

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.

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.”

She 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 fiiiiine. 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, but sometimes a guy just wanted a pair of ripe tits, y'know?

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

“Nah, that's the same bullshit, only without all the glam. Like I said, I'm not putting up with any of that stupid glam model shit here. We're gonna watch a *real* show . . . just as soon as I can find something I like.”

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.

“Something funny?” I said.

“Oh, *very* funny, Trevor,” she said, standing up and moving towards 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 that recently I discovered I come from a lineage of magic users, and that for the last month I’ve been practising magic in secret. I was going to bless us both with the kind of bodies we always wanted. 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.”

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? Finally, some good taste.”

She simply shook her head. Then, to my utter astonishment, she began weaving mystical purple light in her hands. It was impossible.

“What - how could!?”

The power in her hands grew into a thrumming 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. 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. My hips popped out, going extremely wide, and my ass inflated like a beachball, nearly making me fall over. 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 wanted to shove my face in - except they were mine!

“Wh-what’s happening to *MEEEEEEEE!!!*”

My voice cracked, becoming a lightly accented woman’s voice, sensuous to the Nth degree. My shoulders shrunk, my legs reshaped with thick, luscious thighs, and even my clothing changed to an incredibly form-fitting dress with lower cut to show off my shoulders and tits. My hair extended to fall down to nearly my ass, while my face rearranged, lips blowing up to become full.

And then suddenly the light vanished, and I was elsewhere.

Surrounded by a camera crew as I sat in a seat and someone shoved a mic in my face.

“So Kelinda,” a man spoke. “What’s it like being married to Darren K?”

“Wh-what!?” I managed in my new voice. It sounded like it belonged to a total airhead, or a valley girl, or something.

“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 Kelinda in the Kaitlin family, even I knew that! But unfortunately, my body disagreed. 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 dress, and I licked my lips as if deep in sexy thoughts.

“Mhmmm, I can certainly say he’ll definitely be featuring. 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 shows 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.

“Ugh!” she scoffed. “Those two are sooo 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 *Kelinda*,” I said to myself, forced to use my new name. “Just got to find a way to escape from-”

“Was something talking about their big man?”

The cameras switched back on as my favourite rapper, Darren K, entered the room. He was in a white singlet and stylish track pants, and his impressive 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. 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.”

“Ooohh, hell yeah,” he said. And then he suddenly 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, my aroused body was flushed with need. I couldn't help it. The body was stronger than me, and my new vagina was already slick and moist and *desperate* for this man's massive cock.

I parted my legs, letting him remove my panties, even as he unleashed his enormous member. How could that even fit inside me!?

“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, my body had no part in the womanly bliss that followed.

Jasmine never returned to save me. The curse, as far as I could tell, was completely permanent. I was stuck as the new member of the Kaitlin family, Kelinda, though to 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. I modelled my hot, voluptuous body, posing in all sorts of sexy outfits so that men everywhere masturbated 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.

And, of course, I was constantly getting fucked by my husband, Darren K. 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. I didn't want to, but I did. My body was addicted to his dick, and he always fucked me senseless, groping my soft ass and sucking on my big brown nipples.

Since that day, I've gotten knocked up with two babies - a boy and a girl - and given painful birth to both of them. Darren wants more, 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. And I have to keep the next generation of Kaitlins going, after all, because that's what my new destiny is all about. My reputation is infamous: Kelinda is the standout of the show, and 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 Kelinda Kaitlin for the rest of my life, and 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