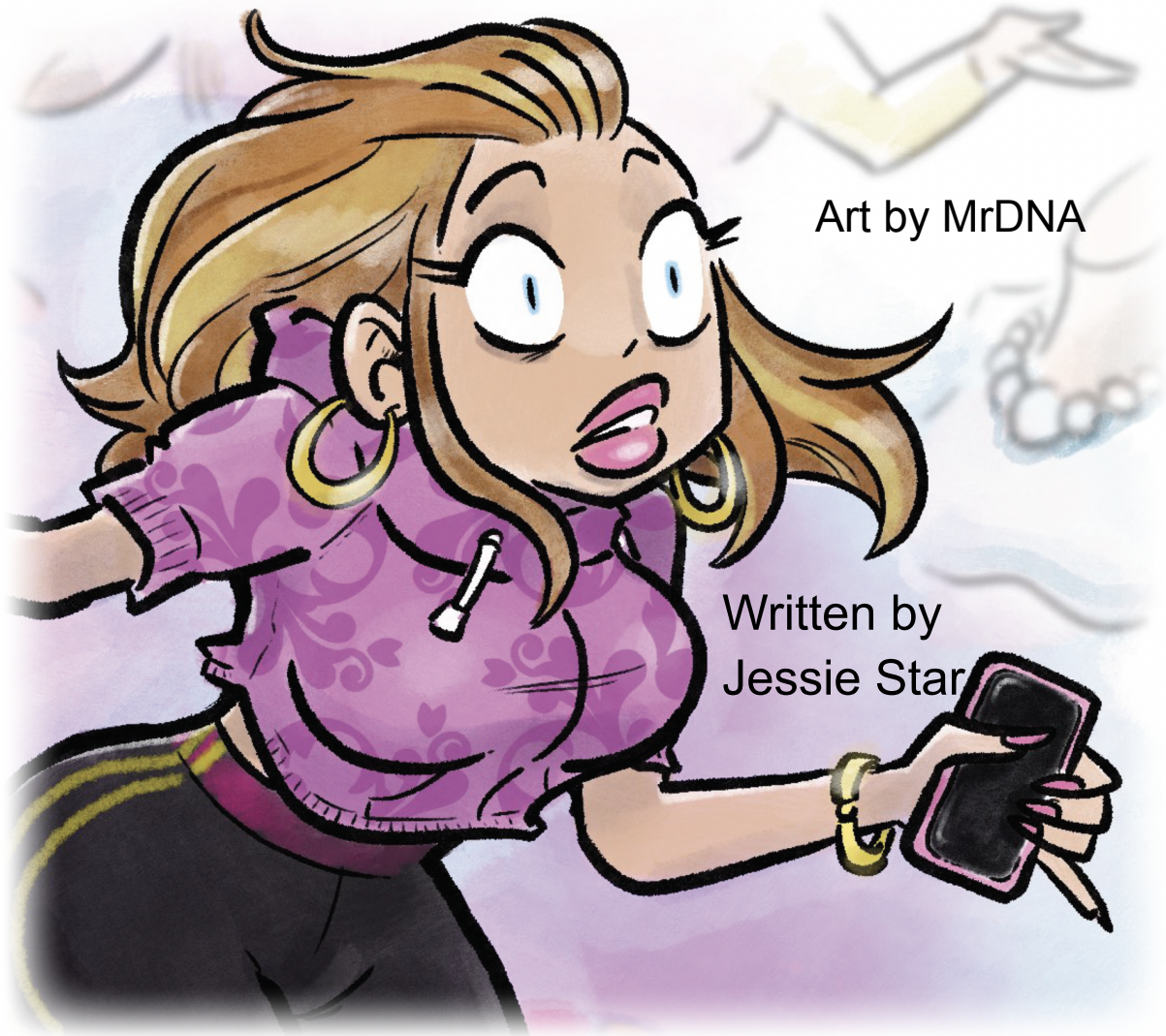


The UnReal Housewife of Hollywood



Art by MrDNA

Written by
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PART 2

The next twenty-four hours were spent in the large cushy bed of Cidnie Margott Cervantes. Excuse me, she and her husband shared the bed. Thank God, or gods or the flying spaghetti monster whoever is running this shindig, that Raoul is on a business strip for over a month. And I'll be out of here well before he gets back, or his ass is on the couch. No way I'm sharing a bed

with 'Mr. Tall Dark and Handsome' who's quite accustomed to banging the hell out of his gym bunny trophy wife. Oh trust me, they have an over-the-top sex life. I've seen her Instagram, if the smoldering looks they give each other in the photos weren't a dead giveaway, she brags about his "sexual magnetism and infinite stamina" to her fans, co-stars, and anyone who will listen. And before you go "maybe she's overcompensating" she has a list of places they've 'done it' that she hasn't shared with anyone. You don't keep a list of imaginary 'whoopie spots'. No, they have done it all around the world. Hell, they planned a vacation to Hawaii just to screw on the edge of a volcano! And I'm the one piloting this sex fiend body. Anyone who sees me right now sees the "three times a day is my workout" of Hollywood Hills. I'm stuck with her body, reputation, and the image that the new slit behind my panties is quite accustomed to being a holster for her hubby's... GAH!

It doesn't matter. I'm not staying. One way or another I'm finding my way out of her panties, body, and life! Which is why I'm making notes on a plan.

1. Wake the hell up

Don't tell me your first thoughts wouldn't be that you were trapped in a nightmare. I wrapped myself in a big old fluffy bed comforter and hunkered down like a rich woman burrito. I would wait it out, ignoring the curve of my hips and my smooth thighs and the frickin sensation of 'My' tits squashing against me. But the night passed, and morning came, and well... I'M STILL A F'N TROPHY WIFE.

The whole next day I walk around the room wrapped in blankets, ignoring my phone (I have to silence it, it buzzes so often) refusing to open the door for the butler and the maid and whatever position the other staff people are. I just tell them I'm sick (*cough cough*) And to just make it clear I'm not seeing anyone. The only thing I crack the door open for is food, if you can call her typical diet that, fruit and other rabbit food nonsense. Like seriously, my family are all 'big boned'. It's sad that she has to starve herself to live this life. Though she's gotta be sneaking protein somewhere because she's got some decent muscles in her legs and well, backside. Regardless, I have been starving since I got here.

But what else can I do, but try and wait this out, while I try not to choke on her deconstructed salad and seaweed shakes. So I turn on the TV, and after some hopping around, I start

streaming what else, the reality show Cidnie is a star in. I mean one of the stars, it's a full ensemble of rich bitchy women. Don't judge me though, you'd get curious too if your ass landed in another life, in another ass! Not that a 'reality' show is the best way to learn about someone's existence. More appropriate for learning the role they play in a glitz and glamor sideshow.

There's something weird that hits me any time Cidnie hits the screen. Her face looks so much like mine if it was pretty and feminine. Almost like I was given a magical makeover to play the 'young hot trophy wife' role, with some miracle level makeup job and shapewear that can crush the whole body into a dainty girlish figure. I keep waiting for her to take off the wig and reveal it's me, and the prank show is over, but it never happens. Cidnie filmed these first episodes a few years ago, setting up this weird mix of character and truth. It's funny, I wanted to be an actor for a while. Studied really hard, but just couldn't handle being typecast as the goon or this week's murderer on the crime drama show. But Cidnie didn't pursue acting. Well, not good acting, she married some rich dude and now plays his bimbo wife on TV and then lives it at home. She could have been leading lady material, now she's the 'young' one in this pack of gold-digging witches. Half a season in and I'm kinda rooting for me, I mean her. It gives an odd sense of pride when the older wives, who look pumped full of plastic, cast their jealous stares her way.

"He only married her because she's young and stupid," The alpha bitch says of Cindie. "And she, undoubtedly for his money." The top wife, she's married to an oil mogul. Which fits cuz she's slippery as hell. Suzzane, the slick snobby slut. Is it sexist for me to call her that, now that I'm piloting my own tits and uterus? Who knows, but I don't feel bad about it because I've watched Suzzane call Cidnie worse behind her back on episode three.

"It's not behind my back if I can see it while binge-watching, Suzzy!" I yell at my seventy-five-inch flat screen. It's a hell of a bedroom TV and at certain angles, it feels more like a mirror than a television. And Cidnie is so f'n polite. Why don't you curse out these hags? Is it that she's spineless or afraid of what people will think of her? Every now and then I see Cidnie's eyes twitch like she's hiding something. Holding it back. Like maybe this life isn't so great. Maybe she wants a break from the living performance she has to put on. It almost feels like she looks out to the camera, at me.

Oh hell no. I've been avoiding mirrors for the existential horror they've been giving me, but this image like she's looking me in the eye, knowingly. "Hell no!" Is that what happened? She figured

out a way to multiverse hop to get a break, and now I have to fill in? I try to hop out of bed and run to the bathroom, but the blanket snags on the bed frame. Screw it! I leave my giant puffy protection behind and stumble to the bathroom, boobs bouncing and swaying in the cups of the bra I've yet to take off. Feeling the jiggle is like a taunt, somewhere out there, Cidnie is giggling at how much it makes me blush. I grasp the marble counter and stare at my borrowed reflection. A beautiful woman in her underwear that I am trapped inside of, peering out.

"Take your life back Cidnie and let me be me again!" I scream at the reflection. Her face is red, eyes watery. It may be her version of our face, but it's me leaking out of every pore. "Do you hear me?!" Silence. Am I only imagining she can hear me so I feel less out of control? Less.. alone? No, she did this, somehow, and she can undo it. Maybe I can spook her into coming back?

"I'm not sure it was such a good idea to leave your very horny, red-blooded 'male alternate reality you' in your body, Cidnie" My trembling voice echoes in the bathroom. "All your social media frames you as a sexually free woman, who enjoys her body. I'm you right? So that gives me clearance to enjoy it now?" I stand up straight, shoulders back. It pulls the bra tight, forcing my cleavage up high and proud. "After all, at the moment these are mine at the moment." I poke my finger into the left boob. It's plump and firm for a natural boob, which it is. I was kinda hoping just the threat of me having a grope fest would summon Cidnie up, but it appears it's no dice. "You think I'm just messing around?" I take two big handfuls of tit, squeezing them through the bra. My nipples come to life fast and hard. I don't know if her body is always this sensitive, or if it's combined with the fact that a sexy woman in underwear gets my libido raging way too quickly, but my heart is racing and my body is hot and flush. Still, no Cidnie.

"I haven't showered since yesterday. If you are going to force me to have this body I'm going to have to take one. A nice long hot one with lots of rubbing and scrubbing a-and-" I'm trying to make it sound sexy, and so my voice sounds like a sexy woman teasing. The description rolls through my plump lips like sweet dripping honey, and my eyes can't help but roam my borrowed body. I'm allowed to, I have to be. Otherwise, I'm gonna get it messed up from bad hygiene. The face being kinda mine helps too, but here we are, at the line in the sand.

I imagine her getting nervous, which is fine, the goal is to smoke her out. I reach behind my back, letting the bra straps slide down my thin, smooth shoulders. My dainty fingers reach

between my shoulder blades to undo the hooks from the and. If I could just look at the body, it would feel like being front row to a striptease, but my eyes keep darting to the face, with that undeniable likeness, stopping me from dissociating and forcing me to feel like I am just as much giving the performance, as getting one.

Though the sexy has to pause for a minute, cuz I have no clue how to get this thing off of me. So now I'm gonna struggle and tug and pull at hooks and clasps I can't see, making the tits on my chest swing and sway wildly as I bend and stretch and grunt and growl. "Get the hell off me you bear trap." I've been wanting it off all day, the underside digging into my chest and the globes of flesh that sit on it, and now I finally got the balls to do it (wow, that phrase is gonna plague me for a bit) and I can't get it off. Finally, something pops or gives or whatever and the thing practically shoots off of me, breasts jumping to life.

Yes indeed, boobs with no bra is a whole different ball game. The slightest movement causes them to sway and brush against each other, but big movements? Then they bounce and slap around like two balloons pumped full of pudding. "Holy shit these are p-perky" my eyes are bugging out, unable to look away from these gravity-defying fun bags, capped with hard little nipples throbbing in the cool air. Like, the puppies have no sag at all, why does girl me get to be a bombshell and I was a husky lump of a dude! Stay on track, man! Stay on track! "Here we are Cidnie, I'm going to go take a shower, you can still stop me." Still, nothing, as I hook my thumbs into my fancy panties and shimmy out of those, ignoring how heavy my tits feel swaying like pendulums. Ignoring the wet squelch they make as they pull off of my groin. Arousal is so foreign to me now. What once was a hardened, lengthening shaft is now to puffy lips and a deep need opening, topped with an ultra-sensitive button screaming with erogenous demands. I'm dripping. I'm shivering. I'm doing everything I can to not give in to the needy bitch between my legs and fill it with fingers. I can stand here naked looking in the mirror anymore, waiting for Cidnie to make her move. So, I take my only option left. I get my girly ass into the shower.

"Th-this is too much." I moan, my throaty need echoing off the tile. I can't stop rubbing my thighs together as I try and figure out how to turn on the damn water, fuck'n fancy plumbing. If I can get some cold water on me maybe it can calm down this raging inferno in my belly. Ah, there we go, nice GAH! Hot water, such hot water. Her skin is so sensitive, the steaming downpour pounding my flesh and soaking my hair cranks my nerves up another few notches. I am not gonna last long here. I reach slowly for the body wash, stalling the inevitable body exploration to come. I

pour the lotion into my hands and lather it up into foam. “Y-you asked for this Cidnie, but I can stop, all you have to do is switch us b-back” My hand spreads the suds over my abs gingerly, up and down. Up... and down, till I go way too low for my comfort and experience and swing that hand up till it hits her under boob. Why isn’t she stopping this, I whimper internally and my fingers start to explore in my earnestness. I close my eyes, try to remove myself from some of it, I’m just touching a woman, who gave consent right, cuz she made me her, or I am her at the moment. Fingers are squeezing slick tit flesh. I see and feel the hot water dripping off my fat nipples through a haze. Each squeeze causes me to gasp and squeak. My other hand grinds its palm up and down my trembling thigh, slowly drifting upwards, not with intention, but out of need. This body was full of so much frick’n need!

Cindie isn’t coming, and that put a new thought in my head. If she was okay with the swap, she might be okay with me living ALL aspects of her life while she gets her vacation. Washing, masturbating, making love to her husband. She probably finds this funny, or even adorable, after all, if I wasn’t living it, I might think so. ‘Just give in, Cid.’ I imagine her giggling, “Give in and find out why I post #sexaddict every time I overshare online. Embrace your time as a woman who can’t ever get enough!” That thought coincided with my hand pressing against my plump lips and buzzing clit. That’s the truth of it right, they’re mine, for now. I’m stuck with them till things reverse. Thinking about her delight at my drowning in feminine need, being stuck in a body that was truly mine for now, and the heel of my hand grinding against my womanly slit sent me tumbling in the shower. I can barely think, a pile of hot plump flesh pressed into the cold tile, Cidnie’s moaning and gasping come out my throat and echo in my ears. I am on the verge of orgasm, avoiding it like someone on the edge of a cliff, afraid I’m gonna fall in and never come out. Putting it off though, was the far worse fate.

I stumble out of the shower, my breath ragged and broken. It’s different from blue balls. It’s the big empty hollow hunger that makes me want to grind on the arm of a couch, even as my head backs away from the prospect, my body just gets pissed it’s not satisfied. I’m wrapped in her fluffy robe, simmering at my situation and physical dissatisfaction. I just couldn’t give in, because I was seriously scared of being well... #SexAddict. In my huffing and puffing, I grab my pen and paper and scribble down a new step. “You wanna play hardball, Cidnie? Let’s play!”

For the first time in twenty-four hours, I’m coming out of my room. I’ve changed from a fluffy robe to a silk one because I soaked that one through. I’m in slippers and cool silk that shows off

too much leg and nipple poking through, wandering the halls and foyer looking for staff. When I finally found the head maid she was talking to two kids. Oh right, I'm a step-mom. They both look to be in their teens, the girl looks disgusted at me in my wet tangled hair and skimpy robe (I forgot there were kids in the house ok?!) and the boy, well he reacts how a teenage boy would be expected to act. I see his sister turn her judgmental gaze to her brother and she elbows him. "Stop staring like that!"

"Yeah dude, I'm your stepmom, don't be creepy." Might be too harsh, but he goes eight shades of red and walks away quickly. I'm not going to say if I was a teenage boy I wouldn't be checking myself out, but I'm sure as hell not going to deal with it. Now the girl looks shocked by my use of dude. If I'm going to be stuck as a stepmom, for now, I'm gonna be the hip one. Speaking of which...

"Maid lady," I say, and she looks hurt. I forgot her name, I'll have to get all the names later. Right now, it's time for my plan. "This is the new menu moving forward." I hand it to her and the more she reads the more she seems dismayed.

"You want me to tell chef to-"

"Oh no, I've had enough of Chef's stuff for a while. They can make whatever they want for you guys. This is to order out, I put the number on the bottom." I poke my manicured nail to the phone numbers I had looked up

"So you want me to order two Meat-a-holic pizzas, extra meat, extra cheese tonight-" Her eyes widen. "Er every night, donuts sausage and eggs, southern biscuits and gravy for breakfast every day, and lunch will be Sub Sandwiches, assorted candy bars, orange soda, and beer?"

"The orange soda and beer are for any time." I wink.

"And minus the beer, this is what the family will be eating?" She looked super nervous.

"Oh if the kids want something you can add that on too. This is all for me." Ha, his jaw pretty much drops wide open. "It's a new type of cleanse, you overload your system before you purge it of everything. Kim raves about it in some magazine I read." I watch her slowly nod, and walk

off to order my pizzas, and I can only smirk as I sway back to my room, holding my robe tight to try and stabilize my boobs while I hop up the staircase.

I enter the bedroom with a swagger and look at my new updated plan. "We'll see how long you let me run your life, as I run it into the ground."

~~1. Wake the hell up~~

~~2. Wait it out~~

3. Ruin her diet, image, and life, till she gives me mine back