

# Time Travel Whoopsie (Man to Bimbo TG)

**By FoxFaceStories**

*Maxwell has finished his greatest invention: a functioning time machine. He travels back in time to ensure that he grows up rich and successful, but is horrified to find that his changes have led to him being born a girl and growing up as a spoiled bimbo woman. Now he has to reinvent the machine . . . before the bimbo reality fully takes over!*

## Time Travel Whoopsie

Maxwell removed his leather gloves and clasped his hands together. He had done it. He had finally, *finally* done it. Years of hard work, of debasing himself in the most unprofitable industries just to scarp for the right parts, of spending hours upon hours searching through the trash heaps at the city tip, and begging for materials from chemist friends who one by one pushed him away. His health had suffered, his physique had suffered, and he'd thrown away so many opportunities on his obsession. But now, here it was.

A functioning time machine.

It was an enormous amalgamation of welded parts and a huge glass chamber into which one had to step, with tesla coils circling from above to transmit the necessary electric information. It occupied most of his house, not that it could be called much of a house. It was mortgaged to the hilt and he could well lose it in a couple of months if his venture failed. God knew that if anyone was to inspect the place, crammed as it was in in-fill housing in a neighbourhood that was none-too-kind after dark, they'd find hundreds of violations; health, architectural, and just plain common sense.

Yet none of that mattered to Maxwell. He was in his early thirties, and had mussy dark brown hair and thick glasses for his poor vision. His build was less than average, and he was well aware of the number of skin conditions he had, particularly due to his constant exposure to dangerous chemicals while constructing his time travel machine. Often he'd mused that he might be much more attractive and successful - particularly with the opposite sex - if he hadn't gone on such a bizarre venture.

No one could say it didn't work, however. He'd tested it three times now on different matter. The first time, he'd sent a coin back one minute into the past. A duplicate of the coin appeared in the machine *prior* to being placed there, and he closed the time loop safely by picking it up, depositing the original in the machine, and then sending it back to become the one he'd just picked up. He'd repeated that with a future test: the coin appeared again one minute later, successfully. For his second test, Maxwell placed a literal guinea pig in the machine, feeling a little guilty over the risks. The poor thing was clearly nervous, but sending

it forward *and* backward in time proved totally viable, and all his follow-up tests showed no radioactive issues, no health issues, no cognitive delays, nothing! By all he could figure, it seemed completely safe. Which had led to the third and final test: himself. He'd gone into the future one minute, and put himself back as well.

*That* had been awkward. He'd decided *not* to talk to his past self, as it might cause issues, and instead safely closed the loop by getting into the time machine and becoming his future self . . . one minute in the past.

A rousing success, that's what it was. Which meant the machine was finally ready for the ultimate test, the very reason for which he'd created it.

"I can fix everything," the scientist told himself. "I can make it all right. I don't have to grow up the way I did."

Each day, he thought about it, reminded himself of what his childhood had been like. His parents had been loving, but immensely poor. They'd done their best to give him what they could, but every winter their creaky little apartment was riddled with black mold and a deep chill that left him sickly and weak. He had been bullied at school, and his parents, who were the poorest of the working class, his father ruining his body in construction, his mother constantly rotating jobs as a lowly cleaner. In the end, it had cost him his parents: his father had breathed in too much asbestos from shoddy housing he'd been called in to fix, and his mother contracted pneumonia during the very next year. Maxwell had been only twelve. From there, he was fostered, raised by the state, and eventually turned loose. He had only two things in his favour from that point: a passion for science that his parents, to the best of their ability, had always cultivated, and his undying obsession with *fixing it all*.

"Now I can," he mused. "I can save my parents. I can be rich. I can be successful. God, I might even have a chance at being handsome."

He turned the dials of the machine, selecting the date. It needed to be early. It needed to be before he was born so that he didn't interact with his past self in any way whatsoever. It also gave him the best opportunity of making the life of his mother and father as wonderful as possible. He was conceived not long after their wedding day, and he'd meticulously researched how to help them. Maxwell patted the package at his side, and checked that it was there one last time. A series of newspapers dated *after* the time he was travelling to, all with circled outcomes of major football and baseball games to bet on, and shares to invest in early.

"I won't let you down, Mom. Dad. And you won't let me down either."

He set the machine to start, and stepped into the chamber. Moments later the electrical coils started up, arcing powerfully around him.

Maxwell grinned, eager to see his dream come true.

With a flash, he was elsewhere.

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Maxwell had done it. He'd placed the newspapers and recommendations on his father's desk, then left just before the newly married couple had come home. On his wrist was the recall device to take him back to the present at his machine, but he stayed back just for a few moments, just to see his parents.

His father Dexter, known to most as Rex, emerged into the room, carrying his wife - Maxwell's mother - over the threshold. He was a tall man, strongly built like an ox, traits that Max might have inherited had he not been born sickly. In his arms was Helen, and Max teared up to see her even more than his father. She had beautiful blonde hair and was quite a beauty, being just in her early twenties. This was to be the happiest time of her life, before everything went downhill. The two looked so deeply in love that Max knew he had to leave, or else he might sob so loudly that they would spot him.

"I'll see you again, Mom and Dad," he whispered. "I can't wait to find out what kind of man I grew up as, with everything so much better."

He rotated the device on his wrist. It was a one-time use device, but would desync him from this timestream and return him to the date he left. With a bright *bang* filled with electrical arcs, he was catapulted through time again, straight towards his present. And yet, something seemed wrong about it. His body jolted, and he could feel something like timequakes rippling through him, no doubt the result of changes he'd made. They came faster and faster, and soon he was crying out as he tumbled through the void of time itself, trying to keep conscious as his body creaked and groaned and threatened to shatter apart. It was changing somehow, and it made no sense, but he couldn't hold onto his current form. Was he getting stronger? Taller? Was his birth postponed to a later date? He felt such vitality, and yet something was so very, very wrong. He tried to touch himself, but the timestream was a formless place, and his own physicality was borderline noncorporeal. He could only squeeze his eyes shut, cry out in a high timber, and hope that it would end soon for him.

The world went white, and his consciousness exploded as his body finally gave way.

Something had changed.

Everything had changed.

But for now, he fainted, and would have to find out when and where he woke.

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Mindy woke with a groan, clutching her head. She was in a rapturous bed, immense in size, in a room that was likewise far too big. It was also quite . . . pink. The walls were a soft, welcoming pink, the bedcovers were light pink, and everything else - from the boyband posters on the wall, the cute plushies on the nearby shelf, the professional makeup dresser complete with mirror on the opposite wall, all of it! - indicated that she was in some kind of woman's room. A really, really girly one.

"Did it work?" she uttered, only to halt. "What's wrong with my voice? Wait, why do I feel like a - a woman!?"

She raised herself out of the covers, only to be met with a heavy jiggling sensation on her chest that very much showed her that the change was to more than just her chest. She had to part her long blonde hair to see said chest, and that was another change as well, but the round, pert, fleshy boobs were right there, and *hers*. They had to be Double-D's, at least, if not bigger, and they were hugged up by a very comfortable yet very girly pink satin dress.

"Oh God," she said. "Oh God. I'm a woman. I'm a *woman*. I've got boobs! Big ones!"

She erupted from the bed, practically leaping from it. Her boobs jiggled and wobbled, reminding her not only of their existence but their surprising heaviness as well. Everything was wrong: her build was so different, her centre of gravity lower, and her hips seemed to move of their own accord, swaying more than they should have. That wasn't even getting into the length of her blonde hair getting in the way.

Or the fact that she was, for some reason, thinking of herself as a *woman*.

As *Mindy*.

"Jesus, something's gone wrong. Something's gone very wrong."

She stared at her reflection. The mirror showed her changed form to be, somehow, a deeply attractive blonde woman with a deeply impressive bust and perfect curves. She had the full hourglass: lovely hips that went to a narrow waist then back out again to still-petite shoulders. Her eyes were bright blue, her nose button cute, and her lips full and pouty, but in a suggestive way rather than a frustrated one. Turning, she could even make out that she had quite the bubblebutt against her tight satin nightie.

"Oh God, even my legs are perfect. And I've got - *gulp* - a vagina. A real vagina."

She touched it, rubbing her fingers against the material of her silky panties, only to pull her hand away with a shiver.

"How could this happen!?" she said, touching her long strands of honey-golden hair. "This doesn't make sense! I went back to the present, how am I a *girl*!? There's no way I'm still thirty two, either. I barely look twenty! And these are too big!"

At that moment, there was a knock upon the door. Without thinking, Mindy automatically said in a sweet voice, "*Come in!*" as if this was completely normal. She widened her eyes at that.

The door opened, and the woman that stepped through was almost as surprising as her own appearance. It was her mother. It was Helen Laine. Only she was a radically different Helen to the one that Maxwell/Mindy had known. This Helen was not weighed down by sickness and pneumonia, her beauty fading earlier, her clothes tattered and patched, her cheeks sunken, her eyes hollow. No, this Helen looked *stylish*, in a classy white summer dress that looked tailor-made. She also looked older, no doubt due to remaining alive in the present. She had beautifully lush blonde hair much like her new daughter's, but her figure was a little more curvaceous, her stature taller. She had wrinkles of age, but looked to be in her fifties, which made sense. And yet, Mindy looked too young. How could that be?

"Honey," her mother said, a slight look of amusement on her features. "Should I come back another time?"

Mindy paused, looked down, and realised she was cupping her rather ample assets. She let them go as her cheeks turned red. "M-Mom? Is it really you?"

"Who else would it be, little bear?"

Mindy ran to her, practically leaping into her mother's arms. Helen was so astonished that she nearly fell backwards, but she clung to her daughter anyway.

"Oh! Oh my! Has something happened? Are you okay?"

Mindy found herself sobbing. Tears flowed freely from her. It must have been her new female brain, she reckoned, but at this moment she didn't care. She had her mother back.

"I just . . . missed you," she said, voice cracking. "So, so much."

"Well, that's wonderful, bear. Um, we were here just yesterday."

"It feels like a lifetime ago."

She pulled back and looked at her mother. "Is - is Dad here?"

"Of course, honey. He's downstairs, eating his breakfast and getting puzzled by the crossword. Yet again. The man persists, and I have no idea why. I came up here to wake you; you should be getting off to college soon."

"C-college? But . . . I graduated?"

Helen frowned and felt her daughter's forehead. "You're a little warm. I don't think it's a fever. Oh, honey, you didn't think that finishing your first year was graduation, right? You're only twenty! You've still got another two years of your nursing degree before you're finished . . . though perhaps a little longer given those recent results."

Mindy's mind could barely keep up with it all. She was only twenty years old? How? It made no sense!"

"Mom, it's still 2025, right?"

"Last I checked, bear. Are you sure you're all right?"

"I - I think I am. I just woke up. I need a shower."

“Of course. Breakfast will be waiting for you! For once, I actually cooked it myself rather than relying on the chef. Can you believe it? I guess old motherly habits die hard.”

She left through the door, exposing a grand hallway of what had to be a deeply impressive estate, perhaps even a whole *mansion*. Mindy could scarcely believe it. So she *had* made her family rich, but then why was she a girl? Why was she only twenty years old? Why was she feeling this warm tingle in her loins as she looked at those boyband posters? Hell, why was *thinking* in general just . . . difficult!?

Mindy had a quick shower - her room had her own personal one, lucky her - and got more acquainted with her body. Very acquainted, in fact. Despite being so new to this strange, busty body, she couldn't stop herself from playing it, thinking of those hot boyband members. Her mind went to some very unexpected places: what would they look like naked? What would it be like to have sex with a hot man? How would it feel for a man to stare at her breasts and then motorboat them? The thoughts were so damn wrong, and yet she experienced them anyway, and soon she was touching herself, probing her privates and squeezing her sensitive tits together.

The feelings were *sensational*. Soon, without truly knowing how she'd even gotten there, Mindy was moaning loudly, her high soprano voice rising every higher as she inserted her fingers into her pussy and began to simulate a thrust. She imagined it was a hard cock slipping into her, a hunky man fucking her deeply, making her cry out with sweet relief. She rubbed her right nipple, then her left, and as the water began to scorch her skin - she found she loved it hot now, just like a woman would - she finally exploded in orgasm, one after another thundering through her form.

“Yes, yes, yes, fuck me, like, totally f-fuck meeeee!”

It was only when she managed to turn the shower off and stand there, dripping wet and panting heavily, that it slammed down upon Mindy just what she'd done. She'd been a woman less than half an hour and she'd just masturbated, imagining a man fucking her.

“What, like, am I thinking!?” she said, and in such a tone that it sounded like a stereotypical valley girl.

She immediately got dressed. She wore the most unflattering loose shirt she could find, as well as denim pants that, while shapely on her, at least covered herself up. She had no idea what to do with her hair, so she just dried it as much as she could and left it down her back, leaving the ends to curl. Once again she was taken aback by her appearance. There was a brief desire to put on makeup, but she punched it back down.

Only then did she begin her investigation of the room, as well as her mobile phone, which had a pink case and was the latest model. She instinctively knew the access code, which told her that she had some of her new self's memories, but also made her concerned: it could well mean that, per her own theories on time ripples, she might be taking on the

mental imprint of her changed self. And from what she saw of the photos on her phone, the clothes in her walk-in wardrobe she had to choose from, and the reading material on the wall, she had good cause to be worried.

Mindy Laine was, in a word, a sexy blonde bubble-headed *bimbo*.

There was no doubt about it. Her photo album was practically flooded with a veritable collection of images of her in tight dresses at clubs, parties, and drunken raves, always wearing something different, always showing off her boobs, always pressing herself up against a hot, hunky boy. And they *were* hot, Mindy felt her body responding to the look of their square jaws, their jacked muscles, their sexy shoulders and forearms. Part of her wondered if she'd had sex previously in this timeline, and judging from her many, many social messages, she had little doubt over that: many men were thanking her for 'last night' and asking her for another round sometime, and always she responded positively, promising more when she was excited. She was a total *slut*, and there was no intellectual passion to be found in anything but her pursuit of nursing. Even pulling up her education history wasn't too confidence-inspiring, though. She was clearly just passing, if at all, and was spending much more time posting to InstaThot and ClockVid, letting everyone see herself in sexy bikinis and sultry positions, with already three hundred thousand subscribers signed up to follow her.

"I'm a goddamn bimbo-brain," she muttered, biting her lip as she saw a very lovely red bikini pic with her emerging from the water. "I've made a huge mistake. I need to go back . . . or I might be stuck like this."

She strode out of the room and down the hall. She was on the second floor of a magnificent mansion, and she could see out the window the city down below. That meant she was on Mossy Hill, where all the super rich folks lived.

"Wow, my plan really worked."

As if a sign from the heavens of proof, there were massive framed photographs in the hall showing her father and mother holding up a massively successful bet, another showing them shaking hands with one of the heads of a company she'd instructed them to invest in, and a third showing them winning the damn *lottery*, using the numbers she'd supplied.

"Like, holy shit," she murmured. "It all worked."

But a story began to reveal itself, one she should have seen coming. Having found themselves suddenly upper-class, the desire to have a baby was postponed as both parents took to re-investing and pursuing their passions. Her father was depicted flying an antique plane, and her mother now as a *doctor*. It was only later that she'd born a child, as most wealthier, secure individuals do.

"She had me later, and I turned out as a girl," Mindy murmured. She hadn't put on a bra, she realised, and her nipples were showing against the fabric. They felt unsupported

and a bit saggy, despite their natural pertness. She decided to leave it for now. "I grew up as a girl. A spoiled one."

Not spoilt, at least. She didn't feel like she was bitchy and cruel, and none of the images or conversations on her phone said otherwise. Quite the contrary; she seemed to have a very large and loving (too loving, really) circle of acquaintances and friends and fuckbuddies. But she was definitely spoiled to judge from the brilliance of this house and her own room, not to mention all those dresses.

"They gave me the life they always wanted for one of their kids, and I totes became some kinda blonde bimbo. I mean, *totally*. Not totes."

It was then that she heard her father's voice, and could hold back no longer. She raced down the spiral steps that led to the first floor of the mansion and then around to the kitchen, following that voice to find it. There her father sat, reading a newspaper and doing the crossword with a cup of coffee in his hand. His breakfast was long finished, but a house staff member was supplying him with an extra croissant. Her father looked older, and greyer in the hair, and pudgier in the belly, but still her dad. Once again, her eyes filled with tears and she ran to him.

"Watch out, she's in an emotional mood this morning!" Helen said with amusement from the other side of the expansive table.

"Whoa, nellie!" her father declared as she hugged him. "What's got into you, kiddo? And what's with the new style?"

"I just missed you, Dad."

"She missed us both, it seemed," Helen quipped.

"I did. I just . . . God, I'm glad you're back, whatever else is going on."

She hugged him again, and he returned the hug. "Ah, my beautiful little possum. I'm not going anywhere. This isn't about my flying again, is it? I told you, that little accident on the runway was just a once-off."

"N-no, it's just . . . I'm glad to have you as my date. You're, like, the best dad ever."

"That's why I got that mug from you!" he declared, holding his up with that very same message. "You're such a sweetheart. Isn't she, Hel? Just spoiled sweet, our little possum."

"That's our bear," Helen replied. "Spoiled sweet, alright. Still, I'm surprised you aren't wearing something better out, honey. I'm not one to complain, I used to wear rags, after all! Still, I believe a bra would be in good order. Is this some new phase, covering yourself up? Again, entirely up to you! Less heart attacks for your father, of course."

Mindy blushed. "I thought I'd stay home today. See to the machine."

"Machine?"

"The one I'm working on. The big one. Time travel and all."

Rex burst out laughing. "Well, you're to be an inventor now, are you? I thought your hobbies were a lot more social, possum?"

She'd expected this. There was no machine. For the same reason that her time travel wrist device had disappeared when she'd travelled back to her new present, so too was there no time machine. The reason was obvious: she'd never invented it.

"I'm just kidding around, Daddy," she said, kissing the top of his head. "You know I just want to enjoy my college life! I'll head off now. I - I've got a lot of work to do. But please don't go anywhere! I'm so glad to see you!"

Her parents returned the sentiment, but clearly thought she was acting a bit strangely. Not as bimbo-ish, perhaps, despite that strange instinct to call her father 'Daddy' like some rich girl, or to kiss him on the top of the head. She was even putting 'like' in her sentences occasionally.

Yes, things could be worse, but they were going to get worse if she didn't start to act. As much as she wanted to spend all the time in the world with her family, she needed to get to college. Their labs would have the first of her necessary equipment to rebuild her machine and correct everything.

Because if she didn't, she would only become more Mindy-like overtime.

And she very much doubted that a blonde, horny-minded bimbo could ever figure out how to build a time-machine.

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The next few days were among the most dizzy and confused of Mindy's life - both her lives. They weren't the *worst*, thankfully. Nothing could beat losing her parents, and the long road of crushing hardship that had moulded her into an obsessive inventor when she was Maxwell. But there was certainly something to be said for finding oneself as a woman and having to grapple with an entirely new life, especially as one twelve years younger than you expected yourself to be.

Take college, for example. For one, Mindy was at a much more prestigious learning centre: the Kaling Institute, to be precise. This was something she had dreamed of back when she was Maxwell, but her college experience had changed in far more ways than simply the impressive modern buildings and incredible courses and equipment. Mindy now had a *social circle*, a group of friends who instantly approached her once she got out of her pink sports car and entered the campus quadrangle.

"Mindy! Where were you yesterday?"

"Ohmigod, you've got to hear this, Brad was being such a pussy about our relationship last night."

“Babe, what’s up with your hair and clothes? Are you on your period, because you are a walking disaster zone, no offence.”

“You totes had sex with Jack Pallard, didn’t you? I bet that’s why you’re dressed down: I hear he rocks a girl’s world so much they didn’t even, like, care the next day, am I right?”

“Do you have nursing next? If you want, we can sit together and flirt with the handsome Brenner twins, eh?”

There was an entire *gaggle* of these girls, a collection of women who were beautiful and diverse, and each of them a form of popular girl in their own way.

Eunique, the dark-skinned athletic beauty who was apparently her best friend, not to mention captain of the cheer squad, was particularly affectionate with her. She hugged Mindy around the shoulder and led her on.

“Give us the goss, girl. Did something happen last night? There’s *got* to be a reason you’re dressed like this. It’s soooooo weird, and I’m actually pretty jelly of your NGAF attitude right now.”

“NGAF?” Mindy said weakly, feeling very aware of how badly dressed she was. She wished she had a nice crop top.

“Not Giving A Fuck, obviously! C’mon, let’s get to our lecture. We are so fixing you up, and you don’t get to say no! We can’t have the boys thinking you and I are anything but perfect, right?”

*This* was Mindy’s new college experience. She was one of the girls. The *popular* girls, to be specific. People smiled at her when she passed, and boys *definitely* checked her out. She found herself staring back at the men, especially the hot footballer and athlete types, and even smiling sheepishly at them, checking out their shoulder and back muscles. And just like the stereotypical bimbo blonde on campus, she found that she wasn’t all that academic anymore. She could understand the material of her lectures, but found them mostly boring to listen to. By the third day of attendance in her new life, she was starting to apply nail polish during them, and she daydreamed about the next time she could masturbate and think about boys while doing it. Eunique convinced her to return to a cute bra and tight crop top combo, complete with a skirt to show off her sexy legs and midriff, and to her own surprise Mindy gave herself to that impulse by day four. Something in her mind was pulling herself into this new reality’s thought process, making it hard to resist the urge to look good. Each time she looked in the mirror, she found herself imagining the best application of eyeshadow and lovely pink lipstick gloss.

“Ugh, what am I becoming?” she asked herself more than once. “Need to get to work on this damn machine!”

And yet she still went to college, still dressed up in gorgeous colours (mostly pastel pink or hot pink) and increasingly showed off her ample assets and smiled when the boys looked, all while complimenting Eunique on her own style.

“Omigod, Eunique, I fucking *love* that summer dress. I’m sooo jelly as well. It suits you and it makes your boobs look wonderful!”

“Well, tell me next time you want to borrow it, babe. Trust me, men want to rip it straight off me, and they’ll think the same of you.”

Mindy found herself giggling, yet another embarrassing change. After just her first week of campus life, she could tell that her brain was dumping lovely addictive dopamine into her system in response to triggers about her beauty, her feminine style, and about *boys*. The last was a particular worry to her, especially since her mother occasionally enquired as to whether she had a new boyfriend or not, or was ‘taking a well-earned break,’ a comment delivered with enough dry humour to make her father guffaw while trying to solve the word puzzle in the morning.

Thankfully, Mindy hadn’t been wasting time. She’d used the campus to its best purpose: accessing the archives and computers and engineering labs in order to recreate the plans for her time machine exactly as she remembered them. She was already sourcing parts as well. She had her own independent wealth. Well, *partly* independent. Well, okay, it was *entirely* dependent on her father and mother, but they were supplying her way, way too much money each month, more than she could have reasonably spent in a year in her old life, so she had no worry about ordering parts she had used for her machine from the sources she already knew about. Others would be more tricky: her enrollment in chemistry, physics, and other science courses had helped her previously, but Mindy had no idea how to get close to those departments and grab what she needed.

That was, until she approached the science blocks of the campus the following week, and was shocked to realise that all these science nerds were staring at her with wonder and clear interest. She hadn’t even been trying to seduce them, and yet there she was in a pink dress that was just shy of scandalous for a higher educational institute, her boobs pushed up into very noticeable cleavage, her long blonde hair now stylised thanks to her growing bimbo girly instincts.

She blamed the weekend. She’d gone to the beach with Eunique just to get her bearings. The *beach*. Which meant a bikini. A pink bikini that showed off her wondrous form and made her mind accept more and more the kind of body she had . . . and the ways she could use it.

Her parents were there, which thankfully reigned her behaviour in. They were apparently also friends with Eunique’s parents, who were present also. It warmed Mindy’s heart to see not only her parents alive but supremely comfortable, resting on their lie-back

beach chairs, each with a glass of wine in their hands, occasionally kissing and flirting with one another just as she remembered them in her youth. Albeit, of course, much richer and more relaxed. It had been cheap beer on a cheap couch, once.

Still, it didn't stop Mindy from experiencing what it was like to be a very hot woman on the beach. She'd been a scientist, once. A total nerdy recluse who had stained features and skin conditions. Now her skin was blemish-free and smooth, her figure curvaceous, her breasts bouncing easily in her pink bra with each step and run. She squealed when Eunique splashed her with water, and bit her lip when she noticed some hot boys around her own age watching. It was so, so deeply wrong, but it turned her on all the same. After suntanning her luscious body and enjoying the way some guys stared at her boobs as she passed, she was relieved to get home. The bimbo had nearly taken over.

But now, in front of the science blocks, she knew she had to let it take over. She gave it permission, furthering her journey into bubble-headed bloneness, but only out of necessity. She needed to seduce these men into getting what she wanted.

So, with an extra sexy sway in her hip, she approached a man in his early thirties outside the chemistry lab, intent on seducing him first. She really, really needed the right chemicals, and so she squeezed her breasts together with her forearms, acting nervously sensual, and licked her lips as she got ever closer to him. She couldn't even blame the man for nearly dropping his papers. It seemed to generate another ripple through her, the most powerful one yet. A *time ripple* that made her feel even more like her new self.

Suddenly, she found the right words, the right actions.

"Oh, hello there," she purred. "I was really, like, soooo hoping to meet a cute, smart man like you."

The man blinked, looking around as if thinking she was talking to someone else. "You mean m-m-me?"

"Yeah, obviously!" she said with a giggle, tapping her nail on her teeth in a rather bimbo-like gesticulation. "I've been really, really trying to know more about science and stuff. Every time I walk past the lab I just, like, stare, you know? I can't stop thinking about how cool it all is. You know, the work in chemistry to device new solutions, to understand the very interactions that make up our biosphere, our humanity. It's really amazing!"

The man, who had glasses and curly brown hair, tugged his collar nervously. "Wow, I guess you really know at least a little about it. You're Mindy Laine, right?"

She giggled, tapping his chest lightly but leaving her fingers there just long enough to tease a warm, human connection.

"Oh my God, you know me?"

"Uh, everyone knows you. You're really popular. And you're on the cheerleading squad. I've seen your moves. I'm Vernon."

"I like that name."

"Really? I always thought it was kinda lame."

She corrected his collar for him, drawing so close that his gaze wandered briefly but clearly down to her mountainous cleavage. "Nonsense. It's dignified and kinda sexy. Look, Vernon, I was totally hoping to get to know the lab blocks more often. Do you think you could, like, give me a tour sometime? I'd really, really owe you. Super owe you."

At this, she folded her arms under her breasts and lifted them a little just for emphasis. Vernon gulped and adjusted his glasses.

"Y-yeah, that would be, uh, really great! I'll totally show you! Right now, if you want?"

She took his arm and pressed herself against him, leaving a brief suggestion of her bosom against his side. "Such a gentleman!"

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Mindy was slowly gathering the materials she needed for her time travel machine. With the money she now possessed, she could easily shortcut years of searching and collecting, but there were trade-offs. The chemicals and equipment she 'borrowed' from the chem and physics labs on campus required her to act like a bubbly, sexy bimbo, the kind turned on by scientists and dorks with lab coats. She had to wear increasingly showy outfits and take pride in her hair and makeup, pressing herself up against Vernon and kissing him on the cheek. And the more she did this, the more it came naturally to her, which meant the time ripples soaked further into her body and mind. Soon, she was actually masturbating not just to the thought of sex, but of doing it with Vernon. He had such a cute, sexy look. He was nervous, but he treated her so well and without expectation, and seemed so excited to discuss science with her since she actually understood it.

Well, she understood *most* of it. That was the scary thing; some of it was starting to ripple out of her consciousness. With each passing day, the new Mindy took precedent over the old Maxwell. Her memories weren't disappearing or being replaced, thank God, but it was like her current mindset and personality and skillset was being reforged. She was struggling not to spend as much time thinking about shoes as she was temporal mechanics. She had to remind herself of how her own machine worked when going over the plans, and some features she just had to *trust* made sense, because the science was starting to slip beyond her. Hell, at one point when thinking about a particular engineering support problem, she had to mentally liken it to the impressive support her big Triple-D tits needed to show off the maximum amount of lovely curve without popping right out. The whole change was making her ever more anxious; she was on a timer, and she had no idea when it might run out. She could well end up a spoiled sweet bimbo for good, and with each handsome man

she passed on campus, or footballer who flirted with her, or invitation from Eunique to go clubbing, she found it harder to fight.

There were benefits, of course. Being attractive was amazing, as was being desired, even if it made her way, way too horny at times. People treated her nicely, even if a bit stupid, and she had a style and comfort in her body in spite, or perhaps because of, its impressively voluptuous proportions. She also had privilege and wealth, the two things she'd truly wanted to have in her childhood. Each morning a personal chef made her wondrous meals, including the finest sushi one could imagine. Her house had five different bathrooms, a sauna (which she was using an embarrassing amount of times, loving the feel of the warmth and humidity upon her busty body), a swimming pool, several studies, a personal library, and more. She could call up a driver to take her where she wanted if she didn't feel like driving, and there was no anxiety about paying bills whatsoever - even when she did opt to move out!

But why would she? Her parents were alive. Her *parents* were *alive*. That alone made her efforts worth it, even if she was on a precarious timer. Gun to her head, the choice would be easy: stay as a silly, flirty blonde bimbo if it meant that Helen and Dexter were alive and loving, their family restored and safe. Each morning they had breakfast together, and Mindy couldn't help but giggle at her father's lame dad jokes or his sad attempts at the crossword. She listened intently to her mother's advice as well as her stories from working at the hospital each day, drinking in each word as if they might be her last. And yet they never were. She'd been Mindy two weeks and each day was a revelation: her parents were alive, and healthy, and safe and *wonderful*. It brought tears to her eyes just to think about, and sometimes she jumped up and down in her room with excitement, her boobs bouncing everywhere. The fact that she was now only twenty years old and had the energy of an excitable young woman made the feelings all the stronger.

"Take care today, possum!" her father called as she left to get in her pink sportscar and head to campus. "You know you're my treasure!"

"I know, Daddy!" she called out, returning to give him a kiss on his head and a loving hug. "I love you, and you too, Mom!"

"Glad I got a mention," Helen laughed. "I'm so proud of you, honey. Say hi to Eunique for me. Don't let her steer you wrong!"

"I won't! Well, maybe just a little!"

She giggled and got in her car, heading off to college. She already had several new messages from her sexy bestie: more demands that she go clubbing that night. Mindy wasn't sure. She was making good progress on her time machine. She'd hired a warehouse to start constructing it, and while it was *much* harder work as a soft-skinned woman, especially one being *much*, *much* more careful about preserving her pretty looks, she *was* making progress.

The machine was coming together, especially with the parts from campus supplied thanks to Vernon.

“Mhmm, Vernon,” she murmured to herself as she arrived. “He’s really sexy, in a dorky kind of way.”

She decided to head to the labs before going to her lecture and seeing Eunique. Vernon was there, seemingly waiting for her, but to her shock he looked a lot more serious than usual.

“Like, hi Vernon!” she chirped.

“Hey, Mindy,” he said.

“What’s the matter? You look, like, totes serious.”

“We need to talk,” Vernon replied. “Please. It’s urgent.”

Mindy felt a jolt in her heart, and she followed him into one of the physics labs that he presided over. He closed the door, and for a moment it made her nervous; she was a woman, after all. And he, though not a big footballer, was a man.

“A few items are missing from the labs. I ran an audit, and then checked the security camera. You’re stealing things, Mindy. I can’t believe I never realised it. You’re stealing from the labs and you were just being . . . nice to me in order to make me *think* I had, what, had a chance of being your friend or something? So you could grab equipment? Did the football team put you up to it? Or was it Kappa Kappa Psi? They always play pranks like this, I wouldn’t put it past them, but this is way beyond the pale. Valuable chemicals, materials, composites, and equipment are all *gone*, Mindy. You need to tell me what’s going on. Now.”

Mindy’s lip trembled. “You - you wouldn’t believe me if I told you, Vernie.”

“Don’t call me that. You’re putting me in a world of shit right now! Why did you take them?”

Mindy swallowed. Tears formed in the corners of her eyes. Another ripple hit her, and she could feel herself becoming much more emotional, and far less able to regulate said emotions. Without even thinking she ran straight to Vernon’s arms and pressed herself against him, her breasts flattening upon his chest.

“I’m s-sorry!” she cried. “I’m, like, really sorry! I needed them! You wouldn’t believe me. They’re necessary for something I’m t-trying to b-build!”

Vernon furrowed his brow. “You’re trying to build something? Mindy, no offence, but you’re no scientist.”

“I am! Or at least, I was! In, like, the other timeline and stuff! When I was Maxwell. I was super duper smart, but I’m getting, like way ditzier now and things. Look, I’ll show you! Please, come with me. I’ll totally ditch class today. You’ve got to see.”

Vernon hesitated, then sighed. “Okay, let’s go, then.”

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“Holy fucking shit,” Vernon said. “This *is* a time machine. At least, I think it is. Or could be. I mean, the science is way beyond me, but I can see the patterns of it, the theory. And your schematics! You made these!? You didn’t find them or something!”

Mindy understood his confusion. She was literally wearing a hot pink tube top and booty shorts, her body entirely on display and deeply sexy at that. She looked like a slutty blonde bimbo, that was for sure, but she just grabbed the schematics from him and showed her some of her notes from nursing classes.

“Look! It’s totally the same handwriting! I did this! Me, in the other timeline. Before I went back in time and saved my folks but ended up, like, transferring my consciousness into this totally busty bimbo body. It was a total time travel whoopsie, okay? I mean, at least I look good now but I’m always thinking about hunky boys and how hot you are are well -”

“Wait, you think I’m hot?”

“In a really sexy dorky way, sure, definitely! But that’s, like, my point! I used to be a guy and now I’m getting dumber and ditzier! I mean, I don’t think I’m becoming stupid or anything. I’m really smart with the science of makeup and how to even make my own foundation and how to take care of my skin and what to wear and how to totally seduce guys - like you.”

Vernon blushed. He looked around the warehouse at the great machine she’d been building. “I can barely believe this. Here’s the weirdest part though; I do.”

“You - you do?”

“Yeah,” he replied, adjusting his cute glasses. “There’s no way anyone’s pranking me this hard, and your science makes sense. Can you walk me through the machine? The bits you still understand.”

“Like, totally! But, um, why?”

He smiled, and something in her chest fluttered to see that smile. “Because I want to help you, obviously.”

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Mindy *did* hit the club, in the end. That latest ripple left her feeling such a strong need for social interaction that she jumped at the chance when Eunique arrived at her place, ostensibly just to say hi to the folks. Mindy wore a very tight black cocktail dress, one with a hem so short that you could probably see her underwear if she bent over too much, and such a plunging neckline that it somehow managed to show off her upper boob, side boob, and some underboob all at once. Needless to say, she was a hit at the club. Men gazed at

her, women looked at her with jealousy, and the bouncer was more than happy to let her and Eunique through into the club straight away, skipping right past the annoyed line up.

“This is totes amazing!” Mindy yelled as they danced to the vibes of the music, shaking their assets and letting their bodies free. “I can’t believe I’ve, like, not been doing this lately!”

“I know, right!?” Eunique added with a laugh. “You’ve been real out of character lately, babe! Let’s get you working that perfect ass of yours! The options here tonight look damn great!”

She gestured to some of the single men who were dancing closer and closer, and it did, in fact, make Mindy more sexually excited. She moved to the music by instinct, and found that, for the first time in her life, she could actually *dance*. Of course, said dance moves were very girly and more than a little flirtatious; one dark-haired man she recognised from campus started dancing up against her, and soon she was practically twerking up against him, laughing and giggling like an airheaded bimbo at the freedom of it all. His hands hovered over her, and eventually found their way to her hips. She actually moaned under her breath at his touch; it was *divine*. She’d been masturbating so many times lately, but it hadn’t helped that itch, the strong need for a man. And tonight, she knew, she could pull any guy here that she wanted. Not just the man dancing up against her, holding her little waist, his member probably already hard at the sight and feel of her, but any of them.

It was totally alien to the former man, to think she could have sex with whomever she wanted, and probably be damn *good* at it. It made her giggle again, shifting around to face the man. She put her arms over his shoulders and let him drink in the sight of her ripe breasts. Eunique was already doing the same to another hunky type, and it was clear that both girls were very much looking forward to something *hot* tonight.

“Say, do you wanna get out of here?” the guy said.

“I don’t even, like, know your name.”

“Are names necessary for what we wanna do?”

She bit her lip. His confidence was sexy. God, her body wanted him. But part of her knew that if she did go through on this, it would cement her here forever. She would, in essence, be Mindy. She was already struggling with her intelligence, her enjoyment of this new life despite its bimbohood, but if she had sex . . .

But God, she was so fucking horny. She wanted a man. She wanted . . .

“Ohmigod,” she uttered. “I super want Vernon.”

The man cocked his head. “I’m sorry? What?”

She pulled back from him - it was a Herculean effort to resist him at first, but she quickly became sure of the action. “I’m, like, really sorry! I’ve gotta go now! I have to meet somebody!”

She couldn't stop herself from smiling at the thought. Eunique looked at her like she was a crazy person.

"Babe, what are you doing?"

"I'm, like, about to go see somebody! A really cute boy - I think I like him!"

"You - huh? With all the hotties here?"

"He's a different kind of hottie. And besides, I think I can be more me around him. Both of me."

Eunique raised an eyebrow, pausing her dance for a moment. "Both of you? Girl, are you okay?"

"More than okay!" Mindy declared, bouncing on the spot and letting her tits jiggle. "I'm sorry, hun! I need to go see him straight away because I'm horny as fuuuuuck. He's such a cute nerd!"

"A cute . . . nerd!?"

But Mindy was already moving through the crowd to exit the club, much to the disappointment of more than a few men. She had her phone out and was organising a ride. She had a good suspicion that Vernon wouldn't be at his house, wherever that was. No, he'd still be at the warehouse, working on the time machine. That's what she would be doing if she was still all Maxwell.

"You better be there, Vernie," she whispered to herself, her chest rising and falling like a pair of mountains. "Because I'm so fucking horny for you."

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When she arrived at the warehouse, she was aware of how chilly her body was. She hoped that Vernon had put on the heater they'd installed, because her nips were seriously hard right now. Or perhaps they were hard for another reason.

"You can do this, Mindy," she uttered to herself. "Both worlds, both timelines. You can, like, totes do this!"

She knocked upon the warehouse door. "Vernie! It's me! Open up!"

A few seconds later the door opened, and Vernon was on the other side, a pair of protective goggles on his head, and thick rubber gloves on his arms. He had a little bit of oil on his cheek, and for some reason that was actually kinda hot to her.

"Mindy, what are you doing - woah."

He gazed at her, taking in her incredibly tight, incredibly revealing dress, the way her boobs were totally shown off, her nipples just barely covered by the black material. His gaze even wandered down to her perfectly sculpted legs. For emphasis, she placed a hand on her

hip and cocked it to one side, then leaned forward to make an even greater show of her amazing rack.

“Like, my eyes are up here, hot stuff.”

He gulped and raised his head. “S-sorry! Oh my God, I’m so very sorry. Um, come in. You were out somewhere? I haven’t disturbed things, I hope. I was just working on the machine because-”

“Because you, like, find it fascinating and can’t help yourself, right? Because you love all the science, all the invention of it, right?”

Vernon smiled as the door closed. He gestured to the machine, though his eyes still lingered on her. “Yeah,” he said. “It’s beautiful. You’re beautiful - I mean, *your* beautiful machine is beyond anything I’ve seen. I can’t believe you made it.”

She giggled. “Because I’m, like, a total blonde bimbo in this timeline?”

“No!” he protested. “Because I could never make something like this. No one could. You’re a genius.”

She twirled her blonde hair in one hand. The heater was keeping this place warm, thank God. Something else was getting warm, too. “I used to be a genius. I’m, like, pretty dumb now.”

“I doubt that. You can always study up again anyway, right?”

“My concentration ain’t what it used to be.”

“Hey, I have ADHD. I mean, I’m slightly medicated, but my mind is still totally fritz sometimes, you know? Just means I have to study twice as hard, but I do it. I have no doubt you can do it, too.”

That warm flutter in her heart again. “You really think that? Like, really *really* think that?”

He gave her a comforting smile. “I absolutely do.”

She cast her gaze around the room. She could still remember a lot of processes with the machine. She could understand the mechanics of the electric coiling, for instance, as well as why one had to avoid overlapping with one’s existence as much as possible. Maybe she *could* become a little more like her old self. Not as brilliant, perhaps, and definitely way more stylish and girly and *horny*, but . . . perhaps she really could be the best of both worlds.

“Did you . . . did you put a bed in here?”

She pointed at the mattress on the floor not far from the stand heater. At this, Vernon blushed a deep shade of red.

“Uh, yeah. I figured, this thing is so amazing, I might start doing some overnights here. I mean, the faster we work the sooner we can fix your life and make you Maxwell again, right? You don’t deserve to be stuck like this and-”

She grabbed him and planted her lips on his, kissing him passionately and pressing her breasts against his body. For a brief moment absolute shock passed through his body language, and then he began to clutch her and feel her. His hands roamed to grab her hips, but she lowered them so he could feel her juicy ass. It left her moaning in his mouth.

"I needed this," she stammered, kissing him again and feeling his wondrously mussed hair.

At this point, Vernon pulled back. She could already feel that he was hard, and so this was a disappointment.

"Wait, wait! Mindy, you need to fight this. You told me that the ripples come stronger when you act more like your Mindy self."

"You don't want to fuck me?" she said.

"No! I mean, yes! Goddamn, yes. I mean, sweet Jesus, you're the most amazing and beautiful and *hot* woman I've ever seen, and you're currently in *that dress*, Christ! It's taking every bit of my strength not to keep just *looking* at you. But it's not right!"

She sauntered closer to him and caressed his cheek. "Vernon, I want this. I, like, really want this."

"It's just arousal. It's a biochemical hormonal response to—"

"No, it's not just that. Yes, I'm, like, horny as fuuuuck. But I also want *you*, Vernon. I had a chance with a hunky football type at the club, and I was just thinking about *you*. I really want you, and not just because I'm, like, a busty blonde with a crazy libido now, but because you *get* it. The love of invention! The awesomeness of, like, understanding it all! And because you helped me, and you're such a cute, sexy dork of a nerd, and because . . . because even if I'm not as, like, smart as I used to be, and way, way more bimbo-ish, I think I can make this work. I like being Mindy more than being Maxwell, I really do. And like you said, I can get myself smart again. But if I go back, then I might not have my parents anymore, or *you*. And I can't stand that."

She placed her hands on her hips and thrust her chest out again, biting her lip just to make herself a little bit more sexy.

"So, with all that said, are you gonna fuck my brains out or what? Because I really like you, Vernon, and I'm wet and ready for you right now."

Vernon blinked, and then the most brilliant smile extended over his features. He grabbed her face and gently pulled her in for another kiss, and then the two were all over each other. Mindy was finally letting her body run wild, and as she did so another ripple passed through her being, making her groan with further arousal. All of the best sexual instincts of this new life took form, and so she reached down into Vernon's trousers to grab his naked cock and begin milking it. He groaned as she pumped him, and in turn she took his hand and placed it under her threadbare dress.

“Feel my fucking tits, hot stuff.”

He did so, and soon she was moaning erotically again as he played with her large pink nipple and cupped her heavy, sensitive flesh. They kissed again, touching one another all over, and the closer they got to the mattress the more clothing they lost. She unbuckled his belt, and he helped her slide out of her dress. Her pussy was so wet that it was leaking her juices down her thighs, and this just caused her to thrash and moan as they collapsed onto the thick mattress together, him on top of her. The former man spread her legs automatically.

“I need you!” she cried, now totally naked against his warmth. He removed his shirt, and she roamed her hands over him. He was slightly more fit than she expected, but God was he more cute than anything.

“Do you want me to go slow?”

“Fuck no! I’m, like, so goddamn wet! I need you in me! Make it fast if you need - I’m seriously gonna cum just from you playing with - ahhh - my tits!”

He did so, pushing into her. Her eyes went wide as could be as the gorgeous blonde bimbo was penetrated fully for the first time. His length was remarkable - she wasn’t sure if he was packing that much or not because she had no frame of reference, but her pussy clearly found him more than adequate, because quakes of pleasure radiated through her being. He started to thrust, and she in turn spread her legs wider to give him more access. Her boobs bounced heavily, wobbling back and forth right up to her collarbone.

“You’re so fucking perfect,” Vernon said. “You’re goddamn beautiful.”

“Enough romantic talk!” she whined, closing her eyes as he thrust into her.

“Compliment my tits! Talk dirty to meeeeeee!”

“I love you tits! They’re so fucking big! You’ve got the perfect body!”

“Tell me it’s yours!”

“And - and it’s all mine!”

“Ohhhh, that’s, like, s-so fucking hot! Suck on my nipples, please!”

He arched his back so he could keep thrusting, and sucked on her nipples some more. It made her whimper in pleasure, and soon she was on the threshold of orgasm. She grabbed his head, pulling him up as he continued to ram in and out of her. She locked him with her legs, then proceeded to kiss him as he fucked her more and more. They were in that kiss when he came, and she moaned into his mouth, experiencing the most earth-shattering orgasms she could possibly imagine.

It was wondrous.

It was perfection.

It was like coming home.

“I want to be like this foreveeerrrr!” she cried, squealing from the repeating orgasms as she felt his semen flood her wet tunnel. “I want to be your M-Mindy, Vernon! I want to be y-yours for good!”

It took minutes for the pair of them to come down, especially her. Vernon’s face was buried in her breasts, and she giggled at the delightful sensation of it. Only when he withdrew did they roll over to face each other on the mattress. The sensation of him sliding out of her, of course, brought on another miniature pulse of pleasure.

“Wow,” Vernon said. “Did that just really happen?”

Mindy giggled. “Like, it totes did. And it was the best ever. We’re so doing that again.”

“So . . . what are we now? The two of us, I mean.”

She cuddled against him, crossing her soft leg over his and pressing her large, bare breasts against his skin. “I’m your sexy, busty girlfriend, that’s what. Unless, like, you’ve got a problem with that, Vernie?”

He kissed her. It was a deeply romantic kiss, and she found herself cooing in response to it, her heart warming. When he pulled back, his eyes were entirely on hers, as if entranced. She’d never experienced that look before. It looked like *love*.

“I’ve never been this happy before,” he said. “I’ve had a pretty lonely life, to be honest. Not the best childhood.”

“Me too,” she admitted. “At least, before. That’s why I don’t wanna go back. Even if, you know, I’m a bit of a ditz now. I’m pretty sure, I’m, like, full bimbo now. Don’t be surprised if I fuck you again in like ten minutes! Not that I think you’d, you know, mind at all.”

“Did you get hit by a ripple again?”

She nodded, looking up at the machine. “Yeah. I’m, like, totes Mindy now. I think it was the last one. At least, I can sense it or something, I don’t know. Not a lot of that machine makes sense to me anymore, but . . . bits of it still do. Stuff we’ve been working on.”

“It’s gonna take longer to calibrate now. Years while you relearn.”

“If I can relearn,” she said.

“You can. I know you can, Mindy. You’re the most amazing person I’ve ever met.”

He said it with such confidence that it made her shiver with delight. Mindy pulled herself against him and kissed him passionately, snuggling up against her lover.

“Well, I guess we’ve got all the time in the world,” she mused. “It’s not like I plan on going, like, back in time again. I don’t want to mess this up. Not with my super amazing parents, and my way better upbringing, and especially not with you.”

Vernon stroked her flank gently. “Then what would you use it for?”

She giggled. “Don’t you wanna, like, see how our kids look?”

**The End**