

A Kigu's Hunger

A zipper being pulled down echoes into her mind, the light of the world shining down onto her, Kirisha transformed, now Kigu slips out of Kigurumi, the wonderful Kigu that she has become now exposed to the world. She slips out of the anthropomorphic living fursuit purple dragon with dark purple belly that has a zipper that goes from her crotch all the way up her scaled breastless chest. Light blue fluff on her shoulders and the back of her chin add to the colors of her draconic body. Creamy white horns jut from the top of her head curving back with three matching spikes at the base of her tail. A purple stripe along her back. Kigurumi's purple eyes catches Kirisha Kigu's yellow just as she fully slips out of her body, tentacles visible, and the endless void of her insides, seemingly ready to snatch up another victim. Kigurumi reaches down offering a hand to the newest Kigu, "Feeling better Kir... hmm what was your name again?" she asks, giving a sly grin.

Kigu returns the sly look, knowing what she's getting at, Kigurumi's thought process having heavily infiltrated her own, Kirisha's past fully realized to her, with a melding of personalities but clearly the original is heavily marking her at this time, "It's Kigu Mistress, short for Kigurumi," she explains grabbing the hand giving to her, pulling herself up back onto her feet.

"Why of course it is, how silly of me," she looks at her near perfectly identical clone, her body still open and exposed to her newest clone.

Kigu eyes the lovely void, she reaches down, gripping the zipper, rubbing her claws along it, slowly zippering Kigurumi back up, "There is something I want to say though."

Kigurumi softly moans, enjoying her zipper being teased while she's zippered up, "What's that?" she asks, the zipper reaching the top of her body.

"I want to apologize for my earlier actions. It was wrong of me to jump to conclusions when we are just getting to know each other. So, thank you for helping me reach my full potential," she says, her hands running across that delicate zipper of the original Kigurumi, leaning in close, eyes locked.

Kigurumi shivers in delight, "Apology accepted. And don't you worry Kigu. We have a lot of time to get to know each other, what's wonderful is you will become more like me over time. Perhaps even one day you'll forget you are a clone of me and simply believe you were me all along."

The thought which would have been terrifying to Kirisha now sounds like a pleasant fantasy to Kigu, "That sounds wonderful Mistress. I will embrace who I am truly meant to be," she says, pulling back.

"That's my girl. Now, why don't you get to know yourself better..." says Kigurumi, her claws running across Kigu's zipper, reminding the new Kigu of the pleasure of it being touched, the delight of being a suit like her, the hunger that is within her that shall steadily grow, "And share this gift with someone else? There's a huge party downstairs and I did rent this room out for *my* uses, which means you can use it too, isn't that right Kigu?" she asks with a gleeful smile.

“Of course, Mistress Kigurumi. I am you after all,” she says with a playful wink, looking toward the door, sauntering over to it, feeling a new wave of confidence that mixes with her previous self. The former anthropomorphic raptor feeling excitement bubble up within her, the thought of making another Kigu like herself was a new type of hunger that she has never felt before but one she can certainly appreciate.

She opens the door, looking over her shoulder at Kigurumi, the sound of music entering the room, “Aren’t you coming?” she inquires.

“I’ll be down in a moment, if you need help, I won’t be far away, but I think your first would feel so much better if you did it yourself. I know how you like to be a strong independent Kigu, just like me,” she says, giving a draconic purr.

Kigu chuckles, admiring her purple eyes, “Well you do know me as well as I know myself Mistress,” she says, heading out of the room. The soft velvet living suit dragon feels her new body with each step, moving with the weight and force of having someone in her, the strength of a normal person, probably more. She admires how perfect she feels, her claws gently running across her zipper as she just takes this moment to really get to better understand who and what she’s become.

“I’m Kigu now,” she thinks, an excitement bubbling within her. It feels sort of like the joy of getting a job that you’ve always wanted, like becoming a doctor or a movie star. That joyous feeling of being who you were *meant* to be overcoming her, *“I’m really Kigu. This is just so wonderful,”* she continues to think, the thought of which increased her excitement, her giddiness, her confidence, but also made her realize that within her, is that same pocket dimension that the original Kigurumi pulled her into.

That endless expanse where her tentacles come from, moving, squirming, wiggling within her like butterflies in her stomach. The slender tentacles squirm and wiggle, rubbing up against each other, feeling pleasurable, but also its a constant reminder of just how *empty* she is within her body. It leaves her with a hunger, not unlike when one wants food but at the same time so clearly different than anything she has experienced before. A new found instinct within her that is rubbing the back of her new Kigu mind. Leaving her not only with the realization that her personality has been irrevocably changed and improved but the very drive of her existence has shifted, further alienating her from her scaled, flesh and blood raptoric past, the previous self, the *other* that has now undeniably been improved.

Her claws caress the railing as she heads down the steps. Recalling an unknown amount of time ago when she followed Mistress Kigurumi up these steps, toward her wonderful fate. Now she’s heading down toward the club, the thumping music, the smell of alcoholic drinks heavy in the air. Her piercing yellow eyes, the last vestiges of what she was predatorily looks over the crowd. This is the first time she’s stepping into the world as who she now truly believes who she is meant to be, yet despite this, she didn’t feel anxious, nay she felt a bubbling confidence that she could do this, after all, she is Kigu. She’s done it before, she can do it again. Despite sharing no memories from the original Kigurumi, the strength of Mistress Kigurumi’s personality is so overwhelming that it feels undeniable like a force of nature.

Kigu steps through the crowd, looking at each person, sizing them up, analyzing the possibility of luring them away to her private room, so she may give them the gift of Kigu, *“If people found out too soon, it would ruin everything for us Kigus, and I do not want that. Not at all,”* she thinks, noticing some eyes are upon her. She stands out in the crowd like a sore thumb, being the only velvet fursuit out there in a crowd of flesh and blood anthropomorphic beings. All those eyes upon her only feeds her confidence, her desire to be seen, the knowledge that she is *perfection* and one that needs to be shared with others.

She saunters through the crowd, perfecting her smile, her dashing gaze, giving off the confidence that she doesn't only believe that her body is beautiful and perfect but that she *knows* it is. She unironically pulls up to the very table where she met Kigurumi. Looking through the crowd, searching, hunting for her prey. The thrill of the hunt bubbling up within her, the idea of taking any of these people within her, makes her tentacles squirm with delight. A fantasy plays in the back of her mind of the tentacles wrapping around a white furred bunny she sees off to the side, pulling him into her, transforming, converting him, filling every orifice, shaping away his imperfect features till there was only a Kigu that remains, releasing her into the world. Such delights almost made her moan out but she kept her cool demeanor, hiding her wanting lusts and delights. She orders herself a drink, drinking from a long straw, enjoying her cocktail while a hand gently teased her own zipper, as the desire grew within her.

Kirisha would have protested such a thing, though what thoughts were now going through her head are inconceivable but now? It's inconceivable that she never thought of this before! Now her only problem was... who to pick as her first?

“I want this to be special. You always remember your first,” she thinks when someone catches her attention, *“Perhaps her.”*

A white furred anthropomorphic dragon with soft cream-colored underbelly scales, tail, arms from the elbow down, and feet from just below her knees down, dressed in sleek black latex outfit, showing off her bust, the white fluff on her chest, between her breasts. Her double set of black sharp draconic horns that jut out from her wild untamed green hair that rolls down her back, becoming a majestic mane that runs all the way down her tail, ending in a green fluff. Two long eastern style dragon tendrils flow from the back of her cheekbones, flowing in the air, her piercing purple eyes looking over the crowd, the signs of a dominant dragon on the hunt for some prey.

“She will do just fine,” she thinks, motioning over to a waiter, *“I'm buying that lovely a drink,”* she states to a penguin waiter, pulling out some money from hidden pockets in her sides, handing it over to him, *“And when she requires who bought it, send them my way, why don't you?”*

“With pleasure ma'am,” he responds, walking off.

Kigu takes a moment to contemplate what she just did, and the only curious thought she has is, *“Wait... I have pockets? At least Mistress Kigurumi didn't absorb my money. I will have to thank her for that later.”*

Kio, the dragoness that Kigu has her eyes on is indeed on her own hunt. Looking over the crowd, sifting through them in her mind's eye, deciding who would be worthy of her time to talk to, and perhaps court if they were to *her* liking. She leans against the bar, her black claw tips drumming across the surface, "Hey barkeep get me a shot of your finest," she states, when a moment later a drink is slid over by her. She looks down at it, looking back up at the penguin, "This can't be your finest shot," she states, eyeing him domineeringly.

The penguin shakes his head, "No ma'am. This was ordered earlier for you," he explains.

Kio raises a scaled eye ridge, eyeing him up, "By who? You?" she asks, her sharp teeth protruding from her lips, two small yet still noticeable fangs becoming even more visible to the waiter.

"Not me, but the miss over there," he says, pointing over to one of the standing tables where Kigu is currently leaning up against the table, casually sipping her drinking, looking over her shoulder at her, their eyes meet, Kigu giving her a wink, before looking back over to the crowd.

Kio smirks, "*That cheeky bastard. She thinks she can take command of this interaction? I'll show her, who is really in charge here,*" she thinks, looking at the waiter, "Thank you for letting me know," she says, taking a sip of her new drink, waiting for her shot to be mixed.

The shot glass is placed before her, the swirling drink before her. She subtly glances at Kigu, watching her casually not look in her direction. She takes her shot, enjoying the delightful burn as it slides down her throat, "They don't call that a dragon's heartburn for nothing," she states, looking to the bartender, "Two more please," she states, the bartender nodding, and preparing the order, leaving Kigu waiting there, seeing what her next move will be.

"*She wants to play that game, does she now? How lovely,*" she thinks, continuing to casually sip her drink, leaning up against the table, nonchalantly looking over the crowd as they dance, drink and chat away the night. She motions for the water, ordering another drink for herself, and a second to her new found 'friend' who has finished her initial drink, but has kept the two shots beside her.

Kio musses, receiving her second drink, "Thank you," she says, taking a sip, enjoying the cocktail's flavor, thinking, "*Does she think she can just get me to come to her by buying me a few drinks?*" she takes another sip of her cocktail, savoring the flavor, "*At least she doesn't go cheap on me. I do like a girl who knows how to treat a lady. Though to wear a fursuit at a club like this? She's either shy to show herself off, or confident in expressing herself like that.*"

The white furred dragon leans against the bar, taking another long sip of her free drink, looking over to Kigu, their eyes meeting once again, acknowledging to her that she knows who has given her this wonderful treat. She playfully gives Kigu a subtle wink, running her claws across her long noodle, wrapping it around her fingers, "*Well, since she's been so nice to offer me two good drinks like that, I suppose it will only be fair to share her one of mine,*" she thinks, taking her two shots, walking over to her, moving through the crowd, forcing them to part before her, "Hello there, I couldn't help but notice that I caught your attention."

“It’s hard to miss someone as lovely as you,” Kigu responds with a grin, looking over her shoulder, up at the dragon, “*That’s it, make small talk with me.*”

“Why aren’t you the charmer,” she says, leaning against the table, “I wouldn’t think someone who hides away in a fursuit would be so open to conversation,” she says, sliding her over one of her shots, “Here, a thanks for the drink.”

Kigu looks down at the drink, taking it within her hands, “Well, you know, when you are this good looking, you really have to flaunt it you know? It would be a crime to do otherwise,” she says, taking the shot. Feeling the burn down her throat but then disappear into the emptiness within her, unfulfilled by the simple drink. Her tentacles squirming within her body, running across the back side of her zipper, teasing herself, yet showing no external signs of her internal excitement.

“You really know how to move in that,” Kio says, taking her shot, feeling it burn all the way down.

“I’ve had practice, but I can really show you how well I move someplace a bit more private, if you catch what I mean.”

Kio leans in closer, “I believe I do, but I don’t even know your name. It would be rather improper to head someplace private without a proper introduction.”

Kigu places her drink down, “Yes, where are my manners, I am getting rather ahead of myself. My name is Kigurumi, but I prefer Kigu. It feels better fitting for myself, and you lovely?”

“I’m Kio, simply Kio. No need to shorting it up, kay?” she says with a chuckle, leaning in closer, “You already have some place private to go? That eager to spend the time with me?”

“When you get the opportunity to meet a lovely woman such as yourself, you don’t sit idly by. You take the opportunity by the horns and you don’t let go. Being prepared for a lovely treat as yourself is what any respectful dragon like myself would do.”

“So, you are a dragon then,” Kio inquires, finishing up the last of the drink that Kigu bought her.

“Through and through, nothing but a perfect dragon, I’m sure you could somewhat relate,” she says, leaning in closer, “But if you really want to get to know me in depth, my VIP room is just waiting to be used.”

“VIP you say? How could I refuse such important treatment, lead the way.”

“With pleasure lovely,” says Kigu, finishing her drink, her hand gently touching Kio’s, letting the other dragon feel her soft velvet skin. The warmth of the other dragon builds up that anticipation within her. Her hunger is growing, knowing that she has ensnared her prey so readily, so easily, so completely, “*It’s no wonder I fell for this so easily. How could I resist my charms?*” Kigu thinks, leading her upstairs, away from the thumping music, away from prying eyes.

“I hear its rather difficult to get a VIP room at this club, I wonder how you managed to do it,” inquires Kio.

Kigu's sly grin fades into a loving smirk, looking over her shoulder at her, "Oh I know a few people that get around. It's often who you know. And I know some of the best people," she explains, approaching the door, memories flashing back of when she was the one being led here, Kigurumi opening the door the same way as she's doing now, the building warmth and excitement within her, making her tentacles squirm inside of her, the pit in her body, wanting to be filled more than ever, "Please, step inside, make yourself comfortable," she says, hand motioning her to walk inside.

"How could I refuse such a lovely invitation," says Kio, walking past the fursuit dragon, not catching the shift in her demeanor as she walks by. She steps into the room expecting to find all the lovely furnishes expected for a VIP experience, leather seats, music playing at a lower volume so they can enjoy the music but be able to carry on a private conversation, space to lean in and get very intimate and close to one another, but instead she finds a plain walled room. No furnishings, no windows, and no way out but the door she just came through, "What the?" she inquires.

Kigo closes the door behind them, locking it with a flick of her wrist. She feels her motions nearly perfectly mirrored what Kigurumi did with her earlier that night. Her excitement building up within her, able to feel herself move closer to the Kigo that made her. Becoming more like her not only in mind and body but in action. That moment of confusion, weakness, unsure of what is happening, the white furred dragon turning to her, the look of, 'What is going on here, explain the meaning of this' written all over her muzzle. The anticipation of this moment building up within her, her tentacles running across the inner zipper, the hunger building within her, this is the moment she's been wanting for since the start of her newfound existence, the eagerness of what is to come, the knowledge of what she felt within Kigurumi now about to be given to another. The curiosity of what her Mistress felt when she was about to be answered, and she can hardly contain herself. She grips the zipper tightly, beginning to unzipper.

"What's the meaning of this?" she asks, taking one step back, eyes darting around, her heart racing, her instincts telling her something is dreadfully off, while growing curious why the velvet dragon before her was unzipping herself, "*Does she want to get her freak on that badly? She could have asked; I might have considered...*"

"We're about to get comfortable, *don't worry* you'll love it. And be perfect, just... like... me," Kigo says, the words flowing past her lips, ringing out in the room, echoing out those same words that were spoken before, to her. She doesn't feel like she's parroting what Mistress Kigurumi said but felt like those were the only words to be spoken. They fit the situation perfectly, driving her deeper into the moment, unleashing her tentacles from the endless space of her body. The blue gel-like tentacles wrap and coil around Kio, feeling her warmth, pleasure shooting through Kigo, enjoying how wonderful they feel when they slide across the dragon's body.

Kio struggles and grunts against the tentacles, feeling herself lifted off the ground, leaving her helpless, her clothes melting away as the tentacles touch her, exposing her body. She

tries to fight against the soft velvet soft tentacles, whose strength is misleading. The tentacles wrap around her legs, pulling her into Kigu's body.

The former raptor moans in delight, watching her tentacles embrace and bound her first victim. They wiggle and struggle, Kio's legs filling that emptiness within her. Her body warmed from the inside, like having a cup of hot cocoa on a cold winter's day. The more she slipped into her, the better she felt. Looking from her point of view, watching the dragon try to break free, her hands gripping the sides of her opened body, more tentacles gripping and coiling around her, adding to the pleasure she felt. Kigu fantasied for a moment that this is what Kigurumi saw when she was drawn into her wonderful and perfect body.

"Unhand me!" exclaims Kio, claws digging into the velvet body, feeling the cool zipper against her hands, straining against the dragon suit, her thin velvet walls felt impossibly strong, the emptiness of the dragon as she is pulled in felt alien, strange, causing alarm.

"I will once you are complete and perfected like me," says Kigu. She feels her tentacles pull at the dragon, slithering across her more, adding to her pleasure and excitement. Even the dragon's grips on her sides felt just fine, any touch within the inside of her body felt delightful sensation through her body, the pleasure building, growing, bubbling up within her. Kigu's mind attempts to make sense of this feeling, feeding into her, nurturing her instincts, her past being used to draw connections of just exactly what this felt and meant for her. Her past had a drive to reproduce, this is much like this. It causes to moan deeply, tugging and pulling Kio into her body, swallowing her hole, fully bringing her into her little pocket dimension.

Despite having someone now inside of her, she didn't feel any heavier. She felt better, having someone within her, her hands caressed her body, zipping herself up, locking Kio within her. Pleasure built up within her, she moaned, shuddered, imagining a buildup within her, towards some kind of climax. She grunts, running her hands across her crotch with one hand, and zipping herself completely, trapping the dragon within her, "Soon she'll be made perfect like me," moans Kigu, her hands running across the teeth of her zipper.

She grips and gropes her smooth crotch, subconsciously feeling a bit of translation from her past self with who she is now, her hands give the smooth area a squeeze feeling less than what she thought she would. Her hands moving away from that area devoid of pleasure, moving back to the zipper, enjoying the cool metal, her mind making those connections of her lust and arousal is far less sexual than who she was but just as focused on being 'reproductive' mind steadily making those growing connections to alter who she is at the very core, to become a better Kigu. Feeling her tentacles sliding, moving, feeling around the person trapped within her, adding to her delight, feeling a sense of 'release' when they move on the dragon within.

Kio struggles and groans, trying to claw at the tentacles that coil around her body, forcing her arms to her sides, wrapping around her legs over and over while more slither across her hips, neck and head, binding her into the endless darkness around her, the wide empty spaces far different than what she's expecting only her tail brushing on the inside of Kigu's velvet interior is the only wall she is able to feel.

“What is this place?!” she exclaims, suddenly feeling one of those velvet gel-like tentacles, slipping into her mouth. Pushing past her teeth, she tries to bite down but finds it is for naught, having no effect on the charcoal tasting blue tentacles that push into her mouth.

The tentacles slither across her scales, rubbing along her white fur, coiling around her breasts, making them tingle, feeling good before her rear and vent are penetrated by them, pushing deeper into her. The dragon squirms and groans, completely helpless, feeling a pleasure built within her the deeper the tentacles pushed. Her body tingles, scales softening, fur shortening, feeling something press into the back of her mind, a voice that part of her recognizes as her own but sounds off.

“Yes, I am becoming perfect.”

Kio’s purple gaze looks around, hearing the voice, trying to figure where it came from, struggling harder against the tentacles which keep her in a tight embrace, her white fur becoming purple, the cream-colored scales darkening, becoming softer, even more velvet like, her second set of horns melting away while the primary set shift from black to white, changing in shape, breasts steadily flattening with each passing moment, the pleasure within her body growing.

“Who said that?” Kio asks in her mind, squirming, panting, pleasure building.

“I did. Kigu. Soon you will be perfect. Perfect like me. All you need to do is relax and accept how wonderful it is to be Kigu,” the voice says, seductively, sultry, toying with Kio’s mind, pulling her toward it.

“No, I am not Kigu, I am Kio. I’m already strong, powerful, and beautiful.”

“If you were, how did you find yourself here?” the voice asks, shifting further, the thought seeded into her mind, the logic so hard to ignore.

“How did I get myself like this?” she thinks, cracks in her mind beginning to form.

Kigo on the outside world moans, rubbing her hands across her belly, feeling her tentacles move around, slip in deeper, penetrate and take the person inside, with waves of pleasure coming over her, the process of spreading her Kigu essence, replicating it and instilling it into the one within her builds to her pleasure. She moans, looking straight ahead, unable to fully grasp how good this feels, building not so much an addiction but a necessity to this action, making it a stronger part of who she is as a Kigu. Her Kigu mind seeping down not only deeper into her private psyche but trickling down into Kio.

The dragon’s tail thickens, growing purple, three tail spines growing at the base of the tail, her body constantly shifting, changing, growing closer to this idea of perfection that is being implanted into her mind, *“You will be so perfect. Kigurumi is strong, powerful, seductive. A perfect being on the face of this planet, undeserving by those who are not like her. Such wonderful gifts given to you, it’s a blessing, don’t you say?”*

Kio shudders, humping against the tentacles, physically and mentally growing weaker, her chest now completely flat, smooth, purple velvet, blue fluff growing on her cheekbones, and her shoulders, while her green tail fluff is changed to a delightful blue, the tentacle’s embrace feeling ever more comforting, *“Perhaps you are right. She is rather delightful. She caught my eye after all.”*

“That’s right. We are so sexy that as a Kigu, we couldn’t keep our eyes off of her. She is everything we want to be.”

“Everything that I want...” Kio says, feeling the voice that speaks into her mind, more and more become her own. Her own mental voice shifting, changing, matching together with the one speaking to her. Making her feel as if she’s really just talking about herself. Her sex shrinks, smoothing out, her nether regions steadily become smoothed over, allowing a simple buildup of pleasure.

“We Kigus are, aren’t we Kigu?”

“Kigu?” Kio asks, thinking out, her body now completely changed, nothing is left of the former dragoness, now only a zipperless clone of the original Kigu that surrounds her.

“That’s who you are, isn’t it?”

“Y-no, I am Kio...”

“Why would you want to be Kio when you could be Kigu? She is the best dragon you’ve ever laid eyes upon, isn’t she?”

“Well... yeah she is, I couldn’t stop looking her way. I was surprised she bought me a drink,” Kio thinks, the logic of Kigu sinking into her mind, the dominant personality of Kigu bleeding into her thought processes.

“Exactly. Wouldn’t you want that kind of power? That kind of dominance? That kind of seduction that is unparalleled except by another Kigu?”

“W-well... yeah. I would. I barely spent time with Kigu and she swept me off my feet. Literally.”

“Then doesn’t it make sense to accept yourself as Kigu? Did you really want to be Kio anyway when you could be Kigu given the choice?”

The tentacles feeling her resistance fade to almost nothing, they uncoil themselves around her, letting the becoming Kigu float there in the void, Kio replying to the voice, her voice no longer her own but now a perfect clone of Kigu, *“Yes, that is true. I want to be Kigu.”*

“Say it, who are you?”

“I’m Kigu,” Kio says, the last vestiges of her resistances melting away.

“Let’s complete you then. No Kigu is complete no perfect without a zipper,” says the voice, now indistinguishable from her own thoughts, to the point that Kio, now Kigu isn’t sure if they are even not her thoughts anymore.

“Yes, I agree. I need to be complete; I need to be perfect,” says Kigu, the zipper being pulled from the void, the tentacles sliding it across her belly, instantly attaching across her, applying a wave of burning pleasure that causes her to moan.

“You are Kigu. You serve your Mistress, Kigurumi. The one who made you, and those you make as Kigu will be under you,” says the voice, the tentacles pulling down her zipper, revealing blue tentacles like the ones that surround her.

Kigu’s new tentacles coil and play with the other tentacles, penetrating and slipping into her body, pushing into that empty pocket void that she currently sits in, sparking a desire, a

hunger within her to be filled, to take someone within her, a new pleasure and instinct budding within he remind.

“Yes, I understand. Perfection begets perfection,” she says, the purple eyed Kigu embracing her new mentality. Fully recalling her previous life but understanding that what she is now is just so much more perfect. The tentacle embrace between the sets of tentacles feels like a million miniature orgasms, a building euphoria that she’s never experienced before, her new existence fully realized.

“We Kigus are perfect,” says Kigu on the outside, feeling every moment of the change, every shift, turn, the change in personality of the one within her, shedding off her former self, embracing Kigu. The yellow eyed Kigurumi understanding just what her Mistress Kigurumi felt, and how lucky she is that she can experience this, already feeling a desire to feel it again.

For Kigu, the time has come to step out into the world, Kigurumi’s tentacles zipper up Kigu’s belly, her tentacles retreating while Kigurumi on the outside runs her claws along her zipper, gripping it tight, knowing its time to release her pleasure out into the world. She pulls down the zipper, the newest Kigu slipping out of her. She moans out in delight, watching her come out, the new purple eyed Kigu.

Kigu looks up at Kigurumi, feeling her Mistress’ tentacles touch her one last time before she slips completely out of her. She looks up with loving, wanting eyes, seeing the goddess of perfection before her.

Kigurumi looks down at her newest creation, the first of many. She holds out her hand, to help her up.

Kigu feels such pleasure, such delight, she grabs the hand, pulling herself up to her feet with the help of Kigurumi. The two lock eyes with each other, two perfect beings. Kigu sees into Kigurumi’s yellow eyes not even noticing the faintest hint of a purple now within them, still far different from the dark purple hue of her own.

“I think Kigu that its time you go out and look through the crowd. I’m sure you can find someone to pick and bring up here, so you may share this gift with them.”

“By myself?” Kigu asks, with excitement in her voice.

“I know you can do it. You are me after all,” she says with a delightful grin.

“True.”

“Don’t worry, I’ll be nearby if you happen to need me,” she says, going to the door, unlocking it, “Feel free to use this VIP room, it is for rented out by me after all,” she states with a chuckle, stepping out, letting the new Kigu walk on ahead.

“Nothing to worry about. With my good looks and personality, you got this,” says Kigurumi.

“Without a doubt in my mind,” says Kigu, heading downstairs, back into the thumping music, taking a place at the bar, ready to look for her new first victim.

Kigurumi walks down the steps a minute later, spacing out her entry in the bar scene, taking a place off to the side, out on the prowl to find someone else, while keeping a distant eye

on Kigu, ready to be of service if she happens to need it, but knowing she'll probably won't. She is her after all.

She, takes a seat in a nearby leather couch, ordering a drink, looking out to see Kigurumi, the one who made her, the original, the just as perfect as her, with her lovely purple eyes luring up a black and red bellied winged dragon-fox. Guiding him up the stairs by the hand, for the briefest of moments their eyes meet, knowing that another Kigu is about to join their ranks. The night is still young. And a Kigu is always hungry to make more Kigus.