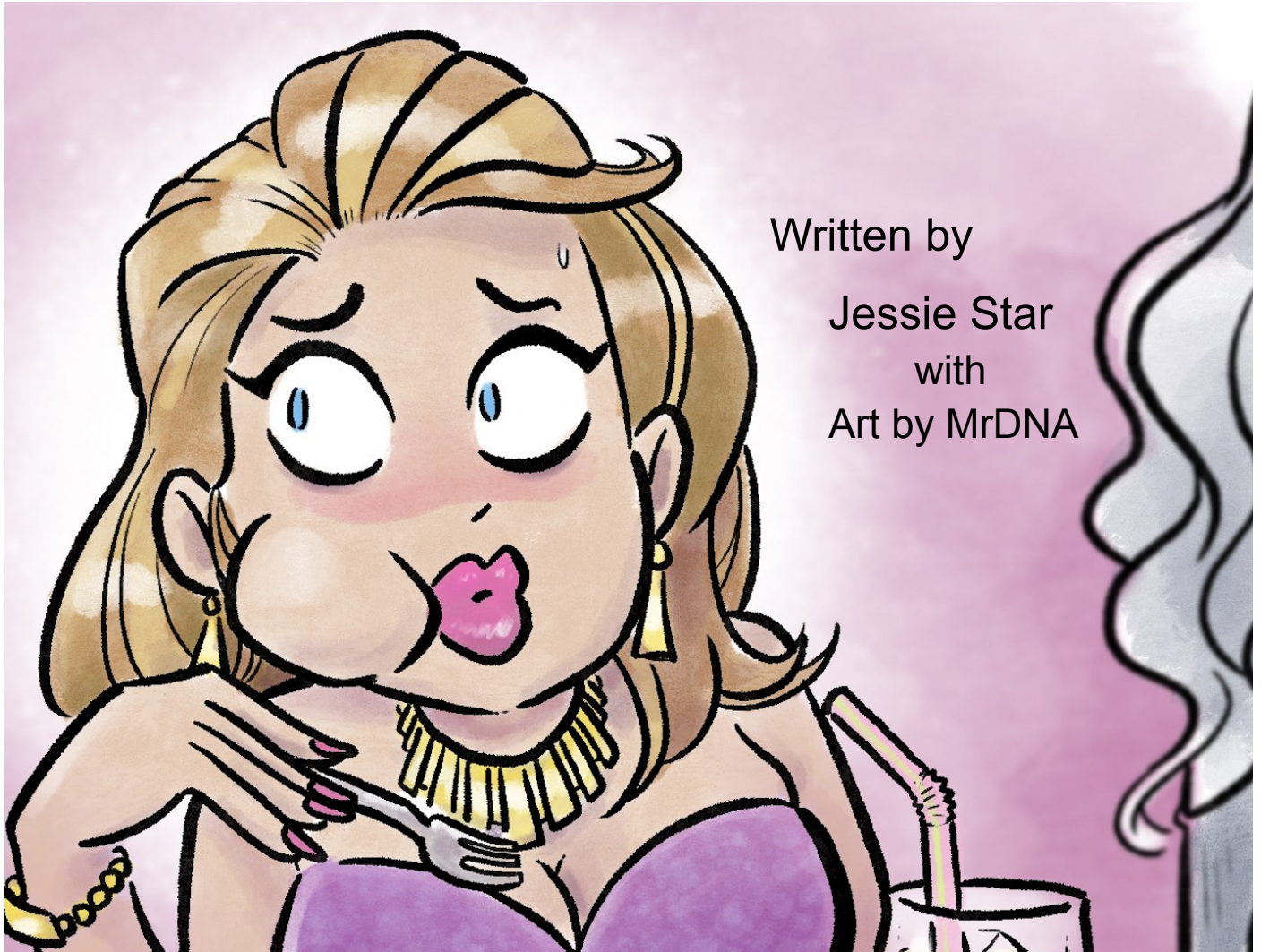


The UnReal Housewife of Hollywood



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PART 3

BWWUURP! That was probably the most unladylike sound Cidnie's body had ever made, not that I care. It's hard to get more unladylike than me. Gulping more of my fizzy orange soda to help wash down any scraps of pizza I may have stuck in my teeth, I stretch and yawn and look at the time, only to decide to stay in bed and grab another slice.

You can tell my feminine flesh prison isn't used to scarfing down pizza every day, or possibly

ever, because I went from pretty energetic to a lethargic lump. I'm even lazier than I was as a dude. I imagine Cidnie out there somewhere in the cosmos, watching her pretty face become a saucy chubby mess. Any minute, she'll find her breaking point and take her life back. So far, she hadn't, though. A whole frick'n week and some change, and I'm still in the petite little girl body that would fit inside my old 250-pound block of a man-bod with some room to spare.

"Not petite for long though, right Cidnie?!" I scream at the ceiling, patting my stuffed tummy as I watch the tv from between my boobs. It's a nice trick, to be honest, laying flat on my back with my head propped up just enough to watch the TV between my bra-cup encased titties. That's right, mine. Something I have to remind myself of so I don't feel like a creep. I definitely don't do anything dirty with this bod, that was a complete fail, so now the worst I do is walk around in her comfiest underwear (shocker, she doesn't really own any, it's all lace or thongs!) and admire the view.

"Mrs. Cervantes, a-are you alright?" Comes the voice of Katrina, my maid, through the locked bedroom door. I swear under my breath, aggravated that I let them hear me talking to "myself" again. They are already worried about me going all hermit mode in the master bedroom. If they think I've lost my mind, I'll be screwed. I definitely don't want to be a celebrity woman version of me locked up in a psychiatric ward. I doubt that would be a life that lures the real Cidnie back. So I heave myself out of bed, rolling my eyes at how much my tits jiggle just from getting up, and head towards the door. I pass my vanity mirror (Yes, I too was shocked that the place where I'm supposed to do my makeup is actually called a Vanity. How on the nose!) and stop, grimacing at the bulge of this woman's stomach.

Every day I pack it with pizza, pastries, soda, and beer, and it's definitely showing up. Just the way it has is a little unsettling. Like yes, this is the plan. Fatten her up till she gives in and switches us back. And to be fair, some of this I come by naturally. I am an emotional eater, no doubt, and being trapped in Cidnie's curvy, jiggly, annoyingly horny body makes me quite emotional. But all the food in my gut makes it stick out because, remember, she mostly eats veggies and seaweed shakes. I've made her look like she's three months pregnant with this little pot belly. At first, I made a joke out of it rubbing it with one hand while I placed my other on my lower back. You know, sticking it out there like they do in every movie? Then it hit me. This borrowed body could get knocked up if someone put a dick in it, a dick in me. I cringed as I rubbed the small dome, thinking about how Cidnie had a husband, still on a multi-month business trip "thank gawd", and who had put his *D* inside this body multiple times. I was in the body of a married woman who, for all I knew, might want "Raoul" to knock her up. I was getting horrified when that thought triggered another round of agonizing horniness. Baby fever? Who knows. The fact that I'm in a body that will both allow me to say, "I'm Cid, and Cid's not into getting banged by tan muscular men," while my literal flesh screams out, "dear gawd somebody pound me into the mattress." It's... a strained relationship, let's just say that.

Another thing. The belly isn't fat. It's just full of food that I shove in there before the last meal is even done digesting. The calorie storage of my body is a bit of an ass to me, literally. It seems in a world where Cidnie ate enough not to be starved. She'd be a bit of a pear-shaped woman. So

when you have me, who's trying to eat my weight in sweets and carbs and stuffed crust goodness, it's doing a number on my bottom half. Last I checked, I had gained eight pounds, all in my ass. Four frick'n pounds per cheek, well... maybe some of that is in my thighs? I dunno. I would say for a week in, I'm doing pretty well at sabotaging Cidnie's diet, body etc. But I'm the one whose ass is eating my underwear. And if the slight jiggle of what I started with is something I used to fret over, let me tell you something 'week-ago-me,' that was nothing. Eight pounds in a week, and you'll feel it when you si-

"Mrs. Cervantes?" Shit, the Maid. Give me a sec.

I open the door with a wide-ass smile. "Hey Katrina, what can I do for you?" I'm trying to look normal, happy, all that shit. But well, My hair hasn't been washed or combed in a week, I have pizza sauce on my cheeks, and damnit if I didn't see the pepperoni in my damn cleavage.

"Just checking in, Missus. You've been off your normal schedule and I... erm.. I just wanted to make sure-"

"-I haven't lost my mind? Yes, I understand." I say with the over-the-top sincerity you would placate a preschooler with. "I'm just trying to find myself. Requires lots of privacy and ...stuff."

"Yes Missus, it's just, Mr. Cervantes is very worried."

"Oh, is *my* husband talking behind my back now?" Ug, saying 'my husband just made me cringe a bit.

"No mam, he just called because he said you aren't picking up anymore."

I raise a well-plucked eyebrow and scoop up my cell phone. "Shit" So after the first few days of ignoring him, and then a day or so of one-word answers, it seems I just stopped checking. Now I have thirteen missed calls. Avoiding Cidnie's hubby seems to be an option no longer. But what I was going to say to him was yet unclear. 'Sorry, bud, I know you love your wife and getting into her pants, but that's gonna have to wait till / get out of them?' No, I don't think that would work. "Okay Katrina, I'll call him in a bit." When she didn't leave, my forced smile began to waver. "Um, is there something else?"

"Your Sunday bar, mam?"

"Oh, right. My Sunday bar."

So, I started this thing, Sunday bar on Sundays. This was the second Sunday I had been stuck as Miss fancy pants alternate reality me, and I had declared every Sunday, we deck the whole dining room table with multiple flavors of ice cream and every topping imaginable. Gave me a stomach the first time, and I'm sure I'll get another today, but holy hell eating my weight in ice cream sundaes was worth it.

Five minutes later, I'm dressed in sweat pants and a stained T-shirt, ready for mid-day dessert. I still look ridiculous, trying to fight the swish and sway of my new hips, being as manly as I can. I hate bras, so I switched to her sports variety ones, but I forgot to give any to the maid to wash, so now I'm braless, and I hate that too. Boobs bouncing like crazy under my shirt. Like seriously, it feels like some anime nonsense, just crashing around in there, nipples dragging against the material. I could have worn a tighter shirt to try and restrain them, but well-

"Hi, Cidnie." My temporary step-daughter Adonia greets me with all the warmth of a rattlesnake. I assume they didn't get along well before I showed up and added an extra level of Cray-Cray.

"Hello Adonia, Anthony" I nod to her brother as well. I turn my back to them and face the ice cream buffet, trying to hide my swaying tits. Then I hear them whispering about my ass. "Okay what's on my butt?" I growl. There's nothing on my butt, though. It's how my sweat pants are starting to hug my thickening rear snugly. I wear them cuz it's the only loose thing Cidnie owns, or it was. I'm going to destress about it the only way I know how. Five scoops of dairy goodness, buried in fudge, whip cream, and whatever else I can scoop on top. "What, it's only once a week." I say as they get their ice cream and judge me silently.

I try to ignore them, but their teasing has already hit its mark. I'm right back to being overly aware of my body again, and in particular, my ass. When it first showed up, it had a nice shape, with a subtle nice bounce to it. The sabotaging of my flesh prison in an attempt to smoke out the body's true owner has put me into full blow jiggle town. Every step I feel the wobbling, from my cheeks down to my thighs. Taunting me as I shove a spoon full of dessert into my mouth. I had hoped she'd put on weight like me. I'd just little by little round her out. But it's all ending up in my goddamn butt. Like it's shouting, look at me everyone, Cidnie's inflating ass! Grrr why did these kids have to be punks about it.

These ice cream parties were meant to soften the brats up, and yet the house is full of disdain. It's not like I want to be motherly to them or even their friend. I just want to be able to walk around the house and maybe use the pool without them reminding me how much they can't stand Cidnie, or how large my rear is getting, or ... or... screw it I'm just gonna eat my f'n ice cream. Fudge. I can feel my booty spread out in the dining room chair even more than it typically does. Well, at least the calories aren't piling up in my tits.

"Aren't you being a little wreckless for a woman with a prenup?" Adonia asks as she licks her spoon.

"What are you talking about, Ady?" she hates the name Ady by the way.

"Well, it's clear something is going on. And I'm not one to pry. It's just, if you're father's trophy wife, which I'm not saying you are, even though you're way younger and overtly beautiful, and you signed a prenuptial agreement to prove you're not here to take his money and bolt-

“Get to the point, Adonia.”

“Well, it’s just- If you’re going to let yourself go, aren’t you afraid dad will throw you out on your broke, bloated ass?” Both kids crack up hysterically. I get it. They don’t like the woman who’s screwing their dad. I don’t like being the woman screwing their dad, and I’m doing everything I can to get out of here before he comes back and expects some screwing. But as angry as I am at her being “Sabrina the teenage Biatch” to me, what if she’s right. What if me giving Cidnie a fat badonk leads to a divorce. Is that something I want to do to alternate reality me? Or worse, what if that makes her never want to trade back? What if that leaves me both stuck in this body, with this booty, and broke! The one saving grace about being Cidnie has been the rich part. I can’t afford to be a woman with no skills, starting from scratch! No, stay the course, Cid! If anything, this should send her reeling back to Hollywood trophy life, so I can go back to, well, whatever you call what I had. I finish my five scoops and fill the bowl again. Their giggling makes me angry and sad, so I rush off to go back to my room, hearing the twerp Anthony call me a bimbo just as I leave the dining room. And it’s probably the stress, the exhaustion, and the unnerving feel of my backside jiggling to and fro, but I start to get sniffly. I want to say being a woman makes me extra emotional, but I can’t say guy body me would fair any better.

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I’m looking in the mirror again. Even with puffy, red eyes, Cidnie is still gorgeous. She really did make out like a bandit with her mix of my genes. I’m looking at another text from Raoul. ‘Please, call me.’ He says. If I talk to this dude, the way I’ve been talking to everyone else, he’s gonna see right through me. Worse, he might even see things that aren’t there. Like a wife who has fallen out of love with him and needs to go. But how the hell do I talk to a guy who thinks I’m his “madly in love with him” wife?! Even worse than in love, sexually addicted to him! But if I don’t play ball, at least on the phone, this situation could get a lot worse. “You used to act all the time, Cid.” I say, watching her plump lips mouth my words. Her sexy lady voice ringing in my ears instead of mine. “It’s the same thing, just a... very elaborate costume?”

The more I talk, the more I start to buy into my own bull shit here. I played plenty of roles that were nothing like me back in high school. It was easy to separate myself from the character. Could I pull that off here? For my own sanity? For my survival? Hubby was still gone for two or three more weeks. Maybe if I acted like her, as her, while still piling on the pounds, it could get Cidnie to show up and explain how this all happened while also not sending me to be the pretty girl homeless in Hollywood. I had watched her first few seasons. That’s character research. She’s an overly nice girl who seems a little dim sometimes. I could pull that off! In Shakespeare’s time, the dudes played girls, and they didn’t have a rack like me. This was doable. It would just be a challenge to see if I really had the talent I had bragged about when I told Darren I could have been a famous actor if it wasn’t for my looks. “Yes” I encouraged myself as I hit speed dial for Cidnie’s Husband. My stomach felt nauseous as I heard the ringing. It was no different than stage fright right before the curtain opened. I could do this, I could play Cid-

“Cidnie?!” Wow, that’s his voice, all right. Deep. Masculine, worried. That’s Raoul. Shit, he’s

waiting for a response. How did she always answer his calls again?

“Hey, babe.” My voice cracks. So much for a sexy trophy wife. Focus, dude, focus! “Sorry for being all over the place this week. Really haven’t been feeling well.

“Are you ok? Do I need to have doctor Simon come to the house?” Jeeze, this guy sounds like he’s about to put on a cape and come and save me.

I don’t know who doctor Simon is or that doctors made house calls, but I gotta take control here. “No, honey bear.” I do my best at cooing and using his pet name. “It’s just some depression. Been a lot on my mind, just not handling it very well.” Now see, this works. It’s both her-ish, but totally honest.

“Are the kids being mean to you again?” Ha! I knew it! They were shits before I even got here and messed everything up. I should sick their dad on them, but...

“No, they’re fine. We had an ice cream party today. Trying to be a good step-mom or whatever.”

“Ice cream? I haven’t seen you eat dessert since the wedding.” I can’t tell if he’s amused or disappointed because he’s still coming down out of his hyper worry, but I should probably swing this away from the “I’ve been turning your wife into a fat ass” convo.

“Well, as I said, I have a lot on my mind, and I’m trying new things to work through it.” *Grrr* My voice trembled a little, dumb emotions.

“I’m still worried.” He sighs. I bet he is. He’s been unable to get his wife for days, and the staff probably told him I’m losing my mind.

“I’ll be a lot better once you’re home... h-honey bear.” Woah, Cid, hit the breaks! You don’t want him feeling like he should come home early! “I mean, I’ll be ok in the meantime. I just really miss you.” There, that was better, right?

“I miss you too, Cid.” Well fuck, my pet name is my fucking dude name? That’s gonna get really weird. “Trust me. This bear is missing his honey.” Oh wow, he did a weird growly voice on that one. Deep baritone sexual inuendo. And my nipples went hard as if on command.

“I bet you do,” I say, trying to roll this into a goodbye, but he keeps going!

“I miss your heavenly body, dragging my lips over your ins and outs. Gently sucking on those plump nipples of yours. Getting my face lost between your thighs for hours.”

“Holy shit!” Holy shit is right, dude. I’m weirded out by this guess staring in Cidnie Cervantes’ sex talks. The words are awkward enough, but it gets worse. Picturing him, face between Cidnie’s thighs, which at the moment are still fully MY thighs, is making me warm and gooey

inside. I may be Cid, but the body is apparently very much Cidnie, and it's trained to his sex talk like a Pavloved dog or something. I'm rubbing my thighs together, trying to put out the building fire in my pelvis. Body, listen to your borrowed brain, please. We don't want this. "Sounds great babe-" I can't even throw in my but he's going again.

"I'm gonna sweep you off to the bed as soon as I get back, climb on top of you, and send you straight to heaven." There's that growl, like he's a wolf coming for his prey! Um Mr. Director, when I accepted this role, no one told me I would have a sex scene! "I miss your feel." He says

"And I yours."

"Oh yeah. So tight and hot. Our bodies rocking and pounding, your high, breathy gasps in my ear."

"Yes, that sounds great, but save it for when you get back!" I choke on the words. My body temperature has risen five degrees, and my panties are soaked.

"You're right. It's mean to tease you. I know how much you say you need it." Really bud? Cuz I do not need this, I'm going to need a three-hour cold shower is what I'll need. And then he ends with, "when I get back, then."

We say our goodbyes, and I'm fanning myself. I've never been in a situation like this. My brain is scared for its life. I'm awkward and shaking that a dude wants to have sex with me. That I'm married to a dude that wants to have sex with me. But my body wants it. It wants it baaaad. Like I don't know what's going on down below, but I feel ... empty. Needy. Like I might grind one out on a pillow in a minute. But most of all I'm shaking at the fact that I told my "hubby" yes to him coming home and taking me first thing. A slip. Like 'slipping down three flights of stairs' level slip. And then he said "When I get back, then." He's locked and loaded, and the body is a willing target. I need to sabotage faster. I need more Ice Cream.