

Gyaru Time

Siggy Commission for ProbablySomebody

Harry Bradsworth was a bona fide genius, labeled a boy wonder by his teachers in preschool. The youngster was already capable of disassembling a smartphone before putting it back together in tip top condition while performing complex mathematical equations on the fly that no one would ever really start learning until mid way through their high school period. Something that made his parents extremely proud of him, seeing their son already accomplishing so much at such a young age.

Born between Samantha and Brendon Bradsworth, Harry's life was one of comfort and love, living in a modest household along a humble suburban street with two loving parents who worked well paying jobs. The rising star had everything he could ever need for his experiments and self study sessions in addition to helping his family skimp out on repair costs for expensive appliances like lamps, air conditioning and even their car. All he needed were tools and safety equipment to get the job done.

"I knew that boy was special when he cracked that puzzle you just couldn't solve when he was just a wee ol' kindergartner! Just think about what he could achieve in the future!"

"I don't know Hun...feels like a lot to bear on his shoulders don't you think? I mean at the end of the day, Harry's still just a kid...a growing boy..."

"Oh you worry too sweetie, in a few years time, our lil boy's going to be all grown up, and he'll have made a big name for himself. You'll see!"

"I hope so...maybe you're right....if Harry keeps on this path, I'm sure he'll turn out to be a great person someday."

It was this fateful conversation he had heard one night while sneaking off to get a bite of snacks from the fridge one night that drove him ever forward in his drive to learn, create and experiment. Starting off small before and working his way up towards the top where his end goal would be sure to bring fame to himself while satisfying the hopes his parents had for him, even when the years flew by and he had graduated from a high schooler to a full time college student living on his own in a humble little apartment flat.

But for how intellectual and daring Harry was, the young man always fell short in the safety department. If he wasn't being supervised by someone who knew their stuff, then cuts and bruises would have been the least of Harry's concerns when it came to dealing with complicated and potentially dangerous pieces of technology. Something he was beginning to grow weary of now that he was living alone without two pairs of eyes watching over his experiments or repairs.

Which was why his latest and most secretive venture would prove to be his most reckless act yet, serving as his magnum opus to cement his name in history and a love letter to his parents. It might've been a bit too much, but Harry was a sentimental man at heart with a big soft spot for his parents.

Self aware of his shortcomings, Harry had started his work in a small laboratory he had asked to be loaned to him for the entirety of his stay at the college in exchange for doing odd jobs around the place free of charge much to the headmaster's delight with how his new handyman would often prove more reliable than the contractors they used to depend on. And despite the elderly man's insistence that he get at least a tidy sum for his work, Harry had refused him.

"It's the least I can do sir, I'm taking up one entire room after all!"

With board and room secured for his project, Harry had set to work immediately, ordering materials online while making frequent visits to the scrap yard just outside town. It wasn't long till he'd put together an imposing frame composed of ramshackle steel melded together as best he could with thick insulated wiring snaking across the floor of the room like the veins of a machine beast.

The specifics behind what Harry was creating would be too complicated to note down on paper without it turning into a fully blown thesis. But after a few more months of trial and error in addition to swapping out makeshift parts with actual industrial bits from the money he earned from other points of revenue like his handyman skills for instance.

But after positioning a live drone in the middle of the polished coil machine he had fashioned for himself out of the giant hunk of metal and worn ceramic that had previously dominated the room and hitting the switch on a terminal with indecipherable numbers that looked like coordinate data, Harry's excited whooping was evidence enough that his hard work had finally paid off with the camera feed of the displaced drone showing the same storage room Harry was standing in with one startling difference:

It was empty, just like it had been 9 months ago before Harry had enrolled into college. Which only meant one thing...

His time machine was a success.

Hitting the return switch however, a loud crackle followed up by a loud electrical pop snaps Harry out of his celebratory mood upon sighting the wrecked drone smoking in a heap on the floor.

Looks like there were still some tweaks to be made before live trials could start, but the concept was proven, and that on its own was enough to assure Harry that his work hadn't been for nothing.

From there, the fledgling inventor's work would only accelerate at a downhill speed, making breakthrough after breakthrough; solving the issue of getting the drone and in turn, any live subjects back in one piece, retrieving inconsequential items from the past like a speck of hair, the ability to rollback anything that might have occurred to break the timeline in the event anything goes wrong with the help of an AI system and what was arguably the most arduous and time consuming objective to fulfill; condensing his massive metal hulk into a smaller, portable form that could be used like a personal, on the go time travel device in lieu of the static albeit more reliable prototype that could already be passed for a working time machine sitting in his workshop.

But as expected of the talented genius, Harry had managed to condense the more critical components of his time machine into a device shaped to function like an old fashioned pocket watch with a simple switch on its side to allow access to the bevy of nifty functions contained within, like the emergency reset, an eject function and a cloaking system meant to shroud the user from the inhabitants of the past and future.

After so many drones though, Harry had become emboldened by his string of achievements, flicking open the cool metal lid before keying in coordinates for a few decades back into the past, Harry held his breath before applying a little pressure on the switch.

'Mum, Dad...if anything goes wrong...I love you guys!'

With a puff of smoke and a small smoking indentation of a pair of sneakers seared into the wooden floorboards, Harry's workshop falls silent with its lone occupant vanishing in the blink of an eye, flung far into the past in a whipping whirlwind of multicolored lights and deafening sound...

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Braving the nausea and double layered vision he was experiencing, Harry steps out slowly into the dilapidated room he could still remember beneath the worn and tattered wallpaper and slightly mottled floorboards with clear signs of pest infestation going on in the corners.

"Man...this place has seen better days...or maybe I should say it'll see it soon I guess?"

Moving on from the empty storage room that was the chrysalis for his workshop, Harry excitedly opens the archaic oak wood doors leading out to the halls of the college, glimpsing people dressed in totally different attire that looked to be a mix between the 90's and modern fashion trends. As expected of the transitory period when the old world had begun to make rapid discoveries and advancements that led to the civilization of the 2000's he had known for his entire life.

And with that, his trip and the first manned exploration into the past was now underway, with Harry being extra careful to make sure the cloaking system was active while keeping his steps steady and composed, ensuring nothing was touched or misplaced as he explored the past conditions of the college he studied in.

"Speaking of college...I never did get to ask mom and dad which college they went to..."

Moving on up to the 4th floor while musing silently to himself, Harry narrowly avoids being run over by a girl no older than he was holding a pair of scissors in a fashion that just seemed straight out of a B movie; with the bladed end pointing skyward just waiting to be impaled through someone's head in comical fashion.

But this wasn't some fantasy flick, and that dangerously misplaced floorboard definitely was enough to inform Harry of the impending doom that awaited the unfortunate college freshman.

Without thinking, Harry had rushed forward to intervene, grabbing ahold of the girls jacket and halting her speedy advance, jerking her back with a startled yelp that had her looking down at the displaced floorboard she was about to trip over and in turn; the wicked scissor blade aimed at her face, swallowing a ball of alive in shock before turning around to face no one in particular, unable to see the time traveler that had retreated to a safe distance away from her.

"Ohhh I've got no time for this! Projects due in an hour and a half!"

Dodging the death trap and tucking away the scissors safely into her pocket, the unwitting student resumes her mad dash for destinations unknown. Thanking her lucky stars silently under her breath just before running by another student in the rather empty halls. Maybe it was because of the timing? Or maybe the

college wasn't as prosperous as it was in the future? Whatever the case, Harry was relieved to have prevented a possibly fatal incident from occurring.

'Hopefully that wasn't enough to mess with the timeline at all...hopefully!'

Unbeknownst to the do-gooder however, the seemingly harmless act of goodwill had sparked a chain of events that would majorly affect the timeline moving forward, or at least, the part of it concerning Harry and his place in it. Continuing his exploration unaware of the ghostly wisp beginning to twist and curl around his body, leaving behind ethereal flakes of glowing energy peeling off from his body and clothes with every step and leaving nothing behind besides a transparent outline of what once had been solid flesh and blood; the fading vestiges of Harry like a deleted file left to rot in the recycling bin of a computer until the user decided to cleanse it of any lingering remnants.

By the time he had managed to get far enough up to the 5th floor where he remembered the library to be, almost half of Harry's body had been dissolved with only the right side of himself left floating in an eerie display; like a phantom from the underworld returning to torment the living.

Walking by the yellowes glass that had yet to be swapped out for the mesmerising stained glass display put up by the previous group of students in the art club before he had enrolled, Harry pauses for a moment at the incredible sight of his ethereal half, raising his hand up to realize he wasn't seeing things at all; with his left arm and clothes reduced to a ghostly cyan green outline with otherworldly ripples of faint energy coursing through them. Connecting the dots to the previous incident that had led him to design the shielding cum cloaking system alongside the emergency system in the first place when a drone he had been piloting soon after the first blunder had begun to dissolve in much the same way he was now.

The fate that awaited all temporal anomalies much like himself, with the world acting to cull anything that shouldn't technically exist yet...or if events were altered in such a way that would make an individual or anything they had ever produced null and void from that point on. Events like the wayward girl running wild with a scissors being saved from a nasty fall...

"Shit...that girl...don't tell me it's...Mom?!"

Whipping out the pocket watch just before the ghostly veil can consume it, Harry quickly toggles the emergency reset function, realizing his error and cursing at himself for not adding in the temporal anomaly alert that was supposed to work in hand with the reset switch. Now that the degradation of his presence had reached this point, he wasn't sure whether the A.I would be able to salvage anything at all, praying with all his might for the computer to work faster as more and more of himself continued to fall to the corrosion eating away at him.

[ERROR - INSUFFICIENT DATA TO RECONSTITUTE PHYSICAL BODY]

His heart sank as the mechanical voice rings through from his earpieces, wondering what to do next, refusing to meet such a lackluster fate to be forgotten by the world after unwittingly causing a split between his mother and father since it was the only assumption he had to fall back on, linking scissor girl as his mother and the lone young man walking right by her to be his father. Maybe the two would get together after his mother, then a naive young maiden had suffered the nasty fall intended for her by fate, saved by the modest gentleman that was to be his father.

But before Harry could drown himself further in stressful thinking, another beep notifies him of an incoming update with his eyes widening upon hearing what it was his trusty A.I companion had figured out.

[SOLUTION - ALTERNATE TIMELINE DATA CAN BE COPIED OVER IN LIEU OF MISSING DATA TO HALT TEMPORAL CORRECTION - PROCEED?]

“Y-Yes! Do it! Quick!”

[ORDER RECEIVED - CORRECTING TEMPORAL ANOMALY - COMPILING PHYSICAL BODY]

Harry didn't need to think twice to agree to a solution to save himself while correcting the timeline. If it meant he could return to his original place while keeping everything intact, then so be it. Although the bit about retrieving the data of an alternate self to replace the fragments of himself that were already too far gone to be recovered.

Bracing himself as the familiar suction of a passageway being ripped open through the very fabric of space-time itself takes hold of him, Harry mutters a silent prayer before his entire figure vanishes after another brief flash of light, leaving no trace of his remains behind...

With the anomaly removed, Harry's device sets to work correcting his current timeline, rewinding the course of events back to the very moment with Samantha sprinting down the corridor with the scissors held dangerously in her hands. Only except this time, no one was there to stop her fall, screaming in pain just before Brendon turned the corner, catching his attention upon sighting his fellow classmate lying sprawled out on the floor, clutching at her face while bawling in severe pain and distress.

Carrying her to the medical bay just one floor below while assuring Samantha everything would be alright, Brendon had personally tended her after realizing no one, not even the intern in charge of overlooking the counter, was in. Rummaging through the medical locker for supplies and first aid before turning his

attention to Samantha, who he had laid out properly on a bed with a clean towel placed over the ugly gash on her right cheek, preparing to operate on his first ever live patient in his 2 years studying medicine...

By the time the nurses had returned from lunch break, Brendon had finished applying the last stitches carefully over Samantha's cheek, wiping her sweaty brow down while cleaning up as much blood as he could before the nurses had pulled him aside. Separating him from the girl he has just saved as they called for an ambulance.

A few uneventful days would soon pass by, with Samantha taking medical leave after suffering a severe cut that left her temporarily bedridden by the surgery needed to ensure her wound didn't reopen. Saving her from the stress of having to submit a project after being given a gracious extension of one week's time upon her return to the classroom.

And instead of flunking and dropping out like she would have if fate hadn't seen fit to drop her into a deadly accident, Samantha would soon find an unlikely partner in the form of Brendon, who soon admitted to harboring a bit of a crush on the plain, nerdy girl.

One thing led to another, but sooner or later, Samantha herself would soon grow to harbor feelings of her own for the giant behemoth of a medical student she couldn't believe had the hots for her. Developing a romantic relationship with Brendon after having her first time with him on the night of their graduation ceremony in her bedroom.

Years later, with the strapping couple since having become a happily married duo, a baby would be conceived into the world by an elated Samantha, cradling their newborn child in her arms with Brendon shedding tears of joy at the strenuous birth.

"A deals...a deal sweetie..."

"Heheh, no need to tell me twice Hun...welcome to the family Hazel..."

Coming to with a start in an effort to check on himself, Harry knew things were definitely way different than they should've been from his first trip through a time portal, finding himself lying against a hard uncomfortable surface with a disturbing amount of skin exposed than the jumpsuit he remembered wearing that day before the experiment. Rubbing the soft mane of blonde atop his pounding cranium with a notably slimmer arm tipped with manicured fingernails painted a gaudy cyan blue and wrapped in chocolate brown skin glimmering in the warm rays of the afternoon sun peeking through a very different place altogether from the workshop he was supposed to have been teleported back to.

“Ughh...my head like, friggin’ hurts a bunch...wuh? Like, what’s up with all these verb...ver...this so totally sucks!”

Rummaging for the pocket watch in renewed panic that had died down somewhat after escaping a near death experience, Harry’s new claw like nails almost lose their grip on the time travel device midway through withdrawing it from between the firm valley of cleavage now adorning his chest as naturally as he breathed, folding plump legs across each other as his mind adjusts to the very female body it now inhabited, shifting a little to accommodate for her inflated rear, jutting her handlebar hips to the side and tucking the silky threads of dirty blonde hair behind the slim pillar that was her neck, arching her back to further strain the right schoolgirl’s blouse that had subsumed Harry’s tracksuit at some point after her re-emergence from the botched time travel test, with a flutter of the pleated skirt wrapped around her shapely hips proving that Harry’s body was no longer male; revealing a cute pair of cotton panties cinching the supple meat between her thighs, showing off the clear indentations of a puffy cameltoe where a modestly sized manhood should have been.



Staring at the reflection cast back at her in the polished surface of the pocket watch however, Harry's mind knew something was off, but the longer she stared, the more that feeling was beginning to fade. As if she was beginning to think of the gaudy gal staring back at her as who she had always been with memories of her past life fading away little by little; soon forgetting the very purpose of the time travel device clutched in her trembling hands.

'This is totes bad news right? M-Machine robot thingy? H-Hi? A lil' help please?'

Desperately pawing at her ears which were no longer stuffed with earpieces but cheap plastic piercings, the rapidly fading vestiges of Harry's consciousness does its best to guide her body, directing trembling fingers to press ahold of the switch that controlled the emergency release before whoever she was becoming took over for good.

And judging from her earlier experience of not being able to say a simple word at all without it devolving into ditzzy valley girl speech, Harry did not want to experience what it was like to fully embrace the lifestyle of a vapid bimbo much like the one staring back at her in panic.

With the switch depressed, a tingle runs down Harry's spine as her A.I system continued its work, doing its best to preserve whatever was left of Harry's intellect and personality while halting the mental overrides trying to wipe his mind out in a last ditch attempt since it has failed to remove his, or rather her, physical form.

But just as soon as the soothing sensation leaves her head feeling numb and heavy, the pocket watch in her hand begins to fizzle and spark, forcing Harry to drop the device before it explodes in spectacular fashion, leaving a sizable impact zone with soot fanning out in all directions, with Harry soon falling to her knees in a mad dash to gather up the steaming, shattered remains of her greatest invention.

"Oh no, no no no! This can't be happening, if anything else goes wrong, I won't be able to fix it!"

Try as she might to piece it back together however, one look was enough to tell her it was a lost cause; with the internals reduced to cinders and the outer casing shattered. It would take ages in time and money to even think of repairing the device.

'T-That's right...mom...dad...who even am I? Is this even my own time period anymore?'

Doing a cursory check of her new, buxom body in an attempt to find out if there was any way to ID herself, Harry eventually finds a small purse tucked away in her back pocket, fishing out a small pink card with her new face plastered over it in a smug mugshot.

"H...Hazel Bradsworth...age 20...so mom and dad are safe...oh thank god!"

Heaving a heavy sigh of relief, Harry ponders her next move with her mind more or less running back to full working capacity. Muttering complex words under her breath alongside mathematical equations in an effort to test herself to see if even a single iota of information had been lost to her.

Despite her drastically altered body however, Harry was happy to know she has successfully retained her memories and knowledge regarding her former identity, assuming the inhabitants of this strange, yet familiar world had always known her to be Hazel Bradsworth.

"But if Hazel looks...and dresses this...daringly...what sort of reputation did she even have..."

As if in answer to her muttering, the door to the classroom swings open with a suave looking individual barging in, his entire body bulging with muscle that instinctively catches Harry's inquisitive eyes for some reason, combined with her impressive analytical outlook, it didn't take long for her to assess that he had a massive boner renting his front end.

"Hey babe, as early as always...you ready for that dick flattening you promised me?"

"D-Dick...flattening? Excuse me?"

"Don't play dumb with me Haze, as much as I love you being my empty headed doll, I'm eager to get started, so cmon already!"

That settled it then; apparently Hazel Bradsworth was a massive slut. And Harry was now inside of her, a normal young man inhabiting the body of a salacious vixen.

Scooping up the debris of her ruined device before rising to her feet, Harry immediately hightails it out of the classroom, springing as fast as she could away from the raging jock shouting after her.

By the time she had made it out of the familiar halls of the college campus, the girl was a complete mess, struggling to catch her breath while rubbing at her aching shoulders having to bear the weight of her burgeoning breasts flopping around with every step. Not to mention having to put her full weight forward into her slim dainty legs, it made the very act of running a chore. But the displaced time traveler had a lot more than muscle cramps to contend with right now as Harry's mind roils at the new situation she now found herself in.

'I-If this version of me promised to have sex wih that guy back there...and I'm still in college...oh god, just how big of a slut was she?!'

But more importantly; what did her parents think of her now? No doubt they'd be furious, ashamed even. But Harry knew she still had a chance to turn things around in this new life of hers, to turn her reputation around so that her place in college would be justified and not because she had paid off the school board, or worse; solicited sexual favours to buy a spot in college with her body.

A body that was drastically different from her old one. Glancing back down at her smooth, hairless skin tanned an amazing brown right down to her privates, Harry couldn't deny that she had a body that screamed front cover material in the gravure magazines she remembered her mother reading sometimes. But with her male mind intact, Hazel's body would need some getting used to before she could look at herself comfortably in the mirror. Gingerly raising a delicate hand up to grasp at her chest before recoiling at the slight touch of her own mammaries.

“So this is how girls feel...having long hair and boobs...it's so strange having nothing rubbing between my legs down there...”

Shaking off the idea of some self-exploratory sessions however, Harry stretches her weary body before packing up the ruined revce still held tightly in her left hand, slipping it into her pockets before heading off down the street to the bus stop that could take her back to where she remembered her family home to be, dreading the faces of her family much more upon the idea of facing them. Maybe it was the lingering vestiges of Hazel affecting her outlook, but Harry knew the life she was to lead now was Hazel's, and Hazel was, in a way, a reflection of herself. That meant she had to fix her mistakes as if they were her own, no matter how scared her other self felt right now.

By the time she had stepped off the bus and up the front lawn to her very familiar home, Harry's hand freezes just short of a knock, shivering in sudden shame and embarrassment, no doubt a result of Hazel's reluctance to face her family kicking in.

But she had no say in the matter here, ultimately; Harry was still in control, and it was long overdue for an apology, even if she hadn't done anything wrong.

“Here goes nothing...”

Rapping her knuckles thrice on the smooth mahogany wood like she always had, Harry kicks off her shoes before slipping into the house...

From time traveler to family mediator...things were taking a surprising turn for Harry today...

Hazel Bradsworth was, by all means, a wanton slut. A woman who saw no shame in how low she was willing to stoop to get her own way in life be it through sexual favours or paying people off with her family's piggy bank, her parents were on the verge of disowning their wayward daughter after years of disobedience and shame she had brought on their names. With the only thing holding them back being the joyful times they spent together as a family in her youth before the world had taken their lovely daughter and twisted her into a monster.

That is, until a surprising turn of events occurred late one Friday afternoon, with a gentle knock at the door, Samantha had been surprised to see her daughter kneeling down on the ground with her head pressed into the floor, apologizing for everything she had done in the past few years in a voice and manner of speech she hadn't thought to ever hear coming from her mouth when just that morning, she had been speaking like some empty headed ditz over the phone.

"Please...give me one more chance Ma...I'll find a way to fix everything!"

Despite the anger and rage she wanted to take out on her daughter's brave yet sudden proclamation, the stunned mother had simply allowed her inside without much fanfare, only realizing something was terribly off when her gaudy daughter had taken her by her shoulders before leading her back to the couch with a worried look on her face. A look she hadn't seen in years ever since she had been a little babe.

"Hazel my dear...is that really you?"

"Y-Yeah Ma, it is me...sorry for making you worried all these years...i've...i've been a shitty kid!"

As strange as it was to see her suddenly burst into tears, the maternal side of Samantha that had tempered her rage towards Hazel knew those weren't the crocodile tears she had resorted to every single time they tried to get her to change. Embracing Hazel as she sat there next to her weeping her eyes out for the next hour or so.

But her father would prove to be slightly less understanding than her mother, coming home with a slim smile only to grow incensed at the sight of Hazel sitting in his home.

"Get that skank out of here! She stopped being our daughter the moment-"

"Sweetie please! Just...listen to what she has to say alright? Give her one more chance...Hazel really has changed!"

One look back at Hazel however, and he knew his wife wasn't lying at all from the regretful look on Hazel's face with heavy eyebags framing her dull lifeless irises. Swallowing his words before dropping his bag on the ground, sighing in exasperation before letting himself be led to the couch as Samantha goes off to get the pair some water.

After a tense moment supervised by Samantha herself, Brendon eventually relents despite his clear disdain for the girl, listening to her promises to lead a better life with disbelief on his brow. One thing was for sure though, he hadn't heard his daughter speak normally for many years now.

By the time her mother had ushered Hazel back upstairs after that tense family meeting, the girl was flush with embarrassment and mentally tuckered out. After years of almost never seeing her parents mad, dealing with a mother and father that were clearly disillusioned with her and borderline didn't even see her as their own kin anymore was harsh to say the least. While this technically wasn't her life, the fact that this had all been caused by her reckless tampering with the past now made it her responsibility to fix. Groaning in exhaustion before slamming a plushie over her tear stained face.

"Gosh...I don't think I've ever*sniffle*cried that much before..."

But she knew this was just the start in her efforts to repair the damage done to the current timeline. Without the help of her AI and the time machine probably gone for good considering Hazel clearly wouldn't have had the time, resources or knowledge to even attempt to build it, Harry had a lot on her plate to clear before she could get things back on track...

Epilogue

A few weeks had passed since Hazel's sudden turn over with her parents still being a bit reluctant to believe their daughter really was going to turn over a new leaf, assuming it all to be an act until she had returned home as suddenly as she'd left after that day with a GED certificate that basically meant she had officially earned her spot in college much to their disbelief.

"B-But how?! You've...I mean...you never were a bright girl dear...it's a bit hard to believe if you think about it..."

"Right...there's no way you go from being a high school dropout to suddenly acing an exam meant for college students...show us you actually did pass that test."

"Oh hoh~ no problem! I can take anything you throw at me!"

Agreeing to her fathers challenge, Hazel had sat down before her parents with a hastily printed set of papers based on public resources for a final year science and math exam, handing them in barely 20 minutes after Brendon had slapped the papers down in front of her.

And to their surprise, their daughter truly had what it took to pass the test without resorting to cheats, smirking with confidence as she spun the pen between her dexterous fingers.

"Told ya I'd turn over a new leaf dad..."

After that day, the relationship between the disparate members of the Bradsworth family would begin to mend and heal, with the norm no longer being angry shouts and childish wailing but happy laughter and tranquility as expected of a tightly knit family. Samantha and Brendon had no idea how she had done it, but they had managed to set the past behind them, welcoming Hazel back into the fold once more as their one and only child. Made better by the fact that she had also somehow become a marvel with technology; Repairing many of the home appliances that had been lying defunct and abandoned for quite awhile now without the time necessary to see to their maintenance.

And as for Harry? A part of him was beginning to embrace the life of a girl, particularly one as beautiful as she was. Sticking with her gyaru getup after growing too attached with the look. She loved the way her blonde hair contrasted against her darker toned skin and amazing visage that she had even signed on with a couple of fashion magazines to earn some money from alongside taking a course in engineering at college, making her seedy past clear so her future contractors knew who they were working with. But with how smart and snappy she spoke alongside her dashing looks influenced by that tiny bit of her lingering manly sense of fashion, they couldn't believe she was once the dropout she said she was.

Eventually, the name Harry had faded from use entirely, only ever referring to herself with that name when in the privacy of her bedroom which she had taken the liberty of cleaning up; tossing out the excess makeup and perfume alongside emptying out a wardrobe full of salacious outfits and sex toys...with the exception of a pink dildo she had kept aside for when her stress levels needed some 'managing'. While the majority of her bad habits from her time as a shameless minx had been neutered by the pocket watch before it's demise, Hazel's body still felt the instinctual urge to masturbate every so often, granting her a clear mind after every orgasm which, unlike the male climax she never got to experience, was something she was beginning to grow fond of despite her lingering reservations on seeing herself naked in the baths or when she had to change clothes after every photo shoot.



But one more concerning remnant of the former persona she had subsumed was her incredibly short attention span, while she certainly had the smarts to figure out and rebuild the time machine leftover from her Harry after his male mind had been forcefully integrated with Hazel's in an effort to save him from the effects of the temporal correction, the resultant Hazel now found it incredibly hard to focus on her projects without suddenly browsing through social media or looking up shopping malls to get new outfits at. Leading to a lot of last minute work when the stress of a deadline kept her mind razor focused on work.

Even though she was still a bit hesitant to get the machine up and running again in the fear of reigniting yet another timeline altering incident, it seemed that there was still a long way to go for Hazel before those worries became a reality.

“Hrmm...but if this part doesn't fit then I might need to make another trip to the scrap yard...maybe after a lil tan by the beach...I'm losing it staying cooped up all the time~”

THE END