

Mini-Story: Time-Travelling TG (Man to Numerous Women TG)

By FoxFaceStories

Robert has a time travel device that does not work as intended: it instead sends him back in time as a newly inserted person of that reality in which his mind starts to slowly adapt. He has to keep hopping before his identity is overwhelmed by his new life each time.

Time-Travelling TG

I am in quite the pickle. I'm always in a pickle, in fact, no matter the time or the place. My name is Robert Harbour Smithson, and I'm a scientist and inventor working in temporal mechanics. Well, I *worked* in temporal mechanics. Well, *will* work, future tense. Time travel has a way of mucking up our linguistic ability to form proper tense structure.

Yes, you read that right, I'm a time traveller. I have been, am, and will be a time traveller, in fact. The very fact that you are reading this should be some form of proof, should you get this scroll examined. I imagine it's quite ancient to your eyes, and yet remarkably in modern English. Funny that.

I should start with how this began. I first created my time travel device in the year 2033 in the city of Birmingham. I had conducted numerous chrono-scientific tests and believed I was ready to test it on myself. The science all seemed to show that I would be able to occupy a space in the past, and as a man with a great deal of historical knowledge as well, this was of great interest to me.

So you can imagine my joy when it worked. I travelled back to see the signing of the Magna Carta in 1215. It was utterly remarkable. But what was even more remarkable, perhaps, was the fact that I witnessed it as a woman. I don't understand what went wrong with my scientific predictions, but upon travelling back, it was as if the timestream itself remoulded me to become an individual who 'fit in' with the historical context. Over the course of several hours my body transformed into that of Lady Charlotte, a beautiful young woman who was married to one of the many noblemen present at the signing. I was astonished to find myself without my manhood and two pale breasts, not to mention the sheer abundance of medieval dress that women were expected to wear in the period. It was startling to say the least, especially since my new husband kept wanting to celebrate this grand event by taking me to the chamber set aside for us, and have his way with me.

Naturally, I used my device to get out of Dodge.

At least, that's what I wanted to do. Something was very wrong with my device, and still is. You see, it must have been damaged at some stage, because now it simply catapults me randomly across time and space, and always in some area of the past, never back to my

present. Well, sometimes I end up in the far-flung future, but never within fifty years of my time period. And perhaps I could just get over that and settle down in a lovely future setting or past period closer to my own time, were it not for the second complication; the damage to my wrist device means that I *always* turn into a woman to fit the setting. *Always*. Without fail. Worse, if I spend longer than a week in my new form, my mind begins to change as well. I start to get . . . desires. Instincts. Thoughts and memories. My old self begins to fade into the background, and while I am far better able to adjust to my new context and time, I also am clearly becoming a new person, my old identity dying away in favour of a woman who fits her time period exactly.

I cannot stand for this, and so after a week or so - sometimes less, sometimes more, sometimes only by the skin of my teeth when things go sour - I move on to a new time period, leaping forward into the unknown. Well, not entirely the unknown; I am certain I shall always be a woman, after all.

And indeed, so many women I have been. I have been a gorgeous harem dancer in the court of the Abbasids. I have witnessed the fall of Constantinople as a young widow. I have been a pregnant mother, forced to give birth to a young Roman in the Late Republic. I have been a crone fleeing the English persecution of witches under Henry VIII. I have been a female astronaut, and discovered just how randy those on the ISS truly are.

Yes, I have had sex as a woman. Many times, in fact. Sometimes out of necessity, sometimes because it was literally my profession, having found myself in a brothel. Sometimes because my mental change meant that my Victorian lady instincts kicked in and there was nothing I wanted more than Lord Sallis to rip open my corset and make me lie back and think of England. And, I will not deny this, increasingly because I want to. I can't keep track of time very well, but I have flitted back and forth for actual *years* at this point. I am only in my true male body for mere hours after each jump, and as far as I can tell those hours are the only times I actually age. Unless something changes, I'll be experiencing the life of an Egyptian newlywed bride, or a cyberpunk partygirl, or a Turkish steppe horde mother, or farmer's daughter in the Deep South, or so on, for an untold amount of 'personal years' to come. I think, all things considered, that indulging in a bit of female pleasure is not something I can be blamed for. At this point, I experience life with breasts (and my, have I been the owner of some lovely breasts at times) more than I do without.

But perhaps that will change. Perhaps if this scroll, among the many other clues I have left across time and across the earth, will be found in the future. In my time. Or in any time, really. And perhaps some genius will figure out what went wrong and save me. I'll try to keep leaving messages, and try to date my changes so someone can work out a pattern from them. Attached to this message is a list of all the people I have been in the order I have been them. Read carefully, please, I beg you. Find a way to stabilise me. Find a way to

return me to my time, and make me a full man again. Otherwise I shall be condemned to live a near-endless life of womanhood. It's not the worst life. In fact, it's historically fascinating, and always full of adventure. But if there's a chance I could at least find some stability - hell, even as one of the many wives of the Shahanshah again, then please aid me!

The people I have been are as follows. See what you can divine, and perhaps you can predi-

The rest of this message is lost to history. Its existence baffles scholars, who increasingly take a view that it is indeed legitimately an ancient text, supposedly written by a daughter of Emperor Marcus Aurelius in 177 AD. Many others have been found across time and in many locations bearing similar messages, but few are complete. It is unlikely that Robert Harbour Smith will ever be truly located, though it is hoped he - or she - has found peace with her strange, ever-changing life. Her insights into history have at least allowed for massive new progress in our understanding of numerous world events and obscure or lost cultures. One hopes that this is a legacy the scientist can be proud of. It is certainly an ever-expanding one.