

FREE
YOUR
MIND

Being laid off was the best thing to ever happen to her. Sure, she was unemployed, but the job search was going great! Maybe not “great,” exactly, but she was optimistic! No use dwelling on her complete lack of prospects.

A month earlier, she had been exhausted, full of negative energy. On a railway platform after a 10-hour shift, she fumed about her bitch of an ex-boss. The book had practically jumped at her from the newsstand, its bright pink cover smashing through her haze. Big white letters read “FREE YOUR MIND” and the subtitle asked “Who Would You Be Without Your Negative Thoughts?” It blew her mind. An entirely different person, that’s who! Happier, healthier, more carefree. She bought it right away.



With her newfound free time, she had read the entire “FREE YOUR MIND” series. Hungry for more, she had moved on to their podcast. She was buzzing with energy. Home-cooked meals and a proper sleep schedule had done wonders for her complexion. The apartment was spotless. She had started doing yoga in the living room. Even her libido had awoken from its deep slumber. Some mornings, she woke up so horny that she needed an orgasm before she could focus on anything else. Daily masturbation had become the norm.



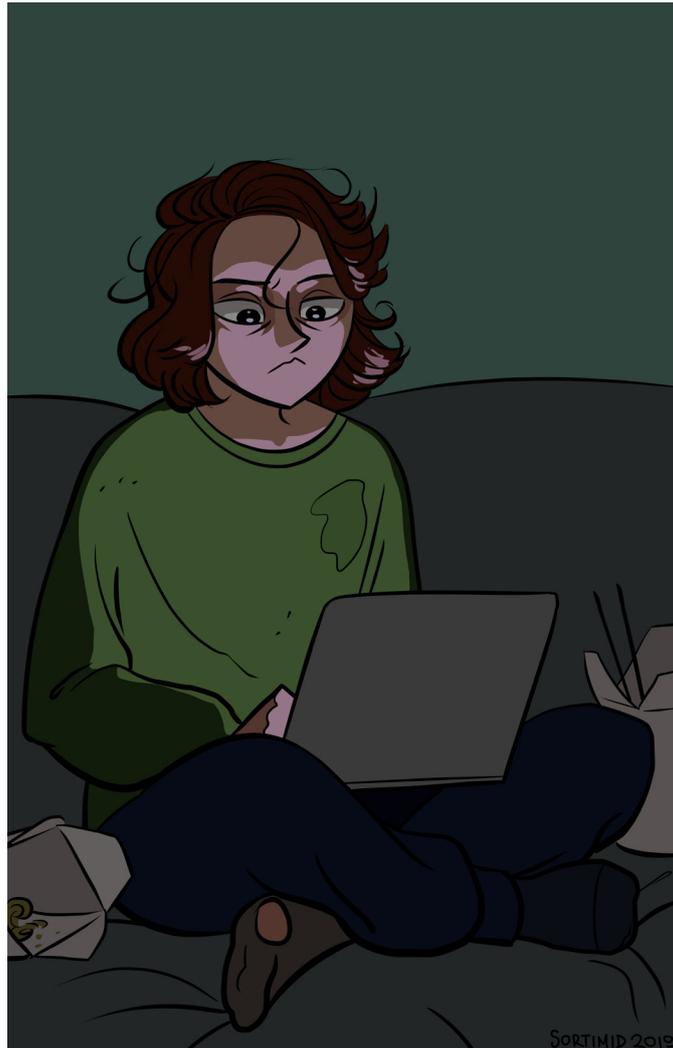
The “FREE YOUR MIND” podcast featured case studies and interviews with other fans. There were hundreds of episodes and she would often have it playing in the background while doing chores or browsing job listings. Now, she was curled up on the couch basking in the positivity flowing from her earbuds. She started dozing off, her head nodding. An earbud popped out and she startled awake. In her other ear, the show was still playing, but it was nothing like the episodes she had heard before! Instead of conversation, there was a weird, vapid mantra. “Thoughts are negative. I love being empty. Not thinking makes me happy and horny.”



She was shocked! Skipping forward and back revealed more of the same. Was this a prank? The previous dozen or so episodes were all alike. No interviews, just a short intro, followed by a countdown and two hours of static layered over blabber about empty, horny minds. She had listened to all those episodes! How had she not noticed? Was she being hypnotized? Horrified and betrayed, she unsubscribed and reported the podcast. She sent “FREE YOUR MIND” a furious email. She even tweeted about it.

Two months later, she was miserable. Unemployment sucked. How had she ignored that for so long? She glared at the “FREE YOUR MIND” books, mocking her from the shelf. She felt useless, lonely and depressed. Nobody was responding to her applications. The days consisted of rejection and masturbation. Both

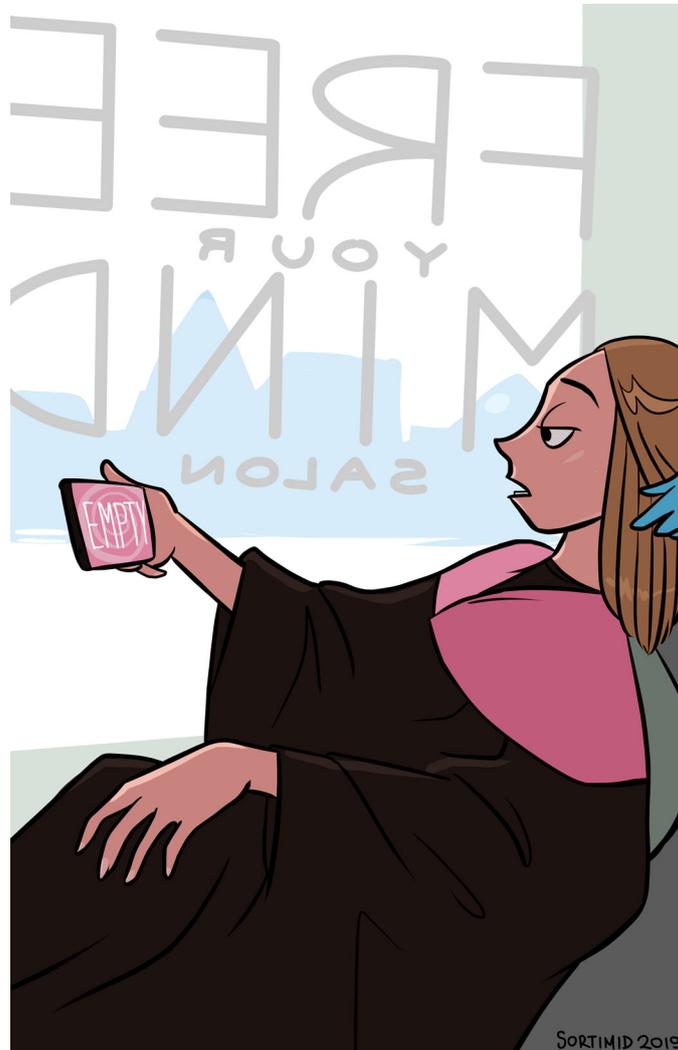
just made her feel even worse. Empty boxes of takeout were piling up beside her bed and her savings were running out. Only “FREE YOUR MIND” had replied to her email. They apologized profusely for the “technical error” and had terminated those responsible. They offered her a complimentary gift: an all-inclusive visit to one of their brand new “FREE YOUR MIND” salons. She deleted the message, relishing the chance to be the rejector. It was a decision she would come to regret, a week later, when she got invited to a job interview.



It was a dream position at a prestigious company. The competition was bound to be fierce. She needed to stand out. After a month of living like a slob, a professional makeover was just the ticket. Maybe she had overreacted to the podcast mishap. She glanced at the bookshelf. “FREE YOUR MIND” wasn’t all bad. Okay, so their podcast producers were creepy perverts. But they’d been fired, hadn’t they? The coupon was still in her trash folder. She booked an appointment for the morning of her interview.

The salon was huge. Morning sun blanketed its interior with a soft glow. The staff were attractive, young and all smiles. Clearly they had been briefed on her case because they treated her like royalty. The only minor hitch was that, in order to apply her coupon, she had to download the “FREE YOUR MIND” smartphone app. It was no big deal. A woman led her to a seat as she scrolled through the menus, the “FREE YOUR MIND” messaging pleasantly familiar. She relaxed into their care. Someone slipped a pair of headphones over her ears. They had video content, now. It was perfect.

The salon professionals worked diligently. They painted her toes and nails. They massaged her scalp and shampooed her hair. They dyed it brighter and styled it. Makeup was applied to her face, tastefully covering her wrinkles and highlighting her eyes. When they were done, her jaw dropped. Gone was the depressed slob. She looked young, healthy. Her reflection smiled without a care in the world. It turned her on.



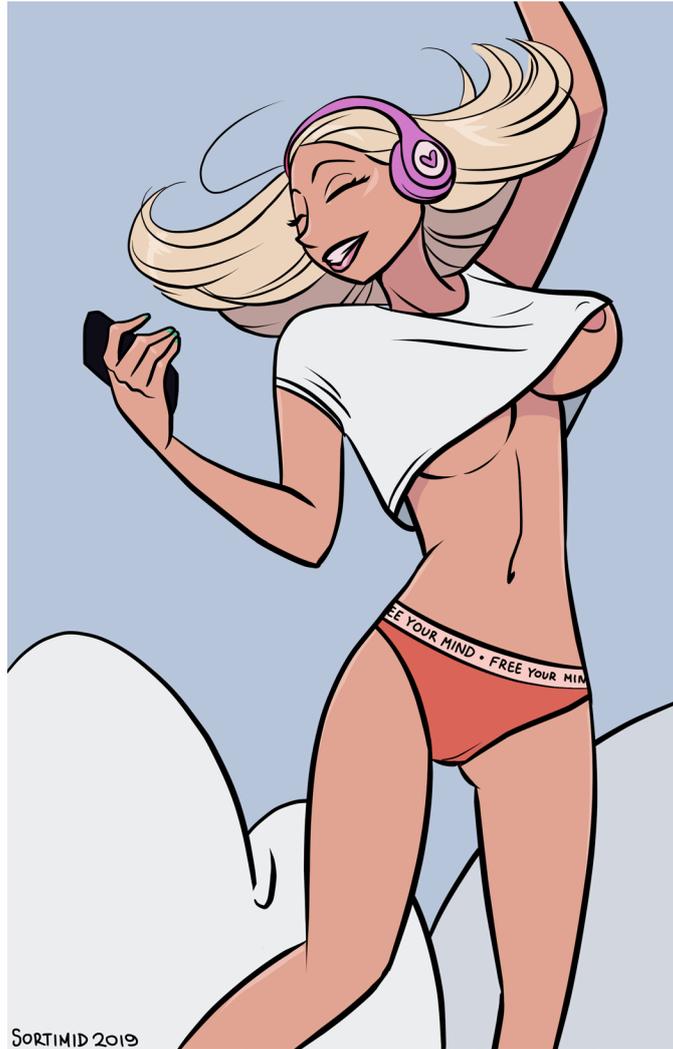
Then she noticed the time. Late afternoon, hours past her appointment! How?! She started shaking. How could she be so stupid? Tears flowed from her eyes. The staff apologized copiously, they hadn't known! No, it was her own fault. She was useless! She looked at her manicured fingers, her face caked with makeup. Why had she thought this was a good idea? It was her only opportunity in three months and she had blown it away for a ridiculous makeover. She pulled at her hair and broke into loud sobs. A stylist gently touched her shoulder. He looked into her eyes and asked: "Who would you be without your negative thoughts?"

A switch was flipped inside her. Her face relaxed and all her worries melted away. The bustle of activity surrounding her went unnoticed. Large machinery was wheeled around. Voices spoke through her headphones, but she couldn't make out the words. Someone led her to a back room. Pretty lights blinked from the walls. She was strapped into a chair, a visor placed over her eyes. It was pure bliss, the next two days flew by.



SORTIMID 2019

Two months later, she felt better than ever. She woke up elated. Everything felt good. She stood up in bed, bouncing a little. The soft mattress tingled beneath her toes. Across from the bed, her webcam switched on. She had been sleeping in her underwear, lately. She had amassed a small collection of cute and flirty pairs from “FREE YOUR MIND” fashions. She felt like dancing, so she did. She bounced around to the music in her ears. Her hair, long and blonde and shiny from weekly salon visits, danced with her. Her breasts bounced to the rhythm. They were perky and full, a courtesy of “FREE YOUR MIND” medical. Her new titties were so much fun!



After a while, the music stopped. She jumped off the bed and into the shower. Carefully, she removed her “FREE YOUR MIND” headphones and placed them next to the sink. She showered quickly and efficiently. Soon, she was clean and dry and wearing the headphones again. She didn’t like staying without them for too long. Thoughts were negative. She loved being empty. She had breakfast naked and returned to her room. A spiral swirled on her laptop screen. She adjusted the lighting and sat in her chair. She spread her legs and felt her juices drip out. She was always wet. She adjusted the pink wireless vibrator. It rarely left her pussy. “Welcome to the FREE YOUR MIND livestream,” she intoned. “Who would you be without your negative thoughts?” She counted down from ten and tilted the camera lower.



Big thanks to Praedatorius,
Charoset, and my favorite person
for help with editing and
proofreading.

Thank you to my patrons for
supporting me and giving me the
freedom to experiment.

And thank YOU for reading!

find more at
www.bimbotransformation.com

FREE

YOUR

MIND