

Transforming Thalia

I had been suspecting it for a while, but my step-daughter Thalia had just told me that she had a crush on her teacher. I, of course, listened to her, although I already knew what she wanted and how to help her.

The question was: Should I?

I was only 22 years old when I married Thalia's dad, Karl. I was tired of living a life in which I had to budget everything, and eager to drop out of university and start a new life somewhere else...

Thalia was almost 2 years old back then, and growing up she always treated me like a mother. Now there she was, 15 years later, telling me that she had a crush on her 41 year old college teacher, for whom she was too young.

Karl was 34 at the time, recently divorced, and with enough money to be able to retire and live a luxurious life without having to work a single day in his life. However, he wanted a trophy wife, and we are expensive to maintain, so he decided to keep working, growing his fortune even bigger.

To a rich man, there's nothing better than a hot, younger wife. Of course, nothing lasts forever, and time is unforgiving, specially to those who rely on their youth to accomplish things.

Everyone, including my friends and family, expected Karl to dump me once I became older, but to everyone's surprise, this wasn't the case.

And this wasn't the case not because Karl had come to accept my aging body, but because I seemingly hadn't aged a day, and it was all thanks to a little hand fan I had.

Now, I could explain the many things I had to do to get this hand fan, and how hard it was to learn how it worked, but this is beyond this story, so deal with it. What's important is that I had it.

This hand fan, when used correctly, could make things and people go back to the state they were when they were first fanned with its wind. This meant that, every time I fanned myself with it, I went back to the state I was when I first used it, which is 23 years old.

By using it, not only could I stay young forever, but I could also eat whatever I wanted and never gain weight.

Now, as I mentioned, this is if you use it correctly, since this fan has another use... If something, or someone, is fanned with the other side of the hand fan, they don't return to the state they were in, but they progress towards a future state.

And it wasn't any random future state; time advanced at a rate of one tenth of the total amount of time the thing had been existing the first time it was fanned.

So, I knew what Thalia needed and I knew how to help her have a relationship with her teacher, but... Should I help her? What would it mean for her to become older? Was she ready for it? I would find out.

I gave her some time. After she told me about her crush, I wanted to make sure it wasn't a silly phase, so I asked her about him again two weeks later.

She said she still had a very strong crush on him. So as she repeated to me what she already said two weeks earlier, I took my hand fan out, turned it on the wrong side, and proceeded to fan her casually, in an almost unintended way.

Since she was 17 (and a half) years at the time, every blow of the fan was making her 1,75 years older, or just over 21 months. I did it three times, and each time she became visibly older; or better said, less child-like.

She was now almost 23 years old, just a tiny bit younger than me. I thought that aging her all at once, suddenly, would be worse than doing it slowly, in stages.

However, making a 17 year old five years older in thirty seconds already proved to be too much, as she was slightly confused as to why her clothes suddenly felt tighter and why she felt just a bit taller.

She had become curvier, like a proper woman, her breasts twice the size they were just a minute ago, her hips wider, pushing against her tiny skirt, her thighs meaty and generous, but still tight and firm.

She did not say, or mention, anything, perhaps afraid that merely observing such sudden changes would make her seem crazy.

The truth is, however, that whereas previously anyone would have said that she was fifteen or sixteen years old, nobody would think she was seventeen, not even eighteen or nineteen, since her now curvy and womanly body looked completely developed.

She certainly seemed to like the changes in her body, and even asked Karl for money to buy new clothes. She knew she had blossomed, and she wanted everyone to know.

It wasn't until a week later that she was sad again, all because of her teacher. She just had a month of class left until she would be done and would never see him again.

I tried to comfort her, telling her that she could always ask him out once class was done, that maybe he would date her once she wasn't his student.

She said that such a thing would be impossible, since she was just too young for him. I told her that many girls look more mature after they finish high school, that they might even get a 'growth spurt' and suddenly look more mature overnight.

She seemed to believe me, maybe because she had experienced one of those 'growth spurts' a week earlier. I took the chance to fan her a couple of times, bringing her age up to a bit more than 26.

The changes were almost unperceptible, but since I knew what was happening, I could see them taking place. The most exciting of them was perhaps that her bust size suddenly increased an extra cup, bringing her up to a D-cup. Who knew Thalia was destined to be a busty girl?

I used the fan on her two more times the following week, and once more the week after. She was 31 and a half, and her breasts kept growing. She asked me for help choosing a bra, and she went for an F-cup despite I advised her to get at least a G-cup (because I wasn't done ageing her and I suspected her breasts would still grow more).

However, even though her breasts were the biggest change, her hips also saw some enhancement, as did her thighs. The difference now was that, in addition to being thicker and even meatier, they were also very jiggy, and she was starting to develop a serious case of cellulite.

She was looking much more mature than me, two or three gray hairs decorating her head, faint lines appearing when she smiled... When shopping for a bra, one of the assistants there referred to me as her 'younger sister'. Her face changed completely when I informed her that she was my step-daughter.

Another week passed, two more blows of my fan made her 35 and she was already telling me that I was completely right about her bras, since she was spilling over her F-cups. This time we got her H-cups, which were the biggest they had on the store.

During her last week of class, she visited a few universities and colleges with her class, and I did not age her any further, since I didn't want her to look too mature and embarrass her.

That said, her graduation day was a bit awkward. Thalia was easily the biggest, curviest and most 'developed' of her classmates, and she looked more like a teacher than a student.

When we went back home, I told her to go ask her teacher out, and she said she didn't want to. She confessed to me in private that she had hooked up with a guy from one of the universities they visited, who reportedly enjoyed her overdeveloped body and plushy boobs.

I was shocked! She had a crush for that teacher for ages, and now she had completely forgotten about him because of a horny boy!

I decided to teach those two a lesson. If she enjoyed her curvy, artificially aged body, and he liked her big melons and soft body, then they would surely be happier if she received more of it, wouldn't they?

I used the fan on her once every day, and every day she seemed happier. However, on the fourth day, things started going downhill. She was now 42, and her J-cup boobs were starting to sag very heavily.

She was also jigglier and had more and more cellulite. Her previously faint lines were deeper and deeper, and she had an extra handful of gray hairs every day.

A week after she had hooked up with the boy, she came to me for help, now more than 47 years old.

She felt like she was becoming really old, really fast. I told her that this was impossible, and she then proceeded to show me her saggy boobs, which were pendulous and impossibly big.

She even told me that she had become really loose 'down there'. She explained that she could fit a whole bottle in her vagina.

To me, it made sense, since the fan was fast-forwarding her state and she must have been a mother somewhere around 40, and probably once or twice again later in life.

I explained to her everything about my hand fan, and she thought I was crazy, as I expected. However, to prove her wrong, I fanned myself to age me ten times, doubling my age and jumping from 23 years old to 46.

Thalia was speechless.

My aged body wasn't as thick and curvy as Thalia's, but at least it wasn't as saggy or as cellulitic.

I then explained that I had aged her first to help her with her teacher, and then to teach her a lesson. She was appalled, and begged me to return her to her previous, thick and curvy body.

Instead, I told her that she was going to stay like that for a while, and I fanned her again, making her now 49 years old.

I then turned the fan around to fan myself and make me younger, but Thalia lunged forward, knocking the fan out of my hand, and it fell on the ground, followed by Thalia, who fell on top of it.

A loud 'crack' was heard, and I gasped. Thalia rolled herself to a side, and she had to lift one of her breasts to reveal that the hand fan had been cracked in half.

She looked at me, clueless, and I sighed. What were we going to do now?

To be continued.