

Petals Through the Hourglass

Tags: *breast expansion, breasts getting bigger, oc, original character, time travel, reality alteration*

The outside world was a monotonous expanse, as uninspiring as any other day. Sky-scraping towers, crafted from gleaming steel and chrome, jutted into a pale, starved, and ashen sky. Their reflective panels glistened with an air of smug efficiency, while flying cars buzzed around every layer, resembling furious silver wasps. These vehicles hummed and blinked, contributing nothing but incessant noise and pollution to the dismal gray. The sun – a faded coin obscured behind the thick veil of smog – was a distant memory for most, a celestial body you would likely never witness in your lifetime. Only the fortunate souls residing atop those sky-piercing structures had the privilege of its warmth. Ordinary people were left to make do with curated images and videos, displayed on holo-feeds, offering a mere glimpse of the solar spectacle. As ever, the artificial streets teemed with people clad in polymer coats, their faces illuminated by retinal interfaces and adorned with hollow smiles.

How could anyone find love in a world devoid of the earthy scent? A world without the sun's warm caress, dancing playfully on your skin?

At least, that was what Élaïne pondered as she plunged her fingers deeply into the soil of a pot nestled within her greenhouse lab. The dirt was cold, yet rich and teeming with life, a sensation she cherished far more than the exaggerated city life of New Marseille. The French had long been known for their penchant for extravagance, but New Marseille embodied this on a grand scale. Not only had they overhauled the entire city in 2054, but the French government had also flaunted their wealth to outshine other nations like Germany, constructing the most advanced and futuristic city on earth atop the remains of Old Marseille.

Élaïne counted herself fortunate to reside somewhere in the upper layers of the city; survival in the lower levels seemed impossible. Down there, beneath the skybridges and acid-dripping ventilation stacks, the air was thick with ozone and nanoplastic dust. Stray animals snatched food from the hands of children and those born without citizenship. Synthetic rain seeped through cracks in the megastructure's underbelly, evaporating off hot grates in clouds of toxic perfume. They called it *La Veine Noire* – the Black Vein. It was a place where light went to perish.

But this wasn't something the young woman wanted to think about. All she cared for at the moment was the synthetically reconstructed plant she carefully tried to remove from the pot. Her fingers pressed deeper into the earth, avoiding the delicate roots of the beautiful flower before her. It was a long extinct plant, but Élaïne was bringing it back to life!

The petals shimmered with a soft, ethereal violet – almost translucent in the dim greenhouse lighting. She whispered to it like a lover, brushing the edge of a leaf with the back of her stained fingernail. *Gentle. Alive. Impossible.* Its name had been *Campanula Bernice*, a bell-shaped bloom once native to pre-industrial Europe, wiped out by pesticide drift in the 1940s. But now, here it was again, reborn through soil alchemy and DNA reconstruction, trembling on the brink of breathing.

It had taken Élaïne almost three years, to get this far. Three years of hard work, scanning forbidden archives and trading genetic fragments. Three years of trying to recreate what one careless war and a century of greed had erased from this once beautiful planet. And now, it lived again. Not in some museum's gene vault or behind bulletproof eco-glass, but here, in her hands! At least partially. It was not entirely the same plant from before, more like a distant cousin.

When Élaïne sat the plant into another, much larger pot for it to grow, she exhaled slowly. Her breath staining the nearby synth-glass. Her greenhouse lab, or how she liked to call it “her sanctuary” was dim and humid, overgrown with vines and bioengineered orchids that shifted hue, depending on the humidity. Bees – real bees, not those small drones designated to pollinate flowers and crop plants – hovered lazily under the biolights, their wings humming with a sound no one heard in the wild anymore. Just as she finished, she heard the bells of her shop jingle. *Floricultur*, the shop she technically runs upstairs, sold sustainable and above all else real wedding arrangements to high-income clients all across New Marseille. She anticipated yet another client, but was shocked when she actually saw Lione, a distinguished gentleman and secretary of the *Bureau du tourisme temporel*.

“Élaïne, mon ami! I have good news for you”, that voice – like velvet dragged over gravel, smug and full of smoke – curled through the greenhouse like an old jazz record. Élaïne turned, one eyebrow arching as Lione stepped through the glass threshold of her sanctuary. Even now, after years of politely ignoring his flirtations, the sight of him in his Bureau-issued overcoat, lined with real alpaca wool and too many gleaming buttons, made her lip twitch with restrained distaste.

He looked like a man who would never touch soil in his life.

“Lione,” she drawled, brushing a bit of earth from her hands onto the hem of her apron. “I assume you’re not here for *tulipes*”, the middle-aged man chuckled, a slow, practiced rumble that vibrated in his throat like a throat-sung threat.

“Still so charming. And non – though your *Campanula Bernice* does smell deliciously illegal. I trust you’ve kept it off the registry?”, she didn’t answer. He didn’t expect her to. Instead, he strolled deeper into the space, eyeing the nearly extinct plants and beautifully arranged flowers with mild disgust, the way a man might look at a dinner that was too raw. Éleine noticed the way his hand brushed the edge of his coat – where his ID badge, retinal reader, and chrono-clearance pass always hung. “I think I will never get used to seeing real plants... I prefer the artificial ones much more.”

She crossed her arms beneath her chest, readying herself in a defensive pose, even though Lione would not do anything to her. But it was a habit of hers to do, when someone made her uncomfortable, just like that bureau freak did. Lione finally stopped at her worktable, fingers trailing across the edge of a planting tray, trying to avoid any dirt. “You’ve been a very good girl lately, Éleine. No infractions. No new ‘specimens’ discovered in unsanctioned timelines. Just following the rules and not touching anything. You know the Bureau appreciates that.”

“I’m *flattered*,” she said, voice dry as desiccated rose petals. “But you didn’t come here to deliver compliments.”

“Correct.”, he turned, eyes gleaming like old gold coins. “You have been selected for a legal, sanctioned window. Eight hours. Iberian Peninsula. Year 1531.”, Éleine’s stomach did a quiet flip. She never heard of anyone jumping that far back in time. Mostly people were dropped off in the 1700s, but never further back. This would give her the opportunity to witness even more plants to be reconstructed!

“You’re joking.”

“Am I known for that?”

“Only when it gets you laid”, Lione grinned, his teeth gleaming like surgical steel, probably actual surgical steel, knowing him. “Touché. *Mais non*, this time it’s real.” his tone dipped into something almost reverent, mocking the gravity of what he was about to reveal, yet enjoying the theatrics all the same.

With a practiced flourish, he reached into the inner lining of his coat and produced a flat, slate-gray dossier. It whispered against the air as he laid it across her worktable – paper-thin, but Bureau-authenticated, its embedded chip already pulsing with a faint green flicker.

“Bureau-stamped and fully authorized. Eight uninterrupted hours in Sector 4, Northern Iberia. Mid-summer. Pristine ecosystem. Minimal human interaction. And according to recent historical leaks, the probable last blooming of *Salvia Luxensis*.”

Élaine’s fingers curled slightly around the edge of the tray, nails digging into the wood. The name struck her like a whisper in the ear, a scent caught on the wind. *Salvia Luxensis*. She’d read about it in scorched texts, half-legends passed down through generations. A sage said to shimmer beneath moonlight, blooming once every century.

Élaine’s pulse didn’t quicken, but her fingers tensed around the edge of the tray. She stared at the dossier as though it might blink or bloom or vanish if she looked too hard.

“*Salvia Luxensis* is a myth,” she said.

Lione’s brows lifted. “So was *Campanula Bernice*. Until a certain stubborn woman resurrected it from a burnt scrap of monastery vellum and a fingerprint left in a pollen database.”

She didn’t smile. But she stepped closer. The dossier pulsed brighter, sensing proximity, recognition.

“What’s the catch?” Élaine knew Lione long enough. He would never just give something out of the blue and not expect payment. His service was expensive and not only because he covered up the tracks of her misbehavior in different time periods.

“There’s no catch,” he said, lifting his gloved hands like a saint absolving sin. “Just a small fee. Merely 200 thousand credits and the period is yours to take... With no interference, like always”

Élaine stared at him, deadpan. “Two hundred thousand credits. For eight hours.”

“Including taxes, of course,” he added, lips curling into that bureaucratic smirk he wore like a second skin. “Time travel doesn’t come cheap, especially not to a century with no surveillance drones, no embedded telemetry. I consider it a luxury destination.”

Her eyes narrowed. “I’m not some chrono-tourist looking to cosplay as a milkmaid and finger herbs in a meadow. I’m a reconstruction botanist.”

He shrugged. “And yet here we are, treating you like royalty. *Chosen*, Éleine. *Sanctioned*. No red tape. No auditors. No questions.”

Her jaw clenched. The dossier blinked again – green, green, green – inviting her like a mouth opening in silence. *Salvia Luxensis*. She could almost smell it: lavender and ozone, old magic and pollen crackling with forgotten chemistry. The myth that ruined careers. The plant that made men mutter in hushed academic corners.

She’d chased rumors for years. Traded illegal thumb-drives in biotech alleys. Cross-referenced ancient texts with AI reconstructions of lost pollen sequences. Once, she’d broken into a sealed crypt in Lyon to scrape samples off the edge of a mummified herb pouch.

And now? This smug bastard was laying it in front of her like a cheat code.

Her arms remained crossed. Her figure – slender, petite and utilitarian – didn’t fill the room, but her presence crackled with tension. As much as she hated Lione’s guts, she had to admit one thing. He knew how to make a deal.

A week had passed and Éleine stepped into the chronoport without a word. She was already used to the procedure of the bureau checking her for any illegal materials and forbidden technology.

the floor panels lighting up under her boots as if recognizing their owner. The air in the chamber was different – thicker, humming, charged with the impossible. Her breath slowed. Her thoughts sharpened.

Éleine reached out and placed the dossier in the chronoport's intake slot. It slid in silently. A green arc flared across the chamber walls, painting glyphs and coordinates in midair like dancing fireflies.

CHRONO-JUMP AUTHORIZED. WINDOW: 8 HOURS. SECTOR 4 – NORTHERN IBERIA. DATE: JULY 16, 1531.

She stood still at the heart of the chamber, facing the pulsing core – the chrono-stabilizer throbbing like a heartbeat made of light. Already, she felt it reaching for her, tendrils of temporal energy brushing her skin, testing her like curious fingers seeking a pulse. With slow precision, Éleine reached behind her neck and untied her apron. It slipped off her shoulders and slid to the floor with a hushed whisper. Then the gloves peeled from her fingers like old skin, falling beside the

apron in two limp claps of leather. Her hand hovered over the chrono-bracelet for just a breath longer, then clicked it into place around her wrist.

It hissed soft and serpentine, its embedded lights flaring to life in sync with her pulse.

Outside the chamber, beyond the thick, radiation-treated glass, Lione leaned against the frame like a gargoyle, his expression unreadable but his eyes too knowing.

“Try not to rewrite too much of history,” he said, voice filtered and hollow through the intercom – cool, detached, the way a collector might speak to someone handling a priceless relic. Ultimately annoying.

Élaine didn't reply. She didn't even look at him.

She just closed her eyes.

And then –

The chamber collapsed around her, an implosion of space and time. There was no sound, no rush of wind – only a profound, all-encompassing pressure, as if the universe itself had inhaled deeply and held its breath in a cosmic pause. Light fractured and danced around her, shards of impossible colors spiraling in and out of her perception, folding and unfolding in dimensions she couldn't even begin to name, like a kaleidoscope of the cosmos.

Her heart pounded once, a heavy drum in the silence. Then again, a resonant echo. And in that moment, time unraveled like a thread pulled from the fabric of existence.

Her body was propelled forward, a seed shot from a sling, flung across the tapestry of centuries in the blink of a god's eye. Heat surged through her veins, electric and consuming. Her lungs seized, a cage of breathless anticipation. Her bones prickled with an unrelenting itch, every nerve in her body both crying out and singing in a symphony of sensational blur of pain and exhilaration.

And then, with a jarring finality, gravity reasserted itself, slamming her back into reality. The sickness of time travel hit her with the force of a physical blow. As her boots found purchase on soft, uneven ground, she staggered and doubled over. Her stomach convulsed violently, heaving once, twice, before she expelled the contents onto the earth, acid, bile, nausea mingling with the scent of grass.

Grass. She blinked down in disbelief. Not the cold sterility of steel, nor the transparency of synth-glass or the sleekness of chrome tiles, but real living grass. Mossy and damp with dew, threaded with clover and tiny, vibrant blue wildflowers.

Above her, the sky stretched wide and aching blue, a vast expanse unmarred by industrial smog. The sun was not a pale, distant smear but a blazing, golden orb, a brilliant eye casting warmth upon her cheeks with an intimate caress. Éleine felt the tears rising, unbidden, welling up from a place deep within her. She had arrived in a timeline where she felt more like herself, more alive than ever before.

With a shaky, sharp inhale, she filled her lungs air, thick with pollen, loam, and the faintest hint of woodsmoke. The earth had a rich smell, an unfiltered aroma of rot, root, and age of a forgotten truth that filled her senses and reminded her of life beyond the sterile, irradiated climate-controlled world she had known.

Birdsong drifted to her ears from somewhere beyond the trees, a natural melody unmarred by the mechanical hum of drones or the artificial amplification of speakers. Real birds, singing.

She laughed, a dry, broken sound that escaped her lips, and wiped her mouth with the back of her sleeve. The chronoport had deposited her in a dense grove, just off a dirt path. No stone roads, no looming structures only tall grass, twisting trees, and the gentle, rhythmic rustle of wind through leaves. Her suit, ever adaptive, adjusted to the environment, shifting its color from matte gray to a dusty green as the cloaking technology hummed softly, recalibrating for the 16th century.

She stood alone in this untouched sanctuary, the solitude wrapping around her like a welcome embrace. Perfect.

Éleine straightened, produced her scanner, and tapped it against the embedded dermachip nestled just beneath her wrist. The device blinked once, then again, its petals of polished metal unfurling in her palm like a tiny mechanical bloom. A slender holographic map shimmered into existence above the scanner's surface, the pale blue lines weaving a grid of the forest floor. At its heart pulsed a single waypoint, bright and insistent: 0.8 km northeast.

Time slipped like dew down a leaf's edge. Éleine moved through the forest as if in a trance, her scanner forgotten in her palm, the chirps and pulses drowned out by instinct. She finally stood before the plant she always dreamed of seeing. The

Salvia Luxensis. It stood at the heart of a secluded clearing, rising from the loam like a secret whispered by the earth itself.

It stood solemnly in a secluded clearing, its presence so regal it felt whispered into being by the earth itself. A single stalk arced upward in a spiraling coil, its surface dark as a rain-slicked emerald under dusk skies, each inch dense with crystalline hairs that caught stray beams of sunlight and fractured them into prisms. From the stalk's summit unfurled petals – six, seven, perhaps more – each one curling back with a deliberate, languorous grace, as though the flower itself were stretching after a long slumber. Their hue was impossible to name, hovering between bruised violet and the deep, humming blue of twilight.

Élaine's chest tightened; her pulse stilled. This was not a digitized recreation, not the hollow ghost of some archived specimen. This was pure, breathing life.

She hovered on the edge of the clearing, every movement measured, reverent. She lowered herself to her knees in the damp loam, the cool earth pressing through her trousers. Her scanner fell slack in her palm, forgotten. Trembling fingers hovered in the air, aching to brush the petals, to feel the faint vibration of life emanating from the plant's crystalline hairs – but she held back, content just to witness its quiet grandeur. A faint breeze whispered through the trees, and the Luxensis bowed its crown in response, like a dancer's gracious curtsey. The air was sweet with the scent of lavender and moss, carrying the promise of rain.

Then – sharp against the soft pulse of wonder – her finger struck something solid. Instinctively, she recoiled.

Peering into the shadowed tangle of roots and moss, she saw a corner of leather, half-buried in the earth. It jutted from the dirt like an ancient tooth. Curiosity overrode caution and Élaine reached down and brushed away damp soil. The cover was supple under her fingertips, the leather cracked and weathered by seasons of sun and rain. No title embossed in gold, no seal to mark its maker – just a plain, timeworn book.

Gently she pried it free, the spine creaking in protest. She flicked away flecks of moss and gingerly opened the cover. The first page lifted on a sigh of brittle parchment, exhaling a musty perfume of rot and centuries. In looping strokes of black ink – thick in places, faint and spidery in others – words sprawled across the page in an archaic hand. Most she couldn't decipher, but a phrase in the center stood out, underlined twice: *L' Expanse Mammaria*.

“Huh,” she murmured, voice echoing oddly in the hush. She leaned closer to parse each swirl of script. “L’ Expanse Mammaria.”

The ink had bled at the edges, smudged by time’s damp fingers, but the letters held their solemn purpose. With a mixture of dread and fascination, she flipped to the next sheet, half-expecting dust or mildew to choke the air. Instead, crude yet reverent sketches spread before her.

On each page, women stood nude to the waist, charcoal lines bending softly over full, proud breasts drawn with obsessive attention. Some figures raised their arms in silent invocation, others tilted their heads skyward as if communing with an unseen deity. Vines wrapped around torsos, flowers bloomed at nipples, petals unfurling in sync with curves. In sequential panels, small chests swelled and curved, each stage more impossible than the last, as though some unseen force fed them from within.

Élaine’s brow furrowed. She flipped faster, page after page of the same worshipful obsession. Then her gaze dropped to her own body. Slender, flat, almost boyish. Her chrono-regulated jumpsuit conformed to lean lines that felt inadequate here, beside the richness of the Luxensis and the woman-goddesses in the book. She immediately felt unremarkable, a spectator at a ritual she could never fully inhabit.

She snapped the book shut with a sharp exhale, dust motes dancing in the beam of midday sun. “Is this some ancient porno magazine?” she scoffed, equal parts amusement and irritation threading through her words. “Men never change...”

Her scanner buzzed insistently against her wrist. She straightened, calves aching, palms smeared with dirt. The chrono-timer glowed orange: TIME REMAINING: 00:52:41.

“Shit,” she muttered, brushing leaves from her trousers. She couldn’t risk contamination, not yet – not when the Luxensis lay waiting for a proper sample. She slung the scanner back onto her arm and cast one last longing glance at the hidden flower. But the book...

She cradled the leather-bound volume beneath one arm as she slipped into the stand of oaks, their mottled bark rough under her fingertips. A narrow, well-worn footpath wound downhill through ferns and moss toward the hamlet her chrono-maps had marked. The medieval settlement lay silent in a fold of the valley, whitewashed cottages huddled beneath low, thatched roofs – history whispered here, barely heard. Perfect for vanishing.

Pulling her woolen cloak taut, she flipped the hood low over her braided hair and coaxed her jumpsuit's surface panels into a muted, earthen brown. Shoulders relaxed, strides shortened, every movement softened, as if she were mist. She skirted the outer barley fields – stalks swaying in a breathless hush – and emerged into the village just as the last market stalls were being shuttered. A mother dipped soaked linens into the well, the swish of fabric and the tang of soapy water drifting on the air. Barefoot children darted between carts, kicking up ochre dust that floated like pollen. No one spared her a glance. Good.

In the square's heart, under a crumbling limestone awning mottled with lichen, she spotted a rough-hewn bench beside a basket of sun-dried rosemary and sage. She approached with deliberate leisure. One hand slid beneath her cloak, felt the book's dense weight, and eased it free – its pages warm from centuries of handling, edges curling with humidity. She tucked it neatly between the bench and the basket, its worn binding peeking out in silent invitation. Then she backed away, her footsteps light on cobblestones. No clamor. No arc of prismatic light. Just a book abandoned.

“At least it's someone's smut,” she murmured, voice low enough only for herself. The sky beyond the rooftops grayed as her scanner hummed awake.

RETURN PROTOCOL INITIATED. PLEASE PREPARE FOR EXTRACTION.

The chronoport chamber yanked her back with that familiar brutality, as if time itself recoiled at the theft. Brilliant filaments of light seared across her vision, her weight collapsing inward like a star imploding, every bone stretching and folding through the moments she'd lived. No breeze. No sound but a roaring pressure – then –

THWUMP.

Élaine came down in a tight crouch inside the pod's spotless interior, one leather boot skidding on the polished metal floor. White floodlights blinked overhead, perforated panels exhaling cold recycled air that tasted of nothing but antiseptic. “Extraction complete,” Lione's calm voice crackled through the intercom, each word clipped. “Chrono-seal engaged. No anomalies detected.” Of course not. Time never confessed its secrets that easily.

She pressed trembling fingers to her mouth, inhaled deeply to chase away the vertigo that always gnawed at her on return – the dissonance of flesh and memory refusing to realign.

Stepping into the decontamination corridor, she passed beneath rows of ultraviolet lamps that swept sterilizing waves over her cloak and skin. She kept her gaze low, expression blank, as though she were a stranger in a borrowed body. The debrief could wait. She tapped her wrist chip to the console, signed off the auto-logs, then inclined her head at the young Bureau intern stationed by the exit – arms folded, eyes too wide.

Freedom. When she stepped beyond the annex doors, a synthetic breeze gusted across her cheeks – no sun-warmed air from Iberian pines, but the city’s ventilation shafts sighing through steel grates. It was cold and hollow, yet she blinked into it as though seeing wind for the first time.

She started down the street toward the tram lift, her boots clicking and reverberating across the polished synthstone like distant raindrops on glass. That’s when she felt it – a curious little buoyancy beneath her ribcage, as though a trapped spring had uncoiled inside her. The bounce wasn’t in her heels at all but in her chest.

She froze mid-stride, shoulders lifting in a slow shrug. Perhaps the fit of her jumpsuit had shifted in transit, or her inner vest had slipped. Time-travel sickness usually left her unbalanced: vertigo, nausea, phantom swelling in the limbs – what they called back-travel sickness. She exhaled, told herself it was just that.

But as soon as she walked again, the sensation returned. Bounce. Shift. Tug.

Élaine frowned. There was definitely pressure now, something weighty rubbing against the inside of her suit where nothing had been before. The feeling was oddly familiar and completely alien. Still reeling from the chrono-jump, she tried to brush it off. A little nausea, a little distortion – nothing she couldn’t sleep off.

Another step. Another bounce.

What the hell? she thought, heart tickling her throat.

The tram glided onto its magnetic rails with the usual ghost-quiet, windows glowing a soft clinical blue. She slumped against the frosted glass, back cool, caress gone chilly by the hour, chin cradled in her palm as the city unfolded beyond the window like a diorama of tomorrow: serpentine skybridges, dome-topped farms, neon billboards hawking body mods and hydration tabs, implant flash-sale alerts flickering like fireflies.

She'd promised herself she'd rest at home – hydrate, eat something, shake off the phantom aftershocks. But as the tram hummed south, an itch of wrongness rippled through her. The bounce had begun the moment she'd stepped off the Bureau annex's cold tile and onto the scrambled-egg gray synthstone. That elusive tug at her center of gravity. Something soft, warm, and living beneath her collarbones.

She lifted her arms and rolled her shoulders, slow enough to trace every stitch of the jumpsuit. And there it was – a barely perceptible pull downward. A gentle brushing of fabric against an unexpected curve. The lines of her suit, usually smooth across a flat chest, were drawn taut, hugging an unfamiliar fullness.

Weird, she thought. But maybe not wrong?

She cast a casual glance downward. Her suit was zipped to mid-sternum, as always. Yet today the zipper cut across two generous swells that bowed the material outward. The shapes under her ribs were round and soft, like ripe melons pressed against a membrane, rippling slightly when she breathed. They weren't enormous – just undeniably there, heavy in her hands, shifting as she shifted.

Élaine blinked. *That's new*, she thought. *Except it couldn't be – could it?*

A small tic flickered at her temple, like a bad sync between audio and vidfeed. She should have been used to this; they'd always been part of her. And yet, her memories screamed otherwise. She crossed her arms beneath her chest, half to support the weight, half to press them flat. Instead, her fingers met softness on softness, fabric still straining, and a clean, round cleavage formed in the center.

Her breath caught. A sharp, deep curve dividing her chest like an artist's confident stroke. Not push-up or illusion tech – true mass borne by gravity and tissue. She swallowed hard, fingertips curling against the firm flesh.

Why does this feel new? Why does it feel wrong?

The tram lights dimmed as they dipped into an older tunnel, and her reflection rippled in the darkened pane. The silhouette trading her former angular lines for lush curves, as though she'd been touched by some benevolent fertility deity.

And then a memory slammed into her: *Yesterday, I didn't look like this.*

She blinked fast. Her chest rose and fell under its new heft. *I was flat. I've always been –*

No. That wasn't true anymore. Her pulse thundered, the empty car suddenly claustrophobic.

Her hands shot up, trembling, pressing against the warm swell. They were real – solid, weighty, undeniably flesh and not some deniable glitch. She levered herself upright too quickly; the tram swayed, and her breasts rippled in a slow, sensual wave that sent a shiver down her spine. She resealed herself hard, panting, thighs pressed together to brace her center of gravity.

Again. Her palms returned to her chest, over and over, as if verifying an impossible truth. The jumpsuit stretched around them, contours shifting, rounding off every seam. This wasn't a post-puberty surprise. This was a timeline rewrite. Reality itself had retrofitted her body, seamlessly inserting these new masses into her past.

Her mind scrambled for rationales. Chronojumps left bleed – echoes, shadow thoughts, temporal artifacts. But a full-blown anatomical retcon?

“The book,” she breathed.

Not art, those sketches – breast-growth blueprints disguised as medieval illustration. She tapped the chrono-bracelet at her wrist, fingers unsteady over the holographic controls. The tram purred on, her widened reflection framed by the glass like a doppelgänger yet to learn the truth. Heart galloping, she ran a standard temporal-drift diagnostic.

A chime. The screen blinked green. No anomalies.

Bullshit.

Her thumb skidded across her feed: images, profiles, news snippets – all consistent. In this reality, every woman she saw was generously endowed. Not “some” or “most,” but all. Big bosoms were as common as breathing. It was built into the genetic code like an ancestral edict unearthed and enforced.

It wasn't eroticized, just everyday: a midwife cradling a newborn, her gown stretched over gentle hills; a weather reporter fighting her blazer's recalcitrant buttons; a powered armor soldier whose breastplate bore soft curves as standard issue. Schoolgirls, pilots, nuns – even adolescent teens – each carried plush mounds of flesh. In this world, her new bust would barely register as remarkable nor big. She would still be considered flat, all things considered.

A cold dread coiled in her gut. She accessed a six-year-old Bureau ID profile – her own face, younger, hair pinned back, that same tactical uniform hugging two

rounded breasts identical to those now pressing against her jumpsuit. She whispered, “No... no, no, no...” but the image held firm.

She scrolled through vacation snaps, lab selfies, and timestamped conference photos: in every frame, her silhouette was unapologetically busty. Yet her memories of flatness remained vivid: the ache of unfulfilled puberty, bras with empty cups, cruel classmates’ laughter, the mirror’s merciless reflection. Reality had filled in all the blanks without so much as courtesy notice.

At her stop the tram doors hissed shut behind six other passengers – women, every one of them chesty, statuesque, moving with effortless confidence. None of them gave her a second glance. In their eyes, she fit perfectly.

She looked down again. The weight of her breasts was undeniable heavy, brushing the inside of her coat, buoyed by physics into a plunging valley of cleavage. The zipper strained, the neckline dipped lower than she remembered. Her skin flushed under the taut fabric, each breath making them jiggle softly, as though amused by her discomfort.

She crossed her arms, an instinctive shield, only to trap soft flesh between her elbows as it spilled over the sides. And still no one noticed. She, Éleine the time-tourist, had unmade evolution with a titty bible she’d left where it shouldn’t have been.

As she stepped onto the platform, each stride slow and deliberate, her chest swung beneath her coat like a pendulum marking the beginning of a radically rewritten era. Every subtle bounce reminded her she was no longer small, no longer flat. Her pulse thundered, her cheeks burned.

And deepest of all, a reluctant flutter lifted in her chest, whispering that, despite everything, part of her liked this.