

Ina's Collection: Holo X (Latex, Bondage, Inanimate TF, Hololive)

La+'s chains rattled as she crept through the tight, stonework corridor. Thanks to her horns, she had to go sideways, shimmying slowly through the gap. And her glacial progress was starting to annoy her teammates.

"Come on!" cried Kazama Iroha. "Can't you go any quicker?"

"Yeah," said Takane Lui, folding her arms with a huff. "At this rate, Ina's going to catch us before we even get in there."

"I'm going as quickly as I can!" said La+, throwing them all a glare. "It's not like I can just take these horns off, you know."

"G-go, easy on her," said Sakamata Chloe, her fat boobs squished against the wall. "It's not her fault she's stuck!"

"It *was* her idea to come this way though," said Hakui Koyori, tapping her foot. "Maybe she should have picked a better route."

"This was the only one I could find!" squealed La+. She spun around, scrapping her horns against the side of the tunnel in the process. "Ina has all the other entrances locked down tight!"

Koyori huffed.

Despite their difficulties, it wasn't long before the five of them reached the end of the tunnel. Turning the corner, they found themselves in a small warehouse, empty save for a handful of cardboard boxes and a single table, standing lonely in the center of the room. Five simple, ordinary kitchen objects sat silently on its top: a microwave, a colander, a cutting board, a cutting *knife*, and a sponge, red.

Double-checking to make sure they weren't about to be ambushed, the five members of Holo-X scurried across the floor and stood looking down at the table in horror. "Is this...? Are these really them?" asked Chloe.

"They have to be," said La+. "What else could they be?"

"What are we supposed to do with them?" asked Koyori, picking up the knife that resembled Pekora. "We can't exactly help them like this, can we?"

"Even being in La+'s kitchen would be better than being stuck here," said Koyori.

"W-what's wrong with my kitchen?"

"Let's just gather them all up and get out of here," said Lui, rubbing her arms nervously. "The last thing we want is to be here when Ina arrives."

No one could disagree with this. Scooping up their transformed colleagues, the five of them hurried back to the exit. “Why do I have to carry Flare?” whined La+, struggling with the microwave.

“Um, wait,” said Noel, looking left and right. “Do we take a wrong turn somewhere? Shouldn’t the exit be right here?”

As one, the five of them froze. “It-it was definitely in this area,” said Koyori, looking around uncertainly. “I remember passing that crate when we came in. But where—”

“It can’t have just vanished!” cried Iroha, throwing herself at the wall and patting it all over. “Come on, there’s got to be a hidden switch we can press or something.”

“There isn’t,” said Ina.

“All we’ve gotta do is keep looking,” said Koyori, joining in with Iroha. “The exit *has* to be around here somewhere. It *has* to be.”

“It doesn’t,” said Ina.

“Yeah, well, what do you know?” said La+, rummaging on the floor now, just in case the exit had metamorphosed into a trapdoor. “Who put you in charge anyway, I—” She froze, and the rest of Holo-X froze with her. Slowly, they turned to face the figure standing behind them.

Ina flipped casually through her spellbook, tentacles squirming playfully. “Hi, guys!” she said, giving them a playful wave. “Just one second. I’m trying to find something fun for you all.”

Grabbing La+ by the waist, Chloe picked her up and threw her overhead, turning her enormous horns into the tip of a screaming, flailing missile.

Ina flicked a finger, and La+ shot into the ceiling with a crash. “First,” she said, ignoring La+’s squeals as she landed in a nearby cardboard box, “let’s start by turning back Gen 3.” She wiggled a finger.

Holo-X dropped their stolen items with a gasp as the objects ran from their hands like melting wax, pooling on the floor and rising as they assumed their original forms.

“Ugh, why do I feel so *dry*?” said Marine, rubbing her head. Looking up, she saw Ina looming over her and went pale. “Oh no. Not *again*.”

“Now,” said Ina, raising her hand. “Let’s begin.” She snapped, and a tiny blob of goo, a different color for each of them, appeared at their feet.

“N-no!” cried La+, struggling to escape.

“Get away!” called Chloe, kicking in a futile attempt to get the stuff of her boots.

“Help!” wailed Marine. “I don’t wanna go back agaaaaain! Stoop!”

Slowly, insidiously, the goo continued to flow up the girls’ legs. For a minute or so, they continued to struggle, kicking and thrashing and fighting furiously to get it off. Then the goo reached their groins and slipped under their skirts, and suddenly their cries of horror turned into an entirely different kind of moan.

“Nnn~!” With wails of lust, the two groups dropped to the ground and lay there writhing as the sticky rubber slime pulsated inside them, twitching and throbbing with far more vigor than any real penis as it filled their lower holes. Yes, both of them.

At the same time, it spread over their bodies like the tide over the beach, eating away their clothes as it passed and tickling the flesh it covered, exciting them even more. It didn’t take long for it to roll over their stomach and reach their breasts, where it set about groping its new toys with wild abandon, seizing their nipples and tweaking them hard. The choir of screams became even louder—Noel and Chloe seemed to especially enjoy its touch.

Finally, the rubber reached the girls’ faces, and just like that their protests cut off as it plugged their mouths tight, all but choking them. For a moment, their eyes continued to spasm, silently pleading for Ina to release them. Then, just like that, the goo rolled over and smothered them completely.

Standing over her squirming, mewling prisoners, Ina smiled in delight. “Welcome to my collection, everyone.”