

Ina's Collection: HoloJustice (Inanimate TF: Plushification, Hololive)

Ina flicked casually through the pages of her spellbook, eyes skimming the complex magical diagrams as she searched for the spell she had in mind. Before her, her grand collection of petrified vtubers glimmered in the magical lighting of the dungeon, gold glinting and plastic shimmering. Not that she intended to leave them that way for long.

Finally, she found the page she wanted. Stroking the words with a finger, she raised her hand and spoke the incantation. The pages fluttered, burning an emerald green, and raising her hands she cast the flames at her captives, painting them in her color. One by one, they began to melt, their bodies running as if they were made out of wax, slowly sinking and shrinking, collapsing and compacting, petrified, metal, or plastic eyes turning into bright buttons, while everything else became stuffed felt.

Watching them, Ina grinned in amusement. Soon, she'd have the perfect collection of plushies she'd always wanted! Right from the very beginning, before she even knew she'd wanted it!

She couldn't help but give a little giggle. Everything was going so well!

"Stop right there, Ina!" Just like that, she had a giant sword at her neck.

"Huh?" Cocking her head, Ina turned to see who other than all four members of HoloJustice standing behind her, weapons and fists raised, ready to fight.

"Oh, hello, everyone," said Ina. "I was just looking for you all!"

"Don't give us that!" cried Elizabeth Rose Bloodflame, jerking the sword she had at Ina's neck. "Turn everyone back, or..." She refused to finish, but she brought the sword a little closer all the same.

"Yeah!" cried Gigi Murin, fists clenched menacingly.

"You're really brave, coming straight to me like this," said Ina. "Don't you know what's happened to everyone else who's tried that?"

As one, HoloJustice looked past her at the growing crowd of plushies. "Yeah, well, they weren't us," said Raora Panthera, flexing her claws.

"And what makes you different?" asked Ina.

"We took you by surprise," said Cecelia Immergreen, her rapier aimed at Ina's chest. "We've got you right where we want you." Ina stared at her. Cecelia and the rest of the group stared back. "Haven't we?"

Ignoring them, Ina looked past them. "I don't know," she said. "Have you?"

"You—you're trying to trick us," said Elizabeth, sweat dripping from her head now. "There's nothing behind us, is there?"

"Isn't there?" asked Ina.

"There isn't!" cried Gigi, though she was clearly itching to look.

"Will you still be saying that when it grabs you?" asked Ina.

"There's nothing behind us!" cried Raora. "Stop trying to spook us!"

"If you like," said Ina, with a shrug.

"Wait, wait," said Elizabeth. "Everyone stop panicking. This is easy to solve. Gigi, *you* look back and tell us what you see. The rest of us will keep our eyes on Ina, okay?"

"O-okay," said Gigi. She looked back. "It's... It's nothing," she said. "There's nothing behind us."

Elizabeth smirked. "Hah, I knew it was a trick. You think you're so smart, Ina, but we're way smarter!"

"Oh, you're so clever," said Ina. And raising her hands, she clapped.

The magical circle *beneath* the four burst into life with a flash of emerald sparks.

Dancing over their forms in a storm of emerald lightning, Ina's magic grabbed their hands and wrenched them into the air as if they were a quartet of puppets. All HoloJustice could do was squirm, struggling to break free, but they had no more success than the marionettes they resembled. "Ina!"

Smirking, Ina flicked through the pages of her book. "Now," she said. "Time to finish off my collection." With a smirk, she raised a hand, wiggled her fingers, and whispered the magic word. Fresh magic coursed out of her palm and crashed into her captives' bodies.

As HoloJustice squirmed, pleading for her to release them, their skin shimmered and changed from soft skin to coarse fabric. With a *boing*, it suddenly pumped, stretching their clothing tight as their bodies filled with stuffing. The four of them writhed in the air, squirming and struggling, as seams stitched their way up and down their arms and legs and left them looking like they'd come from the slab of Dr. Frankenstein.

"Mmmphf! Mmmmpfhf!" Gigi's cries of horror turned to muffled whimpers as her lips glued themselves together and melded into a single piece of felt stitched to her fabric flesh.

Finally, with a series of pops, the sparks of magic reached their heads, where their frightened eyes bulged in terror one last time before turning into little more than buttons. With that, HoloJustice became still.

For a second, their plushified bodies hung in the air like the dolls they'd become. Then, Ina twisted her wrist, and the newly-made toys started to shrink. Collapsing to the floor, they struck it at a far more appropriate size than when they'd started. And sat there, neither moving nor making a sound whatsoever.

Approaching them, Ina scooped them all up and hugged them to her chest, nuzzling Elizabeth and Gigi's heads with her chin as she carried them to the rest of their friends.

"There," she said, placing them on a pedestal besides HoloReGLOSS. "I guess that means my collection is complete."

Standing back, she felt a sudden pang of something. Was it loneliness? It certainly was a little lonely in here now she'd dealt with the last of her friends. Maybe she should turn a few of them back? She had promised she'd do it once her collection was complete.

On the other hand, they just looked so *cute* sitting there all button-eyed and plushy. Maybe she'd turn them back later...

First, she wanted to give them all a great big hug.