

Jashin-chan's Magic Ring, Part 2 (Body Control, Inanimate TF, Dropkick on my Devil!)

The sound of the front door slamming sent shivers from Jashin-chan's head all the way down to the very tip of her tail. "Y-Yurine! You're back early!"

In the doorway, Yurine cocked her head with a scowl. "That's *Mistress* Yurine to you, slave."

Jashin-chan froze in horror. Ah! How had she forgotten already? "S-sorry, Mistress Yurine!" She tried to bow, though she wasn't very good at it. "It—it won't happen again."

"Mmn." Yurine scowled. "What happened to your maid outfit?"

Jashin-chan opened her eyes and looked down. To her surprise, her maid outfit was burnt and patchy, as if someone had taken a blow torch to it. "Um... I guess I must have gotten a little careless while I was cooking."

"I don't recall giving you permission to damage your maid uniform," said Yurine, drawing her knife.

With a squeal of terror, Jashin threw herself to the ground in prostration. "I'm sorry! I'm so sorry, Mistress Yurine! Please, I promise it won't happen again!"

Yurine rolled her eyes. "Make sure it doesn't," she said, sheathing her knife. "Now, if you'd care to make me a nice cup of tea? Assuming you didn't burn down the kitchen as well?"

Jashin-chan leapt back onto her tail. "Y-yes, yes Mistress! Right away, Mistress!" Swallowing her feet, she slithered into the kitchen as fast as she could and hurried to fill the kettle. Urgh, this was so frustrating! How could she have gotten herself into this stupid situation?!

As she searched for a teabag, she grit her teeth in frustration. Surely there was something she could do about this? She didn't want to stay Yurine's slave forever, did she? But what could she do...? Think, Jashin, think!

Picking up the kettle, her eyes settled on the teabag sitting in the cup before her, and a terrifying grin came onto her face. ...Ah-ah! "Oh, Jashin-chan! Of course! You're so smart! The solution was in front of you the whole time! You just have to *poison* her...! Hahahaha...!" Chuckling, she went rummaging in the cupboards. "Yurine isn't going to know what hit her! Ahahahaha!"

Five minutes later, she stepped out of the living room and, grinning smugly, calmly passed the scalding cup of poison to her so-called Mistress. "You tea, Mistress Yurine! Enjoy!"

"You poisoned this, didn't you?" said Yurine, flatly.

Jashin-chan's jaw dropped. "H-h-h-huh?! How could you possibly know that?!"

"I didn't, until you just confirmed it. But your sudden change of mood was incredibly suspicious."

Jashin went pale. *I screwed up! I screwed up! Now she's going to turn me into a toilet agaaaaain! Noo!*

"Jashin," said Yurine, studying the tea carefully. "First, I want you to take this drink and tip it into your eyes." The ring on her finger flashed—Jashin's collar glinted.

Trembling, she took the cup from her Mistress, raised her head, and tipped the porcelain until— "Aaaaaaaaahhh!" Her scream must have been heard at the other end of the street.

"Excellent," said Yurine. "Now, turn into a training dummy."

Despite the pain, Jashin managed to snap to attention. "A t-training dummy?"

"That's right," said Yurine. "Go on. I haven't got all day."

To her horror, Jashin found herself stiffening. Looking down, she moaned to see her tail straightening out and thinning, turning hard and brown and grainy. "W-w-w-waaaaait!" Even as she struggled to make it stop, her tail's end split into four wooden legs attached to a cross, perfect for supporting her body through all sorts of punishment. "Yurine! Yurine!"

"*Mistress Yurine!*" said Yurine testily.

Jashin's arms snapped apart, stretched wide. A moment later, her flesh started to coarse and plump, strands of straw poking through her joints.

"Arrgh!" Jashin could only scream. "I'm turning into a dummy! I'm turning into a dummy! I'm—"

Finally, her head bulged into a fat burlap sack capped with a silly wig, and a bright red target insignia appeared on her belly.

"Much better," said Yurine, a smile returning to her face. Standing, she rummaged behind her chair and produced a large baseball bat studded with nails. "Hold still, Jashin-chan."

W-w-wait! Mistress Yurine! Mistress Yurine! Waaaaait!

Smack!

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In the end, Yurine tested an entire arsenal of weapons on her, from baseball bats to swords to morningstars and flails. By the time she was done, she'd reduced Jashin to a field of scattered debris: torn sacks and splintered wood and straw, oh so much straw. Of course, as a testing dummy, Jashin didn't have to worry about dying. But she *did* feel all the *pain*.

By the time Yurine returned her to normal, Jashin was left shivering, unable even to uncurl from the fetal position.

Yurine rolled her eyes. “Jashin, stand up!”

Jashin leapt to her tail with a moan of terror. *What’s she going to do to me now?*

“I’m about to head out again. And since I clearly can’t trust you to remain here on your own during the day without burning your uniform, I’m going to take you with me.”

Jashin swallowed. *Th-that doesn’t sound too bad.*

“Of course,” Yurine continued, “I refuse to be seen with you in public, especially while I’m at school, so I’m afraid you’ll have to take a more convenient form for me. Jashin, turn into a picture!”

Jashin jerked, spine snapping straight. “A p-p-picture?!” Even as she struggled to process the word, she found herself floating serenely into the air, like an untethered balloon.

“W-w-wait! Lady Yurine! Wait!”

Her arms slammed against her sides, and her tail snapped straight. For a second she floated in the air, jerking and twitching, her eyes wide in terror.

And then, just like a piece of paper, she folded in half at the waist. And then she did it again, squirming and screaming her muffled screams. And again. And again. And— With each fold, her screams of terror became a little quieter, until at last they were completely inaudible.

Finally, she ceased to fold and fluttered out of the air, a simple piece of plain white paper. Yurine snatched it out of the air and raised it to her face, smirking as she saw the stupid drawing adorning it: it was a terrible picture of Jashin herself, doodled in crayon, an idiotic stick figure with a cartoon face and wild, terrified eyes.

Chuckling, she stuffed it into her pocket. It suited Jashin perfectly.

