

### ***Ina's Collection: Gen 5 (Inanimate TF, Hololive)***

With a grunt of exertion, Botan spun the handwheel of the bulkhead door until it was a tight fit as it would go and stumbled back, almost falling into Lamy's arms.

"Okay," she said, struggling to catch her breath. "That's it. There's no way Ina can get to us now."

"A-are you sure?" asked Lamy, looking around at the bunker's gunmetal walls. "It looks strong, but—?"

"What if she just uses magic?" cried Polka, bouncing on the spot like she was about to take off.

"Don't be ridiculous," said Botan. "What kind of spell could get through twenty inches of steel?"

"What if she teleports?" asked Nene.

"What if she—?" Botan threw back her head in a laugh. "What if she teleports? What if she—" Her smile dropped. "...What if she teleports? Shit. *Shit.*"

"Botan?!" Lamy squealed.

"Shit! Okay, okay!" Holding up her hands, Botan flicked her gaze from left to right and swallowed. "It's okay, we're fine." She bit her lip. "All we have to do is open the door again and make a break for it! If we split up, she'll never be able to catch us! She can't teleport to all of us at once, right?"

"C-can't she?" asked Nene.

"I don't know!" With a snarl, Botan grabbed the handwheel and started to spin it—with a clang, the lock came unlatched. Pausing to catch her breath, Botan wrenched the door open and threw herself through it—

—straight into one Ninomae Ina'Nis.

The eldritch angel beamed. "Oh! Hi, Botan! I was just looking for you. Are the rest of Gen 5 in this metal box with you? They are? Oh, that's great!"

"Ina!" Squealing, Botan leapt backward, slamming straight into the rests of her gen and all but bowling them over in the process. Lamy struggled to help her up.

"Thanks for opening the door," said Ina, closing it casually behind her. "I really wanted to come inside and see what you were up to, but my magic couldn't get in here for some reason!"

Botan's expression dropped. "It... it couldn't?"

"Nope. Anyway, while I'm here I guess I should add you all to my collection with the others, right? Is there anything you'd particularly like to become? How about some cool posters?"

Botan spread her claws. "St-stay back!" she cried, poised as if to pounce. "I'm not going to let you—"

Ina raised a finger, and with a little crackle of green light, Botan froze. "Hmm," said Ina, resting her chin in her palm. "I wonder... Maybe... Ah! I have the perfect idea!" Grinning, she wiggled her fingers and spoke a magic word.

Before her, Botan squirmed, struggling to escape from the field of magic restraining her body—it felt as if she were trapped in a tight latex suit. *Nnn~! Let me out of here! Let me—!* Before she had chance to even finish the thought, she felt a sudden intense pressure in her chest, as if someone were pumping air right into her heart. Looking down, she gaped to see her boobs expanding, blown up like a pair of balloons till they tore through her top with the force of their expansion.

Behind her, Lamy squealed in shock.

As Botan stared, eyes wide, at her own expanding assets, her hands flew up and clamped them tight. Gasping in pleasure, she squeezed them tight, rubbing them together like the pair of giant puddings they'd become. *Nnn~! Stoop! Let me—!*

The tension surrounding her became a thousand times more intense. As she struggled to escape it, she found the world growing around her, Ina and her genmates growing into giants with it. All she could do was squeal, squeal as keep groping her breasts as if she wanted to pop them.

With a clunk, she hit the floor. It didn't hurt—if anything, the impact only filled her with more pleasure. *Nnn~! Ina! What have you done to me?*

Chuckling, Ina bent down and picked her up. "You came out really well, Botan," she said with a laugh. "You make such a sexy figurine!"

*F-figurine?*

Holding her up, Ina spun her around so she could see the rest of her genmates pressed against the wall, trembling in horror. "Why don't you sit in my hand and watch while I deal with your friends, okay?" Giggling, she tapped Botan on the head. *Boop!*

*N-no!* Even as Botan struggled and squirmed, Ina aimed her finger at Polka and spoke a magic word. With a crackle and a flash of pale, emerald light, the fennec fox snapped forward, grabbed her skirt, and wrenched it up to reveal a pair of rapidly thickening thighs. A blush filled her face and sweat dripped from her brow as they finished swelling into a pair of meaty tree trunks, and with that, she started to shrink as well, collapsing to the floor of the bunker as another little doll, lewd and plastic. *Clack!*

With even a second of pause, Ina turned her finger on Nene. *Zap!* The alien squealed and spun around, bending over and lifting her skirt to reveal a butt that was growing fatter with the second. As Botan watched in horror, Nene's rear rose like dough into the oven, straining her panties as it bloated into two ginormous clumps of fat, absurdly jiggling. Reaching back, Nene dug her hands into it, sinking her fingers so deep into the fat they could no longer be seen.

Finally, she shimmered and shrank, turning as small and hard as Botan and Polka. Falling to the floor, she struck it with a clank. Ina stepped over her.

Now all that remained was Lamy herself, huddled in the corner and pale with fear. "Ina!" she cried. "Ina, wait! Don't do this—! Don't—!"

The spell struck her right into the chest, and with a squeal, she shot into the air, her outfit tearing as her body thickened beneath it. With an enormous pair of *boings*, her boobs and her buttcheeks burst out into the open, grown so prodigiously swollen they practically buried the rest of her body beneath them.

With a wild moan, she clasped a boob with one hand and a buttcheek with the other. Squeezing, she shivered and went silent, her eyes wide with pleasure. And with that, she shrank till she was no larger than any normal figure.

Bending down, Ina picked her up and smushed her against Botan. "Hehe, you two go really well together."

*Nnn~! Nnn~!*