

Hot Couture (Selfcest, Kill la Kill)

Nui Harime lay on her desk and frowned, kicking her legs absently, as she looked down on a clothing store's worth of haute couture dresses and garments. She'd finished her work as the grand couturier of REVOCs early today, and with an hour or more left on the clock before she was due to finish, she was beginning to feel bored.

Groaning, she rolled from side to side, moaning in frustration. Surely there was *something* she could do to pass the time before she clocked off. But what...?

Her eyes settled on the spool of Life Fibers beside her and the stack of pink fabric lying beside it. Slowly, her smile twisted into a malevolent grin. She giggled. "That will do!"

Snatching up a sheet of cloth, she grabbed her scissors and set to work, giggling to herself as she cut and slice and stitched.

If you're bored, why not make some friends to play with?

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By the time she'd finished working, she'd made four cotton copies of herself, each with a little tweak to separate it from the others:

The first of her creations was almost identical to her, though her dress was a deep black instead of pink, and her ex-blond hair was dyed to match. Even her eyepatch was a playful skull.

"Hmm, I'm going to call you... *Goth Nui*," said Nui, who'd spent most of her creativity on the designs.

"Ugh, whatever," said Goth Nui.

Nui turned her attention to the next of her copies in line: this one looked a lot like her too, albeit with gigantic shoes and rainbow hair and a big red nose that practically begged you to pinch it. "Hi, what's your name?" she said, honking it. "I'm Nui! Wanna sniff my flower?"

Nui carefully dodged the stream of water that squirted from Clown Nui's flower. Her nose wasn't the only part of her that was honkable—Nui had added some extra stuffing to its buttocks and boobs too, to make them extra-squeezable.

Moving on, Nui came face to face with a real copycat of a clone: "Nyaaaaa~." Stretching, Cat Nui's ears twitched and her tail flexed. The bell dangling from her neck jangled when she moved. "I can't wait to play, Meowstress!" When she leapt back to two feet, her enormous boobs bounced and jiggled like water balloons. Nui had made her even curvier than Clown Nui.

A chip crunched between a pair of hungry lips. "Hey," said one final voice, slightly huskier than all the previous. "When do we get to eat?"

Nui turned to her final clone with a frown. Snatching another handful of chips from her packet, Fat Nui stuffed them into her mouth and crunched them into mush, before finally swallowing with a deafening gulp. *Ugh*, thought Nui. *I definitely put too much stuffing into this one.* She must have more mass than the rest of them combined.

Surveying her new army, Nui stood back with her hands on her hips and grinned. "Wonderful," she said.

"So, what do we do now?" said Goth Nui, blowing a lock of dark hair out of her eyes.

Clown Nui giggled. "You know what would be funny...?"

"I know what *this* pussy wants," said Cat Nui, purring erotically.

"What if we fucked?" said Fat Nui, taking a large bite out of her hamburger. The others all looked at her. "What? Oh, I'm sorry, wasn't I subtle enough?"

So they decided to fuck.

Throwing off her personally-tailored dress, Nui launched herself into the tangle of her clones' sweating flesh.

Grabbing Goth Nui's ass, she wrenched her cheeks apart and buried her face between them slipping her tongue into the drooling cunt hidden between Goth's legs.

Nearby, Clown Nui produced a small red balloon, inflated it, and tied it into the shape of a giant penis. When she was done, she did a cute flourish, and just like that the balloon became an equally-sized dildo, thick and red.

She slammed it straight into Cat Nui's pussy, making her feline counterpart yowl in pleasure. Screaming, the catgirl threw herself at the Clown's chest, wrapped her lips around a pair of fat nipples and started to suck them, milk dribbling down her chin.

Finally, Nui succeeded in making Goth Nui cum. As she pulled her tongue out, leaving her dark-haired copy failing to conceal her obvious pleasure behind an emotionless facade, Clown Nui grabbed her and spun her round to face her. "Hey, look," she said, pointing at her pussy. "My flower isn't the only thing that squirts."

Nui slipping her tongue inside her without pause. Even as she squirmed in delight, Clown Nui tied another balloon into a buttplug and tossed it to Goth, who slammed it straight into Nui's rear. Nui screamed as it filled her, stretching her anus wide around its girth, and even as she shuddered in delight, Cat Nui clambered onto her and wrapped her arms around her, squeezing her boobs and tweaking her nipples hard.

For almost twenty minutes, the four of them writhed in their makeshift orgy pit, entangling limbs and biting nipples and rubbing their oozing pussies. Nui came once, then twice, and then again, screaming with delight as her body burned with pleasure. *Nnn~!* she thought, as Cat Nui lapped at her Meowstress's lower lips. *This was such a good idea...!*

Finally, Nui came again. Screaming, she arched her hips and squirting all over her poor pet's face—fortunately, Cat Nui was happy to lap it up.

As her orgasm died down into a more bearable afterglow, she pulled back, rolled over, and sighed in pleasure. Yes, this was definitely the best way to finish off a long day of work.

“My turn,” said Fat Nui, approaching the side of the orgy pit. Swallowing the last of her ice cream, she stepped back, took a run-up, and—

The last thing any of them saw was her bloated form, silhouetted against the sun, falling towards them like a meteor.