

Hololive Auction (Inanimate TF)

“I love you, Korone,” said Okayu with a giggle.

“Eeeeh?!” Eyes wide, Korone went red. “Y-y-you-?”

As her canine costreamer flushed in embarrassment, Okayu pounded her controller and sent a turtle shell right into the back of Korone’s cart.

Korone’s eyes went even wider as she sailed off the track. “Eeeeh?!”

Okayu burst into laughter.

As Korone whined like a dog, Okayu suppressed her giggles and turned to chat to see their reaction. What she found made her raise an eyebrow in confusion: instead of laughing at her trick, they were talking about... sex toys?

“\$250, onaholes,” read one comment. “\$300, fleshlights,” read another. As message after similar message scrolled past her, Okayu’s eyes opened wider and wider. “Eeeh? What’s everyone talking about?” She was so distracted, she barely even noticed Korone till her cart flew off the track. “Hey!”

Beside her, Korone giggled.

As the turtle in the cloud fished her back onto the track, Okayu watched with increasing agitation as more and more of the strange messages passed.

“\$500, sex dolls,” read one. “\$600, relief stations,” read another. “\$700, onas,” said a third.

Loosening her grip on her controller, Okayu could only watch as the number rose higher and higher and—

“Okayu?” said Korone, “what’s wrong?”

Before Okayu could answer, a new message flashed: “Bidding over,” said the commenter, ‘Auctioneer’. “Korone and Okayu go to kemonomimi-fucker as sex dolls for \$9960.”

Okayu blinked. “What are you guys talking about—?”

An electrical shock coursed through her body.

Okayu screamed, as did Korone beside her. Throwing back their heads, they howled (and yowled) in ecstasy as their arms snapped up, their legs spread wide, and their clothes burnt away in a flash of pink fire to reveal their pussies, plump and dripping.

Fur on end, the two could only sit and shiver, wanting to scream in delight yet finding themselves unable as a fresh wave of electricity passed through their forms and made them

tremble. Starting with their feet, it worked its way up their bodies, fusing their toes, smoothing out their ankles, and leaving their skin looking perfectly flat and shiny.

With it came a feeling of warmth and energy—an erotic, orgasmic warmth that made catgirl and dog-girl both feel like screaming in ecstasy. If only they could do anything but sit there, mouths open dumbly.

As the heat reached their pussies, spreading their sexes wide and plumping up their lips, the energy flowing through the pair doubled in intensity. They shivered and shook in their chairs, making pathetic little squeaking sounds. In seconds their minds were like two pink clouds of boiling steam.

Leaving their pussies as a pair of fat, round 'O's, the energy coursed upward, plasticizing their skin and turning belly buttons to caps. As it reached their chests, the two tried to scream afresh, but all they could do was watch as their breasts swelled like balloons, seams forming along their curves as they did so.

Finally, the change reached their faces, plumping their mouths into fat 'O's like their pussies and reducing the rest of their expressions into the flat, painted ones of cartoons.

All they could do was sit there, shivering in silent ecstasy.

On their screens, meanwhile, chat blurred as messages poured in. Some expressed delight, others envy. One group came from kemonomimi-fucker himself, explaining, in detail, exactly what he intended to do with them.

“first, i'll start with their mouths. i wanna get them used to the taste of my cock before i use it for anything else, you know? once i'm bored of their mouths, i'll move on to their pussies, give them a real good pounding... and after that...”





“Yeah, yeah, no chest. Ha ha.” Rolling her eyes, Ina turned her attention back to the game. But as she tried to carry on playing, a second, stranger message caught her eye and made her hair-tendrils quiver.

“Fleashlights don’t need big chests,” she read. The commenter was called ina-lip-lover. Ina’s eyes tightened. “You’re not calling *me* a fleashlight are you?” she asked, more confused than offended.

She’d intended this as something of a joke, but her chat’s reaction made her frown. Instead of laughter and lewd jokes, all she saw was:

“\$100, fleashlight.”

“\$150, fleashlight.”

“\$200, fleashlight.”

As Ina watched, frowning in confusion, more and more of these messages came in, with the dollar amount rising each time. In seconds it had reached \$1000, and still it kept on growing.

“Hey,” she said, “what are you guys talking about? Are you... bidding on fleashlights?”

The only responses she got mocked her.

As Ina stopped playing to focus on chat properly, a new message, written by someone called ‘Auctioneer’ flashed past: “Bidding over. Ninomae Ina’nis goes to ina-lip-lover as a fleashlight for \$7650.”

Following this came a series of reaction messages commenting on how unfair it was, how they’d wanted to win, how good... they imagined her lips must feel? Reading their comments, Ina shivered in disgust. She knew her fanbase lusted after her a little, but she’d never thought it was this—

A spasm passed through Ina’s body, making her hair tremble. She sat upright, snapping her head to the ceiling. Breathing deep, heart pounding, she struggled to move and found herself unable.

As Ina tried to escape her chair, her arms and legs rose on their accord, folding up tight against her body. She fought against it, trying to move them back, to grab the arms of her chair and pull herself out, but no matter how hard she tried, she just couldn’t do it.

Slowly, her knees struck her chest and her arms wrapped them, and she squeezed herself, tight and unwilling. A pulse passed through her form, making her gasp erotically. Shivering, trembling, Ina started to compact.

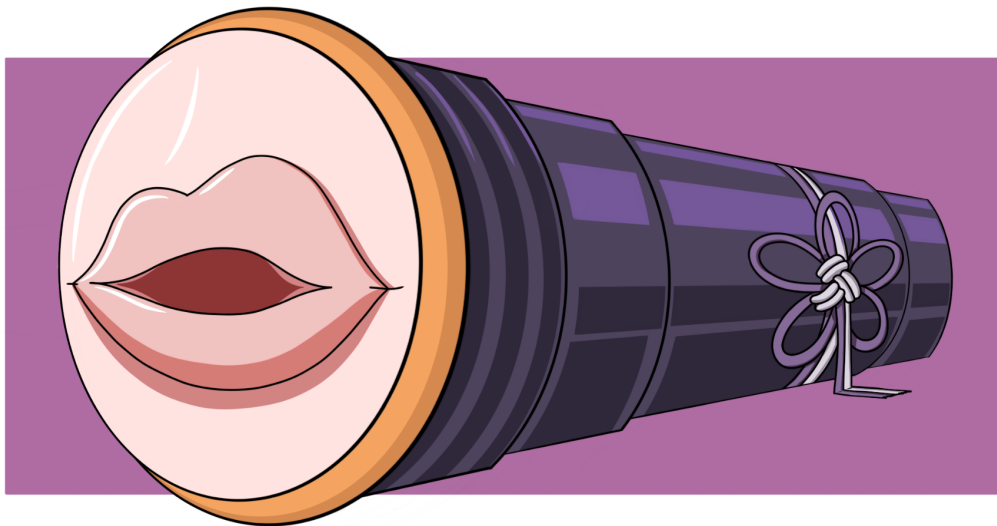
As she shrank into her chair, losing height faster with every second that passed, Ina’s arms sank into her legs, and her legs sank into the flat chest behind them like boots into mud. At

the same time, her clothes seemed to have turned fluid—as she fought, it washed up and over her face, smothering everything save her mouth. Her vision went dark.

Toppling forward, Ina struck and bounced against her own plush chair seat. Her entire body felt as if it had been crushed into a compact little cylinder, with her clothes wrapped around her as a tight plastic shell. All she could do was move her lips—just a little, as if suckling at a nipple. She couldn't speak at all.

She couldn't see either, but if she could have, she wouldn't have liked what she saw. Messages flooded her chat from people upset they couldn't see her anymore, plus others annoyed they hadn't won the auction.

Among them was the winner, ina-lip-liver. “her lips are gonna feel sooo good on my cock,” he wrote. “i'm gonna pump her full of so much cum :P:P:P”



"I'm Calliope Mori and I suck at video games," said Gawr Gura, struggling to keep herself from laughing.

"That is *not* what I sound like," replied Calliope Mori, sending her fellow streamer into another fit of laughter. "Fine, if we're doing impressions, why don't I try one? *Hi, I'm Gawr Gura and I'm great at video games!* Hah, how'd you like that? ...Wait."

Calli went red as Gura practically fell off her chair in laughter.

"Ahhh," said Gura, struggling to regain her breath. "...Hey, what's happening in chat? ...\$200, onahole?"

Calli stopped making protest sounds in order to turn to her own chat and say 'huh?' "\$250, fleshlight? What are you guys talking about? ...'They don't know?' I—we don't! Why are you guys bidding on sex toys?"

"\$500, relief station?" read Gura. "What's a relief station?" She turned to Calli, who simply shook her head and shrugged.

"Hey, can you guys quit it?" said Calli, "This is starting to freak me out."

"Yeah," said Gura, nodding emphatically. "This is more weird than funny."

Despite this request, prices and items continued to fill the chat, until at last...

"\$10,000, both milk machines" read Calli and Gura, in unison.

At once, the requests or bids or whatever they were stopped coming. "Bidding Over," declared a viewer named only 'Auctioneer'. "Gawr Gura and Calliope Miro go to cowboy69 as milk machines for \$10,000." A second later, chat broke into uproar. "Milk machines?" asked one viewer after another.

Watching the messages fly past them, Calli and Gura could only sit in silence. "What the hell is going on?" said Calli at last. "Where are the mods? Why haven't they—?"

Boing! went Calli and Gura's stomachs, almost simultaneously. Blinking in surprise, the two girls looked down—and gasped in shock as they found their bellies had swollen to the size of beachballs, stretching their clothes to breaking point.

"What the fuck?!" cried Calli, leaping from her chair. Claspings her stomach, she squeezed it—it sloshed.

Beside her, Gura sat staring, eyes wide, at her own stomach as it filled like a water balloon. Within seconds, a terrible *rrrrrip*'ing noise sounded as her hoodie split, freeing her bloated belly to burst out into the world.

Nearby, Calli screamed as her own dress came apart with a terrible tearing sound. Her breasts and stomach, freed of their clothes and swollen beyond reason, bounced and jiggled, audibly sloshing. Milk spurting from her nipples.

Slowly, second by second, the pair's torsos continued to grow, stomachs subsuming their upper arms and breasts as they did so. Calli collapsed onto her ass, while Gura, scrambling to escape her chair, fell to the floor too. In seconds they sat beside one another, larger and leakier by the second.

As their bodies filled with milk, their minds filled with pleasure. The straining of their skin and the smoothing of their flesh felt like a thousand tiny hands caressing them. The sensation was so great that the pair barely even noticed the other aspects of their transformation, like the little horns poking out of their heads or the long tails sprouting from their coccyxes. Too focused on pleasuring themselves, they only noticed when their fingers fused into pairs of hard hooves, which their growing torsos promptly sucked up and flattened.

For almost a full minute, the two squirmed and squeaked and moaned as their torsos could grow no more and their rear ends started to take the load instead. In moments they'd swollen to truly titanic proportions, larger than the rest of the girls' bodies combined. For ten or so seconds, they sat on them, wobbling like a pair of wobble toys. Then, just like that, they toppled forward, landing on their fronts with a couple of giant sloshes, exactly like the big bags of milk they'd become.

As they struggled to escape their changing forms, their legs curled and stuck to the sides of their swollen rears, feet hardening into hooves. At the same time, their lips blew up and round, forming thick, cock-sucking 'O's, while their faces flattened into comical cartoon masks. All they could do was stare ahead, wanting to cry out, yet unable.

Finally, their pussies pulsed with a mind-rending ecstasy—one which would have made them scream if they still had real mouths—and started to swell too, lips melding and pumping up and producing four fat teats each as they grew. Slowly, the pair's rears rose, pushed up by the giant udders growing beneath them.

From the nipples of these gigantic rubber sacks came thin streams of milk, slow at first yet growing faster with the second. Within a minute, the two were sitting in a growing puddle of their milk, silently moaning at the feeling of lactating. It felt as good as cumming, if not better.

If the two had the focus and perspective to see their chats at the moment, they would have seen the hundreds of messages their 'loyal' fans were posting. Some were weirded out, but the majority were either amused or lewd.

"look at Gura's lips," wrote one fan. "god, i wanna get my cock between them."

"Calli's teats look so fat," wrote another. "i wanna suckle on them so bad."

One comment came from cowboy69 himself: "glad you guys like them. i own a bar, so i'm thinking of putting them on display, you know? free milk for everyone, lol. when people get

sick of milk i'll just move them to the men's room or something lol. let guys have their way with them, lmao."

If Gura and Calli could have read this, they might have been frightened. As it was, all they could do was lie there and beg someone to milk them.





“You want a fuckdoll of me?” read Marine with a giggle, covertly slipping a finger between her legs.

“\$600, onahole,” typed someone else in chat.

Marine laughed. “Oh, so it’s an onahole you want?”

“\$700, fleshlight.”

“Oooh, a fleshlight now. Which hole would you pick?” Despite the playful tone she’d assumed, Marine’s eyes were starting to twitch. Why was no-one responding to her teasing? Normally they loved that kind of stuff!

“\$1000, sexdoll,” said someone else.

Marine frowned. Now they were back to the beginning. For the first time, she took notice of the dollar amount preceding the requests. What was *that* supposed to mean? Was it the amount they’d be willing to pay, or something? \$1000 was a *lot* to pay for a sex doll, even a sex doll that looked like her. Maybe if it was *really* realistic. She went red.

As Marine bit her lip at the thought of a hyper-realistic Marine doll, the bids in chat continued to rise with the second: “\$1100, onahole.” “\$1200, fleshlight.” “\$1500, sex doll.” “\$2000, ona.” Second by second, the numbers rose and rose and rose, until at last...

“\$20,000, Relief Station.” No further bids came in.

“Bidding over,” someone soon declared, “Houshou Marine goes to akihabara_brothelman as a relief station for \$20,000.”

As the rest of chat burst into outrage, confusion, and jealousy, Marine finally managed to pull herself out of her daydream and turn her gaze back to the screen. “Relief station?” she read. “What’s that?”

No sooner had she asked that an electrical shock struck her. With a gasp, she leaped to her feet, knocking away her chair, and bent forward, almost slamming her face into the desk. Stuck there, struggling to change position, she could only watch with quaking eyes as her arms curled over to touch her shoulders and her legs stuck together.

A strange heat filled Marine’s trapped body. Opening her mouth wide, she moaned, loud. At the same time, two earthquakes went off inside her simultaneously: one in her ass and one in her chest.

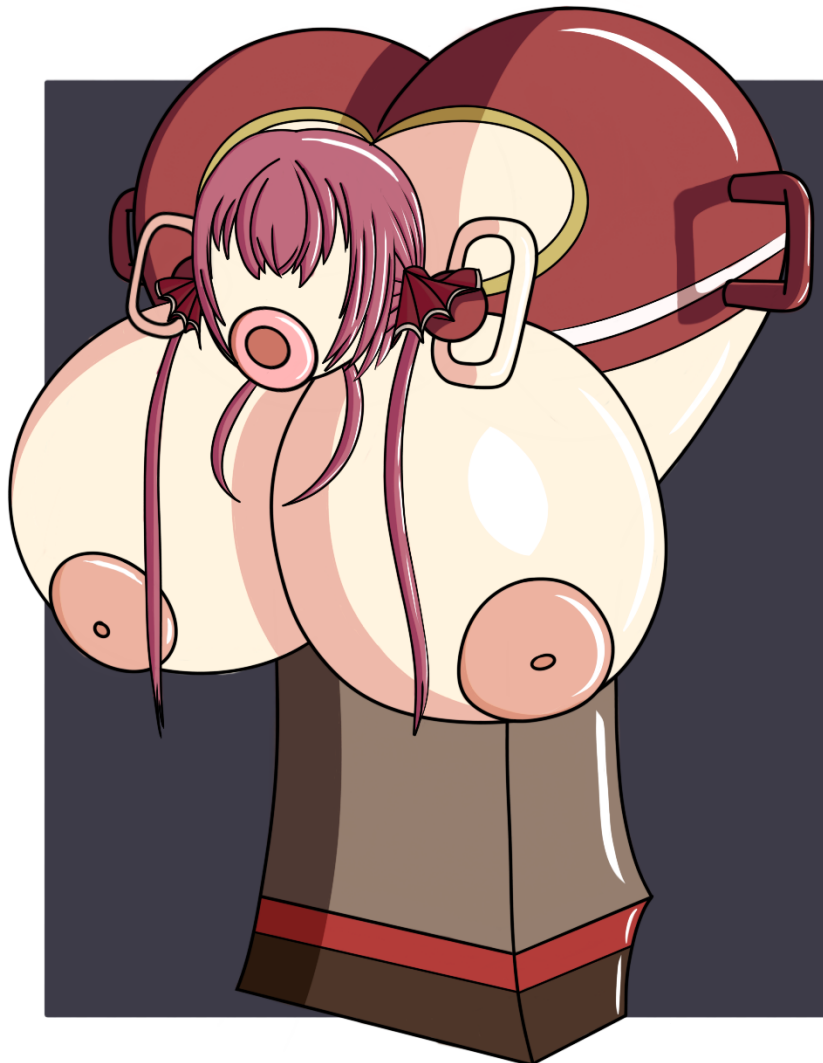
As Marine moaned, the butt she was sticking out pumped up like a pair of balloons, stretching her skirt and pulling it tight against her new rear’s swollen girth. Between its bloated cheeks, her pussy and anus swelled as well, forming a pair of fat pink donuts.

Seconds later, Marine's top tore with a terrible *rrrip* as her growing breasts burst right through it. Pumped up to the size of beach balls, they fell free of her shredded bra and bounced like the balls they resembled.

As her assets increased, the rest of Marine simplified. First her legs fused into a single cuboid column, then her arms slimmed into a pair of spindly handles. Another pair sprouted from her asscheeks, providing an excellent grip for anyone who wanted to use her rear holes.

Finally, her torso shriveled away, leaving only her head, while her facial features vanished, leaving only her mouth, still open wide. Like her other holes, it pulsed and pumped up into a fat, cock-sucking ring, much to the delight of the viewers in chat.

"don't worry," posted [akihabara_brothelman](#) as the transformation finally came to an end. "i'm not gonna lock her away or anything. you'll all get a chance to use her :P"



“Eh? Onahole? What’s an onahole?” Amelia Watson blinked as a flurry of messages scrolled past her eyes, all as equally strange as the first one. She read as many as she could, but none offered even the slightest explanation. “Eh? Guys?”

Chat continued without responding to her, a fact that left her a little stunned. Normally they repeated everything she said like parrots. “What are you guys doing?” she asked at last. “Why aren’t you—?”

“Bidding over,” declared a commenter called Auctioneer. “Amelia Watson goes to akihabara_brothelman as a relief station for \$18,000 .”

At once, the tone of the messages changed from numbers to jealous emojis. “Another?” said one viewer.

Amelia could only blink. “Wh-what does that—?”

Something slammed into her chest, knocking her to her feet. As her chair flew away behind her, she bent over with speed and found herself locked in this position, unable to look away from her screen. No matter how hard she struggled, she couldn’t pull herself upright. “G-guys? What’s going on?! What’s—?! Ooooh!”

An orgasmic fire ignited in Amelia’s sex and went roaring through the rest of her body. She moaned, eyes rolling back in their sockets and drool seeping from her lips. “Ooooooh…”

As Ame’s mind turned to puffy cotton candy, her legs squished tightly together and fused into a single smooth column, while her arms curled back to touch her shoulders and thinned into a pair of simple handles.

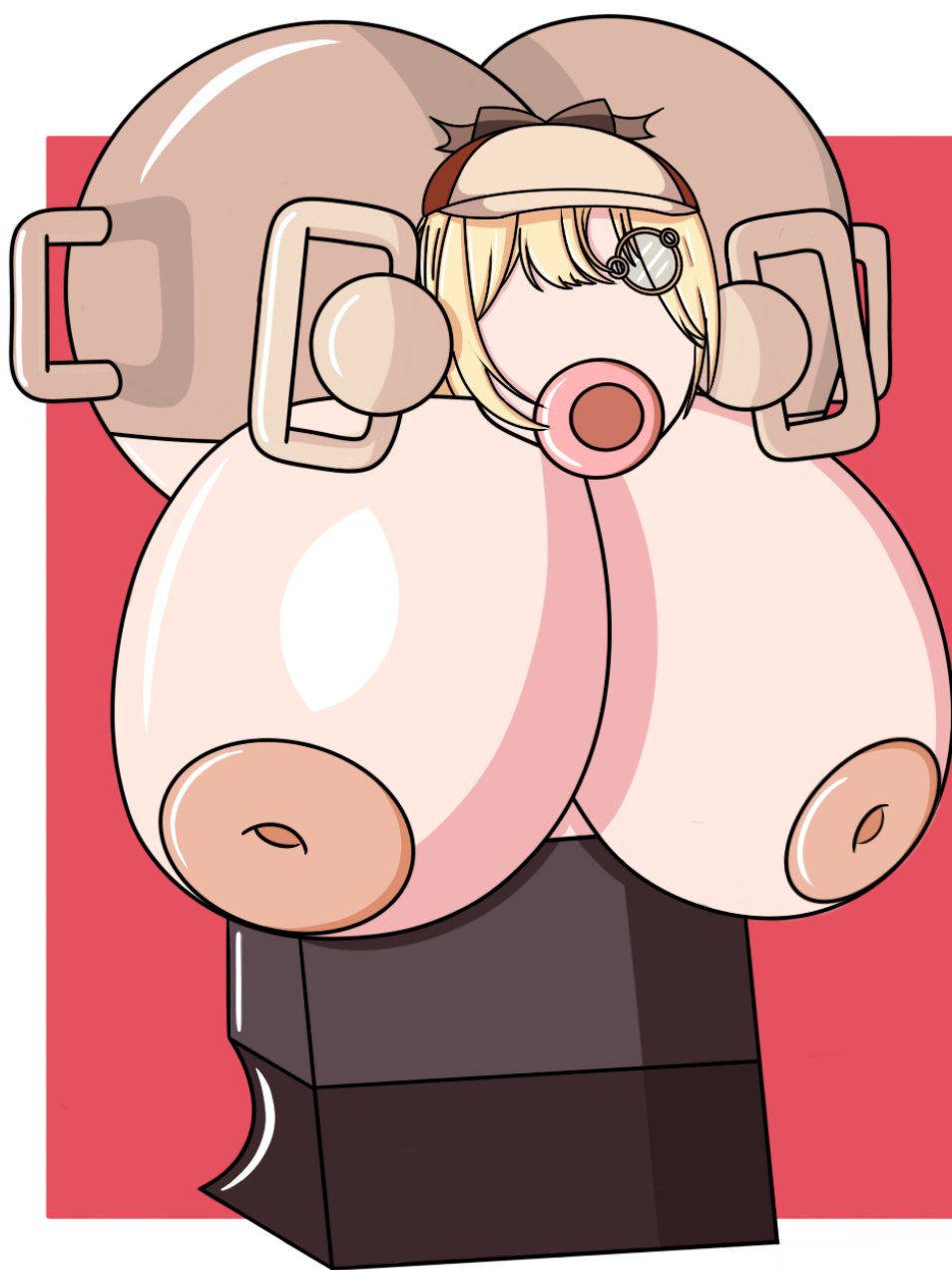
Moments later, her ass and breasts trembled, pulsing like the skins of a beaten drum. With a final, emphatic *bwomphf*, they exploded, trebling in size in seconds. The former stretched her skirt tight against its swollen cheeks, while the latter ripped straight through her top and burst out into the world, jiggling and bouncing, nipples like dinner plates. The feeling of the air against them only made Ame moan more.

Finally, she closed her eyes in ecstasy and they melted away into her face, along with her nose, leaving only her mouth behind. At once, it and her other holes stretched wide and puffed up into a trio of fat, pink ‘O’, all big and thick and perfect for taking cock.

Chat didn’t fail to notice. “God I wanna stick my cock in her ass,” said one commenter.

“i’ll let you guys know when they arrive :P” replied akihabara_brothelman.

Amelia Watson could only moan in her head.



“No no no! Stop! Stop this conversation! You guys can’t talk about this! It’s daytime—kids are watching!”

As more and more of the strange, lewd comments filled her chat, Sakura Miko turned redder and redder. “Stop! Stop! Stop!”

Just as she was about to stop the stream entirely, the comments slowed to a halt, and a final, even stranger, one popped up: “Bidding over. Sakura Miko goes to akihabara_brothelman as a relief station for \$8600.”

Miko blinked. Wh-what did that mean? Why did it sound as though she’d just been sold?

Before she could find an answer, something like an invisible baseball bat crashed into her chest. With a gasp, she flew to her feet and found herself standing straight, legs held firmly together. She struggled to change position and found herself unable.

As Miko opened her mouth to protest, her body decided all on its own to bend over, bringing her face back to the level of the screen. She had just enough time to read a few amused comments before the next round of changes seized her.

First, an explosion of utter ecstasy went off in her sex, making her wish she could throw back her head and scream. As it was, she simply stood there drooling and moaning as her legs melded together and her arms curled over to touch her shoulders before slimming into a pair of smooth handles.

With a pair of audible *boings*, her chest and rear exploded, quadrupling instantly in size. Her breasts tore straight through her top and bounced in full view of her webcam (much to chat’s amusement), while her ass stretched her skirt tight as it rose high above her head.

Standing there, unable to move, Miko felt her bloated assets jiggling and moaned as a wave of orgasmic pleasure came rippling out of them, washing over her mind. Her thoughts drowned beneath the flood, reducing her to whimpers. As her eyes rolled back in their sockets, the viewers in chat took note of how erotic her expression looked.

Unfortunately for them, it wasn’t long to last. As the ecstasy growing inside her grew unbearable, Miko closed her eyes and lost them as they faded out of existence. A second later, her nose followed as well, leaving her face a smooth expanse punctured only by her mouth.

Flexing as if sucking on an invisible sausage, her lips pulsed and pumped up like her curves before them. In moments, it had become a little pink swim ring, fat and round and supple and perfect for someone to stick their cock in (as a number of commenters took note of).

On her other side, between her asscheeks, meanwhile, her *other* holes followed the course of her mouth and blew themselves into a pair of fat donuts, gross parodies of the cute little holes they’d been before, the kind of holes that *begged* people to fuck them.

Finally, her skin gained the shininess of plastic, and with that, the transformation was over.

“so,” said akihabara_brothelman, “i’ve said this in the other chats, but i’m planning to let people rent them. how many of you are interested in this one?”

Miko could barely count the avalanche of responses.



Bonus Images:





