

Jashin-chan's Magic Ring, Part 3 (Inanimate TF, Dropkick on my Devil!)

Jashin-chan turned in her sleep, sniveling and moaning, till the pillows were on the floor and the bedsheets were all tangled around her tail. "P-please don't turn me into the toilet again, Yurine! Please! I didn't mean to ruin your vintage clothing! Wait, no! Not the face! Not the face!"

Finally, with a cry of horror, she snapped awake. Shooting upright in bed, she looked around, her heart pounding in terror. Sweat dripped from her brow. "Y-Yurine, wait! Yurine! I didn't mean..."

She stopped. Blinking, she looked around. Yurine was nowhere in sight, nor did she seem to be in any immediate danger. Swallowing, she rubbed the collar on her neck. No, it was still there...

Still shivering, she slipped out of bed, floorboards creaking under her serpentine tail. "Was it a dream? Did I imagine the whole thing?" She made her way out of her bedroom and towards the apartment's kitchen, intending to fetch a glass of water. On the way, however...

A sound like a hacksaw cut at her ears.

Pausing mid-slither, she cocked her head in the direction of Yurine's bedroom door and listened carefully. Was that...? Was that the sound of snoring she detected...?

Jashin's lips curled into a smile.

Slithering over, she opened the door and poked her head inside, squinting. Sure enough, she found Yurine in bed, all nicely tucked up and snoring peacefully. She sounded like a chainsaw.

Yurine rubbed the collar around her neck. Now, if she could just get the matching ring around Yurine's finger...

Dropping to the floor, she slithered across the room as stealthily as she could and rose over Yurine's form like some kind of evil incubus, her grin wide, her teeth glinting in the starlight. Gripping Yurine's wrist, she oh-so-delicately raised it, pinched the golden ring around her middle finger, and plucked it from the digit with a silent chuckle. *Got you!* she thought, slipping it into her own finger. *Now I should be able to...*

Before now, she'd have struggled to remove her collar with specialist cutting equipment, but now, with the ring, it came open as easily as anything. Giggling, she took it in both hands and leaned back towards the bed, her smile growing wider and wider as she guided the golden ring to Yurine's neck.

With a click, it snapped into place.

Yurine's snoring stopped. Groaning, she opened her eyes and blinked at her blearily. "Jashin-chan...?" she said, rubbing them. "What are you...?"

"Yurine!" cried Jashin, thrusting her ringfinger into the air. "Look what I've got~!"

Yurine went pale. "The ring!" Her hands went to the collar at her neck, and she turned even paler. "T-the collar!"

"That's right, Yurine..." Giggling, Yurine stroked the ring playfully. "Now, let's see... What should I do with you...? Ah, I know. I feel like a little midnight snack, you know...? Fufufu. Yurine... turn into a pudding!"

"E-ehhh?!" Yurine's eyes went wide as the magic ring and the collar around her neck both flashed in sync. Slowly, the light spread over her form, and with a great squeal, she rose out of bed, the quilt floating up with her. "W-wait! Jashin-chan, wait!" She brought her hands together pleadingly. "Don't do this! Let's come to a deal, instead! Please, have mercy!" Just like that, her arms slammed against her sides and her legs together. She squirmed, but she couldn't break free of her invisible cage.

Beneath her, the quilt flattened into a circle and hardened into a plate. The lamp, rising from her bedside cabinet, stretched and silvered, forming a delicate spoon. Yurine herself continued to thrash as she saw it, but she couldn't stop the ring's magic from working: with a scream, she collapsed, squished like a clay figurine, her arms and legs smushed into the truncated cone of her torso, no taller than her own hand. "Nnn~! Jashin!" she cried, still fighting—her squirming seemed a lot wobblier now, for some reason.

A wave of sparkles washed over her, and beneath it, Yurine's shimmered and changed again, her flesh turning to smooth, yellow purin, while her hair transformed into a delicious caramel sauce. She squealed as she saw what she'd become. "N-no! No! Jashin, you can't do this me!" Finally, the magical lighting faded, and the newly-finished plate of pudding floated slowly down to the bed.

Jashin snatched it out of the air before it had a chance to reach it. "Mmm~," she said, picking up the spoon. "Yurine... You look delicious like this." She was practically drooling.

"J-Jashin, wait...! Don't—! Nnn~!" Yurine's pleas of resistance turned into a long moan of pleasure as Jashin dug the spoon into her flesh. "Nnn~! St-stop...! Please! Nnnn~!"

Plopping a lump of Yurine into her mouth, Jashin chewed it and chewed it, savoring the sweet taste on her tongue. By the time she swallowed, she was shivering in delight. "Oooh, Yurine...! You taste so delicious...! Mmmm~." Eyes sparkling, she went in for more.

"Jashin...! Jashin, don't you dare! Don't you—Nnn~! Stop! Stop it!" The more of Yurine Jashin ate, the more vociferous her protests became, and the louder her moans of pleasure.

"Mmm~, Yurine... Delicious Yurine~. Mmm~."

“Mmm~, delicious Yurine... Delicious...”

The baseball bat slammed into Jashin’s head with a crack, splitting her skull like a piece of delicate pottery. With a scream of pain, she snapped upright in bed, eyes shooting from side to side as she struggled to figure out what was happening.

Yurine stood over her, noticeably human. “You woke me up,” she said, slapping the baseball bat against her palm. Her gaze could have started a fire.

Jashin’s hand went to her neck and settle on the gold of the collar. “E-eh...? You mean it was all just a...?” She swallowed. “W-wait! I didn’t mean to! I—”

Yurine drew the baseball bat back, readying her swing.

Jashin gulped. “But I was having such a nice dream...”

Crack!