

### ***Ina's Collection: Advent (Inanimate TF, Latex, Hololive)***

Placing her hands on the door, Nerissa squinted through the keyhole.

“Can you see them?” asked Shiori, leaning on her shoulders.

“Maybe?” said Nerissa, cocking her head with a frown. “It’s hard to tell. I can see these squirming, human shapes, but... Whether that’s *them*...”

“Let me take a look!” cried Bijou, pushing Nerissa out of the way and peering through the keyhole herself. “Hmm, they look like those wiggly arm men you see outside car dealerships. But, you know, without the arms.”

“What does that even mean?” asked Shiori.

“I kind of get it, actually,” said Nerissa. “They *do* look like the wiggly arm men. Without arms.”

Shiori squinted at her.

“Bau bau,” said Fuwamoco, who were simply happy to be present.

“Who cares what they look like?” said Shiori at last. “Can you break the door down?”

“Sure,” said Nerissa, standing back. “You might want to cover your ears though.”

None of them heard the song that followed, but they certainly felt it in their bones. The metal door of the storage room rattled in its frame and finally fell free, its hinges literally shaking themselves to pieces. It struck the floor with a crash and toppled into the vault.

As one, the five of them nodded and rushed in.

On the other side, they found something out of a nightmare: nine, colorful squirming figures, curvaceous. They looked a little like those wiggly arm men you see outside car dealerships, but without the arms. Also, they were screaming: “Mmmphf! Mmmphf!”

“Oh my— It’s Holo-Id!” cried Shiori, paling in horror. “Quickly! We’ve got to do something to help them!”

“Like what?” asked Bijou.

“I don’t know! Try tearing the rubber off or something!” Approaching the nearest figure, a curvy purple one resembling Moona Hoshinova, she set about trying to peel the sticky latex from her body.

After a moment of pause, each of the other members of Advent picked a fellow vtuber and rushed to help them. Fuwawa picked Kobo. Mococo picked Ollie. Nerissa went for Pavolia Reine, and Bijou went for the silver-clad figure of Kaela Kovalskia. Digging their hands deep

into the thick layer of latex surrounding their fellow tubers' bodies, they gripped tight and pulled hard, straining to peel it away.

It didn't work well. "It's not working!" cried Bijou.

"Well, try harder!" cried Shiori. They did, but that didn't work either.

As they waited for a miracle, they received the opposite: green light filled the room, and a familiar voice tickled all their ears.

"So, you're trying to free my special Indonesian treasures, are you?" called Ina. "Well, you're in luck. As it happens, I was planning to turn them into nonsense dolls today. So, why don't I take advantage of this special two-for-one deal?" She giggled, and the light seemed to settle on all of them. To Advent's horror, they found they could no longer pull their hands away from Holo-Id's bodies.

"H-hey! What's going on?!" cried Bijou.

"Let me go!" cried Shiori, struggling to pluck her hands from Moona's thighs.

"Bau bau!" cried Fuwamoco.

No matter how hard the five struggled, the latex clung to their palms, gluing them to their fellow vtubers by thick strands of rubber. The worse they fought, the stickier it seemed to become.

A second wave of green light rolled through the chamber, striking Holo-Id's bodies and making them glimmer. Under the light, they lost their unique colors, their latex turning as flesh-colored as each other's. Squeezing their bodies even tighter, so tight it seemed to fuse to their skin, the latex revealed their faces and hair, the former locked in paroxysms of lust that remained for scarcely a second before twisting into wild, mindless happiness. Their mouths stretched in grins and froze that way, as rubber as the rests of their bodies.

Down below, the latex around their legs thickened, forming large pillars. Slowly, they started to wobble back and forth.

Advent, their eyes wide in horror, struggled to pull themselves away from their rapidly changing friends, but the sticky, flesh-like rubber seemed stronger than ever. Finally, with a snap, they found themselves flung back, slammed into the other idols' bodies with a squelch of rubber against rubber.

"H-help!" cried Bijou, seated squirming in Kaela's crotch. "Help me!"

"How are we supposed to do that when we're stuck too?!" cried Nerissa, stuck with her boobs squished against Pavolia's.

"Mmmphf! Mmmphf!" wailed Shiori, her face buried in Moona's thighs.

“Bau bau!” cried Fuwawa and Mococo, planted boobs and butt first on Kobo and Ollie’s faces, respectively.

Now the green light washed over the five of them in turn, and as they struggled they found the awful latex spreading over them as well. All they could do was squirm and moan as it ate away their clothes and tickled the clothing between it, making their flesh hypersensitive and erogenous even as it stuck tight to them.

“Nnn~! Ah! Ah!” Bijou moaned as it slipped between her legs and forced its way deep into her vagina, throbbing and shaking inside her like a living, latex vibrator.

Beside her, Nerissa moaned as the stuff rolled over her boobs, making them look even bigger as it squeezed the fat and groped her nipples till her eyes rolled back and her tongue lolled out her mouth.

Finally, the rubber reached the five’s faces, and their cries of panic cut off one by one as their mouths split into enormous grins and froze their way, teeth transmuted into rubber like the rest of them. For a moment more they retained the use of their eyes, which flashed in panic or rolled by in horror, unable to do anything more. Then the latex took them too, and they opened wide in happiness, made part of the same ridiculous masks as their mouths.

With that, the green light faded away, and silence settled on the room. A silence broken only by the squeaking of rubber as the nine new wobble dolls swung slowly back and forth, the five double-dolls among them moving just that little bit slower.