

**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!

I got this idea after a fellow creator, Rho, (GREAT guy) sent me a model of a DeLorean to use after I mentioned that I would KILL to have one to use and well ... here we are, without any killing happening, hehe.

From that moment on I knew I had to make a story using that asset and so I got thinking and my mind went straight to 'turn Back to the Future into a GTS story!', easy, eh? No, it wasn't, haha. I hope you will have fun with this written story, which comes along with a comic.

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



## 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 20<sup>th</sup> 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...