

Note: This story may contain bizarre, unrealistic and occasionally ridiculous content. It is not suitable for minors. Everyone portrayed in this story is of consenting age.

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The Time Traveler

Jenny sat in class on the first truly cold day of fall, and tried to focus on the lecture. She could follow the logic of the math well enough, but had a hard time caring. This time of year had always been kind of a downer, and it was even worse since her father had passed away last year in a car crash.

As the instructor droned on about variables and formulae, all Jenny wanted to do was go back to her room, curl up under a blanket, and watch Princess Bride for the thousandth time.

With some good snacks, obviously.

Eventually the period was over, and Jenny packed her things back into her bag. A gaggle of other girls from her class pranced up to her with their signature cheeriness.

“Hey Jenny we’re going to watch the basketball team practice, you wanna come?”

“She doesn’t wanna come.”

“You don’t know that! Well, Jen?”

“I’m good, gonna get an early start on homework. You girls have fun though.”

She could hear their loud whispering clearly.

“I told you she wouldn’t want to come, I don’t know why you bother.”

“What’s wrong with being nice to people?”

“Whatever, don’t virtue signal me...”

Stepping into her dorm room, Jenny let her bag slide right off her shoulder and onto the floor. She lived in a single so was shocked when a voice said

“Finally, I thought you’d never get back here.”

“What the? Who are you!?”

A middle-aged woman sat on Jenny’s couch. Well, she was probably closer to early 30s than middle-age. There was something kind of familiar about her.

“I’m a friend, and I’m here to help you.”

“What, a friend of my mom’s or something?”

“Well, sort of, but not really.”

The woman stood and faced Jenny across the small room. She had a lot of the same features as Jenny herself had. They were both around 5’6”, with brown hair. Jenny’s was not well kept and in a ponytail, while the older woman had hers in an odd-looking bun.

The differences really started to show below the chin. Jenny was a little on the heavy side, with shoulder-width hips and a tummy that pressed into her plain hoodie. The mystery woman on the other hand, looked like someone who ate very well. She wore a dark grey jumpsuit with some kind of silver thread running through it. It fit her well, but the woman was considerably overweight.

“I’m here to tell you that you’re going to be okay, and to try and help you get through these next few years a little more healthily.”

What the fuck? Was this fat ass about to lecture Jenny about her eating habits? She had to have at least 100lbs on her!

“What the hell is this? I don’t need any of your ‘advice’ so why don’t you just g—“

“Just hear me out, Jenny, please.”

Jenny looked into the woman’s eyes and they looked so ‘right’ to her that she couldn’t help but feel like she could trust her. She crossed her arms over her chest, right where her breasts would be if she weren’t basically flat apart for a pair of chubby little bumps.

“Well?”

“Okay, I know what you’re going through, and I know you’re using food as one of your coping mechanisms.”

Jenny opened her mouth to argue but the woman pressed on.

“Don’t bother denying it, I know you better than you probably know yourself. I’m not here to try and get you to diet or any shit like that. What I do have are some pills.”

“Seriously? You broke into my dorm room to try and sell me diet pills? What is this, some MLM scam?”

The woman held out a large bottle filled with hundreds of tiny round pills.

“I know there’s nothing I can say to make you trust or believe me, but these are a new hormone treatment not available in this ti– not available to consumers yet. They will make your body process and distribute extra calories in a more aesthetically appealing way.”

“Aesthetically... lady what the fuck?”

“Alright let me say it plainly... God, you’re even more difficult than I expected. Instead of getting fat like me, you’ll just grow some nice boobs and maybe a decent ass.”

“Okay now I know this is some kind of prank. Did that bitch Dakota put you up to this?”

“I know you don’t believe me, and I know this will mean nothing to you, but I promise this is 100% legit. Just take them and when you feel up to it maybe try one.”

“How do I know they’re not poison?”

“Look, kid, would I go to the trouble of this whole spiel if I wanted to kill you? There are so many easier ways.”

“Maybe you want it to look like suicide...”

“Okay, so try a pill in a public place, then if anything happens there will be people around to help. But I promise you’ll be fine. You’ll probably feel pretty good actually. Anyway I have to go, I’ve already been here too long.”

The woman passed by Jenny and out through her door. Jenny heard a sparking sound and saw a weird flash in the hallway, but when she poked her head out to look the hall was empty.

It took several weeks before Jenny built up the courage – or maybe just depressed apathy – to try one of the mystery woman’s pills. It didn’t get her high, but she did feel slightly more relaxed, calm without being sleepy. Just a kind of well-balanced feeling that lasted over 24 hours.

Jenny started taking the pills every couple days. They took the edge off her lingering grief and gave her just enough ‘good feeling’ to finally accept some of the hang out offers that she remarkably was still getting.

She started sitting with other people in the cafeteria, and making small talk with classmates. She even went to watch the teams practice sportsball a few times.

The biggest change was that all the food Jenny ate seemed to taste better. Even cheap snacks like chips and crackers, and the impressively mediocre cafeteria food had a little more sparkle to it.

Over the next few months, Jenny's body started to change. Without any change in her routine, her hair got less knotty and more shiny. Her jiggy hips tightened up somewhat and got more firm, as did her butt which morphed from soft chunks of flab to a pair of nice round bubbles.

The biggest change was up top, where her jiggy belly melted down into a trim waist, and she finally got boobs. Not lumps of fat like a 'dad bod,' but real, honest-to-god boobs. They were round and firm, just over a handful by winter break, and Jenny was finally wearing bras every day.

She loved the way her improved body made her feel. She made new friends and went out clothes shopping, replacing her baggy sad-girl wardrobe with a whole collection of garments that fit properly.

At least, the bottoms fit her. The tops often got uncomfortable within a month or so, and then she had to get all new bras and tops again.

Because it turned out that the pills had not reduced Jenny's sad-girl appetite. She now had a happy-girl appetite, and as much as the other girls hated her ability to wolf down burgers and fries and keep a bikini model's proportions, Jenny wasn't slowing down.

She'd downplay her appetite in public, eating an above-average if still reasonable portion with her new friends, but then stuff herself with snacks whenever she was alone in her room.

Coming back to the dorms after being away for two weeks over the holidays, Jenny fumbled her key in the door. As she opened it, she heard a familiar electric crackle and a flash of light as a woman appeared from nowhere.

“What, what was that!?”

“*-cough-* Damnit, that was poorly timed. I thought I had at least five minutes...”

A woman stood in Jenny’s dorm room again. She looked kind of like the woman from before, although...

It took Jenny several long moments to fully process the female form that stood in her room. She had normal-sized feet, in boots, and thin legs like her own, clad in a one-piece silver-grey jumpsuit. Jenny couldn’t see the woman’s hips or waist though, because her view was being blocked by two large round shapes.

The first jumpsuit was an unusual size, this one was definitely custom-made.

Her appraising gaze finally reaching the woman’s face, Jenny realized that it *was* the woman from before. Just instead of being kinda fat, this one had breasts the size of beanbag chairs.

“What... how...?”

The woman’s breasts wobbled hypnotically until she rested a hand on each one to steady it. Jenny could tell that the woman probably couldn’t touch her fingertips around them, they were so unbelievably large.

“Okay, what happened to you? Who even are you?”

“Come on kid, you’re smart enough to figure this out.”

Jenny looked the woman over again. The matching height, the hair color, large breasts vs enormous ones...

“You’re... you’re me?”

“That’s right. I’m you from the future. They all warned me about tampering with the timeline and wouldn’t you know it? They were fuckin’ right.”

Jenny’s stomach rumbled, she was late for dinner in the cafeteria.

“I’m gonna need those pills back.”