

Ina's Collection: Gen 3 (Inanimate TF, Hololive)

The door creaked as Marine closed it carefully behind her. Turning, she crept across the floor, the candle in her hand flickered with every step. Ahead of her sat a little table with five chairs and in four of them: shadowed figures, their hoods pulled down over their heads. A lantern swung above, flickering.

Planting her candle on the table, Marine slipped into a chair and pulled down her hood. "Any news?" she asked, voice barely above a whisper.

The lantern above swung in the draft as the others looked from one to another, each waiting for someone to comment. Finally, the figure with green hair spoke up. "Nothing," she said, staring at the table. "I've been casting every spell I can to find her, but they never produce any results! It's hopeless!"

Marine's candle flickered. She wrapped her hands around it. "Is there really nothing we can do?" she asked.

Pekora sniffed, using the sleeve of her conspirator's cloak to wipe her nose. "It's hopeless," she moaned. "She's already captured everyone else! Now she's going to come and turn us into statues or sexdolls too!"

"Don't be so defeatist!" said Noel. "We haven't lost yet! We can still beat her in a fight, can't we, Marine?"

"O-of course!" Hearing her genmate's support ignited a fire in Marine's breast. "In fact, I think we should take the fight to her! Flare?"

"M-Marine's right!" cried Flare, leaping out of her seat. "Let's find Ina ourselves and kick her fat butt all the way back to America!"

"Yeah!"

Someone knocked at the door. "Hello?" came a familiar voice. "Hello? Can I come in?"

At once, the fire in Marine's breast went out.

"It's her!" squealed Pekora. "She's here! She's here!"

"It's... it's okay!" said Rushia, leaping to her feet. "I'll get her! Just watch—"

Green flames flickered around the edge of the door, and with a flash, it flew open, wood burning. In the same instant, Rushia finished a spell of her own: a bolt of pale green light flew from her hands...

..and straight over the head of Ina, who'd ducked. "Wow," she said, standing upright. "That almost hit me!" She flicked a finger in Rushia's direction, and with a squeal, the green-haired lich flew into the air and folded in on herself, collapsing into a flattened cuboid.

With a thunk, Rushia hit the table, reduced to a chopping board painted with her own shocked face. For a second, the rest of Gen 3 stared in shock. Then, as one, they broke into terrified screaming.

Laughing madly, Ina flicked her finger again, and Flare shot into the air, screaming as her body warped and contorted. With a final squeal, she opened wide, impossibly wide, her teeth stretching to fill the gap even as the rest of her body collapsed in on itself, crushed into a cube. By the time she stopped changing, all that remained was a simple microwave painted in Flare's bright colors. Falling to the table, it sat there and shook a little, as if fighting to move.

With an enormous grin, Ina raised her hand, lips already halfway through the incantation of another insidious spell. Around her, Gen 3 ran in circles, desperate to escape her inevitable attention, giving her all the time she needed to pick out her target...

This time, it was Noel. Jabbing a finger at her enormous breasts, Ina flung a bolt of green flame at her. With a final scream, the knight shot into the air just like Rushia and Flare, before collapsing into a bright metal sphere large as a helmet. A long handle stretched from her side, and tens of little holes appeared in her surface. Finally, still shivering, she dropped from the sky as well, striking the table with a tremendous clank as nothing more than a simple colander.

"Noel!" squealed Pekora, leaping back in fright.

This turned out to be a mistake, because the sound drew Ina's attention straight to her. "Hmm," she said, flipping through the pages of her spellbook. "I wonder what I should turn *you* into, Peko..." Her eyes caught Rushia. "Oooh, I have the perfect idea!" With a wild laugh, she cast another spell.

"Nooo!" Pekora screamed as it slammed into her, launching her off the floor and spinning her in the air till her entire body was a meaningless blur of color. As she spun, two things happened: first, she shrunk till she was barely a tenth of her former height. Secondly, her colors changed, from white and blue and beige to a stark silver.

Finally, her cries cut out, and she dropped out of the air to slam tipfirst into the table: a large cutting knife with a bright white handle and a cute carrot toy attached to her by a chain.

Ina burst into laughter.

On the other side of the room, Marine backed away, her entire body trembling in fear. Her hand caught a handle, and for an instant she dared to think she found an escape route.

The instant she turned it, however, Ina's gaze snapped to her. "Now," she said, calmly approaching. "What shall I do with you, Marine? I didn't mean to turn everyone into kitchen

utensils, but now I've started I'd like to stick to theme. What do you think? Is there anything you'd like to become?"

Marine trembled. "I-I, uh—"

"Never mind!" said Ina with a laugh. "I just thought of something *perfect*. You really like to get wet, don't you, Marine? Well, I've thought of something that'll let you get wet allll the time!" With a laugh, she flung another spell.

"W-wait! No! Don't—!" Marine had just enough time to raise her hands and shield her face before the bolt of Ina's magic crashed into her body. With a scream, she floated into the air, moaning as an invisible pressure grabbed her and folded her in on herself, gradually crushing her from a human being into something much smaller, much squarer, and ultimately, much more *porous*.

At last, with a thin thwap, Marine fell from the air and landed on the table beside her friends: a simple sponge styled with her own terrified face, perfect for cleaning dishes.

Trapped, she could only lie there and squeal as Ina loomed over her, hand raised.

"Let's see just how wet I can get you..."