

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

The doorbell rang with a pleasant *ding*.

“Ahah!” Leaping to her tail, Jashin-chan slithered over as fast as it would carry her, threw open the door, and snatched the parcel out of the deliveryman’s hand before he’d even had chance to open his mouth.

Slamming the door in his face, she raised the parcel above her head and twirled around in delight. “It’s here! It’s finally here!” Giggling, she sped back into the living room and tossed the package onto the coffee table, where she wasted no time tearing apart the package. “Killing Yurine will be trivial with this!”

Inside the box were two objects: a golden ring etched with a complex magical sigil, and a large golden collar covered in magical runes. Oh, and an instruction manual.

Jashin-chan tossed the latter aside without a thought. “Why would I need to read the instructions? I already know how this works! All you gotta do is make someone wear the ring, and when you wear the collar you can make them do anything you want! Yurine will never be able to stop me!” She frowned. “The only question is... how do I get the ring on her finger...? Hmmm... Hmmm... Ahah! I know just how!”

Not a second later, the front door swung open again, and who should step into the apartment but Yurine herself, already frowning.

Jashin-chan threw herself to the floor at her feet, hands cupped around the ring. “Yurine-sama... will you... will you marry me?” She revealed it.

Yurine stared at her for several long seconds. “Okay,” she said at last, taking the ring and plopping it on her finger.

“Ahah! Ahahahaha!” Leaping back to her tail, Jashin-chan snatched the collar off the table and wrapped it around her neck with a click. “Now you’re finished!” She raised her hand and pointed like an emperor. “Yurine, kill yourself!” Her eyes flashed.

Yurine stared at her.

Jashin-chan’s grin fell. *E-eh? Eeeeh?! Why isn’t it working?* Big beads of sweat dripped from Jashin’s face. Had she done something wrong?

“Jashin...” said Yurine, raising her ringfinger. “Slam your head into the floor.”

“E-eh? Slam my head into the floor...?” Before Jashin could stop herself, she dropped to her tail-knees and slammed her head into the ground with a resounding crack. “Ow!”

“You’ve got the ring and the collar the wrong way round,” said Yurine, flatly. “The slave is supposed to wear the collar and the master is supposed to wear the ring. Idiot.”

Jashin-chan's jaw fell. How could she have missed something so obvious?!

"Stand up," said Yurine. Jashin-chan found herself flung back to her feet and held there at attention. "Good. Now, let's see what else I can do with you. Jashin-chan, make me a cup of tea. And say 'yes, mistress' when I give you an order."

"Y-yes, mistress." Sweating, Jashin-chan hurried to make Yurine a drink. Returning to the living room, she tried to toss it over her, but she'd barely raised the cup before Yurine spoke again and stopped her.

"Stop moving. Hand me my tea. Good." She sipped it with a sigh. "Now," she said, flicking through the instruction manual. "Let's see exactly what I can do with this..." She flicked a page, and her lips curled into a smile. "Oh, you can also command the victim to transform, can you?"

Jashin-chan went pale. *T-transform?! I don't remember reading anything about that!*

"Let's see..." said Yurine, grin growing wider with the second. "How should we start...? Ah, I know. You've been making so much mess with your ridiculous antics. Jashin-chan, why don't you turn into a roomba?"

"A roomba?!" Jashin had just enough time to squeal in horror before the magic of the collar forced her down to the floor, balled up with her tail wrapped under her arms and her mouth wide open. With every second, the pressure on her grew greater and greater—she could feel herself warping under its influence, crushed, compacted, her body rounding out into a short cylinder with her face hovering just over the floor. Her internals spun, changing to match her outer form.

Finally, her skin and her hair and her scales all hardened into the same smooth plastic, retaining its color if nothing else, and with a whirr from her new motors, Jashin-chan found herself rolling steadily forward, sucking up dust and lint and worse as she moved. *Ew! Ew! EW! This is disgusting! Make it stooop!* The dust tasted so dusty!

For the next half an hour, Yurine allowed Jashin to roll from one end of the room to the other, bumping into table legs and chairs and sucking every speck of dust she rolled over, till her stomach felt as if it would burst. She wanted to throw up.

Finally, however, Yurine ordered her back to her. "Jashin-chan," she commanded, "turn back to normal."

With a gasp, Jashin found herself back on two legs, though her mouth still felt just as dusty, and her stomach just as bloated. She retched. "Y-yes, mistress."

"Good. Now follow me to the bathroom."

"Y-yes, mistress." The *bathroom?!*

Stepping aside, Yurine closed the door behind them, giving Jashin an excellent look at the toilet ahead of her. Wh-what was going on? Mistre—Yurine wasn't going to make her clean it with her tongue or something awful like that, was she?

"Jashin-chan..." said Yurine.

Jashin's heart stopped beating.

"...fuse with the toilet."

"F-fuse with the—?! Yes, mistress!" Striding obediently forward, her eyes wide and full of panic, Jashin knelt on the tiles, drew back her head, and slammed it into the seat of the toilet. With a sickening squelch, she burst like a water balloon, and the molten substance of her body flew over the porcelain throne. Like paint, she coated it and stained it and finally settled and dried, fused with the toilet as if it were her body, contorted.

"Perfect," said Yurine, pulling down her panties.

"W-wait! Wait! Yurine! Yurine, don't—! Dooon't—!!"