

“So, what was it you wanted me to help you with, miss Anna?”

Threading through the empty walls of a large, abandoned warehouse, the cute, girl-loving mercenary Soleil dutifully followed Anna with a resplendent smile on her face and a pep in her step. The moment Soleil had heard that Anna was in need of some private assistance, she didn't even have to think twice about stepping up to the plate. Anna had to be one of the sexiest women in the entire army. With her brilliant red hair, ample bosom, and slim figure, Soleil's heart fluttered merely thinking about her. Which meant that helping her with whatever it was she needed would get Soleil one step closer to courting her.

“Don't worry, it's super simple.” Anna tried to comfort her with her energetic, high-pitched voice. “Here we are!”

Finally arriving at one of the warehouse corner's, the duo of girls stopped before a single piece of furniture. Soleil looked at the item with a twinge of confusion. “Ummm...” The girl hummed quietly, her fingers rubbing her chin thoughtfully. “A couch?”

“Yes! A couch!” Anna exclaimed with excitement. “Looks pretty good, don't you think?”

Again, Soleil inspected the couch closely, hoping to gain some clarity over the situation. The sofa was a single-seater, though comfortable enough to fit a couple of people. Its base was in the shape of a square with four little wood bumps in each of its corners elevating from the ground. For armrests, the sides of the couch extended upwards until they twisted into a pair of soft, plump yet also sturdy cylinders. Meanwhile, its back rose upwards past the armrests to a square with rounded corners whose fluff made it comfortable to rest against. And to top it off, its seat was a couple of extra soft square cushions that looked divine. Despite its drab brown color, the sofa seemed to be in quite well-kept conditions. It just looked like your regular run of the mill couch!

“Y-Yeah, I guess it is...” Soleil responded in a half-hearted manner, still very confused. “So uh... What was it you needed help with?”

“Ah that's right!” The merchant finally turned from the couch to face her companion. “As might see Soleil, I'm planning on starting a large couch selling business. Even went ahead and got this prototype made.” Anna carefully explained. “But before I can actually start production, I need some testers to see if the couches are good! Which is why you're here! Would you like to give my couch a try?”

Soleil blinked a couple of times, waiting just long enough to see if there would be some sort of punchline. Did she really bring Soleil all the way here to test some couch? “A-Alright, sure!” Soleil agreed with a shrug. “I can totally sit on a couch.”

With a glimmering smile and a confident attitude, Soleil carefully stepped around Anna as she made her way towards the couch. Though she wasn't really interested in any of this furniture business, as long as she got to make Anna happy and the two got closer it would be mission accomplished. Unfortunately, in her cockiness, the clueless mercenary failed to see the devilish smirk that had appeared on Anna's face. She might not have realized it yet, but Soleil would be doing a lot more than simply sitting on a chair.

Sharply turning her back towards the sofa, Soleil carelessly flung herself onto the couch. She landed atop its soft fabric with a pleasant 'pomp', the couch's tender materials easing her fall. Arms moving onto the armrests and back relaxing against the backrest, Soleil's body gently adjusted to its most comfortable

position. Her eyes closed, her mind settling down in order to fully assess the quality of this couch. And it felt...! Pretty good honestly. Nice enough to sit on. It wasn't anything spectacular by any means, but as a couch it got the job done.

Well, at least that's what she thought at first, because for some reason, the longer she stayed on that couch, the more comfortable and relaxing it became. Face morphing into one of utter relaxation, Soleil let out a pleased, low-pitched groan. Every one of her muscles began to relax completely, all tension removed from her body in an instant. Any desire to lift herself from the couch had been quickly eliminated, instead replaced with a heavenly conformity that made the mere act of existence pleasurable. Soleil was immersed in such a state of deep, encompassing comfort, she felt as if she was literally melting into the couch itself.

That is, because she was. While Soleil's mind was preoccupied losing itself in the sensations of the couch, her body seemed to be literally melting into the actual sofa! Like a serene innocuous pit of quicksand, the couch's soft fabric gently pushed around her, sucking Soleil deeper and deeper into its core. Her arms sunk into the armsrest, her legs and butt retreating into the soft, cushioned seat. Before she could even realize what was happening to her, Soleil's back and head were sharply absorbed by the backrest, until not a single trace of the original Soleil remained. Sitting there motionless in the corner of the warehouse, the strange chair looked to be no different than it did before, though its ominous aura continued to stagnate as time continued passing quietly.

Then, it began shaking. Without any sort of warning, the entire sofa began to vibrate wildly, as if it was being disturbed by a mini-magnitude that only affected the couch itself. Its four legs hopped about weightlessly, its cushion rustling and bouncing in response. And it wasn't just shaking either. With every continued shudder, the objects stability seemed to be growing weaker and weaker, its fabric and innards bulging and shifting in unnatural ways. It almost felt like the couch's very atomic material was being modified, slowly transforming it into something entirely different.

The changes started with the sofa's wooden legs, which became colored with light wooden grey. Its base followed soon after, taking a white color and a soft, puffy texture that looked like it had been ripped right from Soleil's jacket arms. The rest of the couch quickly shifted from its old, shabby brown fabric to a dazzling new material that was smooth, shining, and the same pinkish color that Soleil's skin had been. The fabric somehow looked like skin, it smelled like skin... It almost even *felt* like skin! Were it not for an extra layer of softness and a distinct lack of stickiness, one could not be faulted for thinking it had the skin of a living, breathing being!

Soon, a myriad of glimmering bright strands began sprouting and growing from all over the top of the seat's backrest. These strands were a shiny pink color, and each one of them was softer, silkier and more pleasant than the finest of furs that money could buy. As more and more of them grew, they quickly morphed into a quaint hair-like covering for the top of the couch. Half of the strands buckled in front of the backseat, forming a set of smooth, wavy bangs that reached down to the armrests, while the other half fell behind the couch freely into a long, flowing pink mane that almost touched the ground.

As the changes moved onto the couch's actual seat, its soft, plump cushion began to shudder wildly. The front part of said cushion bulged outwards with a strenuous thrust, morphing into a plump, heart shaped protrusion that extruded from the couch. Its fabric shifted into a vibrant new pink lipstick color, its texture becoming even softer and damper than the rest of the couch. With the cushion's edges

seamlessly merging into the rest of the couch, the couch's tips continued to swell and fatten until the engorged tip was sliced in two, creating a brand-new horizontal opening that led directly into the couch. The bottom part of this hole had a smooth, crescent shape, whilst the top part possessed the lumpy shape of a pristine lump. No longer did the tip of the couch's cushion look plain and flat, instead, it now had the appearance of a luscious pair of plump, pink lips.

Right below this couch's brand new mouth, the furniture's base began to inflate in a very similar manner. Its fabric stretched forth like moldable plastic, causing its base to bulge further and further. However, unlike the fat pair of lips that had just developed before, these new protrusions were much simpler in size. Each one was round and girthy, their consistency bouncy and buoyant. Expanding outwards until they pushed against the floor, the pair of protrusions that grew from the couch looked exactly like a set of fat, squeezable human tits.

To wrap things up, an incessant set of palpitation surged from within the tip of couch's armrest. The cylindrical armrest flickered and blinked with increased intensity, until a slender vertical slit formed at the front of each one of the armrests. These odd vertical slits were accompanied by what seemed to be a set of pristine flowing eyelashes along with a pink eyebrow shaped strands. They both shifted and churned in silence, almost like there was something forming behind their curtains. And as the slits finally parted open, each one revealed a pair of dazzling, energetic pink eyes. Not just any eyes either. *Soleil's eyes.*

In a matter of seconds, the sofa that could have once been considered nothing more than an ordinary, drab, old couch had now been transformed into an entirely different entity. The walls of this strange new couch rose and sunk as if it was breathing, it moved and looked around like it could identify space. Somehow, this inanimate object had gained consciousness, it had gained self-awareness of its own existence. And it simply sat there without the slightest of worries in its mind! It was almost as if it thought there was not a thing wrong with this situation. Bearing a strange resemblance to the girl it had just swallowed, the couch simply stayed entirely still, its lips forming into a cocky, luscious grin.

"Ahhhh~" The couch exclaimed with a pleased gasp, every fiber of its body oozing with subtle pleasure. "It always feels so good when I wake up~" Gaze slowly shifting through the room, the couch instantly perked up with excitement as its eyes met the sly merchant Anna. "Oh! Mistress Anna! You've come to visit me again!"

Anna stood over the couch with a nefarious expression, the excitement on her smirk dripping with greedy intentions "Good morning Soleil." The woman happily cooed back. "How are you feeling today?"

"I'm feeling absolutely terrific mistress~!" Soleil bounced about with utter bliss, causing its large breasts to flop on the ground unceremoniously. "Just seeing you visiting me is making me super excited mistress Anna~~"

"That's wonderful to hear~" Anna continued, her devious expression not breaking for a second. "So I gather you're enjoying the life of a couch then?"

"Of course!" Soleil responded without the slightest of doubt. "My boobs feel super nice and heavy, my lips are extra sensitive and damp, and I'm feeling hornier than I've ever been~ I love nothing more than being a big love couch~~"

“But... Don’t you miss being a human?” The merchant asked in a tone of feign concern.

“Being human...?” Soleil instantly broke into manic laughter, her bountiful chest bouncing with each of her chuckles. “Oh mistress, your jokes are hilarious. I’ve never been a human! I’ve been a beautiful couch for my entire life~ And my dream is to get sold to a wonderful owner that will let me take care of their every desire, both in terms of relaxation and sexual need~”

“Hehehe~” Anna began to giggle with an utterly despicable tone, her hands rubbing together at the thought of profit. “That’s right~ You’re just my cute little couch-girl, Soleil~”

It seemed the merchant’s plan had been a complete success. After acquiring this cursed couch, she’d been able to merge it with the adorable adorer to create an amazing new product that was a mixture of a comfortable piece of furniture and an eager living sex object. The best part? The couch didn’t even remember their original life! Which meant there was no need for brainwashing or reprogramming. Each couch was ready for sale the instant their transformations were over! With such an amazing new product, Anna would achieve profits in the millions!

However, this was only the beginning. Anna might have had one couch in her position, but if she really wanted to go into business, she’d need an entire stock of couches.

“Soleil! Soleil?! Soleil, where are you?”

The tall imposing walls of this barren warehouse echoed loudly with the soft yet energetic voice of a cute girl, its interior seeped in a strangely ominous aura. Looking around with a confused expression, the heroic dark mage Ophelia walked past empty lot after empty lot in her search for any signs of her girl-loving friend Soleil. A muddling sensation of worry churned within Ophelia’s heart, a subtle anxiety present in each one of her hurried steps. Just a few minutes ago, Anna had told Ophelia the Soleil needed her help in the warehouse desperately, a proposition which troubled her considering that whenever Soleil needed Ophelia for anything, she would usually just invade her personal space with flirting and inappropriate contact.

But now that Ophelia was finally in the warehouse, she couldn’t find a single trace of the pink-haired mercenary anywhere! Could Soleil be in some sort of serious problem?! Had Ophelia gotten here too late?!? What sort of terrible fate could have befallen Ophelia’s dear best friend!?!

“Hey there cutie- You come around here often~?”

All of a sudden, an eerily familiar voice called out to the panicking Ophelia, instantly breaking her from her spell. Unapologetic flirting? Undue confidence? A melodic high-pitched voice? Ophelia’s face instantly lit up with a smile. There was only one person that could be!

“Soleil!!” Heart thumping with a pure excitement, Ophelia sharply turned back towards Soleil with a glimmering smile.

The amount of relief Ophelia felt at this moment was immeasurable, all of her worries melting away in a single second. However, as Ophelia’s eyes finally focused on Soleil’s figure, her relief was quickly replaced by a stronger overpowering feeling: Absolute confusion. The... Erm... Object(?) before Ophelia certainly looked a lot like Soleil. It had Soleil’s hair, her eyes and her smile... But... The main issue Ophelia

found with Soleil's new body was that- Well- I-It looked like a couch! Soleil somehow looked like she was some piece of magical living furniture!

At first glance, Ophelia could tell there was something horribly wrong with Soleil's body. Yet, the longer she stared at the plump, voluptuous couch, the harder it became to identify exactly what it was. Had Soleil always been this strange couch creature...? No... Yes... Maybe...? No matter what memory Ophelia seemed to pull up, she could only remember seeing Soleil in this form. What's more, the girl was starting to feel increasingly hot and bothered with each passing second, causing her thought process to become slower as her lust slowly grew stronger.

"Hey, Soleil..." Ophelia muttered with uncertainty and haziness. "You look... Different?"

"Hehe, do I~?" Soleil giggled lightly, her plump lips shaking lasciviously. "If anyone looks different, it has to be you, Ophelia." The couch girl quickly diverted the conversation towards Ophelia, her eyes and with as sharp as ever. "You look more dazzling and beautiful than ever~"

Most of the time, when Soleil gave Ophelia these cliché lines, the dark mage was able to shake them off without second thought. This was not one of those times, however. Ophelia could instantly feel her pussy tighten with need from the set of amorous words, copious juices starting to flood her panties with desire. Had Soleil always been this attractive? Why was she feeling so excited? Unable to hold back her emotions, an unwitting smile crept onto Ophelia's face, her cheeks growing bright red with arousal.

"Ahh~!" Ophelia gave a little moan. "D-Do you really think so?" She asked coyly.

"I don't *just* think so baby. I *know* so." Soleil repeated with a completely commanding and confident attitude. Despite possessing the form of your average living room chair, she exuded more manliness and chivalry than any man Ophelia had met. "Just seeing your amazing face has made my day ten times brighter~"

Cunt shivering with utter ecstasy, Ophelia made a delirious moan as her legs finally gave away, causing her to fall down onto her knees. Ophelia's eyes were firmly stuck to Soleil's fat, pink set of lips, her mind filling with a set of desires that were stronger than anything she'd seen before. She wasn't just seeing Soleil as a mere couch or her best friend. She was seeing Soleil as the most beautiful and sexiest thing she'd ever laid her eyes on. There was no lying to herself anymore. Ophelia wanted- No, she *needed* to have Soleil!

"Oooohhh Soleil~" Ophelia cooed in an angelic, almost hypnotic tone, as if she'd ascended to another plane of existence. "I've never realized it until now but... You're so beautiful and charming~ I'm sorry for rejecting your advances for so long. Is there any way I could make it up to you~?"

"Teeheehee~" Soleil giggled in an ominous tone, her lustful smirk giving away her intentions. "Oh, I think I know *exactly* what you can do~"

Without exchanging another word, Ophelia closed her eyes and pushed her head forward as she started lovingly making out with the dazzling couch girl that stood right in front of her. The girl grasped Soleil's soft skin-fabric tightly, her tongue lovingly slurping up all of the dampness on Soleil's lips. Though her lips weren't even an eighth of the size of Soleil's magnificent kissers, Ophelia made sure to meticulously pepper the entirety of Soleil's large lips with soft gentle smooches. Soleil's kisses on the other hand were big and sloppy. With only a single peck, she could cover the entirety of Ophelia's face in her damp

saliva. And she was more than happy to use her long, dexterous tongue to slurp up any part of Ophelia's pretty face, as well as insert it deep into Ophelia's mouth to get a taste of the other girl's saliva.

This sweet human-couch make-out session continued for some time, but as their desire continued to rise, the two were eventually forced to part ways. Whilst Ophelia panted and gasped with a wide smile on her face, barely able to contain herself as the couch's love and saliva slathered her face whole, Soleil made a knowing nefarious grin.

"Mmmm~ Ophelia, your lips taste absolutely delicious." The couch confessed, licking her own lips with voracious desire. "But I think I'm a little bit hungry for something more~"

As Soleil's mouth opened slightly, the girl's tongue shot forth like a bolt of lightning and instantly wrapped around Ophelia's torso tightly. The dark mage snapped out of her lust haze the moment she felt the tight organ constricting her stomach, the heavy realization of what was about to happen next dawning into her mind. But before she even had the time to protest, Soleil had already yanked Ophelia inwards with a titanic pull.

Ophelia's totally helpless body flung directly into Soleil's large mouth without the slightest of struggle. There was no chewing per se, but Ophelia could feel herself being squeezed down by Soleil's soft lips as was pulled further and further in. It took no longer than a couple of seconds for Ophelia to be swallowed whole, her body sliding into the deepest recesses of Soleil's innards. The satisfied couch made a gurgling burp as she felt her friend slide all the way down, her eyes crossing slightly in a blissful expression. Sides growing wider and a round bumping forming right on the middle of the cushion, Soleil's body grew fatter whilst Ophelia soundly occupied her insides.

Within the inner workings of the couch itself, Ophelia suddenly found herself transported to this strange sort of pocket dimension. Everything was pitch black, not a single piece of organ or tissue compressing or squeezing down on her body. It felt more like she was floating weightlessly in the void of space than it did like she was trapped in a creature's intestinal system. Kicking and flailing, the girl did her best to try and escape from this accursed prison, but the fact there was nothing to hold onto actually hurt her, for there was nothing Ophelia could grab as support to pull herself out of Soleil's couch gut. Time was of the essence if Ophelia wished to escape, and it was not a commodity she had access to at the moment. She had to think of something to do and she had to do it quick!

Unfortunately, by the time Ophelia had started trying, her mind was already being bombarded with an influx of titanic lust that came crashing down on her every thought. Ophelia's body quickly began to heat up with an unbearable warmth, her every muscle and nerve twitching uncontrollably. Though the girl tried her best to keep it together, the effort was all but wasted. It did not take long for her limbs to stop listening to her, for her mind to become muddled, for her sensations to give into the flaming fires of lust. All that Ophelia could do now was sit there and wait for the inevitable to come.

With a fierce, inward jerk, Ophelia's limbs began to retreat rapidly into her body. Her hands and feet were reduced to simple featureless nubs, her arms and legs sharply shedding their length and definition. As the girl's limbs returned to their origin, the once dexterous and fully functional pair of extremities had completely devolved into a set of fat, conical, skin-colored wooden stubs that couldn't even measure more than a couple centimeters of length. Ophelia's heart shuddered with anxiety at the loss

of her limbs. But more than anything, her pussy convulsed as the pleasurable trembling continued to rock through the rest of her form.

This myriad of sensations concentrated throughout Ophelia's torso, which promptly flattened into a thick, plain expanse of flesh. From her neck down to her hips, like an anvil falling onto a ball of dough, every part of Ophelia's body was smashed together into a flat slab that was just a couple of inches thick. Her inner organs, her outer organs and the very composition of her figure were all reshaped to fit this slim base. The only thing that failed to be flattened was Ophelia's impressive bust, which protruded forth from the rest of her form with bouncing pride.

Having acquired the perfect form for her new body, Ophelia's base quickly shifted into a solid, square shape. Ophelia's nub limbs were forever forced to point downwards as support for the rest of the structure, while her breasts hung down in an unintentionally erotic display. Soon, the rest of the base transformed in appearance and texture to something much prettier and more organized. A light layer of semi-transparent black nylon covered the base whole, just like that of Ophelia's old outfit, with yellow and black highlights combining into an elaborate pattern. The end result was a fancy and beautiful square base that seemed like it had been designed by a professional, with a lower body that bore a surprising resemblance to couch Soleil's lower body.

By this point it was becoming increasingly clear that Ophelia was transforming into the same type of couch creature as Soleil, yet this information did nothing to save Ophelia from her current situation. Face distorting and crackling with pressure, Ophelia's mouth stretched forward with force, growing out until it reached the frontal part of her body's base. Her soft, pinkish lips slowly inflated into a massive size as well, easily outgrowing her respectable bosom, while the top part of her mouth took a flattened, square shape, acquired the soft sittable shape of a comfortable cushion.

Meanwhile, as the girl's ears reformed into a set of thick, horizontal cylinders on each side of her head, the girl's eyes underwent a similar process as her mouth. Each eye-socket was slowly pushed apart until they rested directly in the middle of Ophelia's side cylinders, only so they could be propelled towards the front of her body's base with a confident thrust. Like a set of puzzle pieces falling into place, Ophelia's eye-pillars perfectly wrapped around her mouth, only stopping once they'd reached fully covered the base's sides. And as they stood there commandingly above Ophelia's mouth, they looked more like a set of armrests with eyes at their tips than anything else.

With her nose sinking into the depth of her face, the rest of Ophelia's head expanded horizontally and vertically into a long, fat squarish wall. Her forehead became huge and soft, turning stiff enough to support pressure but also tender enough to be comfortable to lean against. Her hair expanded and lengthened in turn, covering the top of Ophelia's new head like a silky mantle. Before long, Ophelia's head was completely turned into a comfy backrest for weary backs to rest on, finalizing the girl's transformation. No longer could she be considered a human, now she was a fully-fledged couch.

But even before such an idea could settle in Ophelia's mind, her body quickly began to expand out in a uniform manner. Now that she'd been bestowed with the proper form, Ophelia would need to grow into the appropriate size of a regular couch. And the more she grew, the more Ophelia found her mind being inundated by an array of warped, perverted desires. Pants escaped the couch's heavy lips, her lust burning brighter by the second. Ophelia couldn't stop thinking about how much she wanted someone to sit on her. The idea of serving a merciful master, of helping him relax and taking care of his every need, it

aroused her more than anything had before. Images of her sucking on fat cocks and licking slick pussies propped into her mind unimpeded. Ophelia knew these feelings were wrong, but the sheer amount of them that flowed it made it increasingly hard to fight back against them.

As Ophelia finally reached the same size as her couch friend, it became time to bring her back into the real world. A sharp force yanking her backwards, Ophelia was pulled out of Soleil's insides in the same forceful, uncaring manner she'd experienced before. This time, however, she wasn't going through the same hole as the one she'd come in. Thick walls of fleshy fabric began to squeeze onto Ophelia's modified form, tying her back to the physical realm. A slew of damp feminine juices covered her body whole, engulfing her in a thick sexual musk that drove her mind crazy. Though it was not an easy process, especially due to her engorged size, Ophelia could feel herself slowly but surely being birthed into the world through Soleil's back tunnel.

On the outside, couch Soleil was shuddering madly, an expression of pure ecstasy splattered over her face. All of the plumpness she gained had now moved onto her backside, which was quite inflated with Ophelia's girth. Her thick lips quivered with arousal, her tight tunnel squirming with inordinate amounts of bliss. Not only was Soleil basking in the intense sexual pleasure of having her back hole expanded, but she was also thoroughly enjoying the thought that she would soon bring another beautiful couch girl into the world with her. Eyes drifting back and tongue hanging out of her mouth dumbly, Soleil continued to squeeze her inner muscles with bliss further and further until-

POP!!!

With a loud, wet popping sound, the newly reborn couch Ophelia burst forth from Soleil's back hole like a cannonball shooting out of a canon. The couch girl flew a couple of meters away, her body crashing down onto the warehouse floor with all four of her legs firmly landing on the ground. Panting and heaving restlessly, the goop covered Ophelia tried her best to regain her bearings. She could breathe, she could feel her own pulse and the flow of the world around her. Yet, she felt entirely different than she did a few minutes ago. Stuck between a barrier of pleasure and humanity, Ophelia's mind currently found itself in a terrible mess. What was she to do?

Soleil wasted no time in these difficult, rhetorical questions, however. Energetically hopping her bulky couch body, she promptly made her way towards her dazed friend without missing a beat. "Mmmhhh~ That felt great Ophelia!" Couch Soleil addressed her friend with utter enthusiasm. The girl's body pulsed with excitement and bliss, her big lipped smirk as wide as could be. She was just so happy to see Ophelia as a beautiful couch! "How are you doing?"

"Haaa... Haaa...." Was Ophelia's only response, her mind too mired with a thick haziness to form many coherent thoughts. "I'm.... I'm a.... Couch?"

"Of course you are silly!" Soleil responded in a gleeful, genuine tone. "The two of us are couch buddies! Don't you remember?"

Hopping towards Ophelia, Soleil pressed her engorged bust against Ophelia's own heaving tits, causing the still-adjusting couch to groan out in arousal. Though Ophelia felt like Soleil's words weren't quite right, they'd somehow awoken something inside her. Ophelia's eyes became hazy, her lips panting with a heavy, heated breath. Somehow, the thought of being a couch was exciting her further and further.

“Wanting to be bought by a kind, handsome owner... Always smooching and pressing our breasts together...” Soleil cooed her list of dreams melodically. “We’ve been the greatest of couch friends our whole lives!”

Ophelia’s body began to shudder wildly, her mouth breaking into an unwitting smile. A kernel of concern still nagged at the back of her head, but as Ophelia began fantasizing over Soleil’s words, her worries only dwindled further and further. Why was the thought of being an object so enticing~? Why was the idea of pleasuring others such an arousing prospect in her mind~? Drool dripping down her enlarged lips, Ophelia began to willingly rub her breasts against Ophelia’s causing her entire body to buzz with bliss. O-Ophelia knew what she was! Even past all the pleasure and mind meddling she was receiving, there was no way she could lose herself! She was... She was-!!!

“Haaa~ Haaaa~ Th-That’s right! I’m a couch! I’m a couch~!!” The couch girl shouted into the ether, proudly pronouncing her true, inner identity. “How could I have forgotten~? I’m a slutty, sexy couch girl~! The only thing I want is to suck dick and be sit on~”

“Ehehe~” Soleil shivered as she heard Ophelia’s declaration, more than happy to embrace her couch girl’s new found self-love “That’s the spirit Ophelia~ Now come over here so we can enjoy ourselves some more~”

Eyes closing and bodies thrusting forward, the two couch girls lovingly pressed their fat lips together as they began to intimately kiss each other. Their busts pressed together in a tight, pleasurable squeeze, their mouths creating a myriad of damp, soppy smacking sounds. There was no sort of inhibition as one girl’s saliva passed into the other one’s mouth, not an ounce of regret as their tongues twirled and wrapped around each other like a set of coiling snakes. They were happy, they were horny, but most importantly, they were lewd couch girls, and they were more than proud of it.

Away in the distance, Anna watched the couches’ exchange with a devilish smirk, her hands rubbing together greedily. Yet again, her plan had been an unwavering success. Soleil was able to produce more couch girls by ingesting them, and so would Ophelia. With a viable conversion method, all Anna needed now was a steady supply of girls. An *army* of girls, if you will. Luckily for Anna, she had access to just that. Soon, most of the women in Corrin’s army would be given a grand surprise as their lives and purposes were irreversibly transformed. And Anna would be able to make the profits of her dreams.