

**Dorothea is
'Back in Time'**

A growth story

by

Arianault

A short foreword:

Hey,

As you are reading this, this probably means that you support me on Patreon. So, a big thank you from my side for your support! You are awesome!

And I probably can hear you right now: Yes, I actually wrote a time-traveling growth story thanks to my huge love for the *Back to the Future* movie trilogy and when I got the opportunity to tackle something like that, I just HAD to do it!

I really hope, you will like this journey as much as I did, especially since I had a blast writing this story (and also create the comic series for it too!)

As usual, big thank you to all my supporters. Not only my Patrons on Patreon but also the kind people that show support on Deviant as well. Without you guys, there would be no *Arianault* telling these stories.

But enough talk, time to send Dorothea 'Back in Time'!

Thanks,
Arianault



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Chapter 1 – A casual drive home?

Friday afternoon. Weekend! Finally. It was again a long and hard week. Life as a student at university is not only fun and games, let me tell you.

Maybe I should introduce myself first. Hi, I am Dorothea Lockhart, a 20-year-old girl living in Thurmont, Maryland and currently a student at the Notre Dame of Maryland University. I am a regular girl, with the luck of coming from a somewhat wealthy family. My Dad, Joe Lockhart, was a former professional soccer player who, after his playing career was over, turned his passion into a new career. He is a train driver, simply because he just loves trains, and he also collects train models. The whole program. My Mom Margaret is a former Maid and now full-time Mom, even if me and my older sister Tiffany no longer live at our parents' home. Oh yeah, Tiffany, my big sister, she is a world-class doctor and a total package. Smarter than all of us combined with the looks others would kill for. I always wanted to be like her, which sadly never happened. She is a true bombshell. A hair above 6ft tall, red hair, a pretty face and a body ... like ... damn. Her huge boobs alone. Man! She always was my role-model, my idol. I just love her. Oh, and she is 14 years older than me, just to give some perspective.

I was also lucky, but not as lucky as her. I am quite a bit smaller than her (I am 5'4"), still taller than both Mom and Dad though, but where she really beat me was ... with her two biggest assets ... if you know what I mean, haha. Such a lucky woman and the best sister imaginable, let me tell you!

So yeah, little Dorothea has a lucky upbringing, and I am fully aware of that. For myself, I am just a casual girl with a

fondness for books, fantasy stories, music, video games ... yeah, nothing special. I am just sweet Dorothea. That's all.

'Are you driving home today?', Charlene asked me, and I nodded. She is one of my best friends and the only girl from my old class at school, who visits the same university as me, thanks to her scholarship due to her being such an amazing athlete. Let me tell you, this girl is impressive. Not only is she strong and super buff, no, no, no, to top it off this girl is tall. Super tall. Towering tall. 6'9"! Now imagine my little 5'4" body next to her. Yeah, we are quite the image when we walk next to another.

She is originally from France, she was an exchange student but stayed in the U.S. due to her parents moving here, a fact that made me so happy when she announced it back then. She is the best. Hihi, I am almost blushing from all the praise I give around.

'Yeah, Christian and I will spend the weekend together', I then told her. Christian, that is my boyfriend, and we have been a couple for six years now. My sweetheart. I always miss him during the week and cannot wait to see him on the weekend.

'Stupid question, since you always drive home', Charlene giggled as part of her response, but she was right. I drove home nearly every weekend to see my boyfriend and my family. My family is really important to me, you know.

'Greet him for me. I will stay this weekend and study for my next test and train for the next competition as well. No time for any distraction. I wish you a nice weekend. Now go to the time machine and we see each other Sunday evening!', she said, then we hugged (as always Charlene lifted me in the air during it) and then we separated.

Oh, you probably wonder what she meant by 'time machine'. No, this was not part of a language barrier (given Charlene is

French and all) but well ... she was talking about my car, which is a story for itself.

See, I drive a DMC DeLorean, yeah, the same car as in the 'Back to the Future' movies. It is my favorite movie (as well as Dad's and my boyfriend's) and I always dreamed of one day owning one. Well, guess what those crazy bastards gave me on my 20th birthday, haha.

But this was not everything. See, my Dad is quite the craftsman and that insane man added stuff to the car, so it looks almost like the time machine from that movie. Love you, Dad! But I think you can imagine how that little fact made me (or rather my car) the talk of the campus when I first arrived and since then, my friends and I call my car just 'the time machine' ... without needing Plutonium or being able to fly (sadly).

And even if it is no real time machine of course, I always make the same joke when starting the car:

'Time circuits on. Flux capacitor is fluxing. Engine running. Right. Let's go!'

Yeah, I am a nerd when it comes to this movie, I know. I am quite a bit of a nerd in general, hehe, but nevertheless I was on my way home to good old Thurmont. It's a sixty-mile-drive so I would be home in around an hour or so.

Oh, I almost forgot one important thing. I forgot to call Christian to inform him that I am now on my way. Time to change that!

'Awesome. I cannot wait. Not gonna tell too much but, I think you will LOVE the dinner I made for us. Love you and drive safely, honey!'

Uhh, a special dinner tonight? What could it be? Something fancy? Something I simply like? Christian is a good cook, so I

was already excited but first it was time to drive. For real this time! Engine running! Here we go!

‘There is an accident on Maryland Route 26 with a time loss of almost an hour at the moment!’

Ah damn it, not the news I wanted to hear. Well, luckily, I have an alternative route. Time to drive over MD 140. A traffic jam is the last thing I want because Christian got me super hungry, hehe.

And so, I was on my way. A casual drive home to good old Thurmont, a small town with about 6,000 people. Quite the contrast to Baltimore, but I love it there and I cannot wait for my studies to be finished to return full time there. It was 5:15 p.m. now and nothing out of the ordinary was happening, apart from the weather turning bad. It was a lovely day but now the clouds of rain were forming fast, just as they had forecasted. A storm was brewing, and it was brewing fast. I was sure it would start while I was still driving. Oh well. A bit of rain cannot stop me, my driving skills, and my beloved DeLorean. The time machine is unstoppable!

‘Damn it got dark really quick!’, I commented while driving just a few minutes after leaving Baltimore behind me and seconds later the first drops of rain were falling and shortly after it was pouring down like crazy, much more than I had expected. My windshield wipers had quite the task to fulfill and yet the rain got stronger and stronger. So strong in fact that I had to slow down a bit. Safety first. I called Christian (of course on speaker and not with my phone in my hand, hehe) and informed him about the weather situation and me being a bit late because of it.

‘Okay. Here at home there is nothing to be seen. We have nice weather here. Seems like a strong, local storm.

Interesting', he commented but both of us weren't worried and such. Christian knew I was a safe driver. I knew I was a safe driver and I had brand new tires on my car, and I wasn't that far away anyways.

But that storm was still brewing more and more and it seemed to get heavier and heavier. Thunder started, getting louder and louder. This was quite the storm out there and then lightning. I saw a lightning bolt in the distance, and it was honestly quite a beautiful picture but what wasn't beautiful was what happened just a minute or so later. Another Lightning strike ... and another. All the while the Thunder got louder and louder and the rain was now like a waterfall and then it happened.

WHAM!

I was out for a second. Or was it a minute? Or even longer? No, it must have been longer. Way longer as when I gained my consciousness it was early morning, and the storm was over as if nothing happened. Even the road was dry. Everything. Weird.

'Did I crash?' you probably ask yourself and no, I didn't but something different happened. My car was hit by a lightning bolt ... but why was I passed out? This should be impossible due to the car acting as a Faraday cage but still. I was clearly passed out. Weird. Really weird. But I have no memory of stopping the car. In fact, when I was 'back' I was still driving. How is that possible!? Am I dreaming? Time to pinch myself ... ouch ... nope. No dream.

One thing was clear. Something happened. It did not seem as if I was passed out, but I had to be. Different time of day, a dry road. But why was I still driving? At least one piece of that puzzle was missing.

Anyway, I decided to stop the car, park it on the side of the road and inspect it, which made me forget rule number one when a car is hit by a lightning bolt. DO NOT TOUCH IT! Guess what stupid Dorothea did.

All that energy going through my body. It slammed me down to the ground and I was in shock. THIS IS WHY YOU DON'T TOUCH METAL YOU DUMMY! Man, I was pissed at myself. I was smarter than that.

'I should call Christian. He must be worried like crazy about me.'

So, I started to call him. No success. Second try. Still not. God damn it! Maybe Tiffy? Nope. My phone was dead as well.

'Wonderful!', I shouted with anger. What now? Phone is dead. I was shaken by that electric discharge and in general everything seemed weird. I sat down for a minute, thinking about my situation, but I only came to one logical conclusion.

'I should drive home. Plain and simple.'

It sounded like a good plan. Drive home. Tell Christian all about what happened, maybe ask Tiffany as my personal doctor if I should do something after that electrical discharge. Maybe just a good sleep after all of this and then a fresh set of clothes, as these were starting to feel uncomfortable. Must be my subconscious acting weird. Everything was weird I thought, but it was NOTHING compared to what was about to happen next...

Chapter 2 – Problems are growing!

How should I put it? Nothing seemed strange and yet it seemed off at the same time. What do I mean by that? Well, I saw more older cars than usual, much more, in fact, and even the road ahead seemed to be different. That can't happen from one giant thunderstorm, right? Right!?

At least my trusty DeLorean was working just fine, not even a lightning strike could change that. My great little car. I just love it. Thanks, Dad, for spending so much time on it!

Just a few more minutes, then a nice rest and I can forget what happened on this more than unusual drive home. That was my plan, but do you know the saying 'plans are made to be broken'? To cut to the chase, this was one of those occasions.

'What in the...?', was all I could say when I drove into Thurmont. The weirdness did not stop. Why in the world was there so many ... old commercials and ... old election posters? Obama vs. Romney. That was when? 2012? Is my hometown celebrating some festival with the theme of, like, *2012, the year the world should have ended*? Something was not right.

It was like the entire city was taken back into the year 2012 and let me tell you, they did a really convincing job with it. Nothing, and I mean NOTHING, showed any signs of the actual date in time. It was the year 2025, but not when you were driving around in Thurmont. Why did Christian not tell me that we had this fancy festival? Was he wanting to surprise me? And...such preparations take weeks, and I should have noticed something during my last few visits. Was I THAT blind?

God, thinking about all of this gave me such a huge headache. Maybe it was a result of me touching the charged car? Definitely need to pay Tiffy a visit and let her check me!

All I wanted was to go home. Be sorry towards my boyfriend for being THIS late and skipping our lovely dinner. Being the great guy he is, he understands this. Gosh, he is just the greatest. I am such a lucky girl for having him. Girls, believe me, the nice guys are totally worth it!

Oh yeah, returning home. You thought it was weird beforehand? Now it was getting even weirder. I arrived at the apartment we rented ... or rather I arrived at where our apartment SHOULD have been ... but there was no house! It was GONE! This was the first time I ushered these words:

‘What in the world? Have I traveled back in time or some stupid shit like that? Am I dreaming? Is this real?’

I once again looked at my phone. 14th of March 2025. As it should be, but I am not stupid, and I realized a thing or two. There were just too many indicators for this crazy theory to not have some ground to stand on and once you eliminate the possible, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth.

‘Think, Dorothea, think...’

Okay, time for a recap. What has happened so far? I drove home. A thunderstorm occurred. My car got hit by lightning. It seemed as if I was ‘out’ for some time, even if I was still driving. I touched my charged car, and the energy went through my body it seemed. Everything looks like I was in 2012 again. So...

‘Is it truly possible that I... went back in time. In a DeLorean? If this is truly the case, will I get sued by Universal? What should I do? I need to find out the truth. I need to meet someone, but who?’

Tiffany!

In my mind, she was the only one that could help me, but ... how should I find her? How should I speak to her? She would call me crazy. I needed to prove to her that I really was her sister and all. Please, let this all be just a really, really, REALLY stupid dream.

Man, all of this made me nervous. I mean, if my theory was right and I was indeed back in time, it would mean I would meet a younger Tiffany. Once again, think, Dorothea.

All things looked like I was back in 2012. That was 13 years ago. That means, Tiffany must be 22 years old, while I am 8 years old. Was Tiffany even in Thurmont during that time? I cannot remember. Those years are such a blur in my memory.

But one thing became clear. It seemed to me that I accepted the thought that I was indeed a time traveler now... man this sounds crazy and insane, but I am asking you now: If you were in my shoes, given all the same information I had, would YOU think differently? So, in a way, I was anything but crazy. I was rational. Which made it even more scary for me. My situation went from bad to worse in my mind. What else could there be, to change that? All of this put so much stress on me and my body showed me those signs as well. It was as if my entire body was tingling from all that stress and it somewhat hurt too.

‘No, Dorothea. Don’t get distracted from that. It’s just the mental stress in you. Ignore it. You need to find Tiffy and you need to find her fast. She is the only person I trust but before this...’, I said to myself and then I thought it would be a good idea to park my DeLorean somewhere else before starting to look for her.

Man, I have to say, my hometown has changed so little in those 13 or so years and yet so much at the same time, IF I truly went back in time. I still feel like some crazy person saying this.

Going back in time, especially with the kind of car I drove. This was no fever dream ... or was it? Has that lightning strike somehow confused my brain or something? Is this all a dream? I still wasn't sure about it. All I knew was that everything seemed familiar but yet so many details seemed different. Advertisements, the cars being driven, heck even the clothes of people in some way. Have we really changed that much over those years?

One thing I noticed basically immediately was that not everyone was constantly on their phone. This is one thing that definitely has changed. We all got so much more addicted to our mobile phones it is crazy. Of course, if this truly was 2012, you see people walking and working on their phone but not to the extent that we do it nowadays.

But enough of this. I was on a quest, so to speak. Two quests in fact. One was to find my sister Tiffany, and the second was to find out if I was truly back in time. And if that was the case: HOW in the world should I convince Tiffany that I was no random psychopath? Would she see the similarity between me and my younger self? So much went through my mind and even more. Believe me. All this was such a trip for me.

'Think, Dorothea. Where could Tiffany be? And if so, I need to catch her alone. The more people that witness my, erm, rather unusual argument that I was from the future, the more guaranteed it was that they put me in an insane asylum or such. Definitely not an option. I needed to get home again because who knows: the last thing I wanted to create was some sort of time paradox. Just who knows, how much 'Back to the Future' truly was on the nose on that front. I know, it was just a science fiction movie, but here I was, actually back in the past, or so I thought I was at the very least!

‘Okay. It is 2012. I was 8 at that time. Tiffy is 22 right now. Where was Tiffy at that stage in my life? Was she at university? If so, I am mucked. Wait. Didn’t I already ask myself the exact same question before? God, it drives me crazy. Not only this, but also this still tingling feeling I have from time to time. It starts to annoy me big time.’

I felt how I got more and more annoyed, maybe even angry at the world and my situation. I felt so helpless and lonely. Like really lonely. I simply could not just go and speak to random people, even some I recognized. No, stick to your plan. No other contacts, just Tiffy. Remember what happened in the movie. I said to myself that I will not ruin everything and create a situation in which I need to fix something due to my stupid handling of a situation. Tiffy. Just Tiffy. She is the one I trust. Time to go. Maybe I will even find her just by walking through Thurmont, I just hoped.

Another thing that was clear to me was: Whatever I do, I will NOT go anywhere near my parents’ house. Far too risky. So, the easiest spot was out of the question, even if I wondered if I would see my younger self by accident. I was 8. Man, that was long ago. A cute little girl. A playful child. Would I even recognize myself? Sure, I would ... right?

You see, my confidence in myself went lower and lower during all of this. Traveling through time sounds so fun on paper, but not if you do it by accident with no idea on how to go back. This is a big problem, believe me.

I was wandering aimlessly, and minutes turned to hours. No signs of success. Thankfully most of the time, people left me alone ... at first at least.

There was this one guy that really tried to flirt with me, but I faked a German accent and told him that I was just a tourist

traveling. It worked. Why am I able to fake a German accent? Short answer. I have some friends over there.

But the longer my anything-but-fruitful look for my sister went on, the more things changed, and it all started with an observation on my part.

‘Man is it me or are people smaller than they are nowadays?’, I was starting to wonder. I was a pretty regular-sized girl at 5’4” so I was used to being around taller people. But I had this feeling, that I was in fact one of the taller ones around. Weird, but once again I tried to give this no ground. I was on a mission, and I got even more desperate. No time to think about this. I was probably just imagining things due to me being so helpless, or so I thought because over time people actually started to gawk at me ... and looked even smaller. Wait...they did WHAT!?

Believe me, I never drank a bit of alcohol in my life, and I never touched any drugs, but I swear that the people got even smaller during my search. I felt towering suddenly. They became like little children. Wait ... it wasn’t them that were getting smaller, it was...

‘Hey, how did you get so tall, beauty?’, another guy asked with a mesmerized look towards me. Man was he small. Easily a head smaller than me and I just looked at him confused.

‘You must be like 6’7” or so. Never seen a girl this big!’

It then hit me. Not only did I go back in time, no. Even worse. I was growing too. And it seems rather fast. I gave the guy a pretty non-answer and then walked away again. I tried to hide behind a wall and took a deep breath and then I looked at myself. My clothes seemed normal and all. But it was true. I was taller. Much taller. Wait. I grew that much, and I did not notice it!? What kind of a crazy person am I!?

'Wait! The constant tingling! Is that it!? Is this me growing!?'
Why? How?'

My mind was rattling down thought after thought. How and why? I asked those questions a lot since my little time-travel shenanigans started. I was so in the zone, I simply did not notice it, but I noticed now and gosh ... I was huge!

I always wanted to be taller, I wanted to be like my sister and now I overtook her with ease, but this was not the time to celebrate. I needed to find her. FAST! Not only was my time traveling an issue now, no, I needed to find a reason for my newly found growth ... and make it stop!

And as luck would eventually come to me, I spotted Tiffany. She looked so different, but I knew it was her. The style of her clothing, the long and wild red hair. So different from the clean and slick doctor she was nowadays, but I recognized her face and her voice.

'That's right!', I remembered her with this look. 'This was during the time she was in a relationship with that asshole. Joey something. What an idiot. Tiffy went through hell because of him. Oh, I wish I could just go to him right now and kick him in the ass with this newly grown body of mine. He deserved it!'

I was hiding as well as I could. Tiffany did not notice me. She was coming out of a library and then went on to go... wherever she would go.

My goal was in sight, and I had to follow her, but how should I start the conversation, I asked myself. Before all of this the conversation would have been all like 'hey, I am your sister from the future, help me please' but now it would be like 'hey, I am your sister from the future, and I suddenly started to grow huge as well. Please help me.'

My situation got worse and worse, and I feel so sorry for this ill-fitting and really bad pun but: my problem was growing by the minute, just as I was as it seemed...

Chapter 3 – Time changes people

So many things ran through my mind as I was following Tiffany as unnoticeable as possible, even if it was almost impossible to be unnoticeable with my new 6'7" frame (at least that's my guess of how tall I was now) but I gave it my best shot.

One of these thoughts is quite easy to guess and is probably one of the more, erm, understandable thoughts. Was my weird travel through time the reason for my growth? Would I continue to grow? How exactly did all of this happen? It was so weird and yet so real. I was the living proof!

The other thoughts were about Tiffy. I had not spoken a single word with her (naturally), but I could already tell that she seemed so different from the strong and independent woman I knew, and it was not her overall styling that made me think like this. Boy, did she look different from the Tiffy I knew nowadays. This 'young Tiffy' with her long and rather wild hairstyle. Her choice of clothes. Everything was so different to the slick doctor she became. She was like a different person and nothing else proved this more than her overall ... what is the word I am looking for ... aura. I knew Tiffy as a strong and proud woman that was also confident, but this younger version of her seemed like a completely different person and I could not remember her ever being like this. I simply always had this strong woman in mind.

This younger version of her, it made me sad. Her shoulders were hanging, and it was almost as if this young Tiffy did not want anyone to notice her, which was kinda odd given her rather outstanding choice of clothes.

I was thinking back. I have so little memory from those years. Why was that? Why was my memory so clouded? Was it because I always wanted to see Tiffy as the person she was in

my time? Strong. Confident. Proud. Is it because of this I blocked those years out of my memory? Was this even possible? Man, I really needed a psychiatrist after all of this, didn't I?

Anyway, enough of this. There was a reason for me following her. She was the only person that could help me. How? Forget that question for now. I just knew that she would be the key. Tiffy ALWAYS had a solution for me while growing up. She was my big sister. So intelligent. So helpful, even if she sometimes acted like my mother and commanded me around on how I should view life in general and try to not make stupid mistakes. Maybe mistakes that she made herself? Was that the reason for how she sometimes treated me? Oh, Tiffy...

Tiffy walked into a park, and it became clear to me what her goal was. She sat down on a park bench and looked around as if she was waiting for someone.

'Shoot!', I said to myself as she was almost spotted me, and I literally jumped to the side and hid behind a tree. That was a close call and my heartbeat went crazy. But that was not the only thing that happened because of this.

'Not again!', I almost shouted as I felt it. There was another wave coming and moments later I saw it, as the branches of the tree came closer. Yup, I was growing. Again! Bad timing, especially since seconds later, the reason for Tiffy to visit this park appeared as well. Joey. Her boyfriend.

'That asshole!', I got angry when I saw him. He treated Tiffy so badly. I may have forgotten a lot from that time frame but this clown I have not forgotten. Tiffy's biggest mistake. He almost ruined her whole life! Oh, I wished to jump from behind the tree and just kick his stupid ass. At least now I was tall

enough to do this with ease. Hey, I found a good thing about my growth, hehe.

Tiffany, even if he treated her like crap, was happy to see him and smiled as they met. But this clown... he had his ever-loving asshole-face on him. Tiffany... WHAT IN THE WORLD MADE YOU FALL FOR THAT GUY FOR SO LONG!?

Anyway, Tiffany seemed happy to see him, but Joey, you could see that he wanted to be ANYWHERE else right now. Gosh, he made me angry, and I think this was not good for my growing problem as it did not stop.

I tried to listen to them while not getting spotted. I also tried to remain as calm as possible. This was not the time to make a big scene. Hehe, big scene. Do you get it?

'Joey! Glad you could make it!

Even after he treated her so badly, she still loved the guy, and you could see it. She was hopeful. She wanted them to be happy and together. Tiffany, you were so blind, I hope you know that nowadays!

'Yeah, whatever. What is it you wanted to discuss?', was he as charming as always.

'And my studies are going on fine. I just passed two major tests. So...'

'So what?'

'We...could...you know...finally spend a weekend together. It has been so long.'

Man, she truly loved that prick, and he did not appreciate her one bit. But Tiffany was blinded by love and hope. Poor girl. My poor big sister.

'Let me guess. You want a nice dinner. Hold hands for hours. Have a kitschy kiss and then cuddle up in front of a fireplace and fall asleep together.'

Man, this sounded so sweet and romantic, but this jerk made it sound like the most stupid thing ever. Prick.

'That would sound lovely, Joey.'

Her hope almost killed me up front but once again. It was not my time to interfere. No, all I could do was watch and wait ... and continue to grow because that did not stop either. But enough of me, because after a little back and forth, it was Joey that suddenly got louder and showed (for me at least) his true motivation.

'Enough with that meaningless pseudo-romantic bullshit, Tiffany. Yes, it might sound fine and dandy but this is all we do whenever we are together. You are so...so... prude!'

Ah, that was the problem. Mr. Joey wanted to give his little Mr. John more fun. Of course.

'But...Joey...'

'Don't act surprised Tiffany. I mean look at you. You could be such a sexy girl, but you always try to be this cutesy wallflower, which you are simply not! We have been over this many times now, but you never change. You are stuck in that idealistic view. Return to reality for one time, Tiffany! You know what? Just ... think about what I said. I'll even give you this time. Think and decide well! See ya!'

Wow. He was an even bigger asshole than I thought and remembered, and he has the nerve to spin and manipulate it in a way that it looks as if Tiffy was the problem for their relationship. And would you believe it? Tiffy, that ultra-smart girl that she was, she believed it! How could this intelligent

woman be so damn stupid at the same time? I did not get it. Not one bit.

I was so angry at that moment and then this prick, as he left Tiffy behind, he came past the tree I was hiding behind and I had to fight myself with every ounce of energy and restraint I had in me to not punch this sucker out, and believe me: my newly grown body would be no match for him anymore. Yes, he was a tall guy with his ... 6'4-ish height, but I...well... by now I was towering over him. Man, I really wanted to punch him after how he treated my beloved sister, but I stayed as calm as possible. Quite the achievement, I must say!

And so, I made two steps to the side so he wouldn't notice me when passing by. The last thing I needed was that guy to see me and my growing problem. No thank you. Thankfully he walked by without seeing me, already on his phone again, and this was when I heard him talking to another girl on it.

'Hey baby! How about we have some fun tonight. I am free!'

The nerves on this clown! Leaving my sister down and in tears (oh yeah, of course she started crying after that scene) and already on the phone to get some raunchy bitch to have some 'fun time'. He did not deserve my sister one bit!

But maybe it was this inner rage of mine that was building up, maybe even accelerating my growth (like I knew what was causing it!), that made me prone to errors as I was stepping in front of the tree and in the sight of Tiffany who, even while she was standing there crying, was realizing what imposing figure was suddenly standing there because let me tell you one thing: my latest growth spurt was even bigger than my last one!

Everything seemed so small as I became so big and when Tiffy said with a broken voice 'what in the world' I just knew that she was talking about me, and I slowly turned around and

looked at her. She was gawking, gob smacked at the sight in front of her that was me and my huge frame.

Tiffy was a tall woman, a hair above 6ft tall, but she was nothing compared to me. I was like two whole feet taller than her and seeing her being so...small, I fully realized for the first time how tall I had really become. Tiffy, my big and tall sister, was like a child and suddenly everything seemed different for me, but I didn't have much time to think about it as our eyes met and I thought about what to say.

'Hello Tiffany', I tried to say as calmly as possible, but even that was too much for my poor sister.

'Y-You....k-know...m-m-m-e?' was all she was able to say, while her eyes got wider and wider, and before I was able to say anything else to make the disbelieving moment even more disbelieving for her, my poor sister fainted in front of me and fell to the ground.

And you know what was the worst part in all of this? Exactly: I was not even able to tell her that I was her sister Dorothea ... and that I was from the future. So, in a way, poor Tiffany had the hardest part still in front of her ... and most likely a heart attack, if she would even believe me, because let's face it: my story that I will have to tell her will be like the biggest and most crazy thing she will ever hear. That is for certain. But this was a problem for a bit later. For now, I decided it was best for me to take her and bring her to a place where we would be alone, as things were already crazy enough. Good thing I grew so much that I was easily able to carry her, eh?

Chapter 4 – Asset management

It was such a weird situation and people probably would have wondered maybe a bit too much if they would have seen me, or this whole scene entirely. There I was, a suddenly-grown 8ft (or so) tall girl carrying a blacked-out woman across the town. Not gonna lie, part of me found it amusing, especially that new-found strength of mine. I was never a strong girl, as I had a pretty well-known dislike for physical activity. I was more the book-reading, video-game-playing type of girl. Now being able to carry a 6ft tall woman around with ease was something more than I ever imagined to be possible but here I was. And now we add the whole time travel aspect to it and the weirdness is complete. Just... don't think about it, okay? Okay!

Anyway, where was I again? Oh right, Tiffany. It seemed as if she would sleep in my arms, and I found that so cute. She was my older sister, my big sister and now the little sister has become so huge that for the first time in my life it was me that was watching over her. Kinda awesome to be honest.

'So, where should I bring her? Where is a good place to be alone without anyone noticing us? It will be hard to convince her as it is', I started thinking out loud. We were still in the middle of the park and thankfully most people were at work, or at home or wherever, which made things a tad easier. At least one thing in my favor. Not everything was bad, right?

'Let's see. At the other end of the park is a sports field, or at least there was one.'

That's right. One thing I had to keep in mind was that I was not in my time anymore. I was in the past, so I had to think about what was and wasn't around here in Thurmont at the time and this was one thing I was able to remember. The old sports field was not used for who knows how long as it broke

down over the years and the town had no real plan with it until they decided to turn it into a public swimming pool, which was an awesome idea by the way. I hated physical activity, but I loved swimming, so I was all in favor of it.

‘Let’s see...’, I started thinking about it. ‘They opened the pool in the summer of 2015. I am in the year 2012. They needed over a year to construct it, which means ... that the old sports ground should be still around! Perfect.’

I had a goal and I had hope. Time to find out if my memory served me correctly on this occasion. I needed some progress because one thing was for sure, okay most likely two things: one, the longer I would stay in this time period there more likely it became that I would tinker with it too much and the last thing I needed was to accidentally create a time paradox. Oh no, that would be bad.

The other thing that was also clear and easy to spot and to understand: my growth. I knew that I wasn’t done yet and there would be more to come. I did not know how that all worked and what was the trigger (or the triggers), but I had to find out.

And all the while Tiffany was still down and out. Damn, I thought to myself, I must have shocked her pretty hard, didn’t I? And like I said before: the worst was still in front of her.

Another good thing about my newly gained size was my foot speed. My now really long legs helped me to cross the distance to the sports field way faster than I expected. Not a bad thing at all I must say. Listening to myself, I think I actually started to enjoy this whole growing thing more and more. I was strong now. I was fast now. I was able to kick idiots’ butt with ease if I wanted. Not the worst fate I must say.

Minutes later we arrived at the destination: the old sports field and as expected it was still there in all its run-down ‘glory’.

No wonder the town of Thurmont had no idea what to do with it. It was in such bad shape and literally nobody used it. Seeing it now as it was, I could not blame anyone. Once again: their decision to turn this into a public swimming pool was one of the better ones our local government had.

‘No one anywhere near in sight. Wonderful’, I pointed out happily and then I looked down towards my sister. ‘Please, just believe me, Tiffany. I beg you!’

She looked so different. When I watched her, she acted differently. She was like another person but having her in my arms I saw my beloved sister. She deserved so much better than she got during this point in her life, and I am so happy that she turned everything around and I do mean everything.

‘Okay, this part of my plan worked, but still...’. I spoke to myself and started thinking again. Even if nobody was in plain sight, I wanted to be safe. Better safe than sorry and so I decided to go towards the old storehouse that was on the sports field. If no one would go to this sports field, then nobody especially would go into this old storehouse. There was only one little problem...

‘The door is locked. Damn it!’

I was angry but it turned out that I was not entirely right in that regard. The door was not locked but rather so damn rusty that it was not possible to open it. Not with usual methods at least, and I really wanted to get in there and I knew that I had a newly-found weapon in my arsenal: my body!

So, I put Tiffany as gently as possible on the ground and then I turned towards the door again.

‘Rusty hunk of junk’, I told it with a smirk and then I did what I never did before in my life: I simply kicked the door open!

‘Well, that was easy!’, I commented and was also a bit proud about my new strength, even striking a little pose as part of my little victory celebration. My legs were not just long, but also so strong. Neat.

‘Now this is what I call asset-management!’, I said with glee and even giggled as a result. Maybe my entire situation was not the right one for acting like this but what can I say? I simply did it anyway, haha.

Anyway, the door was open, I was proud, and Tiffy was still down and out, so I grabbed her once more, even more gently than before (now knowing how strong I seemingly became during my growth spurt... or rather growth spurts?) and then I entered, but not before recognizing that my newly gained height also had its disadvantages. Door frames became a real issue! Annoying but salvageable but let me tell you, as a girl that used to be around 5’4” it felt strange needing to bend to enter a room.

‘My goodness, this one needs a thorough cleaning!’

Of course, you dummy, some of you probably will say. This old storehouse was not used for so long, that the door itself was rusty and therefore locked. Naturally things inside were in pretty bad shape as well.

‘Those mats are perfect to lay Tiffy down on.’

And so, I laid her down onto these old mats. Carefully. I had no intention of stirring up all the dust, and when Tiffy was laying on top of them, I sat down next to them and simply watched Tiffy resting there.

‘My poor big sister.’

It now felt weird calling her 'big sister' as I was so much bigger than her now but even so, she was my big sis, and nothing would change that. Not one thing in this world.

I stroked her hair a bit and then ran my fingers over her cheek. I was mesmerized by my own body. My now big hands and my long fingers. Tiffany's head and face looked so small next to them, and I wanted to think about how I would start the interaction with Tiffany. Why only wanted? Well, one person crossed out that plan: Tiffany. She finally woke up after all of this.

She was still sleepy and needed a few seconds to realize that she was at a different place. I saw the moment when she knew she was somewhere else and suddenly her eyes became all big and wide and her upper body shot up in a vertical position.

'Where the heck am I?', she asked herself, still not realizing who was sitting next to her.

'I...can explain it to you, Tiffany', I responded rather carefully.

Tiffany turned her head and looked at me, trying to analyze what happened and who I was. And once again, after a few seconds, her eyes became all big and wide again and shock was written all over her face.

'You are that one huge girl I saw in the park before I blacked out! What is the meaning of all of this!', she started shouting and I could not blame her.

'Just let me explain, Tiffany, please', I tried to calm her down but with little success.

'And why do you know my name?'

Time to spill the beans.

'Tiffany. Do you not recognize me?'

Tiffany looked at me as if I had spoken in a foreign language to her or something similar. She was not able to create the connection. Not yet at least.

'I know this will sound crazy and all but please believe me and let me explain it all. I...'

'You...?'

'Tiffany... it's me, Dorothea.'

Let me tell you something. Not even the greatest linguist in the world would be able to describe the look on Tiffany's face. It was impossible, like trying to analyze the emotions by the Mona Lisa.

'And...I...somehow...I...well...I am from the future...and to top it off, I also started to grow like crazy since I arrived.'

So, what do you expect happened as a response to this revelation? Did Tiffany start to scream? Did she actually believe me? Did she call bullshit on all of this? Well, the answer is much simpler and none of the mentioned above.

Crash

No, she fainted once again and crashed down on the old mats. Oh boy, this is going to be fun. Like real fun. And I also have not mentioned one tiny detail. Let me phrase it this way: I was no longer 8ft tall. I was actually much closer to 9ft now and I noticed one more thing now...

'When did you girls start to grow as well?'

Like I said before, I was still in a bad position and I had to find a way to get home again, but ... honestly? Not everything seemed to be bad, hehe.