Fuckboyification

Kaelyn sighed and panted as she rubbed herself with determination. She would cum this time. She swore she had to. Kaelyn spent the last two weeks being mercilessly edged and denied by both Jasmine and Diana. They never let her finish - they promised her that she'd get to, eventually, maybe one day. Kaelyn tried her hardest to disobey just for that moment of pleasure - not that it wouldn't get her punished. But no matter how hard she rubbed, fucked herself, circled, edged again... she couldn't cum.

The dress-clad girl sighed. She readjusted on the bed and pulled her panties back up. Why did her mind have to contort so easily? Being controlled and conditioned was much harder -- and hotter -- than she thought. Kaelyn couldn't bear the idea of going for the rest of her life without another goddamn orgasm. Once Jasmine edged her twenty times, promising to let her cum at the end, and then-

"We're done," she declared. "You can go back to your room, plaything."

Kaelyn rolled onto the bed. Her cunt still ached for release. Kaelyn was only jolted out of her thoughts when the door knocked. "Y-yes," she started, trying to compose herself quickly. "Come in?"

Jasmine walked through the door confidently. The same sinister smile on her lips as always. The mean business lady had something planned. "How are you getting along, Kaelyn?" she asked, feigning innocence.

"J-just fine, Mistress," Kaelyn murmured.

"Oh, you don't have to lie. In fact, I'd prefer you don't." Jasmine narrowed her eyes. "You were trying to cum, weren't you?"

Kaelyn wanted to lie. She really did. But Jasmine had already spent hours upon days drilling into her head, "obedience is pleasure." She remembered the mantra and told the truth. "Yeah," she nodded shamefully.

"Don't look so sad about it," Jasmine mocked. "I know you weren't able to cum, anyways. It's so cute seeing you desperately try, though."

Kaelyn stiffened. Jasmine's words pierced through her soul, in the most scintillating way possible. Instantly, the tingling in her cunt returned. "Um, is there something I can do for you, Mistress?"

"Well, no, but there's something I want to do for you." Jasmine pulled Kaelyn's desk chair and sat down on it. "I know what I want to turn you into."

"...Turn... me into?"

Jasmine chuckled. "Well, yes. Angel wasn't always a bunny girl. Natalie wasn't always a maid. Felicity was Felicity before being Drone #4052. You get the gist. You're you, right now, Kaelyn. But I'm going to make you mine."

She reached into her suit pocket and pulled something familiar out. A pocket watch.

Kaelyn's eyes glanced up at it. Hypnosis was so hot. Before joining the harem, she had no idea just how much of a hypnosis kink she had. But then Jasmine and Diana convinced her -- roughly. Kaelyn began slipping into trance. Her eyes fluttered.

"You're so pretty, you know?" Jasmine started in that quintessential soft voice. "You're like a doll. So delicate and peaceful. Your little dresses, all your mannerisms... like the way your leg is crossed over another... you're just so feminine, right?"

"Yes..." Kaelyn murmured.

"But what if you weren't?"

Kaelyn's heart paused. "...what if I... wasn't?" She couldn't imagine that. Kaelyn, who loved makeup and shopping and studied fashion design in college, not being feminine?

"Of course. It's been so, so long since I've done this, but I love turning cutesy femmes into..." Jasmine's smile widened. "Hard, jock fuckboys."

Kaelyn's heart sank.

"I... don't know if I can--"

"Oh, don't give me that, unless you want a punishment," Jasmine scolded. "I love destroying feminine girls. After all, they're like porcelain. It's like popping someone's cherry. It's so, so hot, Kaelyn."

Before Kaelyn could protest any further - or try to - Jasmine dropped the pocket watch into her other hand. Kaelyn's eyes slammed shut and her body drooped.

"Kaelyn," Jasmine mused. "Such a pretty name, just like you. But I'm going to break it. I'm going to *snap your mind into pieces.*"

Kaelyn shivered. Her heart pounded and her pussy twitched, but she could barely register either. "I know you must be scared," Jasmine cooed. "And you should be."

The CEO touched the top of Kaelyn's scalp, pulling from it a few strands of her hair. She didn't remove any of Kaelyn's hair, but she tugged it high enough to keep Kaelyn suspended.

"Kaelyn. Kae-Lyn. I want you to see your name, Kaelyn." Jasmine's grip tightened. "And watch me snap it in two."

Kaelyn felt it. Her name snapped in half. Kae lyn. "And watch as I grab both of them," Jasmine continued. "The Kae can stay... after all, Kae is a good name for a fuckboy jock. The fuckboy jock I'm going to make you. But the lyn... it's too feminine, Kae. If you want to truly be owned by me, this is what I'm taking from you."

Kaelyn -- Kae -- distantly shook her head.

"Oh?" Jasmine raised an eyebrow as she placed her other hand over Kaelyn's left breast. "Are you protesting, Kae?"

"Kae...lyn..." she weakly said.

"No. It's Kae now. No more lyn. Watch as I crush it, Kae."

Jasmine squeezed Kaelyn's breast tightly and twisted. The lyn snapped, and Kae moaned loudly. The lyn in her name was crushed into pieces, becoming faded and unrecognizable. Jasmine released Kae's breast. She was Kae, now.

"Isn't that better? A better name for a fuckboy like you?" Jasmine smiled and lightly placed a kiss on Kae's vacant cheek. "And let's take those pesky pronouns from you, too. No more she or her. You're a they, or he, now. That's how we'll refer to you. How everyone will refer to you. And how you'll refer to yourself, too."

Kae shivered. She... no, they... this was wrong. They wanted to protest. But... they couldn't. They weren't Kaelyn anymore. And as Jasmine took their name from them, Kae felt their femininity draining from within them. Going down the gutter, leaving androgyny and a blank slate.

"Doesn't it feel good, Kae?" Jasmine smiled. "Doesn't this suit you better? Obedience is pleasure, Kae. Feel your mind becoming obedient to me. Understanding that whatever I make you, is what you are."

"...Obedience is pleasure," Kae murmured. There was no helping it.

"It is," Jasmine echoed. "Do you accept your blank slate, Kae?"

They did. Oh god they did. They were so fucking horny, from all the edging and obedience and brainwashing. They couldn't think anymore. They just wanted to cum like a needy, brainless fuckboy.

"Then cum," Jasmine permitted. Kae's mind and body exploded. They felt as though they had fifty orgasms at once, possessing their body and draining any of their free will that was left. Kae's eyes rolled upward behind their closed eyelids, savoring the moment, the pleasure, everything.

They weren't Kaelyn anymore. They were Kae. A blank slate - in gender, and mind.

"There you go," Jasmine kissed their forehead gently. "And now, I want you to think about weightlifting..."