

Kigu Relationships

It's almost like a memory within a dream. The female anthropomorphic Utahraptor that she once was. Kirisha Raptor was lured away by an alluring and mystically handsome suit dragon by the name of Kigurumi, Kigu for short. Then she was taken by her, pulled into the suit dragon's body and shown a new existence, that of being Kigu. She is Kigu, just like Kigu, the one that transformed her. Was that Kigu the original? Who is to say, and the sensation and feeling to find another person to be drawn into her body. To take a non-Kigu and pull them into her body, using her tentacles, her internal pocket-dimension, and transform them into another Kigu.

Kirisha-Kigu has easy pickings amongst the dancers that were downstairs enjoying the club, the beating music, the free-flowing drinks, hazing people's minds. She has just drawn in another victim, the number of Kigus in the club has increased notably from one to two, to now at least eight. The other Kigus she and the original Kigurumi have made are nearly indistinguishable, some completely so. The only difference between her and the one that converted her is her yellow eyes compared to her pink. Both of them pulled in a new victim, a new Kigu-to-be only minutes from each other.

Kigu feels her tentacles move through and around her victim within her pocket dimension. An infinite amount of space filled by the person, her tentacles caressing, rolling across, penetrating, helping facilitate the transformation which floods her mind with a pleasure that could be describe like a climax, but seeing that she no longer has such sexual parts, it would not be the same. This is better.

Kigurumi smiles, running her fingers across Kigu's chin, "You've done well Kigu."

She smiles in kind, a perfect duplicate of her, "Well, I am you," she says, the words flowing over her velvet tongue with such ease, but even now as they are spoken, there is this nagging feeling about them. Like they are just not quite true, or maybe not encompassing the full truth.

Kigurumi stares into her duplicate's eyes, keeping them locked, "Is this your third?" she asks, drawing her duplicate's attention away from those thoughts that are bubbling in the back of her mind, having seen it before, "*Relax Kigu. Eventually that former person that you claimed to be will fade away. Not that I mind watching you struggle. But you enjoy it too, don't you Kigu?*"

Kigu tenses, a soft moan escapes her lips, the person held within her was tugging, pulling at her tentacles. There is so much fight in them, it excites the sparks of pleasure and delight that travels through every fiber of their living suit being, its... intoxicating, "Fourth actually."

"Such a go-getter. Now that's a Kigu I can appreciate."

"Thank you Kigu," Kirisha-Kigu replies, the compliment from the original adding to the delight going through her. There's something about the Kigu before her that she just can't put her finger on, but that doesn't matter right now, she can swipe that thought off to the side.

"Once you're done with your current conversion. I'm going to have you go home."

"Home?" she asks, her mind processing the request which felt more like a command.

“Yes, your home. You came from somewhere, didn’t you? Take a moment, think about it.”

“Of course, I came from somewhere,” she says, thinking on it, searching her memories, every instance she thought of her past, it was there. But instead thinking of the Utahraptor it was replaced by her new true self, Kigu. Even now as she creates a new Kigu it doesn’t dawn on her that there is anything wrong, but there is that lingering sense, a mental aftertaste that something is off. Which only grew when a name came to her, “Aqua.”

Kigurumi could practically read her thoughts, after all she was her. Watching her process, the changed memories, to connect the dots, “I’ve done some research on Kirisha, and she has a mate, a female dragon by the name of Aqua, doesn’t she?”

The name snaps Kigu out of her line of thinking, “Yes, of course. I remember that...” she responds, having thoughts of having time spent with Aqua as herself, but things don’t quite fully add up. They had passionate love with each other, but how could that be if she had nothing between her legs. Better yet how could they have a relationship for so long and she not become a Kigu?

Kigurumi lets out a soft moan, sliding her arm around Kigu, just as she feels the one trapped within her reaching the conclusion of their transformation. Her feeding on her victim, making them into a perfect clone of herself, a level of perfection befitting of something like her. The light blue tentacles unzip her front, releasing the newest Kigu to join them. While staying close to Kirisha-Kigu she helps the newest Kigu out of her body and onto her feet, “Why don’t you find someone to join us,” she says, using her tentacles to gently rub the newest Kigu’s chin.

The new Kigu grins, “My thoughts exactly,” she giggles, heading out of the room.

Kigurumi lets her tentacles run across Kirisha-Kigu’s zipper, teasing her, building pleasure, feeling the one within her still struggling, which only increases her appetite, “You can mimic Kirisha’s voice and personality can’t you? Tell Aqua that you’ll be staying over for a little while. Learn to mingle and get to know her before gifting Aqua *our* perfection.”

Thoughts of Kigu taking her mate, drawing her into her body with her tentacles flood her mind. She squeezes the transforming person within her tighter, pleasure building, the warmth of the moment filling her, “Y-yes. I think I can do that.”

“I know you can. After all you are me,” Kigurumi explains.

That subtle bit of doubt is squashed in an instant, “Why, that I am Kigu,” she says.

Kigurumi uses her tentacle to grab Kirisha’s phone, “Password?”

“3621.”

“Thank you, Kigu,” she replies, accessing the phone, pulling up the correct contact, the phone ringing as its handed over to the original owner.

“Welcome Kigu,” Kirisha-Kigu replies just as the phone is picked up.

A sweet, loving yet shy voice responds with a long yawn, “Hello? Kirisha? Do you know what time it is? Is everything okay?” she asks, concern entering her voice as the cobwebs in her mind are brushed away.

She tenses a bit, hearing Aqua sends something through her. A warm feeling that... She freezes.

“Hello? Kirisha?” Aqua calls out, concern in her voice growing.

Kigurumi smiles, “*This one is going to be fun,*” she thinks, using her tentacle to turn Kigu-Kirisha’s head to look at her, eyes meeting, mouthing the words, “You can do it Kigu.”

Confidence fills her, her throat tenses, not so much in fear, but adjusting her voice, bringing back the pre-transformed Kirisha in voice only, drawing upon her memories of her Kirisha-Kigu self, brushing aside the conflict in consistency to fulfill her fellow Kigu’s request, “Aqua. Sorry deary, I didn’t mean to wake you at such an hour, but something has come up.”

“Are you okay?”

“I’m fine. I simply got pulled into a new opportunity that I think will turn out great for the two of us. But it will mean that I will be away for some time. But that’s not all.”

“What opportunity is this?”

She grins, “A life changer, but that’s not the only reason why I’m calling.”

“What is it hun? Are you okay?”

“I’m fine. I just got a little tied up in this new thing,” she says, shivering, feeling the becoming Kigu within her reach its completion. Their tentacles run across the other, adding to the pleasure and delight, knowing it’s time to let the new Kigu out, but first she must finish what the original Kigu asked her to do, “Part of what I’m pulled into is having me have a new friend stay over at our place. She’s lovely and I think you’ll like her.”

“She? Are you having some Mistress fun with people again? I don’t mind it, but I need a heads up you know.”

“It’s... sort of but not quite like that dear. She has a strong personality, her name is Kigu. And she’ll be staying at our place for a few days till she gets settled in. Meanwhile, I’ll be a way sealing this new deal, that I know you will absolutely *love*,” Kirisha-Kigu explains, while feeling that nagging sensation in the back of her mind, but in the presence of the original Kigurumi, it gently gets swept off to the side... for now.

“Y-you know how I am meeting new people love,” Aqua responds, her voice getting softer.

“I know, but I think you’ll like her too once you get to know her. She’ll be heading over soon, and I wanted to give you a heads up.”

“You agreed to this without me?”

“You’re free to say no. I can work something else out otherwise.”

“N-no, no. It’s alright. But give more heads up than... how long till she’s here?”

“Thirty or so minutes.”

“More than thirty minutes’ warning and not four in the morning.”

“I know, I know. I got a little overzealous and things just took over. I’ll be sure to make it up to you when we meet up again, okay?”

“Okay.”

“Love you.”

“Love you too,” Aqua says, the call ending.

Kirisha-Kigu hands the phone back over to Kigurumi just as her tentacles unzip herself, unleashing the newest Kigu into the world. The release of energy from the newest convert, having felt their long squirming struggle within her pocket dimension, having finally come to an end, made it feel better than the previous ones, “I love to feel and watch them struggle against it,” she says, reaching out, helping the newest Kigu onto her feet.

Kigurumi smiles, “My thoughts exactly. It’s wonderful to feel and watch one struggle against perfection. It makes the realization that we are indeed perfect all the sweeter.”

“Yes, I couldn’t agree more,” Kigu says, looking at the new Kigu, “Why don’t you make one or two new Kigus and bring them here. I must be off.”

The new Kigu replies, “A wonderful idea,” she says, sauntering off.

Kigurumi reaches out, gently caressing Kirisha-Kigu’s tentacles, letting them twirl in each other’s embrace much like they did when Kirisha-Kigu got them from her transformation, “Take a moment to blend in, but not long, then make Aqua into the perfect Kigu like yourself. After all the practice you’ve had thus far. You won’t have a problem with that will you?” she asks, her tentacles teasing the other Kigu’s tentacle tip.

She shuddered, squeezing the original Kigu’s tentacles, “Of course not. I’m Kigu after all. I can easily take care of this,” she responds with a grin.

“Good,” she replies, withdrawing her tentacles, “I knew I could count on you.”

“You know the saying, if you want a job done right, you do it yourself by making more of yourself,” Kigu giggles.

“My *thoughts* exactly, Kigu, now get to it. Make me proud of you to be me.”

“With pleasure,” Kirisha-Kigu responds, obtaining a cab to bring her home. Along the way, she digs into her now permanent pockets that are part of her person, finding Kirisha’s phone and wallet, “*But I gave this to Kigu... she must have snuck it into my pockets without me noticing. She’s just perfect for such sleight of hands... or tentacles,*” she thinks, opening the wallet, noticing the raptor’s idea, and pictures of her and Aqua. The light blue scaled wingless dragon with ocean blue eyes. She looks shy in the pictures she’s by herself, and a bit more open and loose in the pictures with Kirisha. She runs her fingers across the pictures, memories of herself there, in Kirisha’s spot run through her mind.

“*I remember... myself as I Kigu, entering Kigu. But I have made wonderful Kigus. It’s obvious my...*” she thinks, looking over herself, fingers trailing across her zipper, tentacles wiggling within her internal pocket-dimension, “*I’m going to need more time to process this.*”

She arrives in the middle of the night at her home, a two-story place, a little too big for a couple, but given there is a nice sex dungeon in the basement, it’s not as big as it seems. She approaches the door about to knock, stopping herself. Her tentacles squirm within herself, a building want, need, hunger that she knows well. The sensation that Aqua is alone, she *knows* this, it will be so easy to just *take* her and make her *perfect*. She shakes her head, “*No, have to wait. Practice, control,*” Kigu thinks, moving to press the doorbell.

A few moments pass, her tentacles knot up, the wanting need to just open up and take her lingering in the back of her mind, but she remains calm, firm, the door opening to reveal the dragoness in day clothes that were hastily placed over her silky nightgown, "Hello?... are you the one Kirisha spoke of?" she asks, looking over the strange suit dragon, standing before her.

Kirisha-Kigu smiles, "Yes, and I'm sorry to have bothered you at such a late hour, but it was a set of weird circumstances that led to me being here. I'd explain further, but given this late hour, that it could wait till the morning, yes?"

"That..." Aqua says, being interrupted by a long yawn, "Would be nice. We have a guest room, I'll show you to it..." she asks, looking her over, "Do you have any luggage? Kirisha said you'd be staying a while."

"That's related to why I am here you as I am now."

"Ah, sorry. Right this way," says Aqua, leading her inside. Pictures of them hang on the wall, more altered memories coming back to her.

She eyes Aqua, admiring that cute ass of hers, the tail swaying with each step. She could almost touch it, giving it a playful fun grope like she always did... "*No, no, I need to focus. Focus Kigu,*" she thinks, taken to the guest room, "Thank you. I appreciate the assistance."

"Not a problem... now if you don't mind," she says, letting out another yawn, stretching, her breasts bouncing ever so slightly, "I need to get more sleep."

"Go right ahead. Night," Kigu replies, closing the door behind her. She slips into bed, laying there, tossing, turning, an hour going by, thoughts swimming with the events that transpired today, slowly sinking further back, "*I'm not tired. Why am I lying bed if I am not tired...*" she thinks, sitting back up, feeling that desire within her, the wiggling of her tentacles whenever her thoughts shift over to Aqua, "This doesn't make sense. I should be tired now, but I'm not. I remember being sleepy before as... I am Kigu, I remember myself as Kigu but it's clear that these thoughts, memories of mine are altered. I know, I've done it, and it felt so *good* to do it," she gets up off the bed, slinking out into the living room, back to the pictures of Aqua and her... Her soft suit body making not a creak, each step as soft as a pillow being gently put onto the floor, perfect for sneaking, capturing, converting.

She picks up a photograph of each other, together with other friends, the mirrored dichotomy of what her perception of reality is, and the reality held in her fingers, "*Kigurumi did this to me. I can't change it, and I don't want to change it. Why would I? I am **sexy** and **perfect**, or is that just how I am meant to feel? The others felt the way, the ones I turned, and turning them felt so good, how could it be wrong?*"

She shakes her head, "*Relax Kigu. I just need to think on this. Get a handle of what is happening. If I go and tell her I was Kirisha, that probably won't go well. She just won't understand how **wonderful** it is to be me, to be Kigu. Of course, I could just...*" her tentacles wiggles, running across the zipper on the other side, her free hand caressing that sensitive metal, the desire swelling up within her.

"*No, no. I wouldn't do that to her. Even if she'd approve of it in the end and be a wonderful improvement. She's already a dragon after all... But no that is not who I am... isn't*

it? Kigurumi said to use this time to help me blend in. There's clearly not enough Kigus to be so out in the open... what am I thinking? I just... it's not a bad idea, lovely even, no, no, no," she thinks, shaking her head, putting the picture down, taking a step back, slowly breathing to calm herself, "I'll figure something out. Discern what is me and what's not me. I made all those people into happy, lovely perfect Kigus and that's not bad, but... Aqua is lovely, I called her perfect, I don't think I'd change that stance on a dime. I know my thoughts from before they are different, yet... Relax Kigu. Relax... Kirisha? I imitated her voice perfectly. I pretended to be her so well that Aqua, her life partner, didn't even notice. It makes perfect sense. Easy enough for me to figure out, I am the smart and beautiful Kigu, easy enough for me to figure out."

She takes a deep breath, slinking back into the guest room, *"We'll just play along with what the wonderful Kigurumi suggested till I can get a handle on things."*

The following morning Kigu waits till there's a smell of breakfast emanating from the kitchen. She walks into the kitchen just as Aqua is finishing up some sausage and pancakes breakfast meal, "Morning, Aqua, was it?" she asks, looking over the dragon, her internal tentacles wriggling within her, wanting to just reach out and... grab, "No, no, relax..."

"Yes, and sorry I... can't seem to remember yours."

"Kigu," she says, sitting down at the table, feeling a strange sense of indifference, *"I'm not hungry, but normally I would be hungry at this point. How much did I change for the better?"*

"Kigu, a nice name. So, you met Kirisha last night at a club?" she asks, placing food before her, then serving herself.

"Yes. I'm in business, franchising."

"Franchising? Like fast food restaurants?"

"Sort of. But name branding. I'm very much into branding," she explains, *"Wow I am thinking of this so fast."*

"It's not often she offers her place to stay with someone she just met."

"What can I say? We hit it off very well," she replies with a grin.

"I trust her. Do you know how long are you staying here? Not to be a rude host, but it helps me plan."

"Not fully sure but a week or two? It'll give me time to get my paperwork in order with what happened. The process can get bogged down, I'm sure you can relate."

"Depends on what it was. I was rather tired last night, so what happened?"

"Robbed of all my things. Really dreadful. It'll take a while to get all the credit cards canceled and reset. Luckily, I had nothing planned for a week, a little vacation for me, hopefully I can get it settled. I appreciate the help, you and Kirisha," she says, eating the food before her, feeling no satiating from her *hunger* as her body craves something other than the food of *lesser* beings. It is felt running through her, not spoken, but it's there, the driving instincts.

"That's just terrible. Especially for, well I've never seen a dragon like you. I see you're manufactured but moving like... are you a living suit?"

"That's the easiest way to explain it yes."

“I can see why Kirisha would find you fascinating. She has such curious interests. But if you need anything don’t be afraid to let me know. We still have a landline so you can call my place of work if you need anything.”

“A landline? Really?”

“It was Kirisha’s thing. She thinks it’s a good way to have a backup to call someone.”

“Smart woman,” she replies, thinking, “*Even smarter now... relax Kigu. Blend in,*” she smiles, eating more, “This is very good.”

“Thanks. Anyway, I must get ready for work. Even if Kirisha is going to be away from the restaurant, that means I’ll have to make sure everything is working. So, while you’re here, you’re free to look around, though the basement is off limits, okay?”

“Got it. I’ll be respectful of this place as if it were my own,” she says with a smile, “*Because it is.*”

Aqua smiles, “Thank you. Now if you don’t mind, I have to get ready for work.”

“Good luck at work,” Kigu says, admiring Aqua as she walks away, her tentacles wiggling within her, thoughts of just snatching her into herself, allowing her to feel just how *great* it feels to be her. She pushes it down, relaxing, taking the moment to clean things up.

“You have a good day!” yells Aqua.

Kigu waves to her, “You too,” she replies, hiding the fact she’s watching her leave.

Aqua smiles, waving to their next-door neighbor, who is working on a motorcycle, “Morning Raymond. Having issues with your bike again?”

The brown haired anthropomorphic male stingray pops his head from over the brush, “Yeah, love her, but when you get an oldie, it’s not always a goodie,” he chuckles, brushing his hair away from his green eyes, “How’s the internet? Everything running just fine?”

“It is, and if I have any issues, I’ll be sure to give you a buzz. Oh, before I forget. I have someone staying at my place. So, if you see a giant fuzzy dragon in there. Don’t worry, I know.”

“Got it. You have a good day Aqua.”

“You too,” she replies, getting into her car and driving off.

Kigu watches from the windows, eyeing Raymond before pulling away, “Okay. Now I’ll just relax. Blend in. Get to know myself,” she mutters, gently running across her zipper, shuddering in delight, “Sensitive, yes, I know that” she feels her tentacles running across the other side of the zipper, and no matter how much they press up against her inner skin, the suit doesn’t show any bulging, “How very curious... I bet I could allow it but I don’t want to,” she says, her claws gently caress her body more, smooth chest, smooth crotch, “I remember the breasts, my sex... gone. I’m not bothered by it, even though I enjoyed them. How very strange yet, I feel better as I am now, as Kigu. My previous name, Kirisha... feels hollow. It *was* my name,” she mutters, moving about through her house.

An hour later she feels a vibration in her pocket, she pulls out the phone, noticing a number she doesn’t know, but reads the text, “Remember. Blend in. Be a good Kigu now and do what we do. Love, Kigu~~”

She reads Kigu's words. They bounce into her mind, caressing the back of her thoughts, which makes her tentacles wiggled and squirm within herself, when the phone rings, showing Aqua calling.

Kigu responds in Kirisha's voice, "Hello hun. Sorry I haven't called. How are you holding up?"

"I'm fine. I just need to access the safe and I can't remember the number."

"4521643."

"That's it, thank you."

"How was Kigu by the way? Did everything go alright?"

"Everything went well. She said she'll be there for about two weeks after the robbery?"

"She is. I hope that's okay sweetie."

"I trust your judgment of character. She seems friendly enough."

Kigu grins, "She is very friendly. And I'm sorry I can't be around. I'll be sure to make it up to you."

"I know you will. Love you."

"Love you too," Kigu replies, hanging the phone, voice returning to normal, "I don't want to lie to you," she mutters, the wiggle of tentacles within her, caressing the inside of her zipper, "*Could just make her into a lovely Kigu mate. Then it'll be fine. No need to lie...*" the thought wonders into her head. She shakes it out, "No, no, no. I don't want to do that. I could ask her... I mean how could anyone refuse this level of perfection and sexiness? But no. She's in love with the old me and that will cloud her judgment. She wouldn't accept it. And I don't want to hurt her. I love her too much for that, more than I love how good I look," she says, running her claws along her side, caressing her hips.

Sauntering over to the computer she boots it up, and without thinking about it, she types in, kigurumi.kigu.kigu bringing her to a 'dark web' network connection of others that have been turned into Kigus like herself. She registers herself to the network Kirisha-Kigu but that isn't accepted, "Hmm, strange..." she mutters, trying Kigu#001, not accepted only because the name has already been taken. She continues till it stops at Kigu#031. A little bit of enjoyment within her, as she then thinks, "*I hope there's more than that... but nice to be one of the originals. To have more opportunity to make more...*" her tentacles squirm within her, her hunger to spread, convert, make more Kigus growing within her. Flashes of her taking Aqua, drawing her into her body and...

She shakes her head, panting, "No, no, no. That I-I can't," she says, going onto the forums and making a post about it, simply asking, "How do you control the urges to make more of us?"

Kigu-Prime responds quickly, "By making more of us of course."

"What if the time isn't right?"

"Make the right time."

The weight of it sunk into her, the next two days going by without incident, but the hunger, the desire growing. She found herself spending a few hours the previous night just...

staring at Aqua. The zipper drawing down, a tentacle slithering out, eager to just reach out... grab, take.

There's no thumping of a heart, simply this wiggling desire in every fiber of her suit being to take... convert, grab, perhaps put into bondage and have fun downstairs and... She takes a step back; she slinks back into the guest room to pretend to sleep. Sending texts to Aqua via her Kirisha phone to keep her relaxed and not worried that she isn't there.

At the breakfast table Aqua says, "Are you okay Kigu?"

She jumps a bit, "Huh? Oh, yeah, just a lot on my mind you know, with the police filings and all."

"It's terrible to lose all your stuff like that, but Kirisha and I are here for you. We take care of each other and those in need," she says, reaching over grabbing Kigu's hand.

She smiles, "Thanks, it means a lot to me... it truly does," she replies, "*So simple to grab her now. Pull her in. End this charade. She's concerned about the old me. She loved that. She'll love the new me... she'll...*" Kigu pulls her hand away, complimenting her on the food, eating merely for show.

Aqua leaves for another day of work, waving to Raymond, who is still working on his bike, muttering to himself as something falls off and rolls down the driveway, "Dang it... hey Aqua. Good luck at work."

"Off today or another work at home day?"

"Amazingly, I am off today," he says, stumbling to pick up the bike part.

"Enjoy your day off."

"Thanks! Now if I can only get this bike to run," he grumps, going back to it.

Kigu eyes Raymond, her tentacles wither in delight, a warm sensation in her crotch that sinks deep within her body, making her desire grow, "*I just need to keep my mind off of it. Perhaps if I go back to the forums and continue to inquire more. Others that know more than me can give me advice. As long as I don't make it seem like I'm trying to avoid making lovely and perfect Kigus...*"

She steps back, going back to the computer, entering the website and... 404 error, please check your internet connection. She tenses, trying again, rebooting the computer, anything she's doing, isn't working, "Damn, damn, damn. Why now? I need guidance. I need a way to control myself, so I am not out of control!" she grumbles, fidgeting when it hits her.

"Raymond. He knows how to get the internet back. I'll ask him. He knows I am here and won't suspect a thing. All I'll need to do is relax and take this one step at a time." She gets up, heading outside, "Hey, Raymond, was it?" she asks, calling out to him.

Raymond lifts his head, surprised to see what appears to be a living suit dragon before him. Zipper along the belly, purple fuzz body, with predatory eyes, but a friendly smile, "Uh, hello, yes, my name is Raymond, what's up?"

"I hate to be a bother, but I was trying to submit some documents for my work, and the internet suddenly gave out. I tried rebooting the computer and checking the connections, but its still out."

“Must be the router again.”

“Could you take a look when you get a moment? This is Aqua and Kirisha’s place, and I don’t want to go searching for the router. But I overheard you helped them earlier with it, so I thought... well you know,” she explains.

“Not a problem. Let me get cleaned up, and I’ll head right over. Thirty minutes, okay?”

“That would be just great, thank you,” she replies, heading back inside, continuing down the minutes with a slow and steady pacing, “Relax Kigu. You can control this. He’ll be here to help. Then be right out. After that you can talk to the other Kigus on ways to stay calm, collected and in control,” she mutters, when there’s a knock on the door. Tentacles squirming and wiggling along and against each other, squeezing one another, in wonton need and lust, but Kigu appears calmed, collected, opening the door to let Raymond in, “Please come in. And I hope you know where the router is? For I sure don’t.”

“I do,” he says, heading down to the computer room, “So you’re staying here a few days?” he asks.

“A week or two, yes,” she replies, following him, her stomach feeling so empty, the hunger building up with each step, “*No one will know. He’s alone. He’s not Aqua. What’s the harm? He’ll love being us, a Kigu.*”

“I have to know. How’s it like living with the two? I know it’s been only a few days, but I hear stories of how wild those two gals can get.”

She raises an eyebrow, “What do you mean?”

“They’re lovers you know. Mates, Wife and wife. A lovely couple. They run a lesbian bar and restaurant downtown. I got invited to it once, it was rather nice. If a bit... awkward.”

“Awkward, how so?”

Raymond blushes, “Hard for a man to see so many lovely ladies at once you know? Nothing happened of course. They are such a sweet albeit kinky couple.”

“That bad?” she asks, watching him get underneath the desk, starting his work on the router, “*Just grab him. He’s right there...*” her tentacles run across the zipper, trying to pull it down, while her hand holds it up.

“No, hardly. Makes me a bit envious, but the life of a geek tech is never easy.”

Kigu crosses her arms, “Is that why you want to ride a motorcycle, to get the ladies?” she asks, the tentacles now getting the upper hand, opening the zipper slowly, while she turns away to keep him from seeing what’s happening, “*Come on... keep it in Kigu... keep him...*”

“That’s a fun hobby, but if one comes my way, I wouldn’t mind of course,” he says, checking the connection, “Ah, what I thought. Your router overheated and needed to be restarted. Tell them they need to put it in a cooler place if they want to prevent this issue in the future,” he says, doing one last final check underneath the desk.

“I’ll tell them that...” she, says, and with sudden burst she pulls down the last third of the zipper, her purple tentacles whipping out, wrapping around the stingray’s body, “And You’ll become perfect and sexy and get all the ladies you want in return,” Kigu says with a smile.

“Hey! What are you do...” Raymond’s words are cut off by the charcoal tasting tentacle that wraps around his muzzle, muffling his words as he’s gripped easily by these surprisingly overpowering yet soft tentacles.

His eyes go wide, looking into an empty void within the suit dragon of which the half dozen tentacles sprung out from. His body dragged over; hands already pulled against his body as the tentacles coiled around him a dozen times within mere moments.

Kigu moans, feeling the pleasure of another person being wrapped around her wiggling soft tentacles, “Yes... this feels *perfect*,” she moans, drawing Raymond into her body, and despite his much larger size, he disappears into her within ease, trapping the guy into the void of her body, filling her once again.

“This feels almost as good as the first one I took... waiting does make the hunger grow stronger, and the release all the better,” Kigu says, zippering herself up.

Raymond watches the light and the view of the outside world disappear from view, his clothes melting away, revealing his naked blue and white naked form. His tail whips around frantically before it too is wrapped in by another tentacle, while he helplessly floats in the void. The tentacles push into Raymond’s mouth, while a tingling sensation rushes through him.

No matter how hard he struggles, he can’t break free from the tentacles and this empty space. Trapped in an endlessness nothingness, and soft fabric, he hangs there, skin growing darker, purple, softer. The rubbery feel of his skin fading as a thought pop into his head, a whisper, his thoughts but different, his masculine inner monologue replaced by the voice of Kigu, yet part of him knows that his voice is not the one holding him here but his own, “*I’ll be perfect. We’ll be one of many Kigus. So sexy. So handsome. So perfect. We’ll get all the ladies.*”

Raymond tries to resist, trying to say, “No! I was already handsome! I was going to get the ladies!” but the words are muffled and lost, losing more meaning and strength weakening Raymond’s resolve.

“Kirisha was taken in by a Kigu. Think of all the sexy women you can make even more perfect like yourself. Like us Kigus.”

Raymond struggled and groaned, his long body wings that are as much of a blessing as a frustration for him fade away, melting into his form, his skin now so soft, chest smooth. His male slit melding into a smooth blank crotch. He feels his voice box shift, his sense of self shift further away from Raymond, becoming ever more agreeable to his Kigu persona, his Kigu self, his *perfect* self.

Horns sprout from his head, the blue cheek fuzz forming, the tail with the spikes, with shoulder and tail fuzz that matches... her cheeks. Becoming a perfect clone, a perfect Kigu like the one surrounding her.

Kirisha-Kigu meanwhile shudders, moans, gripping the nearby chair, feeling the transformation taking place within her. How wonderful it feels, with such an energy that its worth a hundred climaxes. She runs her claws along her zipper, enjoying the feeling, reminding herself just what she is, that she is Kigu and this is what Kigus do.

Raymond-Kigu gives in further to the voice that becomes her own, *“I am Kigu... I am becoming perfect. I can get so many girls now. Make them perfect... anyone really and make them perfect. So handsome, clever, smart, just... like... me.”*

The acceptance growing within her, two tentacles from the void come with a zipper that latches onto her body. Each inch of it placed upon her, feels wonderful. The birth of her own pocket dimension. The new sensation of it overrides all other sexual pleasures she could have experienced in her old life, now replaced with something so much better. The zipper is pulled down by the tentacles, greeted by her own. The touch, hold, and caress one another, building up the pleasure within each of them.

Kirisha-Kigu pants, aches, regaining composure, feeling the transformation is nearly complete within her. A post Kigu-transformation clarity. She squeezes the fellow Kigu’s tentacles, enjoying the sensation so much, loving the feel of someone in her, becoming... her. Her strength growing, becoming a little more powerful as she feeds on the energy of the transformation, of the essence of the stingray as he’s made perfect.

The time comes, she unzippers, knowing on a deep instinctual level when the Kigu within her is complete. Raymond-Kigu winces at the bright light, her green eyes the only lingering thing about the former stingray as he’s pulled out of Kirisha-Kigu with a new and better understanding of the world around her. She is pulled out, a perfect sexy clone of the Kigu before her. Raymond-Kigu says, “That was a rush.”

“I know it is,” Kirisha-Kigu responds.

“Thank you for that, I feel so much better and perfect now.”

“I know you do,” she replies with a grip, zipping herself up, and pulling up her sister Kigu’s zipper, “But one thing I want you to know,” she says, moving in closer.

“What is it, lovely Kigu?” asks Raymond-Kigu.

She grabs her newly formed clone by the hands, holding them tight, a look of seriousness showing in her eyes, that hint of a raptor predation history, showing through only for a moment, “Aqua is my mate. She is *mine*. You will not touch her. And she must not see you as Kigu at any time. I do not want her to suspect what is going on. Do I make myself *clear*?”

Raymond-Kigu nods, a little surprised by understanding by the sudden turn of events, “Of course Kigu. I completely understand.”

She smiles, “Good. I knew you’d get it. You’re smart and clever.”

“You should know, I am you,” she responds, looking over her new body.

“I know you’ll be able think of something. You are a smart one after all,” Kirisha-Kigu says, running her finger across the new Kigu’s chin, giving a little kiss.

Raymond-Kigu leans into it, “Hmm, of course. Thank you Kigu for showing me the way to a better me.”

“Of course, we are perfect. But remember. No one, and none you make into lovely Kigus can touch Aqua. Got it?”

“I got it. You can trust me. I’d never take away the pleasure of another Kigu’s prey from them.”

Kirisha-Kigu relaxes, “Good. Thank you for the router help.”

“Any time,” she says, leaving Kirisha-Kigu to sit into the chair, relax, and recover from the wonderful high of what just happened, “That felt so good... but... I can’t let Aqua know. Not yet. The time isn’t right. I need to do better, I need to get control over this,” she says, getting back onto the forums, inquiring about ways to keep calm, collected and in control such as in a big crowd and she hasn’t made any new lovely Kigus in a while.

While that happens a newly registered user Kigu#033 messages KiguPrime, “I’m a new Kigu. And I wanted to know if it’s normal for us to covet our prey so other Kigus can’t have them? In this case it’s their mate, but I want to know.”

KiguPrime replies, “It can happen. But tell me more about how this particular Kigu is acting. I do love a struggle...”

The following days, Kirisha-Kigu monitored Aqua. Her surprise not to see Raymond there to greet her in the morning, feeling a slight reprieve when she brushes it off as “Must be at work”. But with each day there’s that concern and worry about Kirisha and the hunger that grows within her roommate.

Kigu watches her lover leave, the concern of her catching on growing, but also that sensation within her, “*Convert her. Make her perfect. She’ll love you even more once she’s a Kigu like you.*”

She watches Aqua leave, silently thinking about what it would feel like to have her tentacles slither across Aqua’s body, having her change, becoming as great as her... She steps back, her claws gently caressing her zipper, “No, no. I still don’t know how to let her know about this. How can I? I know she’ll overreact. This is a good thing. A wonderful thing, but I know Aqua better than anyone, she’d not understand.”

“Have her understand. Have her be you.”

Kigu takes a deep breath, slowly releasing it, unzipping herself, “I need to think clearly. It’s been some time since I made another lovely Kigu. I don’t want to convert Aqua because I can’t control myself. I want to do it in control, that is if I do it...”

“In time...”

Her tentacles slipped out of her body, slithering across her arms, hands. She squeezed them, moaning softly, feeling the soft tenderness they are, the thin layer of juice that is on each fiber of the tentacle, which makes sliding across any victim’s body all the easier and the key to the Kigu transformation process. It’s an instinctive knowledge that she knows the feel all too well.

She groans, squeezing the tentacle, letting one slip into her mouth. She suckles it, embracing it, letting it slip into her, her body no longer needing to even breath, allowing for a more in-depth experience as memories flash in her mind, the faintest hints of her true memory of becoming a Kigu from the raptor she once ways.

She moans, letting the tentacles slip in deeper into her mouth, eyes rolling into the back of her head, suckling firmly, enjoying the charcoal taste while her tentacles slip and squeeze around her body as if to grab and draw her into herself to make another Kigu. Kigu

transformation fantasies flutter through her mind as she lays on a bed, simply enjoying herself, trying to edge out enough enjoyment to clear her mind. It's worked before... but each time its less filling. Even now as fantasies go through her mind, switching between people she's transformed into a Kigu, and those she could, people she knows, eventually stopping on Aqua, as she hears her voice.

"Yes Kigu, turn me into one of you! I want to be a Kigu!" Aqua exclaims.

She snaps out of it, drawing her tentacles back into herself, zipping herself back up. She pants, sitting up, rubbing her head, "I need to get a hold of myself. This is no way for me to act. I'm better than that. I am Kigu. I am perfect," she takes a slow breath that is more of an instinctual action of her past self than what she needs to do now, "*Not needing to breathe, eat, sleep? I am so much better now but still... I need control over myself. I am the lure, the... I need to have another. Just one more. I can only do it solo for so long. It's not cutting it anymore. Just one more and then I will better know what to do. The other Kigus are being helpful, but I am just ultra-perfect. I can figure some things out that they can't,*" she thinks, grinning, using Kirisha's phone to order a delivery from a small local restaurant, using the random delivery drivers not associated with the restaurant itself.

"That will do it," she mutters, grinning to herself, "I'm just too smart for my own good," she says, brushing her behind the jawbone blue fur.

The delivery person, a silver wingless anthropomorphic dragon by the name of Kiru. His soft features, give him a rather feminine look. His blue chest scales hinted at under his shirt. In his hands is the simple small order of food as he checks his phone, making sure this is the right place, "Kigu, hmm name is close to mine," he mutters in a soft shy voice, approaching the door knocking. The only big distinctive thing about him is a collar around his neck that has a heart shape across the front with a blue crescent moon and star held within as a tag. His soft blue eyes look around as he waits.

"A cute femmy dragon. How wonderful," Kigu thinks, opening the door, "Hello"

"Hello, a Miss Kigu? I have your order," he says, looking over at the strange sight of a person in a suit, "Is this the right house? I apologize if I caught you in the middle of something."

"Easy prey," she thinks, opening the door wider, "Actually you came at the right time. I am rather hungry but... my zipper is stuck. Could you come in and help me out of it? I am a suit maker you see and I was testing out my new lovely suit here and... well you know," she eyes the zipper.

"Oh. Well, I'm not supposed to go inside someone's home."

"I'm just asking for a little bit of help. I hope that is okay? You can't just leave me trapped in this sexy thing, now, can you?"

Kiru blushes, hearing her voice, drawn to it a little, "Well, I suppose not," he says, stepping inside, the door being closed behind him.

"Thank you so much, I really appreciate this. I'll be sure to leave you an extra big tip for this."

“Not a problem miss,” Kiru says, the dragon putting the food on the stand beside the couch, going over to the large plush dragon, grabbing the zipper, “This zipper Miss?”

“Yes, that one,” she says, hiding her glee at how wonderful everything is going, “*This is just too easy.*”

Kiru tugs down on the zipper, but it doesn’t budge, “Huh, little thing is stuck.”

“Exactly, why I needed your help.”

“Not a problem Miss,” he says, struggling to get it down when suddenly it gives way, the zipper sliding all the way down, “Got it!” he exclaims as the tentacles quickly wrap around him, and before the dragon could even react, he’s yanked into Kigu’s body.

“No, I got you,” Kigu chuckles in delight, gasping in wonder as her tentacles have longed for another fresh victim to transform into another Kigu. She shivers, zippering herself back up, locking the helpless dragon within her. She gently teases her zipper, leaning back into the couch, “This feels so good. Not sure why I am holding back so much... as long as I take others, I can have all the time in the world for Aqua...” she mutters, shuddering as her tentacles slithering across the dragon’s chest and wings, penetrating his mouth, his rear, melting away his clothes, starting to transform him from within.

Kiru struggles and groans, unsure what has happened, hanging upside down within the Kigu’s body, he looks for some way out, some way to... “*Damn this is sexy,*” he thinks, only having envisioned a tentacle rape in his dreams, and now it’s a reality and it feels hotter than he’d ever expect, only taken out of the moment of shock, awe, and arousal when the light from the outside world fades leaving him in an ambient light that envelops him. He suckles down the tentacle, squeezing it as it penetrates into him, “*Where did my clothes go?*” he wonders, hearing a response.

“*Kigu doesn’t need clothes. We don’t need clothes. Why would we want to hide our perfect bodies?*”

Kiru shudders, squirming, feeling a tingle across his scales as they soften and change, becoming deeper in color, more purple, his dragon wings melding away into his body, “*Perfect bodies?*” he calls out to the voice that sounds like the Kigu that took him in.

“*We are perfect, and it is going to be wonderful, isn’t it? To be me, to be Kigu.*”

Kiru shudders, his horns shifting in color, the dragon changing up with each passing moment. The spread across his belly scales leading to this new change, from one flat chest to another. He feels his arousal growing, his kinks, fetishes, kinking in yet before his arousal could be shown between his legs, the tentacles make short work of his crotch smoothing out into purple soft fuzz, which only makes everything worse for him.

“*Fuck this is hot.*”

The Kigu voice responds, “*We are hot. We are sexy. We are perfect.*” Truer words have never been thought within Kigu’s mind. The weak-willed feminine dragon. His submissive nature being used against him to transform him, condition him, make him into who she is now. A perfect copy of the Kigu that was so clever enough to capture his simple-minded self.

It's so obvious this is a step up, a new level for her. She is becoming smarter, better, sexier, and the only thing now running through her mind is, "*My love Ele will love being a Kigu. She should be a Kigu too. She's so perfect to be a Kigu that I will do it now... once I am out, once I am free. Once I am completed and a perfect Kigu like all other Kigus. I will make her... me,*" Kiru-Kigu thinks, his body quickly giving way to the transformation.

Kirisha Kigu curls her toes, enjoying the feeling, relaxing slowly as she senses the one within her giving way into becoming a Kigu, "Even though I haven't had one in a while... this one didn't feel as good... was it because he didn't struggle as much?" Suddenly her phone rings, causing her to stumble to answer, catching who it is at the last moment, "H-hello," she says, voice shifting toward Kirisha quickly but with a hint of difficulty.

"Kirisha? Are you okay?"

"Y-yeah, yeah. I am just a little tired. Been very busy."

"Your voice sounds a little off. Do you need me to come to you?"

"No, no. I'll be fine. Just missing you love."

"I miss you too. How much longer do you think you'll be out?"

"Just a few more days. How's the restaurant running?"

"We could really use you love."

"I know, and I appreciate the work you are doing. I'll be sure to make it up to you."

"You better," she says with a soft huff.

"I will, love you."

"Love you too," Aqua replies, hanging up.

She has a moment of relief, relaxing once more, "*I do love how they struggle and squirm within me, those feel the best,*" she thinks, rubbing her chin, knowing the time is soon upon her to release the new Kigu into the world. Steadily she pulls down the zipper, the new Kigu slinking out of her body, the relief of the sensation to have made another is a glorious sensation, yet still this one left her wanting for more... to go out to find more... squirming prey.

Kiru-Kigu stretches, and runs her claws along her new zipper, "This is such a wonderful feeling, being a Kigu," she says, taking the other Kigu's hand, being helped up by her, the two-standing face to face, the only difference is the former scaled dragon's eyes are a soft blue color.

"I'm always pleased to have another Kigu around, but I will state," she says firmly, moving in close, "There is a dragon who lives here by the name of Aqua. She is mine. Do not touch her, do you understand?" she asks, running a claw along Kiru-Kigu's zipper.

Kiru-Kigu shudders, looking over at the pictures that have Aqua, "I understand. But you leave my Ele alone then. She'll be mine to take."

She grins, "Of course, you can take her if you wish, at least we Kigus can come to an understanding and agreement then."

"Good. Thank you for bringing my meal," says Kirisha-Kigu, licking her lips, "You were delicious. Good luck on spreading the perfection of being a Kigu."

"I will. I love how you helped perfect me Kigu."

“You’re welcomed, but now if you don’t mind, I have some things to do,” she says, gently running her claws along the other’s zipper, playing with the tag, she looks over, noticing the Kigu’s collar, the only thing that seemed to have survived the transformation process, “How cute, and good luck Kigu.”

She saunters over to the door, looking over her shoulder, “I don’t need luck, I am Kigu,” she replies with a sly grin, departing.

Kirisha-Kigu takes a moment to relax, gently caressing her zipper, “*That felt good... but that left me wanting. I Need more. I could draw a person here, but I might need someone bigger than that. I could go out... maybe... yes I could...*” she shakes her head, “I’ll control this. I am Kigu. I command myself, and own destiny, for I am too smart, sexy, and **perfect** to not to,” she says with a grin, as the next several days will put that resolve to the test...

A few days later, Aqua awakes to the smell of breakfast being made. She yawns, leaning against the door frame, “Kirisha is that you?” she calls out, her blurred morning vision clearing to find Kigu cooking.

“Sorry, just me. I thought with the stress you’re under that I could cook you up some breakfast for once.”

Aqua feels a soft sinking sensation in her gut, but puts on a smile, “Oh, thank you Kigu. That’s very sweet of you.”

“The least I can do. I appreciate the time you’ve put up with me.”

“Put up? I wouldn’t say that. You’ve been rather easy to be with,” she replies, sitting down.

“I really appreciate that. I made some Monte Cristo sandwiches. French toast bread variant. I hope you like it,” she says, “*I know you do, it's our favorite.*”

“Oh, thank you. I actually love it a lot, it's something Kirisha and I both enjoy...” she says trailing off.

“Is that so? I just made it on a whim, I hope that is okay.”

“Oh, it's fine, it's just... I hope she comes back soon.”

“I’m sure she will soon, and I’ll be done soon myself. I appreciate the place, but I can’t stay forever you know.”

“Take all the time you need,” she says, taking a bite of the meal, “This is wonderful, this is just like how, Kirisha makes it...” she says, trailing off again.

“It is? Well, I used what I found around the place, I hope you don’t mind. Maybe that’s why it tastes so similar?”

“Yeah, probably.”

“Another long work day today?”

“Extra-long, double shift, one of the other girls called in sick.”

“I’m so sorry to hear that. If there is anything I can do to help,” she replies, “*I hate to see you so overworked like this love. I will make it up to you I promise. By making you one of...*” she resists the tentacle urges within her body, sitting down to eat her own sandwich.

“I appreciate it, but I can’t ask you for that, also Kirisha is the hiring manager, so I don’t have the authority to do that,” she says with a smile, “But thank you. Just know I’ll be a little late, and that my return home doesn’t wake you.”

“Don’t worry about it,” she replies, bidding her a good day.

Aqua goes to her car, looking over in the direction where Raymond is, seeing him dressed up in his heavy biker’s uniform, that covers his entire body, including a thick scarf and goggles, and helmet, “Raymond! I haven’t seen you in a while, is the bike working?” she asks.

Raymond-Kigu shakes her head, imitating her old voice, “No, not yet but soon.”

Aqua gives him a curious look, “Isn’t it a little warm to wear all that?”

“It’s somewhat... motivating is all.”

“Oh... okay,” she says, slinking into her car, thinking, “*Things have been weird recently... maybe I’m just working too hard.*”

Kirisha-Kigu watches Aqua leave. Feeling the tentacles within her wiggle and squirm, her body aching for more. She runs her claws along her zipper, “If I get a big score tonight. I’m sure I’ll be more in control. This desire I am in control for I am a powerful, sexy, **perfect** Kigu. Not the other way around,” she stretches, “I’ll get a clear head. And then I’ll know what to do. How to tell Aqua, perhaps get her to come willingly to become a Kigu like me. But for now, I must wait and set everything up. It’s good to plan ahead,” she says, pulling out Kirisha’s phone.

Later that night at the local bar called “The Cat’s Call” Kigu sits at the main bar, having a drink, noticing that the alcohol isn’t affecting her in the slightest, “*How wonderful it is to be me. To be Kigu,*” she thought, taking a moment to monitor the room.

“*So many potential Kigus. Which to pick? I’d loved one that might have some spice to them. Struggle. Those make more powerful Kigus, like me,*” she thought, sipping her drink some more, the night continuing a bit longer. Her gaze darts from one person to the next, her tentacles wiggling within her body, “*I could just take one in the bathroom, it would be quick, easy... no, no, too easy for people to notice us multiplying. Not enough of us yet for that,*” she thinks, processing every move, thinking more like a Kigu on the hunt, more like how she should be thinking.

Then suddenly someone catches her eye, a black furred, yellow haired feline, dressed in a suave manner. A bit too nice for this place but not so nice that he couldn’t still be here. Their eyes met briefly and in that moment, she winked at him.

The cat’s ear twitched, folding and shifting around, paying attention to all the noise in front of him. He grabs his whisky glass on the rocks, walking over to her, thinking, “*What a strange person. She... he? Got my attention, can’t hurt to get to know, a bit about someone who wears a suit in public.*” He walks over to her, looking at the empty seat, “Is this seat taken?”

Kigu smirks, “It is, by you,” she says with another playful wink, “Another whisky for my friend here.”

The feline sits down on the stool, tail swishing, eyeing his drink, then looking over her unique soft plush-like body, “*She is indeed interesting,*” he thinks, “Someone’s confident with themselves.”

“When you’re me, you’re always confident,” she replies, taking a sip of her drink.

“Touché. Though you got me curious, I’ve never seen anyone quite like you before.”

“You haven’t? Well, it’s hard to beat as someone as, unique and perfect as I am,” she says, moving in a little closer, sending off an aura of confidence and intrigue, “But you’re not bad yourself. I don’t see many of you around.”

“Oh, what, me? A cat you mean?”

“Cats are a dime a dozen, but you’re a cut above them, aren’t you?”

“Well, I don’t mean to brag,” he says, smirking, “But it’s hard to compete with the best,” he says, taking a sip of his drink, “*Man I even surprised myself with that line. I don’t care what she is. I haven’t been lucky in a while, and if this keeps up, I don’t care if she’s some person in a plush suit, this is going to be my night.*”

“I know the feeling. When you’re like me. Perfection is so hard to keep up but it is worth it. But then when it’s natural...” she sips her drink, “*Such easy prey, but then there is a level of feistiness in him. Like he won’t give into being as wonderful as me so quickly. How exciting,*” she thought, looking over him.

“No offense, but you are rather full of yourself, aren’t you?”

“I find that I often enjoy being very full of myself, in a way more than you can know,” she explains, leaning over, running her hand across his, “Of course if you want, I can show you just how good being full of me can really be like,” she continues with a playful wink.

Axel finishes his drink just as the second one comes sliding in front of him, “Are you suggesting that I slip into that suit of yours and see just what you are really hiding?”

Kigu’s tentacles twist and turn within herself, “Exactly.”

“But we’ve just met, don’t you think we’re going a little fast? I still have to finish my drink.”

“Enjoy it, savor it, then I can savor you,” she replies, licking her lips, finishing her drink, “What do you say?”

Axel swirls his drink, letting it clink in his paw, “That is a proposal I can get behind. But I must admit, I know people who enjoy suiting, but never have I seen one as fascinating as yours, and to take yours with such grace in handling yourself.”

“As I said, I am perfect, allowing me to do more than what others think can be done and oh so much more,” she says, her fingers dancing around her now empty glass, “I will guarantee that I am my own unique experience, no matter how many there are like me,” she explains.

“No matter how many others are like you?” he asks, taking a sip, “Are you saying are there more like yourself?”

“A matter of speaking, yet I am the only *me*, as it were.”

“And who is this me, I am speaking to. One who offers me a place to get to know you under the suit, without even knowing my name. It’s Axel by the way.”

“Kigu, and charmed to meet you Axel,” she says, taking the moment to let him enjoy his drink, small talk continuing on for a bit longer till he finished, easing him to come with her to a local hotel room that she already rented out.

Axel looks at the four-star hotel, admiring everything while heading up to her room, “Are you out of town?”

“You could say I’m somewhat local but haven’t fully settled into my place yet. So this is a good in between place as I do my business.”

“Into business? Is that why you hide that face of yours?” he asks.

Kigu opens the door, stepping inside, holding the door for him, “Who says I’m hiding anything?” she asks, the feline walking into the room, taking a look around, “For a place of temporary stay, this is a nice little place you have here.”

“It’s only for a night before I settle into some place better,” she explains, locking the door, sliding onto the massive soft bed, laying across the bed, posing like someone about to be painted in a vain attempt to capture her perfection.

Axel starts to undress, *“She might be a bit of a slut, but who cares. It’s been a while since I got a little something. Something about her is so alluring that I can’t get her out of my head. If anything, this will be a nice one night stand. You got this Axel. Just focus a bit more, we’re almost to the final stretch where it won’t matter anymore,”* he thinks, stalking out of the bathroom, butt naked toward the bed. He slowly hops on, his butt in the air, wiggling as if ready to pounce, “Not undressing?”

“But I am undressed. What you see is what you get, pure and utter *perfection*,” she replies, running her claws along her belly.

“You know they say don’t stick your dick in crazy, but I am crazy about having a fun night, so it cancels out,” he thinks, pouncing her, running his hands around her smooth velvet skin, “Oh, alright then, guess I’ll have to take you as you are,” he says, his arousal growing, the pink feline flesh poking up against Kigu’s body, twitching when he feels the cool zipper against his length.

“Unless you have some SPH, this might get a little awkward.”

Kigu gently runs her claws through the feline’s fur, her tentacles within squirming, aching, wanting to reach out and grab him, pull him into her, convert him into a more perfect version of himself... She nuzzles up against him, nibbling his lips, keeping him distracted, “I could just unzip, so the real fun can begin. It’s the only hole worth mentioning that I have,” she replies with a wink.

“Wait... when does a suit wink... oh the more advanced ones do. This person does go all out,” Axel thinks, gently grinding against her, “That sounds good by me.”

She grabs her zipper tag, the anticipation building up within her, toes curling, moaning softly, whispering into Axel’s ear, “That sounds perfect, and soon you will be too.”

Axel’s ear twitches, “What do you mean by...” his words trail off, expecting to at least hope to see some shy hot girl within the suit as its unzipped, the roar of metal teeth unlatching only reveals several soft plush tentacles whipping out and around him. “What the fuck!” he exclaims, leaping back but is only grabbed by the tentacles coiling around him.

“You are becoming perfect and slipping into me. Exactly what I’ve been saying,” Kigu says, running her hand across Axel’s chin.

He pulls his head away, legs spread as far as he can, claws digging into Kigu, struggling against the powerful pull of the tentacles, “What are you trying to do?! This is not right. I like tentacles but...” he stiffens more, grunting against the tug, about to call out for help when one of the tentacles slithers their way into his mouth, having him taste the charcoal flavored velvet tentacle.

“I told you. I was completely upfront and honest, you’ll be perfect, you’ll be me,” she says, admiring his struggle, enjoying the pull back against her. Her pleasure rising, watching the feline squirm. Her delight increases, making her moan out louder, gasping out, *“He’s struggling so much. So hard. This is great. I love how this feels. When they struggle, it feels so much better,”* she thinks, looking at her tentacles sliding across the feline’s body, filling his mouth. Wrapping across his hips, running across his crotch, teasing the feline cock, feeling the length starting to shrink.

The sensation and transformation tingles across the feline’s body. The pleasure of his teased length is forced down, shrinking, becoming more condensed, as he bucks and squirms, fighting hard against the pull, shaking his head, while the transformation spreads within him, *“Give in. Become perfect. Slip in and let it happen. You want to be so handsome, so perfect.”*

He struggles against it, fighting the delight, the pleasure, his black fur starting to change and shift, becoming purple. His eyes widen, noticing his whiskers melting away into nothing while his body changes, and shifts further, his struggle growing all the fiercer, trying to yank himself away, tear from these powerful tentacles, that now slip into his rear, working to seal up his own holes, spreading the purple fuzz around, making his arousal pleasure bubble up within him.

“He’s transforming outside of me. I didn’t know that could happen... which means I could watch her struggle and become me... this feels so good. I could only imagine how it feel if Aqua...” she tensed, the pleasure of the moment growing her tentacles pulling hard against the feline’s strength, finally breaking his grip on her sides, pulling him into her, but as she is about to zipper, he reaches out and grips her hand.

Axel tries to scream, “No!” and bite hard on the tentacle but it's soft and fluffy like a plush. He looks into Kigu’s eyes, pleading to release him. His last vain attempts to break free are all for naught as she breaks his grip with ease, letting the partially transformed feline slip into her body. The light of the hotel room fading as the opening is zippered up behind him.

“No, no, no!” he thinks, trying to rip and tear at the tentacles, but only more come out of the void, wrapping around his body, spreading the transformation around him. He watches his feline claws shift and change, fluffing out, becoming that of the dragon that has pulled him in here.

“This can’t be happening, I can’t be becoming so perfect.” he thinks, his voice stopping dead in its tracks, grunting as the purple fuzz spreads across his form, his tail enlarging while his masculinity is now fully stripped away.

“Yes, we are becoming perfect. We are becoming Kigu. It’s wonderful? We’re becoming so handsome and suave. Just like how you pictured yourself to be.”

Unable to hear his own voice in his mind he responds to it, with a mouth full of tentacle, making it only muffled words but ones he understands, “What? No, this is not what I wanted!” he, huffs, horns pushing out of his head, the dragon ears overtaking his feline ones as his body twitches in pleasure, the transformation spreading faster.

“But it is. That’s why you were drawn to Kigu. She’s so sexy, so perfect. So very confident. Everything you pretend to be, you can now make a reality. Becoming a Kigu is everything you secretly desired and so much more. You can get all the ladies, the men, and make them as sexy as you.”

He shakes his head, his femininity growing, overshadowing his original biological self. The spines showing up at the base of the tail, as she bucks and squirms against the tentacles, more wrapping around her, holding her into place, the voice booming into her mind, becoming so much her own, as the realization that this is her voice of reason, speaking to her, “I can’t just shift and change my life like this... I have so much... I am...”

*“Kigu. Everything will shift. Become better. Become us, we are Kigu. You are Kigu. We are **perfect** and there is no reason to run away from being perfect. Accept it. Embrace it. Love it. As much as you love yourself. We Kigus love ourselves and each other so much.”*

Axel-Kigu arches her back, continuing to try to fight even if most of her form is now completely transformed into the loveable perfect plush dragon that she thinks she is. The thoughts of being Axel slipping ever further from her, but even now she tries to fight.

Kirisha-Kigu meanwhile runs her claws along the soft bed, monitoring, feeling, embracing the struggle that is within her. Feeling such a ‘sexual’ high that she has not felt before, “Oh, when they fight this good. It’s nothing like I’ve felt before. I *love* it when they struggle. It just shows how great I am. How *perfect* I am as a Kigu... how much better off I am as a Kigu... I’ve been fighting this for so long and yet...” she runs her claws along her zipper, “I’ve never denied this wasn’t better. I love Aqua so much... that I was fooling myself to think that she wouldn’t in the end enjoy this. Embrace it once she’s come to know how wonderful it is to be Kigu. I see this now. I understand... I think I know exactly what I need to do to show her the new me, and soon to be the new us,” she mutters, grinning before a tug on her tentacles makes her moan in delight. Her hands dance across her body, enjoying the struggle while it persists.

The new Kigu does all she can to struggle and fight against the growing sensation of perfection around her. The feel of the tentacles across her belly scales, the wonderful smooth crotch, voice shifting to be just so damn sexy and **perfect**. *“Being a Kigu is wonderful. We are **perfection**. No need to resist. You were taken in by a Kigu. Embrace it. Let it happen,”* the voice whispers into her mind.

Axel-Kigu’s eyes roll into the back of her head, the pleasure, the truth spoken to her growing more. She wiggles and squirms within the bondage, less of a struggle against, but more of the embrace of a fellow Kigu around her, *“Yes. I understand. I am being improved upon. A step up above the rest. I can finally be who I am meant to be. A Kigu.”*

With the acceptance, the tentacles shift and move her around, revealing her belly, allowing the zipper to be placed across her chest. They run across it, letting it sink into place, a new sensation of pleasure and delight filling her. Axel-Kigu's tentacles come forth from within her, coiling and wrapping around the other. Her body and mind now freed as she enjoys the pleasure embrace of a fellow Kigu.

"Perfection feels so good. So wonderful. So, me," Axel-Kigu thinks, the voice in her head now one with her true thoughts. Taking the moment to enjoy herself, before they pull away, the zipper blocking her path out pulled away. Her blue eyes adjusting to the light as she crawls out of her fellow Kigu, embracing her new self in the world, "Watch out world, there's a new Kigu in town and she's out on the prowl."

The other Kigu lays back, enjoying the view of a new Kigu crawling out of her body. Her tentacles assisting the new Kigu out, zipping back up once the process is complete. She sits up looking over her work, admiring how lovely the new Kigu is, just how *perfect* she is. In her mind there is little doubt now, *"Aqua must be made perfect. She'll struggle... and squirm... resist and fight at first,"* she thinks, shuddering at the thought, her body aching at the newfound desire to take someone who just doesn't know how great it is to be a Kigu and show her, the error of her existence. It brings a new level of want, desire, ecstasy that she can no longer ignore.

Axel-Kigu looks in the mirror, admiring herself, "I must say this is a wonderful improvement. I think I will be going out to the bar and enjoying myself a few more others. Are you coming with Kigu?" she asks, looking over to her.

She shakes her head, "No Kigu. I have a more important person to make into a Kigu. More valuable than any other. You may use the hotel room for the rest of the night," she says, handing her the hotel key card, "Enjoy making as many more as you want. You'll always love your first, so try to find a squirmer. Those are just... *wonderful*," she says dreamily.

She grins, "Of course, you do you. And I'll do me, which is about the same, isn't it," she chuckles.

"It is, I just have my own targets, and you have yours. Good luck Kigu."

"I don't need luck. Being me is enough, but thank you," Axel-Kigu says, exiting the room.

"Don't I know it," Kirisha-Kigu mutters, heading back to her home, to get everything ready for the special evening with Aqua where they'll be together as lovers once again. The feeling of the time quickly approaches building up within her, such excitement that she can't hold it back. A small part of her knows that Aqua will be shocked and surprised, this will bother her but knowing that in the end just how *perfect* she'll be, overcomes any remaining doubt in her mind...

Aqua gets home feeling rather tired and ragged from an extra-long day of work. Her sexy leather outfit she wears that reveals her smooth blue scales, her subtle bust, still on her. She enters her home with a long sigh, "I hate double shifts," she mutters about to head to bed when

she notices the door to the basement is open and before she can even call out she hears what she thinks is Kirisha's voice.

"Are you home love? Why don't you come down here and I'll show you just how much I've missed you and reward you for all your hard work."

Aqua's heart skipped a beat, butterflies filled her stomach, the layer of exhaustion was instantly stripped away, "Kirisha? You're home?!" she says, rushing to the door.

"I am love, and I've been waiting for you," Kirisha-Kigu says sweetly, staying out of line of sight.

"Kirisha I am so exhausted, I don't think I can tonight... but I've missed you so much," she says rushing down the steps, looking frantically for her beloved raptor, only to have it all come screeching to a halt when she sees Kigu, unzipped chest, standing off to the side with a smile, a familiar black leather collar with white gems on it, "Kigu? Where is Kirisha? And why are you wearing her collar," she states in a soft huff.

Kirisha-Kigu continued speaking in Kirisha's voice, that steadily turned into Kigu's voice with each word spoken, "I'm sorry to have deceived you, love. I just went through so many changes at once. So many *wonderful* changes that I had to process them myself before I shared them with you."

Aqua stumbled back, "K-Kirisha? No... this can't be, this is not possible," she says, about to run upstairs when Kigu's tentacles reached out and grabbed her, "Let me go! You're not Kirisha!"

Kigu smiles, "I knew you'd be distraught. I really tried to think of a way to tell you. And I feel terrible about this whole thing," she says, her tentacles picking her up and moving her to a soft red velvet BDMS bondage X table, which she gingerly, puts Aqua into. Her tentacles easily maneuvering around to lock her arms into position.

"This just... if you are Kirisha then what did you say to me on our first date?"

"I didn't say much because you were so shy, I didn't want to intimidate you. So technically would be hi."

Aqua's heart thumped, watching as her collar that she kept in her room was pulled out of the strange plush dragon's body that claims to be Kirisha, wrapping it around her neck, "It's just..."

"It's true. I ran into a wonderful person. The most *perfect* person ever, and she showed me how to be *perfect* too, and soon so will you. But unlike others, I don't want you to be made into perfection hidden, alone within me. I want to see it, to experience it with you. For through thick or thin, better or worse, we'll be together my love," she says, her tentacles running across Aqua's body, dissolving the unneeded clothing away, "As much as I find those sexy, and perhaps wear it sometime, right now, you won't be needing those."

The water dragon tugs at the bondage, testing their strength, but knowing from experience there is little she can do to escape them once so securely strapped in. Despite how gingerly and tenderly she was placed into it, her tail wiggling through the table's tail hole, there is little comfort in the knowledge of what this plush dragon says is true, that her beloved is now a

dragon that goes by the name of Kigu, and worse still that this fate is soon to fall upon her, “Kirisha, fight this. You know this isn’t right. You can’t just go about turning people into clones. I know this isn’t like you.”

“You’re right,” Kigu says, her tentacles removing the last bit of clothing, before licking across Aqua’s breasts, teasing them, pleasing them, gently squeezing them, “It isn’t like me, it is me.”

The wingless sea dragon shudders, feeling a tingle in her chest, watching the tentacles caress and tease her, seeing them slowly flatten away and grow purple. The soft chest scales shifting into soft velvet chest scales, match like her transformed mate, the weight and thought of the situation sinking in further, “Come on, Kirisha. You don’t want to do this please.”

“Shhh, Aqua. You’ll love being Kigu. I was resistant at first too. And I was thinking for a long time...” she says, smoothing out Aqua’s breasts completely, another tentacle slipping into her lover’s sex, pushing up and into her, making Aqua moan, “I was thinking if I wanted to do it to you too. I tried to hold back my urges; I made every effort to think of how to bring this up to you. To work this out together. But after taking so many others, I’ve come to realize that this is the only way,” she explains, the tentacles wiggling and squirming within her, gently pumping into her body, while tenderly caressing her plushified chest.

“No, no, no, this isn’t true. Kirisha, please snap out of it, we can talk this out, alright? I don’t care what you look like, I always cared about you,” Aqua responds, hearing a soft whisper in the back of her mind, a voice of a Kigu that is hers, “*Kigu cares so much about you. She wants you to be happy. Happy as her. Happy as a Kigu. Let it happen... accept the perfection.*”

Aqua tugs harder, hearing the voice, its sweet sultry tone tries to draw her in but she resists, her sex squeezing down on the tentacle that is pushing into her, pleasuring her as her vent grows tighter with each thrust, adding to the pleasure, letting it build. She looks down at her flat female chest, already feeling a level of how natural it feels how *good* it feels to have it smoothed away like that. She shakes her head, “No, no. Kirisha this transformation is controlling you. Fight it. Don’t do this...”

Kigu smiles, gently running her claws along Aqua’s blue scales, while her tentacles run down her belly, spreading the purple dragon chest belly, steadily matching her own, letting her feel the soft plush of her body press up against her own, climbing up onto her, “You hear the truth now too, don’t you? Accept it. Let it whisk you away to a better place. Don’t be afraid,” she says, kissing Aqua on the lips, slipping her tongue into Aqua’s mouth.

The transforming water dragon, feels the soft plush tongue of Kirisha. The sense of love and embrace coming from her, pushes any doubt in her mind that this is Kirisha, transformed into some or something named Kigu. Sensing some of her love in there makes this all the more difficult. Continuing to mentally fight against it, but still... unable to break away from the kiss. Leaning into it, something about it felt so nice, soothing, delightful. There is no malice behind it, only love and affect, “*That’s it Kigu. Accept Kigu’s love. Kigu’s embrace. Becoming a Kigu*

like her. Become two perfect beings together. We are made for each other. Only a Kigu deserves to be with a Kigu."

Aqua senses a level of truth in these words, a sensation in her belly, the part of her transformed, it aches for it, wants it. Feeling another Kigu up against her is just so nice and so **perfect**, but she tries to will it away, yank her mind out of the trap. The submissive shy dragon, putting up a surprising fight, while still... not pulling away from Kirisha-Kigu's kiss.

Kigu thinks, *"That's it my love. Accept it. Embrace it. Fight it if you wish. It brings this moment all the more pleasure, all the more delight to know that I've helped weed out any concerns, worries, doubts in your mind, and that when you accept it. Accept being a Kigu, that we'll be a lovely pair of Kigus together."* Her claws gently run across Aqua's ear fins, feeling a brief moment of sadness that they will be gone, as she did love to play with them so much, but then Aqua tugged and pulled against her tentacles that are now caressing her sides. The dragon's tightening sex pushing out her tentacle till it forced out completely, leaving nothing but a sexy smooth crotch.

Aqua shudders and moans, gasping for air, the sealing of her sex felt like a climax of pleasure like none other that she's ever felt before yet, it felt her not satisfied but only wanting something more. Leaving her mind wondering about it, only to be answered by the growing truth of her mental persona, that grows ever stronger in her mind, *"Being a Kigu is like that, but better. Making more Kigus feels even more blissful and wonderful. Your mate was taken in by our **perfection** and soon you will also be **perfect** for her. It's lovely, isn't it?"*

The question bounces in Aqua's mind, the soft velvet felt across her body against the Kigu before her is nice, soothing, a loving caress, her back scales shifting, changing, more blue fading to shades of purple. Another set of tentacles reach out and run across Aqua's arms, coiling around them in a tender caress, sliding up all the way into Aqua's palms, which she grabs tightly onto them, and within moments something in her tells her to jerk at the tip, and when she does, she sees Kirisha-Kigu moans and ache, giving her love pleasure.

*"Give your love, Kigu pleasure Kigu. That's what she likes. The touch of another. The struggle of one becoming Kigu. She held off so hard for you. Isn't that sweet? She wants you. You want her. To be like her. To be **perfect** like her. To be Kigu."*

The kiss already broken she shudders, "I don't want to be Kigu... but I want to be with you love," she moans, squeezing the tentacles, trying to fight the pull of her Kigu's mind, her body giving into the transformation a little faster. The scales fading to plush as she continues to jerk off Kirisha's tentacles.

The struggle and purposeful pleasuring of her transformative tentacles is amazing. Having her embrace, it yet still fights it. This mix pulls her deeper into a lustful state. Enjoying the feel of it, the hold, the squeezing, the wash of the transformation. To see her body, change before their very eyes together. It drives her deeper into a state of euphoria that she is so glad to be able to share with Aqua, soon to be another lovely **perfect** Kigu, "Yes love. Accept it. Know how much I care about you. I didn't want to take you like I'd do anyone. I want to *see* you as it happens. To know it is you. So, we can be together. Hunting down others. Making them into

perfect Kigus like ourselves. I love you more than any other Kigu. And I will do everything I can to help you not go through what I did.”

Aqua feels the soft blue shoulder fur against her blue scales. Her arms no longer her own, but that of a Kigu. Her legs, tail and head are the last vestiges of her former self, and with each scale turned into plush, it chips away at her resistance and resolve. Kirisha-Kigu’s tentacles slither down across her plush body, coiling around her tail, snaking around her legs, helping the transformation speed up, while leaving her head for last, *“Accept being a Kigu. Accept how beautiful you’re becoming. How confident you’ll be. How sexy you’ll be. How perfect you are.”*

Aqua gasps, eyes rolling into the back of her head, her toes curling, the tingling delight the pleasure of it all, is absolutely *perfect*, but yet she still holds on just a little bit, “Kirisha... even now you hold out on my head. You’re in there... help me,” she pants, moaning.

“She is helping you.”

“I am helping you,” Kirisha-Kigu says nuzzling and licking across her scales, “I want to look into your eyes as the last bit of you changes and you accept the true you. The Kigu that’s been within you all this time. And I know you’ll love it as much as I have,” she whispers, holding Aqua’s head, gently caressing the scales, feeling the back tail spikes grow from her now plushified tail. The soft blue tuft of fur springing at the very end. Within moments all that is left of Aqua’s former imperfect self is her head, and even now, she can’t help admiring its beauty but fully accepting that soon it will be even better.

Aqua moans, the pleasure of the transformation overwhelming her, her eyes locked onto Kirisha-Kigu’s. The tentacles gently run across her head, the horns shifting, changing to mirror the Kigu over her. The last bits of her blue scales turn into the soft plush while blue fur grows along the back of her jawbone.

Aqua’s voice shifts with the moans, becoming more Kigu like, until it’s a perfect match the last bit of Aqua’s former self disappearing into a lovely sensation of plush. Her eyes locked onto Kirisha-Kigus, as the voice in her mind grows stronger, louder, more assertive and mostly importantly, it becomes more *her* voice.

“Two lovely Kigus. We are perfect. Made for each other. Accept being a Kigu. Embrace it. Don’t deny just how sexy, handsome, beautiful, and perfect, that you are. Just look into that mirror look of this Kigu. How could you not love it? How could you not love yourself? Kigu.”

Aqua-Kigu groans, grinding her smooth chest and body against her lover’s. The tentacles embracing her in a loving hold as she moves up and kisses her lover, “Thank you,” she moans softly, accepting herself in that moment.

“Welcome, lovely Kigu,” she responds, sensing the acceptance required to take the next step. Pulling out within her body is a long zipper, which is tenderly and gingerly placed across the new Kigu’s body.

It instantly latches onto the new plush dragon’s form, sending waves of ecstasy through her, the feeling that she is becoming perfect, that she is now a complete Kigu not lost on her as

she presses up even harder against her lover. The bondage around her limbs enhancing the moment, her fetishes like Kirisha-Kigu's are not lost on either of them. A little bit of their former imperfect selves carried over that doesn't diminish the *perfection* that they now see themselves as.

"Are you ready Kigu?" Kirisha-Kigu asks her lover.

"I'm ready," she replies with excitement. Her zipper is slowly pulled down, unleashing the tentacles that are held within. Half a dozen of them embrace and caress the other's. They meet up in a loving hug, pressing up hard against the other. The two enjoy this moment, while their eyes do not pull away from each other.

"I love you Kigu."

"I love you too, Kigu," they embrace into a deep passionate kiss, enjoying the pure Kigu delight that two Kigus can share and enjoy with one another.

Kirisha-Kigu thinks as they kiss, "*And I will do everything I can to help you adjust and not have a doubt in your mind, my lovely Kigu,*" she thinks as two tentacles slither out of her body, up along and into Aqua-Kigu's ears, pushing in, making a connection into Aqua-Kigu's mind.

The former sea dragon gasps, eyes widening, pleasure shooting through her body, a delightful haze sinking over her mind as the connection is being made. No resistance is given, as the tentacles sink in deeper into her ears, deeper into her mind, body aching, twitching, toes curling, eyes glazing over a few moments later.

"Relax my love. I am removing any of the possible doubt that could linger in your mind. Helping erase anything that caused such issue. I don't want you to suffer like I did. I care about you too much love."

Aqua grunts, moaning softly, "Yes, my lovely Kigu. I understand... help make me even more perfect partner for you."

She responds, "Of course love, I am doing this for you," she says, kissing her, the tentacles building up a level of acceptance. The knowledge she gained from transforming others, understand who she is, how this is a better life, and to be so thankful for the transformation into a Kigu, is now being pumped into Aqua-Kigu's mind, adding knowledge with very little actual rewrite. The end it speeds up the process of acceptance that she had come to know over her time as a Kigu. Pleasure fills both of them as the process continues, "That's it love, just a bit more."

Aqua-Kigu moans, "Yes Love, just a bit more..."

The two Kigus lost in their lust and love for each other, like any Kigu would be, the original Kigurumi has been watching, monitoring, enjoying the display ever so much, more so when it was brought to her attention that there was a post Kigu transformation struggle. One of her Kigus that she has even made. How she couldn't possibly let this opportunity slip by and enjoy herself.

Watching how Kirisha-Kigu accepted herself and then took her mate after making such efforts to resist, and even more so to help Aqua-Kigu fully accept herself in such a deliciously

perfect, way. Well, how could she not want some of that for herself. She is her after all and she gets what she *wants*.

Kigurumi admires the two Kigus in a loving tentacle embrace, the ear fucking that is happening, adjusting the other Kigu's mind so the process can be smoothed over, "*What a wonderful idea*," she thinks, running her claws along Kirisha-Kigu's back, getting her attention, "What lovely work you've done Kigu."

Kirisha-Kigu shudders, feeling the familiar touch of a fellow Kigu, looking over to her, seeing the purple eyes, knowing it's the one that showed her the *perfection* that she now enjoys, "Thank you Kigu. I learned from the best, and as a Kigu I am the best," she grins.

"That you are, and we Kigus deserve the best, don't you think?"

"Of course, we do."

"And the very best is a Kigu, isn't it?"

"It's self-evident."

Kigurumi runs her claws along Kirisha-Kigu's chin, "Then that means I deserve you, doesn't it?" And in that moment as Kirisha-Kigu contemplates that response, her tentacles slither their way into the Kigu's ears, pushing into her mind.

Kirisha-Kigu gasps, shuddering, feeling the pleasure of being penetrated in both ears. The slender wiggling slide of Kigurumi's tentacles into her nogging is a blissful experience. Resistance to it quickly breaks down as they push in, reaching out to touch her mind, building up the pleasure, the delight, the ecstasy, making it all the easier for her to make her own adjustments...

Kirisha-Kigu's eyes glaze over, a sensation of pleasure and haze overcomes her mind, her own tentacles twitch and squirm, squeezing Aqua-Kigu's, while the bound Kigu relaxes, looking toward the other two Kigus without worry, concern, or care, eyes just as glazed over.

"Relax Kigu. You and your mate are under my care now. My charge. My two *perfect* pets. Isn't that, right? You love being me so much, that you want to stay with me, under me, serving me. The most *perfect* mistress you could have, as you two could be the most *perfect*, pets that I or any Kigu could ever ask for. Only the best for me, your Mistress, right?"

Kigurumi's words felt so true. The tentacles wiggling into her ears, pushing the thoughts, will into her. The kernel of truth planted and growing quickly, blossoming within her mind, "Yes... Mistress Kigurumi, I am your perfect pet. I serve you, for you deserve only the best and we Kigus are the best. We Kigus deserve the best after all," she says with a grin.

Kigurumi grins, "Good, good. I knew you'd see it my way, after all you are me. And be a good pet, make sure your mate sees it that way. Everything I do to you, you'll obediently follow, and do suit to her. You two are *perfect* together, and *perfect* to serve me, aren't you?"

Kirisha-Kigu moans, "Yes Mistress, we are, aren't we Kigu?" she looks over to Aqua-Kigu.

The former sea dragon shudders, the tentacles in her ears feeling so warm, fuzzy, pleasing her thoughts. She looks to Kigurumi, the one that took her mate, perfected her, allowing this blissful moment to happen. How could she *not* want to serve her, obey her. To be

the *perfect* pet with her mate. It made such logical sense. The reality sinking into her mind, thrusting up against her lover, accepting it all, “Yes Mistress. I couldn’t think of anything but being that. With my mate Kigu here, to serve you, Kigu. It’s just *perfect*, isn’t it?”

Kigurumi rubs Aqua-Kigu’s head, “That’s right. You two are my loyal servants, my pets. Helping me to hunt and make more wonderful Kigus. When not doing that, you two are out to make more yourselves, isn’t that right?”

The two Kigus shudder, Kirisha-Kigu first followed by moments later as her tentacles convert Kigurumi’s commands over to her, “Yes Mistress,” they say one after the other.

“You’ll worship my *perfection* with your *perfect* selves. We Kigus only deserve the best, and I deserve the best in both of you.”

“Yes Mistress,” they reply, the warm tentacles in their ears, pumping pleasure, thoughts, truths into their minds, not altering their pasts, but further cementing their futures together under the ultra-*perfect* Kigurumi.

“We are all *perfect* it’s just I’m *more perfect* and worth the service and adoration from you two. It’s an honor really, isn’t it?” she asks, enjoying the Kigus’ glazed over eyes, their minds shifting, changing to better fit what she wants out of them.

“Yes Mistress, we are your *perfect* servants,” they respond with Aqua trailing by a second.

Kigurumi shivers in pleasure, feeling the delight of further *perfecting* these two Kigus, and knowing exactly how to complete them, “My wonderful Kigus. There is something you need to realize. Something to correct that you are bringing over from your past selves. You already Know Kigu, and she’ll understand in just a moment. That we are asexual beings. We don’t need nor want sex. Your lesbian sexual desires. Those need to go. Becoming perfect asexual Kigus. Just, like, me,” she explains with a grin.

Kirisha-Kigu shudders, “Y-yes, Mistress,” she responds, the tentacles wiggling within her ears, pushing in deeper, driving down into her core. A core competent of who she is being further altered and changed. Desire for ‘sex’ like she had before, that lingering feeling that made her attracted to Aqua, another lovely female smoothing, becoming less and less driven by the desire to mate.

Like the smoothing of her crotch, becoming an asexual ‘female’ being, she is becoming like that in her sexuality. Steadily it melts away, smooths over, attraction to any gender fading from her mind. Only an attraction to Kigus, making more Kigus, a simple newfound instinct and desire that grows ever stronger. She couldn’t even consider herself to be a lesbian Kigu anymore. No attraction to females. No attraction to males. She is a hunting being, to make more Kigus, that is her jam, her desire, with the topping of her kinks, fetishes, and most of all wanting service to be under Kigurumi with her romantic mate Kigu.

Romanticism between the two remain but any sexual attraction, desire, is wiped away, and the pleasure and delight of Kirisha-Kigu to do the same to her mate Aqua-Kigu grows. The same transition in her sexual desires happening to Aqua once it’s been set in for the former raptor.

Aqua shudders, thoughts of intimate female sex becoming bland in her mind, not needed, pointless. Making Kigus? Being with her mate Kigu? Serving together under Kigurumi? Yes, that's where her drive, her reason to exist is coming from. No longer does she see anything but a Kigu as any form of attractive. They were not Kigu there were less than *perfect* ideolog of sexiness. The wiping of her lesbian nature becoming complete, transforming into a perfect asexual being like her mate, who she is romantically attracted to. It's perfect. Sex was no longer an option, why even think about it.

Kigurumi could see it in their eyes, the loss of their sexuality with each tentacle wiggle, squirm, push. The new and *perfected* state of being forming. Loyalty unshakable, attraction to anything but Kigu, removed. Desire for sex, nonexistent. Only the lure of it to those imperfect sexual beings, so they can become perfect asexual Kigus, just like *her*. Marvelous.

"Now you two understand truly, what it means to be Kigu. My gift to you both, as I demand only *perfection* from you two," she says, withdrawing her tentacles from Kirisha-Kigu's ears, as that Kigu does the same for Aqua-Kigu.

Their eyes return to normal, the changes having sunken into the depths of who they are, never to question their *perfection*. They respond in perfect unison, "Yes Mistress, thank you for this gift. We appreciate it and cherish it," they say, while Kirisha-Kigu uses her tentacles to unfasten the bondage keeping her mate on the table. Their mutual draw to be closer to their Mistress overpowering them.

They kneel before their Mistress, eyes looking up at the more *perfect* Kigu that they wish to aspire to be, feeling the pleasure that they have been made better thanks to her. They squirm, toes curling, Kirisha-Kigu saying, "Oh Mistress Kigurumi. Thank you for this. We only wish to be the best pets we can be for you. Worthy to hunt with you, to make more *perfect* Kigus like ourselves."

Aqua-Kigu adds, "Our desires have been *perfected*. We have been made *perfect*. So handsome, sexy, everything we need to be. Our minds cleared of imperfections of our previous selves. We'll do anything for you Mistress Kigu. Let us help you be of service."

Kigurumi, reaches down, gently petting her Kigus' heads, their tentacles playing with each other, showing their eager and delight of the moment, their aching need to be closer, and to service her. A wonderful feeling as she knows she only needs, wants and deserves the best and most *perfect* pets, and now she has them. "What do you say my pets? To let me take you with me on the *hunt* for more Kigus?"

Their eyes light up, "Please Mistress! Let us join you, we're the *perfect* Kigus to be of aid in the hunt to make more of us. You deserve the best, and that is what we are. The best. No one else could be more handsome, sexy, and *perfect* as us," they say, showing their need, but also their shared confidence that all Kigus have.

Kigurumi smiles, petting their heads, "Then come my pets, stand by my side."

The two move in closer, standing by their Mistress, their tentacles out, and squirming, playing with each other, the two Kigu pets paying special attention to their Mistress' delight,

while giving each other a little something as they stand on either side of their Mistress, “Thank you Mistress,” they say together leaning in close.

Kigurumi wraps her arms around her two pets, smiling at them, “How my darling Kigus. How about we portray ourselves as triplets and triple the number of Kigus in the world. I hear there is a nightclub nearby that is really thumping. After that we can go to your restaurant and *perfect* your staff. I’m sure they’ll appreciate the upgrade.”

The two Kigus nuzzle their Mistress, “That sounds like a wonderful idea Mistress. I couldn’t have thought of a better idea myself.”

Kigurumi chuckles, “I know, it’s hard to come up with a more *perfect* idea,” she teases, playing with both pets for a moment longer, zippering up shortly thereafter as the three dragons are now on the hunt to expand their numbers...