

Daniel was sitting in his small office cubicle, trying to focus on his work. But his thoughts always returned to yesterday evening when he accidentally turned his friend Sam into a hot girl. He looked to his left at the magical remote on his desk that caused Sam's transformation. Daniel had tried looking up the model online, but he found nothing. "Where the hell did Sam get his fingers on such a wonderful piece of technology?" he mused while idly typing an e-mail to one of his co-workers. Just as he was about to hit send, his phone vibrated: He got a new message from Sam! Curiously, he read it:

"Hey, Daniel...I know I agreed to lend the remote to you, but can you give it back to me now? I wanted to train for my upcoming triathlon today and go swimming. Can't really do that with that body, you know..."

Daniel picked up the remote and leaned back in his office chair. "Oh right, I used that hypnosis feature to make him think that he agreed to lend me the remote," he mumbled while also remembering how he used the same feature to titfuck him and tried to make him forget about it. Actually, he could have also just titfucked Sam without hypnotizing him first as the transformation rendered Sam pretty obedient. Simply ordering his friend to drop to his knees and wrap his massive tits around his cock would have had the same effect. Daniels was pulled out of his thoughts by receiving another message from Sam, a simple "Please".

Picking up his phone, Daniel replied: "Can't right now. I am stuck at work." He then added a witty, "Also, what is keeping you from going swimming with *that* body? xD" to his message. Sam didn't seem to find it too funny, as he replied with: "Har, Har. You know exactly why I can't do that. Besides, I wouldn't even have a swimsuit for going to the pool..."

Daniel replied: "Lazy excuse. Simply go shopping for a swimsuit then!" But before he could write any more with Sam, Daniel's boss came around the corner looking for him.



Sam threw his phone towards the corner of his bed in frustration when Daniel stopped replying to his messages. "Damn it!" he tried to use the training as an excuse to get Daniel to turn him back into his old male body. Sam wanted to crawl back under the blankets and spend the rest of the day sulking in bed, but surprisingly his body refused to obey him. "What is the matter now? What is happening?" he asked himself while he watched helplessly how he got up and walked to the kitchen counter to grab his car keys. Unable to stop himself, he found himself walking towards his car and getting into it. After a short drive, he arrived at the parking lot of a nearby shopping mall. Still clueless about what was going on, he texted Daniel: "Something is wrong with me, you have to help me!" But he didn't receive any reply from him. Sam was somewhat glad that it was still relatively early Monday morning. This way, he encountered only a few people on his way through the mall. But Sam wished that he put on more clothes before leaving his house. He only wore the white t-shirt and the pajama pants he slept with. Both fitted his old

male body pretty well but now looked oversized and baggy on his smaller female frame. He didn't have any clothes at home that would fit him better. Besides, the thought of wearing girly clothes made his stomach turn. He was a guy after all! With every step, his boobs bounced up and down as he wasn't wearing a bra. Seeing how every guy that he encountered stared at his bouncing chest made his body tingle and his nipple harden. Sam hated how this slutty body reacted to male attention.

When he walked into a boutique, it dawned on him what was going on: Daniel ordered him to go shopping for a swimsuit! His suspicion was quickly confirmed as he headed straight for the aisle with bathing outfits. "Oh please, no..." he whispered while looking at all the different bikinis and swimsuits. After standing there for a while and looking at the options, he realized that he had full control over his body again. Quickly, he took his chance and tried running, but after leaving the aisle he lost control of his body again and walked back. "Sigh, let's get this over with then..." he said defeated while reaching for a sporty-looking one-piece swimsuit. "No way that I'll wear a bikini again. I felt practically naked when Daniel forced me to wear one for him."



As he was taking the swimsuit off the rack, felt his head shake, and heard his girly voice say: "Hmmm, not sexy enough." Then he watched in horror how his hand put it back on the rack. "What the hell?! Why does this body force me to pick a sexy one? Whatever, it is not like I have to wear it. I can just buy it and leave." So he looked for the sexiest-looking outfit and picked it. It was a black one-piece swimsuit made out of stretchy shiny material. It looked like it was a couple of sizes too small, but Sam didn't care. He just grabbed it and walked towards the cash register. But on his way, he turned involuntarily to the right and walked right into a dressing room. Horrified, Sam realized that he was unable to leave the room before trying the swimsuit on. "This is so unfair", he mumbled to himself while stripping out of his clothes.



A full-body mirror was mounted to one wall of the dressing room, and it was the first time, that Sam saw his naked new body in all its glory.

"Damn, I know that my new body was good-looking, but I never thought it would be that hot. No wonder Daniel couldn't hold himself back yesterday evening." Curiously, Sam touched one of his soft breasts and lifted it a bit. It was surprisingly heavy. His other hand slid down over his flat belly towards his pussy. As soon as he touched his new sex, a jolt of pleasure rushed through his body causing Sam to moan involuntarily. Afraid that someone might have heard him, he quickly grabbed the swimsuit while saying to himself: "Let's get this over with. At least nobody sees me wearing that thing."

Getting into the swimsuit was no easy task. Even though the material was incredibly stretchy, it was still an extremely tight fit. The material clung tightly to his skin and he felt how the fabric was digging into his pussy. He struggled quite a bit before he managed to get his big boobs into

the swimsuit and even after finally getting them in it felt like they would spill out if he did any sudden movements. Sam turned around in front of the mirror to get a better look at himself from all sides. "That suit is way too sexy for a public pool," he mumbled while adjusting the suit. A faint vibration of his phone signaled to Sam that Daniel eventually found time to reply to him. "Finally! He has to fix that swimsuit-wearing compulsion," Sam said while picking up the phone and reading Daniel's reply to the message he sent him at the parking lot: "Hey, what do you need help with? Show me what's going on." But instead of typing a reply, Sam lifted up the phone and sent a selfie of himself in the tight swimsuit. Quiteley, he whispered, "Oh no!" when he realized that Daniel commanded him to *show* him what was going on.



Sam tried to quickly write a reply, telling Daniel what was really happening and that he had to be careful with his commands. But Daniel replied before he could hit send: "Oh woah! I was joking when I suggested you should buy a swimsuit. xD I never thought that you were that serious about wanting to go for a swim. Well in this case: Go and have fun at the swimming pool! Btw, I am non-stop in meetings from now on, so you won't be able to contact me before 4 pm."

Sam's finger froze over the send button. When he re-read Daniel's message Sam knew why: Daniel commanded him to be unable to contact him before 4 pm. Even worse, he also told him to go to the swimming pool and have fun! In horror, he realized that he was losing once more control over his body as he put on his clothes back on over the swimsuit and started walking towards the exit. The fact that was leaving without paying was the least of his concerns, he was much more worried about how his body might interpret "have fun at the swimming pool".