare too. Well, aside from the black strap that gripped my right thigh for dear life. I was wearing a black thong, but obviously no bra. My hair had also yet to be done, nor had any accessories been applied.

“Hm... I think this looks good. I’m sure someone would say it’s a little *too* revealing, but isn’t that part of its charm? It’s not like I don’t have the figure to pull it off.” When the dust settled, I moved over to the full-length mirror that had been hiding behind the bed to make sure everything *fit* just right (as if I hadn’t just been shocked to find myself dressed that way in the first place). Some would argue that it *didn’t* for the reasons I already stated, but screw people like that! If I was hot, I was going to rock it! That was how *Emma* took every party by storm! Well, once I did my hair and accessorized it a little. I had some *ideas*.

And that's what I was dressed for. I was going to a party with Eunhwa that night and had gotten all dolled up. "**Hm... But I'm still missing something.**" It was a thought that lured me over to the dresser and the bottles of perfume upon them. Some were expensive and store bought, while others? I had mixed myself! It was something of a hobby of mine! I *loved* to smell *great* – even if *some people* found my scents too intense. Label, one of the other girls I lived with, had given me a remark like that before.

But that girl *stank* for a different reason! It wasn't like I didn't understand but look at how pale she was! Lack of cleanliness aside, it probably wasn't healthy for her to live like that! But that said... "**Actually, she's pretty hot. I bet she'd clean up well...**" Sometimes I had a bad habit of taking matters into my own hands, so after spritzing myself with perfume, I grabbed what I believed would be a suitable fragrance off the dresser and practically *skipped* out, down the hall, and into a dark room where a ruckus could then be heard unfolding inside.



"Oh, Labeeeeeeel~! You're coming to the party with us tonight, so try this scent!"

"Wh-What!? ACK!? That STINKS!"

"YOU'RE ONE TO TALK!"