

Extension: Keeping Up With . . . (Reality Model Star TG)

By FoxFaceStories

Trevor really hates reality TV and is annoyed that his girlfriend Jasmine is always watching famous reality model families and catty housewives shows. When he goes too far one day, she traps him in an alternate reality where he is a new reality model star with her own show, and married to his favourite rapper.

Extension: Keeping Up With . . .

Jasmine looked to me with fury as I changed the channel.

“What the fuck, Trevor? I was watching that!”

I couldn’t help but smirk in my girlfriend’s direction across the lounge. “Sorry babe, my living room, my rules. Besides, it was just a trashy reality show anyway.”

My beautiful girlfriend furrowed her brow and crossed her arms. “Maybe, but it was *my* reality show! I’m allowed to enjoy something a little trashy if I really want to.”

“Please,” I said. “It was literally *Keeping up with the Kaitlins*. They’re just a bunch of empty-headed models who go to parties and runways and all show off how rich and famous they are while they announce their stupid pregnancies.”

“So?” she said. “You literally like one of them! *Rob Zed* is your favourite rapper, and he’s married to Kaley Kaitlin!”

I snorted. I shouldn’t have, since she hated it when I dissed her opinions, but she was being ridiculous. “Please, my favourite rapper is Darren K. I like Rob Zed though, but he’s just being a player. Have you seen Kayley K’s tits? And that ass of hers? Sure, they’re probably both totally fake-”

“Only her ass is. And her lips. And even then just a little.”

“-but they look fucking fiiiine. Even you gotta admit that, Jasmine.”

My flat-chested girlfriend blushed a little. I knew I shouldn’t have brought up my love of fine curves, but it did occasionally irritate me that Jasmine was flat as a board and had a pancake ass. Sure, she was an amazing lover to make up for it, and she had a real pretty face and had some nice lip filler planned on the horizon, but sometimes a guy just wanted a pair of ripe tits, y’know? Sometimes, when I fucked her, I had to kind of play pretend in my head. And while she liked doggy style, it was right out for me. What was the point of taking a bitch from behind if she didn’t *have* a behind? Explain that!

“At least let me watch *Unreal Housewives*,” she murmured a little more quietly.

I was treading into dangerous water, but I couldn’t help but scoff at her choice. “Nah, that’s the same bullshit, only without all the glam. Like I said, I’m not putting up with any of

that stupid shallow-headed model shit here. We're gonna watch a *real* show . . . just as soon as I can find something I like."

I continued to search through the streaming service, checking out the different options. Something action-packed would be ideal, but with a romance so my girlfriend would shut up and stop whining about it just being a 'boy film' or whatever. But at the same time, the female love interest had to be hot. If I couldn't fondle a nice pair of fat titties in real life, I could at least enjoy them on the screen without feeling guilty about it, right?

"Yeah, here we go," I said, finding a slate of action-romance that might at least have some appeal for her. "This is the real shit, don't you think?"

It was then that something surprising happened. Instead of getting glum as usual when I overruled her, Jasmine actually smirked. Then, she grinned. The grin became a smile, and the smile gave way to a great series of guffaws that I never would have expected from my timid girlfriend. I won't lie, it made me hella mad to see her act that way right in front of me.

"Something funny?" I said.

"Oh, *very* funny, Trevor," she said, standing up from her position on the couch beside me and then shifting to loom over me. "You see, I was really excited to watch my shows today and have a good evening with you, because tonight I planned to reveal to you something really important to me."

"Hey babe, you're blocking the screen," I said.

She glared, then snapped her fingers. For some reason, the screen turned off. She must have had a switch installed or something. I tried clicking my fingers back, but nothing happened, so I *had* to give her my full attention.

"*Thank you*," she said sarcastically. "As I *was saying*, recently I discovered I come from a lineage of magic users. I inherited some books from my great aunt who passed, and her letters gave me this information. So . . . for the last month I've been practising magic in secret."

"Okay, is this a bit? Am I being recorded for one of your dumb TikToks or something?"

She narrowed her eyes, but her timidity had vanished entirely. She was smiling all the more, in fact. "No bit, and no prank. Magic is real, Trevor, and you could have really benefitted from having a witchy girlfriend. I was going to bless us both with the kind of bodies we always wanted. You, with bigger muscles, and a way bigger dick."

"Hey, my dick is big!"

She smirked and crossed her arms. "But you'd like it bigger, wouldn't you? And don't lie; you'd like me with a big pair of tits and an amazing ass, just like the Kaitlin family has, right?"

I hesitated, and in that hesitation she probably guessed the truth. I shrugged to cover my embarrassment. "Well, I wouldn't complain, would I? And neither would you!"

"I wouldn't!" she declared. "But then you had to go and ruin it yet again by being a pig and pissing all over my parade, and not letting me even watch something I like. You're a shitty boyfriend, Trevor, and this was your last chance to actually step up and give rather than take. But you couldn't even manage to let me watch something I like for once, so now that deal is off, and I get to use my magic in a way more vengeful way."

She was sounding like a crazy person, so I just laughed back in her face. "Yeah, yeah, sure Jasmine. I'm the real villain, and you can do magic. I take it you want to watch *Lord of the Rings* then, since you're suddenly so big on fantasy. Finally, some good taste."

She simply shook her head. Then, to my utter astonishment, she began weaving mystical purple light in her hands. It glowed ethereally, and it was no hologram; it danced and moved with no machine in sight. It was impossible . . . and yet it was there.

"What - how can you -!?"

The power in her hands grew into a thrumming violet sphere. "Oh, I was telling the truth, Trevor. But instead of blessing you with my power, I think it's time I found a new boyfriend and left my old one - you, that is - with a curse. And since you felt the need to make fun of my love of reality model shows, and hate people like the Kaitlins so much, *and* since you claimed you wanted a *real* show, maybe it's time you got to experience first hand the stuff I enjoy. The beautiful bodies, the catwalks, the trashy drama, the revealing outfits, the endless makeup and photoshoots and modelling and celebrity worship of it all. It'll be a great way to change your perspective, since you'll be literally living the very thing you couldn't stop making fun of me for."

I gaped. The power was growing, and I couldn't even get off the couch without brushing up against it. I was starting to get scared.

"What - what are you saying!?"

Jasmine just chuckled. "I'm saying . . . enjoy your new life, *Kelindi*."

And with that, the purple ball of light enveloped me. I cried out in horror as everything changed so suddenly. All vision of my girlfriend vanished, and my limbs were twisted and changing within the mystical light. I grunted and moaned as my skin changed from its pale Caucasian tone to a gorgeous dark olive, and then again as my body hair simply fell away. None of this should have been happening, but it was. It was like a thousand invisible hands were moulding my form and changing me, but I was surrounded by a purple light that seemed to extend out forever, like I was no longer in my living room at all. My hips popped out, going extremely wide. Meanwhile, my ass inflated like a beachball, nearly making me fall over. I gripped it, only to moan; I was suddenly naked, and my huge smooth cheeks were surprisingly sensitive. A pressure in my chest caused my nipples to flare up as if they were

stung by bees, but then the rest of the tissue rose and soon I was holding onto a pair of mega-tits, easily E-cups or bigger in size! They were heavy and bouncy and perfect, the kind of tits I'd always wanted to shove my face in - except they were mine! Mine and hanging heavily upon my chest, pulled down by gravity thanks to their size and the lack of support.

"J-Jasmine! Where are you!? Wh-what's happening to *MEEEEEEEE!!!?*"

My voice cracked, becoming a lightly accented woman's voice, sensuous to the Nth degree. I whimpered, and God if I didn't sound like a fucking whore in heat, holy shit. My shoulders shrank, my legs reshaped to gain thick and luscious thighs. Suddenly, a new set of clothing wrapped itself over me, contouring to my impossible body: a form-fitting pink shoulderless dress that circled the support bands around the back of my neck, all the better to show off my back, my shoulders, and my big damn *tits*. I squeaked, voice cracking a second time as my hair extended to fall down to nearly my ass, while my face rearranged, lips blowing up to become full and luscious. I could even feel my eyelashes grow, and lipstick applied itself to my features. I smacked my lips together, trying to keep up with everything, only to taste a strawberry gloss upon them.

"I can't be a chick! I can't be a f-fucking chick!"

But I was already cupping a pair of what felt like head-sized titties, feeling their weight and softness. There was nothing between my legs. Goddamn *nothing*. My freakin' dick had been stolen and now I had a fucking *pussy*.

"I'm sorry Jasmine!" I screamed in my erotically accented voice. My new big boobies jostled with each angry, desperate motion from my freaky female body. "I'm sorry, okay? Now fucking change me back, bitch!"

"No, I don't think so. Goodbye, Kelindi."

Suddenly the light vanished, and I was elsewhere. It took me a moment to absorb my surroundings, because they were *definitely* not my living room, and Jasmine was nowhere to be seen. Instead, I was surrounded by a camera crew, and a man motioned me to shift back into a seat. I did so without thinking, too shocked by everything that was happening. When I sat, even that was wrong; I had so much damn cushioning in my new ass it was like sitting on a pillow, and my boobs bounced in my tight dress from the motion, causing me to pull up the low cut a little, which only pronounced all that damn cleavage in my lower view all the more.

A man with a real douchebro look to him, bearded and all, shoved a mic into my face. "So Kelindi, what's it like being married to Darren K?"

"Wh-what!?" I stammered in my new voice. It sounded like it belonged to a total airhead, or a valley girl, or something. And yet that accent was like slightly Mediterranean or Middle-Eastern or some foreign place or whatever, I didn't know. It made me sound dumb *and sexy*.

“I said, what’s it like being married to Darren K? Can we expect him to feature on *Keeping Up with the Kaitlins*? I bet your fans would love to see your marriage on your reality show.”

I was in flight or fight mode. I had no idea what to do. There wasn’t any Kelindi in the Kaitlin family, even I knew that! And as far as I was aware, most of them were all packed with filler and plastic, but this body definitely felt at least mostly real; all my bits were bouncing. I couldn’t be a Kaitlin!

Unfortunately, my body disagreed with that assessment. I felt a sudden compulsion, like my new form was deciding for me. I posed with one leg over the other, leaning forward so that my full, heavy tits practically fell out of my tight dress. I even licked my lips as if deep in sexy thoughts.

“Mhmmm, I can certainly say he’ll definitely be featuring in an episode or two. My Daz is such a big fan of all our work - don’t be surprised if you see him wearing some Kaitlin-brand tops and shorts in his newest shows, or for me to feature with him either!”

“It’s a happy marriage, then?”

I tried to scream. To yell. To flail about. To beg Jasmine - wherever she was - to change me back. But instead I was compelled to reply once more:

“Ohhhh, very happy. Very happy indeed. I can’t give details, but let’s just say I might need to soundproof the walls soon, or Kayley will start complaining again. Isn’t that right, big sis?”

The camera shifted to focus across the room, and it was then that I recognised where I was. I was literally in the Kaitlin home. And standing in the kitchen, posing delicately in her own high-fashion crop top and skirt, was Kayley herself, looking hot as all fuck . . . except my body wasn’t responding to her. I could recognise she looked hot, but I wasn’t attracted to the woman at all. In fact, I realised with an edge of horror that my own tits were likely now bigger than hers. No, they were *definitely* bigger than hers. Fuck me!

“Ugh!” she scoffed. “Those two are soooo at it ever since they got together, and even worse since they got married and moved back in! I swear, if she’s not pregnant by the end of the year it’ll be a miracle, girl.”

The cameras swung back to me to answer. I got the sense I had to play along, or my body would do so for me.

“Um, I’m holding off on getting pregnant, haha. I’m just, er, focusing on, like, my modelling and stuff.” There was a pause, and the compulsion grew. I managed to head it off. “And I just love my *big* man so much, if you know what I mean.”

There was a collective chuckle, and then the cameras moved on. I was now stuck as the previously non-existent Kaitlin sister, as bodacious and voluptuous - if not more so - than

Kayley herself, and younger too. Jasmine had trapped me, and I had no idea how to escape. And unless I wanted to be compelled, I simply had to play along.

“Okay, you can do this *Kelindi*,” I said to myself, forced to use my new name.

“Jasmine is just testing you. Just letting you know how it feels. She wouldn’t want you to be stuck like this forever. That was just a joke. She’s too sweet like that, and she’ll always want me back. She’ll be begging for me soon. I’ve just got to find a way to escape from-”

“Was someone talking about their big man?”

The cameras switched back on as a new figure entered the room. I couldn’t help it; my jaw fell open and my eyes bulged as I took in a sight almost as impossible as the ripe pair of soft titties hanging from my own chest. My favourite rapper, Darren K, entered the room. He was in a white singlet and stylish track pants, and his impressive dark-skinned muscles were on full display. I couldn’t stop looking at his shoulders. It was making my body all flushed and warm. Oh fuck, I was getting *aroused* by him! This stupid body was literally getting turned on by my favourite rapper. I was fucking gay now! Or was it straight? Shit, it definitely *felt* gay, because when he looked at me and smiled I literally started rubbing my thighs together. Even my nipples were throbbing, as if aching for him to press his face in them and -

I mentally shorted out as he leaned over and kissed me sensuously on my lips. It was heaven. It was hell. It was amazing. I couldn’t help but moan a little as he then pulled me into his arms, my full chest squashing up against his pectoral muscles.

“What say we go to that bedroom and test that soundproofing Kayley was talking about?” he said gruffly in my ear.

I refused to go along with this compulsion, but my body answered for me.

“Mhmmm, sounds amazing, hubbie. I’ll do that thing you like. You know, that really naughty thing. When the cameras aren’t rolling, of course.”

I winked at them, and I knew that clip would be going fucking *viral* soon. Shit!

“Ooohh, hell yeah,” he said, touching the scruff of his well-trimmed beard. The hyper masculine black man picked me up, kissed me deeply again, and began to carry me up the stairs. The reality show camera covered our exit, beaming my humiliation to the world. The last thing I heard before ‘Daz’ closed the door of ‘our’ room was Kayley speaking to the cameras.

“You see what I mean about those two?” she said with a giggle. “She’s a total Kaitlin, that’s for sure!”

I pleaded mentally for Jasmine to save me, but no saving came. Instead, he took me into what could only be my room - *our* room - which was richly furnished and yet tacky all at the same time, containing ridiculous modern art and a bed so large and comfortable looking it was ridiculous. Darren started to suck on my neck, and it elicited little gasps from me. My

aroused body was flushed with need. I couldn't stop it. The damn magic my witch bitch of a girlfriend had used on me was making me so fucking horny for this man. He lowered me to the bed, and I could see the frankly *enormous* bulge of his cock in his pants. My heart skipped a beat just looking at it, and without thinking I pulled down my dress to release my huge, soft tits and start playing with them. My nipples made me groan with further arousal.

"That's what I'm talking 'bout," Darren said. "You're my muse, girl. I'm gonna write a whole album about your tits and ass, and about me doing this."

He pushed me back gently but firmly, then crawled on top of me. It was so fucking wrong. I was meant to be the dominant one! Me! And yet his body was stronger than mine, and my new vagina was already slick and moist and *desperate* for this man's massive cock. He pulled down his pants, releasing the monster, and I gulped audibly.

"You - you can't *stop now*," I was forced to say, my words changing mid-sentence. "*I need all nine inches of that big black cock driving me wild, sexy.*"

I parted my legs, letting him remove my panties, even as he unleashed his enormous member fully. How could that even fit inside me!? It was mammoth. It was huge. It was what I could have had if I'd just let Jasmine watch her stupid fucking show.

"God, I fucking love keeping up with you," he said.

"*Mhmmm*," my body moaned for me. "*Why don't you hurry up and fuck me then, and see how much you can keep up? I want you to cum inside me.*"

And with that, he entered me.

I moaned in terrific pleasure, and to my utter shame, the magic compulsions had no part in the womanly bliss that followed. As he thrust and thrust and thrust away into me, as he sucked my tits and kissed my neck and squeezed my peachy ass, it wasn't the magic that made me cry out in pleasure, but the sensations themselves.

"Oh God! I can't believe I'm enjoying thissssss!!!"

I was still hoping and praying for Jasmine to save me several days later, but clearly she intended for me to last a whole week or something as the newly-created Kelindi Kaitlin. That night, I wasn't just fucked once. Darren - 'my Daz' as I was forced to call him - had a damn short resting period between sex, short enough to put the male me to shame. Just twenty minutes after he'd fucked me senseless and left me humiliated as his cum trickled out of me, he was once again all of me, making my body go wild, and this time positioning me on the bed so he could fuck me from behind, doggy style. And God help me, I *let* him. The magic forced me along with it, but I wailed in fucking ecstasy, man, especially when he reached

over with powerful hands and began fondling my soft tits. It was enough to make me cum like crazy.

But that wasn't enough. The next morning, I woke up naked and in the same body, and to him feeling me up and clearly ready to go at it in the early morning.

"I got bad breath in the morning, baby," I told him, and for a moment I hoped that Jasmine's curse was finally protecting me. But then my next words doomed me. *"So why don't you let me suck on your big, sexy cock instead?"*

Yeah, I fucking *blew* a guy. I sucked on his damn cock all while giving him a titty job at the same time, and the stupid magic made me keep eye contact with his face above me the whole time I was on my knees. I got fucking *wet* over it! It wasn't fair! I was turned on by sucking his dick, and I'd never been so frickin' humiliated in my life as when he finally came and I drank his jizz. All of it. There was goddamn *gallons* of the stuff, I swear!"

I was just glad to get away from 'Daz' when he went off to the recording studio, 'inspired' by how hot I was when he held my hair while I deep-throated him. I expected to get some reprieve, but instead I ended up being approached by a woman who was apparently my personal assistant, a guy who was Caucasian like I used to be, and even had somewhat similar features. I wasn't sure if this was another of Jasmine's mockeries or just bad luck, but I had to put up with this guy travelling with me in a super expensive rich person SUV. His name was Darren, and he had a whole day planned out for me.

"At 10am you have your photoshoot for *Lenore*. That one's a beach set, so lots of bikinis and the like. Bring your A-game for that one, Kelindi, because it's a big publication and we've not had them before. We're trying to break your brand into the more respectable markets, and this is a big step. After lunch we've got an interview with *Vogue*; you'll be styled in a revealing purple dress for that one - or perhaps the new *Chanel* wear that bears the midriff. After that we've got to film your part in *Keeping Up with the Kaitlins*, of course. It's a shopping scene, so lots more changes of clothes again, but we're hoping for more sizzle reels with Darren K once he's back. Think you can send him a message on that front?"

I could barely take it all in, and I found that in those moments where I failed to play along, the magic filled in the gaps.

"I wouldn't have it any other way, Darren! God, you're sooooo good at this. I swear, you need a raise. Just make sure that all the outfits I'm wearing for the Keeping Up episode show off my boobs. I know Kaley is jealous but it drives up my social engagement like crazy!"

"It sure does!" Darren announced. "Ooh, looks like we're here. Let's get you in those bikinis!"

God help me, I was put in them. Numerous bikinis, each more revealing than the last, with me forced to pose in sexy ways that emphasised my ass and my huge boobs, all while

doing stupid pouty looks and giving come-on eyes to the camera. The blue bikini was the most embarrassing: it barely covered more than my freakin' nipples, so I was showing cleavage, underboob, sideboob, and overboob all at the same time. I literally had several wardrobe accidents and then had Darren send the footage to Darren K to get a hard on for. And then after that I had my interview with Vogue, where I said all sorts of stupid stuff about my level of fame and what I aspire to. When they asked me if I was 'vapid' and 'out of touch', my answer was the kind of shit I always hated these vapid-headed bimbos for:

"Oh, you know, lots of people say nasty things, but it comes from a place of total jealousy. In the end, I earned my fame, and I capitalised on it, and if people can't respect that, then I've got no time for them. I'm the world's most successful model, and they aren't."

I kept thinking on those words as I was filmed for the next episode of *Keeping Up with the Kaitlins*. I got into a stupid cat-fight with Kaley over the fact that I was hotter, and cameras followed me everywhere as I upped the drama, doing random vox pops with people on the street who all slobbered over my looks and admitted that I was the hotter one. Even my goddamn movements were flirty; I couldn't *not* shake my ass for the camera, or adjust my tits in such a way that clearly was intended for an audience to appreciate.

And that was just *the first day*. It continued like that, and I continued having my body fucking *penetrated* by Darren K. My own favourite rapper was now fucking me. A few days ago I was just a fan, and he didn't know I existed. But now I was his celebrity *wife*, and he couldn't stop fondling my ass as I rode him, nor could I stop begging him to cum raw into me, despite the fact I could now get fucking *pregnant*. It wasn't fair! Why couldn't I be in Daz' position? I'd do anything to go back and convince Jasmine to make me an alpha male rapper with a big dick and a slutty model girlfriend with a body like mine.

"You gotta turn me back, babe!" I cried out loud in those few moments when I wasn't being shadowed by a camera. "You can't just leave me like this! It's been almost a fucking *week*. Just turn me back and I promise I'll forgive you and take you back too!"

But if my bitch of an ex-girlfriend could hear me, she showed no signs of doing so. I tried to reach out to her via social media, but she never answered me, and the magic stopped me from blasting her name publicly. My only hope rested in the fact that she was one of my followers on Instagram and Twitter, but she never commented anything except laugh emojis, even if it was just me making another post of myself wearing a tight string bikini or an advertisement for my latest trashy episode of *Keeping Up*.

Soon a week had passed. I hated my juicy aroused body, and most of the time, it did the talking.

Soon a month had passed. My curvy body kept on fucking and showing off and recording endlessly for a variety of programs. I was learning what to say and what to expect in my new life, but I retained hope of changing back.

Soon the days were flying past. It made me brim with rage to realise it, but I was getting *used* to my body. Used to being constantly recorded. Used to doing pap-walks so I'd end up in magazines and online gossip rags. Used to ordinary people shouting out my new name and trying to check me out. Used to Darren K pummelling my greedy pussy or my own lips sucking on his huge, tasty dick. I was getting used to all of it, and I *hated* that I was getting used to it, and Jasmine still wasn't rescuing me. Instead, my media team was only increasing my presence, constantly talking to me about launching my new line of lipstick, or deliberately leaking a tape of Darren K fucking me up the ass to boost my profile and get my name in the news. We staged a catfight with Kaley to drive engagement, and soon Darren was showing me statistics for a deeply terrifying prospect.

"You see, if you get pregnant, you could boost your followers by nearly thirty percent in the next nine months, and that number again once you give birth. Expanding the Kaitlin family will be a huge win for the show too; it could add a whole dimension to the family interactions and reality plotlines."

I could only swallow and try to weasel my way out of it, but my body wouldn't let me.

"I'll, uh, try to consider that, but I think I'd prefer to *just go with it and get knocked up as soon as I can. Really, it's a miracle Daz hadn't already, but if babies can get us ratings, then we'll ditch the contraception altogether. I bet this will go great with a maternity line too, right?*"

The prospect of such a future was terrifying. It was the kind of trashy nonsense I detested. Why couldn't I have at least become some respectable celebrity gal? Hell, I'd settle for being one of the damsels in distress in a Bond movie or something, but not this!

"Jasmine," I whispered that night after the talk about getting knocked the fuck up. "You gotta listen to me. You gotta change me back! I don't deserve this, you crazy magic bitch! Please!"

But then I heard the sound of Darren K entering my bedroom, and my body was flush with heat once more as I exited the bathroom and saw him start to strip down.

"Hey sexy," he said. "Having a shower? It's been too long since I fucked that perfect body of yours there."

God help me, I fucking moaned.

"Come get me then," I said.

They were even my own words. *That's* how fucking horny my stupid body made me.

Jasmine never returned to save me. The curse, as far as I could tell, was completely permanent despite all my hopes. I was stuck as the new member of the Kaitlin family,

Kelindi, and in this new timeline I had always been around. Each day was spent living it up in a glamorous household, sharing my silly, vapid reality model life with the cameras that constantly followed me everywhere. I modelled my hot, voluptuous body, posing in all sorts of sexy outfits so that men everywhere could masturbate to my big tits and round ass. I went to beach resorts and five star hotels and visited the seaside in revealing bikinis, all while the paparazzi went nuts speculating on every aspect of my life. I did interviews, walked runways, attended fashion shows, and was massaged and make-upped and pampered in the most obscenely shallow ways, all while keeping up a social media presence to pimp out my cosmetics and clothing lines. I was a multi-millionaire, bordering on billionaire, and I was completely trapped.

'She's such a dumb slut,' comments on the internet would say.

'I could go my whole life without hearing another word about Kelindi Kaitlin.'

'That family is so useless. If Kelindi didn't have such a huge rack then her plastic ass would be on the street where it belonged.'

Those were the comments I got online. They were relentless and cruel and . . . just the sort of thing I used to say. I wasn't sure what was worse, those or my legion of superfans who treated me like a goddess who could do no wrong, and had no sense of personal boundaries. They acted like this was the real me, and that was even more offensive. They also *loved* sharing pictures of me from the paparazzi, including the shots of me topless at a Hawaii resort through a window as I rode my husband. I couldn't believe that leaked. It was *mortifying*.

Of course, I was constantly getting fucked by Darren K, so it was bound to happen. From the singer I admired and wanted to be like, to the man sticking his massive cock up my pussy, or in my ass, or even down my throat. This new body *loved* giving blowjobs, and I was just along for the ride. And the worst part? I actually enjoyed it after several weeks. I didn't want to, but I did. At a certain point, I was starting to get used to the taste of his salty cum, and there was so much of it that it was almost like a second breakfast. Fucking ridiculous, I know, but I couldn't fight it. Sometimes - most times - I didn't want to. My body was addicted to his dick, and he always fucked me senseless, groping my soft ass and sucking on my big brown nipples.

All that was a long time ago. I'll never be fully used to being Kelindi - that's probably part of the magic, come to think of it - but I've resigned myself to this cursed life. Since that day Jasmine changed me into Kelindi, I've gotten knocked up with two babies - a boy and a girl - and given painful birth to both of them. I love them, but damn if it wasn't strange and *wrong* to go through pregnancy and birth, and have my husband unable to keep his hands off me right up until contractions began. Darren wants a few more kids, and as much as I don't want to go through the whole process again (particularly since my boobs got even

more massive as a result and I had to do a heap of sexy maternity shoots), I know I'll have to. My body craves the attention, the glamour, the spectacle, and the drama.

Darren was right; the media attraction when it comes to my pregnancies is off the charts, and more than a few creeps online just love my preggo belly, so half of my outfits leave it out bare for the world to admire. The show has only swelled as I have, and at a certain point I've clearly superseded Kaley as the main character of *Keeping Up with the Kaitlins*. Evidently, it's now up to me to keep the next generation of Kaitlins going. After all, because that's what my new destiny is all about. My reputation is infamous: Kelindi is the standout of the show; the one always getting into scandal, showing off her curves, and providing all the sexiest, most softcore porn-like material. It doesn't look like I'll be escaping that fate anytime soon, especially with how much my body craves my rapper husband's big dick.

I'll be Kelindi Kaitlin for the rest of my life. I don't know how many seasons my show will have, but I suspect there'll be plenty, especially since it drives my entire business empire. At least I get to relax on the beach and have constant great sex, I guess, even if I'm the one getting penetrated like a total weakling. But it doesn't stop me from being a trashy, vapid sexpot who has no real purpose other than to grow my media influence and wear endless dresses and lingerie and other sexy things. I'm living the life I once mocked, and there's no escape from that humiliation.

I just know that wherever she is, and whoever her new boyfriend is, Jasmine is watching me on her TV set everyday.

And she's loving it.

The End