

# The Housewife's Ghost

by John Dylena

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a **Pink Skirt Press** story

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Enjoy.

Despite the fact that Brandon and his wife, Megan, were now officially homeowners, Brandon wondered if they were in over their heads with the “fixer-upper” they now owned. It wasn't a tiny house by any stretch of the imagination. In fact, it was rather large compared to other houses built around that time, around 1940, with a decent sized lot that awarded a fair bit of privacy, unlike homes built today, where you can reach out from your window and touch your neighbors.

The house on Myserra Street, in an old, upscale neighborhood, had four bedrooms, two and a half baths, and a basement nearly the size of the house itself. It only had one owner who, for the last ten years of his life, had rented it out. When he passed, it came into the possession of his only son, who wanted nothing to do with it, so he put it on the market and had it sold “as-is”. The agent, a jovial woman with a permanent smile, marketed it to Brandon and Megan as having “good bones”, despite its desperate need for modernization, and “lots of space for a family”.

While Brandon and Megan hadn't quite decided on whether or not they were going to have kids of their own, the large basement meant Brandon could get his “man cave”, and Megan could have her own office and craft room. A “do it yourself-er”, Megan practically leapt at the opportunity to bring the house into the 21st century while still maintaining that Mid-Century Modern esthetic.

Unfortunately for Brandon, the task of converting the basement into his dream man cave wouldn't be an easy one. Something that the real estate agent seemingly glossed over was the fact that the tenants had no access to the basement. The owner had the only key and had kept it securely locked. When asked what he kept down there, the agent continued smiling and said, “storage”. What she should've said was that he kept a mountain of boxes and old furniture, and if Brandon wanted his man cave, he would have to clean it all himself.

Except for the furniture that Megan wanted to restore to its former glory, he'd toss the cheap, budget stuff that currently filled the space.

Fortunately for Brandon, he was in between jobs and, according to Megan, had all the time in the world to get his space up and running. Recently laid off, Brandon's previous employer gifted him a rather generous severance package, so it would be a few months before he needed to start job searching again.

After a whirlwind of a weekend getting moved in, locks changed, and other necessary tasks, Brandon bid Megan adieu as she left for work. After a lax morning of coffee and toast, he eventually made his way down into the basement. It was only his second time stepping foot in it, the first being when they toured the house. Much like then, the air was thick and heavy with

dust. It felt like he had stepped foot into an ancient tomb. Little respite came from opening the small windows. In fact, the sunbeams only showed just how much dust and other particles floated in the air, dancing about as he waded through it.

Brandon sighed as he faced down the heaps of boxes. Nothing labeled, but from the looks of it, it had been here for a long, long time. The cardboard faded and, in many places, stained. The tape used to hold the boxes shut had lost all its grip. Surprisingly, there were no signs of any kind of rodent infestation and, for the most part, the boxes were all intact. He was apprehensive about going through the boxes, despite the fact that they now technically belonged to him and Megan. The owner died, and his son didn't want to even bother looking through it. Whatever they contained was theirs.

What eventually convinced Brandon to go through the boxes was the hope of finding some priceless antique. A document or something or other, worth hundreds of thousands, or even millions.

When he opened the first box, all he found—besides a face full of dust—were women's clothes. Two more boxes, the same thing. Dresses, shoes, the works. He scratched his head and wondered why there would be boxes of clothes when he remembered hearing something about the owner's wife, who had passed away a long time ago.

In the corner of his eye, Brandon spotted movement. A box tumbled over and fell open. Clothes spilled out. A coatrack wobbled. Then he saw it. Only for a brief moment, as he turned and ran upstairs. It was a figure of some sort, only barely recognizable as human. He didn't get a good look at it, because despite what Brandon's brain told him as he bolted up the stairs, there's no such thing as ghosts. He locked the basement door and called it a day, deciding to get in his car and go for a drive, maybe get an early lunch.

The house was the same when he got back. No sign of any spectral disturbances. Maybe it was just his eyes playing a trick on him, or there was something in the air. Wasn't an earthquake, this part of the country didn't get those. Instead of dealing with the basement, Brandon decided to busy himself with unpacking their own boxes. There wasn't much, as they were moving from a cozy one-bedroom apartment. When Megan came home from work that day, he made up some excuse about the dust and allergies.

Brandon knew he was dreaming as he glided through the house. It was his new home, but at the same time, it wasn't. The house was bright and clean. The paint fresh. There was music somewhere, faint. He didn't recognize it but could tell it was old. From the '50s or '60s.

He was in someone else's body as they walked through the house. They passed by the

living room. A TV stood in the corner. A blurry, colored image was displayed in the bulky brown cabinet that housed it. It was reporting the news, but nothing that seemed familiar to Brandon. The figure moved out of the living room and Brandon heard humming. It was a woman's voice, humming the tune from the radio.

When the figure moved into the hallway, Brandon heard the clicks of her high heels and, when she stepped into the bathroom, Brandon could finally see her appearance in the mirror. With reddish-brown hair, the woman looked like a character from *Mad Men*.

"Dolores!" a male voice shouted. "Dolores!"

Brandon woke with a start. It was still dark. Megan was sound asleep next to him. Brandon decided to walk the house. The light of the full moon illuminated the empty rooms. It was exactly as he saw it in the dream. *Was Dolores the name of the owner's wife?* Half awake, Brandon wandered back into the bedroom and climbed back into bed.

He was still in bed when Megan left for work. She didn't bother to wake him and say goodbye, but she did leave a note telling him to take some allergy medication and get back to work in the basement. She signed it with a smiley face.

When Brandon poked his head down into the basement, it was as he had left it. No sign of any other movement. Nothing out of place. It had definitely just been a figment of his imagination. After a couple of deep, centering breaths, he descended the stairs and got back to work.

Turns out only a few of the boxes contained the clothes of the woman Brandon assumed to be Dolores. His own curiosity got the better of him and he started going through the contents. Much to his surprise, the outfits weren't all that conservative. There were a lot of dresses, and all of them appeared to be of the body-hugging kind that left little to the imagination.

*I wonder if this Dolores was a bit of a tramp*, Brandon thought. His suspicions were confirmed when he found the box containing her shoes, and not one of them had a heel under four inches. He made sure everything was put back into boxes and set each aside as he went through it. But, soon enough, he was coughing and sneezing up a storm and called it a day.

"Dolores, doll, come here and show me that fine ass of yours," the man said. "I couldn't stop thinking about you all day at work."

Brandon found himself once more in the body of Dolores.

"Just a minute, dear!" Dolores answered. She was in the bathroom and, when she turned back toward the mirror, Brandon was able to take her in. She was incredibly beautiful, with

reddish-brown hair and amber eyes. She leaned forward and applied another coat of lipstick, which Brandon felt as if he was putting it on his own lips. In fact, not only could he feel the lipstick but, as he focused, more and more sensations came to him. The fabric of her dress brushing against her skin, the tight hug of the bra holding her breasts, the silky caress of her stockings. It should have all felt so alien and so strange, but it was her body. It all felt familiar and right.

After a quick inspection in the mirror, Dolores turned and exited the bathroom. There, waiting for her on the bed, was the man that Brandon could only assume to be her husband. Unfortunately for Brandon, the man was naked. Despite his frantic, yet frustratingly silent, protests, Brandon remained in Dolores' mind as she climbed atop her husband and rode him. As it turned out, she wasn't wearing panties with those stockings, and the man slipped easily inside.

Brandon was in shock. It wasn't him, wasn't his body, but he felt the pleasantly erotic sensation of being penetrated, and he felt how Dolores responded. He felt a dampness down there, heard the wet sounds of sex in a way he never had before. It all felt so good. It was overwhelming.

Faster and harder Dolores and the man went at it. What started as a slow, languid ride became a passionate slamming together of bodies, each contact sending fresh jolts of pleasure through his body. And then, just as her screams and moans reached a crescendo, Brandon found himself back in his own bed. His own body.

He shot upright, panting, breathless, drenched in sweat . . . and wondering how much of it was his.

"Babe," Megan stirred next to him, "you okay?"

Brandon looked around. He was his old self. "Yeah, sorry," he panted. "Nightmare."

Megan muttered something unintelligible, but Brandon could only stare up at the ceiling as the scene played out in his mind, as vivid and real as if he was Dolores. The confusing thing was, he couldn't say for sure whether he was happy it was over, or disappointed he didn't get to feel it through to the end.

Brandon crossed his arms as he stared at the pile of boxes in the basement. He didn't know how, and he didn't know why, but something told him those boxes of clothes were to blame for his dreams. Armed with a box of large black trash bags, Brandon made it his goal to dispose of the entire wardrobe of the woman known as Dolores.

As he reached for the first box, something happened that he couldn't comprehend. The

box... moved. Just moved. It slid away from his hand. No more than a few inches, but enough to be out of his reach. He blinked and reached further. The box moved again. When he turned and reached for a different box, it also moved.

Then *all* the boxes moved.

Like mice, the cardboard boxes scurried away from Brandon, as if he was a cat.

Brandon dropped the box of trash bags and ran for the stairs, only to be stopped by the appearance of not just a ghost, but that of Dolores. Pale, translucent, wearing one of her tight outfits, she floated in the air at the foot of the stairs.

“Brandon, wait,” she said, a little echo in her voice. “Don’t go, please.”

Frozen, Brandon stared at the ghost, wide-eyed. “You... you... you’re...”

The ghost of Dolores waved. “Hi, yes. I’m a ghost. But, please wait. Listen.”

Brandon took a step back. “G-g-ghost.”

Dolores sighed. “Yes, I know. I’m a ghost.” She looked beyond him, deeper into the basement, and the despair on her face shocked him back to his senses. “Please don’t throw away my clothes.”

Brandon blinked as he calmed. He cocked his head to the side. “What?”

The ghost of Dolores gestured to the pile of cardboard boxes. “They’re what’s keeping me here, in this house.”

Brandon looked over at the boxes and back at Dolores. Even in this spectral form, she still maintained her beauty. A bona fide MILF. “But don’t you want to, you know, cross over?”

“Up until you disturbed the boxes, I didn’t even know I was a ghost,” she said. “What year is it?”

Brandon scratched his head. “2022.”

Dolores’ jaw dropped. “My lord, has it really been 60 years?” Her head snapped back up, even as a hand clutched at her chest, perfectly manicured nails shining with a spectral glow.

“And Walt? What of my dear husband?”

“He died,” Brandon said softly. “It’s, uh, how my wife and I got the house.”

“And Mitchell?”

“That your son?”

Dolores nodded.

“I guess he’s fine.” Brandon felt bad for her. “Didn’t want the house, so he sold it.”

Dolores shook her head. “That boy never appreciated the hard work his father and I put into this house.”

“Yeah, sorry for trying to throw away your clothes. I, uh, didn’t know you, uh, existed.”

Brandon was uncomfortable. It was a weird sort of guilt he was feeling for something so completely outside his realm of experience. "You see, I thought they were giving me these, uh, dreams."

"What kind of dreams, dear?" Dolores floated closer to Brandon.

Brandon felt his cheeks turn red as he tried to put to words the dreams where he rode shotgun while Dolores had, quite frankly, passionate sex with her husband. When he did manage to explain it, Dolores just laughed.

"Walt was," she wiped away a tear, "a passionate man when he wanted to be. Not often, but when he was..." she made a noise like a low growl. "So, tell me, why were you fussing to throw away my wardrobe?"

Brandon shrugged. "Well, when my wife and I bought the place, I wanted to turn the basement into a man cave—"

"A what?" Dolores floated up to him, forcing him to take a step back.

"A man cave?" Brandon said weakly. "Like, my own private space. Do man things."

"Man things? Like polishing the pole?"

Brandon was confused for a moment before he deciphered the old slang. "What? No!" He cleared his throat. "Like hang out." He pointed to various parts of the basement. "Put in a bar, large screen TV, comfy couch. My own space to just watch sports, play video games. You know."

"Right," Dolores nodded. "Well, I'll tell you what. Let me help you."

"Help me? How? Why?"

"Well, to put it plainly, I absolutely adore cleaning. And this place has gotten so filthy in my absence." Dolores floated around the basement, tut-tutting with disapproval as she went.

Brandon looked around. It was true, he had made very little progress. Megan would wonder what he'd been doing all this time. His dad always told him two sets of hands were better than one, so it couldn't hurt to have the ghost of the previous owner's housewife helping out. Something he never thought in his wildest dreams he would ever consider.

"Sure, why not?" Brandon shrugged.

"Wonderful!" Dolores clapped her hands. "First things first, I'll need you to slip on one of my dresses."

"What? No way!"

"Oh, come on, Brandon? Please?" She floated before him. "It's been so, so very long and I want to feel alive again."

"Can't you just do it in, you know," he gestured at her, "your ghost form?"

“You mean like this?” Dolores causally floated over to one of the boxes. When she tried to move it, her hands went through it. Then she floated over to the wide push broom and failed to grab it.

“How did you move those boxes earlier?”

Dolores shrugged. “I don’t know, I’ve only been a ghost for like, two days, I think. How am I supposed to know?”

“But you know that I need to wear one of your dresses? Why?”

“By putting on my clothes, it allows me to possess you, so to speak. Don’t ask me how I know that. I just... do, okay. Now, please? I won’t tell anyone, it’ll be our little secret.”

Brandon glanced around. There really was a lot of work to be done, and if Dolores was just itching to clean, then he might as well give her what she wanted. He glanced over at her and sighed. “Fine. I’ll do it.”

Dolores clapped her hands together and floated over to where her box of clothes was. “Let’s find a dress that fits you. Thankfully, you’re built more like me than you are my late husband.”

“He did look quite round,” Brandon said as he hesitantly opened the closest box to him. Inside were a handful of dresses. Simple and plain, of various colors. He grabbed the first one he saw and held it out. It was a deep, dark red with small white polka dots.

“Oh perfect,” Dolores exclaimed, “that was one of my favorites.”

Brandon blushed. He recognized it as the dress Dolores had on in the dream from the night before. “Do I really—”

“Yes! Now hurry up, I want to feel alive again.”

Brandon muttered a string of curses as he stripped down to his underwear and stepped into the dress. It was quite snug, but somehow he managed to pull it all the way up without ripping it.

“This is ridiculous,” Brandon said. “I can’t move at all in this thing. The second I bend over, it’ll tear.”

“Well, that’s the thing,” Dolores smirked. “I need you to put on more than just the dress.”

“What?” He looked at the other boxes and his eyes went wide “No. Hell no.”

“Listen, Brandon. In my heyday I could clean this house spotless before lunch. You want your man cave or not?” Dolores floated before him, arms crossed.

He rolled his eyes. “What else?”

A minute or two later, Brandon stood in the basement, wearing not just one of Dolores’

dresses, but her panties, pantyhose, and high heels. The shoes were a brilliant white, with a four-inch heel on them and a round toe. He teetered in them, barely able to stand up straight, let alone walk.

“How in the hell did you clean wearing these?”

“Practice, boy. Practice.” Dolores rubbed her hands together. “Now, let’s hope this works!”

“What do you—” Brandon was cut off as Dolores’ ghost flew directly at him and disappeared inside him. The sensation was, well, jarring. A chill washed over Brandon. He shivered and moaned, and as quickly as it came, it vanished. He glanced around and, right as he was about to ask, “did it work?”, his body burned red hot as it began to change.

Some parts, his skin was pulled tight. Others, it stretched. His stomach and waist pinched in as his hips widened and his butt swelled up. Hair tickled the back of his neck and his chest grew heavy. He found it difficult to focus on any one part, but he managed to glance down to see the cups of the dress fill up with his own new pair of breasts.

Brandon wobbled over to where the full-length mirror was and, through dust and grime, he saw something he didn’t expect. Someone he didn’t recognize. He didn’t see his own reflection, nor did he see Dolores in the mirror. It was a woman, and her long, wavy brown-black hair and eyes could only mean one thing. The woman’s eyes went wide as she stared at her reflection. Full lips, gorgeous, feminine features. Hourglass curves that perfectly fit the dress.

“Beautiful,” Dolores’ voice filled Brandon’s mind. “Simply beautiful.”

“Is that...” Brandon covered his mouth as the soft, delicate, feminine voice echoed in the basement.

“I had a feeling this would happen,” Dolores said. “Though I did think that your body would transform into a replica of mine. This you, this someone else? You look ravishing, dear.”

“You *had a feeling*?!” Brandon said, his female voice nearly as jarring as his new female body. “Why didn’t you say something!”

“Calm down, darling,” Dolores cooed. “Would you have done it, if you had known?”

“I...” Brandon started, but trailed off. He didn’t know what to say. This was all so overwhelming. *I do look pretty amazing*, he thought.

“Let’s begin, shall we?” Dolores said. “We don’t have all day!”

Before Brandon could say anything, his body began to move all on its own. His movements were anything but smooth and elegant. He floundered about the basement like a drunken horse, nearly obliterating his ankles multiple times before Dolores got the hang of piloting his body.

“Do forgive me, darling, I have been dead for 60 years now,” Dolores said. “I promise I won’t damage that lovely body of yours.”

Despite Brandon’s initial regret over accepting the supernatural aid of the ghost of a long-dead housewife, Dolores made good on her promise and, within minutes, she was piloting Brandon’s body as if it had been her own, moving flawlessly in the heels. After sorting through the boxes to set aside the ones that contained her old wardrobe, Dolores got to work on cleaning, starting with sweeping the basement floor.

It was a surreal experience, being a passenger in your own body, especially a body that looked and felt nothing like your own, but Brandon found it quite enjoyable to have someone else doing all the physical labor. Though he wasn’t sure if he’d ever get used to the feeling of having breasts, this female version of his male body moved differently. It was far more flexible, dexterous even, as if he had been doing yoga and Pilates for years.

When his phone chimed, it all came to a sudden stop. Dolores was quite enamored with what had become of telephone technology, which was among one of many topics they discussed as they cleaned the basement. When it turned out to be a message from Megan saying she was on her way home, Brandon panicked. The last thing he wanted was for his wife to catch him cleaning the house in this strange new female form.

“Change me back, change me back!” he begged.

“Calm down, Brandon,” Dolores said. “I don’t want you to get in trouble either.”

The cold, mystifying sensation returned as Dolores’ ghost climbed out of Brandon’s female body. As her spectral form floated before him, his own body reverted back. It wasn’t the slow, deliberate transformation of earlier, but more of a snapping back into shape, as if the elastic of his flesh had been stretched too far and let go. Feeling woozy and awkward, he struggled out of Dolores’ dress.

As the door to the garage opened, Brandon was still pulling his pants back on, forgoing his shirt in an effort to hide Dolores’ intimate attire.

“Brandon?”

“Basement!”

“My word, you are quite the hunk,” Dolores whispered. “All shirtless and sweaty. I could eat you up.” Brandon shushed and waved at the ghost, who vanished right as the basement door opened.

“Brandon, oh my god!” Megan surveyed the basement as she descended the stairs. “It looks so much better already.”

Brandon scratched the back of his head. “Yeah, still got a ways to go. Managed to get rid

of most of the dust!”

Megan glanced around some more, but most of her focus was on Brandon, namely his shirtless upper half. “Work up a sweat, did you?”

“You can say that.”

“Haven’t seen you this dirty in a while,” she brushed her hand across his chest. “It’s kinda hot.” Before Brandon could respond, Megan planted her lips on his. Then Brandon found himself taking off his pants for the second time that day – only, this time, he had to be careful to pull down panties and pantyhose with the pants, or else face some really awkward questions.

“Have a good day at work,” Brandon said as he kissed his wife goodbye. He remained in the kitchen, sipping his coffee as the garage door opened. It wasn’t until Megan’s car was out of earshot that Dolores made herself known.

“That was quite the show yesterday,” she said, taking a seat in the chair opposite Brandon.

“Fuck!” Startled, Brandon fumbled his coffee, but thankfully only spilled a couple of drops. “You can’t sneak up on me like that.” Then he glanced around. “How are you doing this?”

“Doing what?” Dolores said. “You think I’m confined to just the basement? Brandon, sweetie, I can roam the entire house.” She floated away from the table toward the window. “You snore quite loudly, by the way.”

Brandon looked away as he continued sipping his coffee. “So you, uh, saw that yesterday?”

“Oh, yes. It was quite enjoyable. Made me wish I still had my body,” she winked. “Your wife is stunning, and I find it quite fascinating that she’s the ‘man of the house’ so to speak, and you’re the—”

“Don’t say it.”

“Housewife,” Dolores smirked.

Brandon rolled his eyes. “Times changed. Sure, there’s plenty of women still quite content being the homemaker, but more and more are focusing on their own careers and goals. The dollar doesn’t go as far as it did back in the ’50s. Most households need the double income to survive.”

Dolores frowned. “That’s a shame.”

Brandon glanced sidelong at Dolores. “What is? The lack of housewives, or the need to work?”

“Both.” Then Dolores floated over toward Brandon and said, “Speaking of housewives,

shall we continue where we left off?"

Brandon finished his coffee and frowned. "Do I... is the transformation necessary?"

Dolores waved ambivalently. "Of course, darling. Besides, you can't lie to me. I know you enjoyed having that body." She leaned toward him. "I was inside it, after all."

Brandon blushed as he looked away from her. Then, after a few moments of silence, he sighed, and led Dolores downstairs into the basement.

"Let's find a new outfit for you to wear today." Dolores floated over him as Brandon opened one of the boxes containing her wardrobe. Part of the cleaning spree the day before involved going through the boxes and sorting them out. While hesitant, Brandon did manage to convince Dolores to "downsize" and toss articles of clothing that either didn't survive the 60 years in cardboard, or to which Dolores had really no attachment.

"Maybe a skirt and blouse today? Or should we stick to another dress?"

Brandon mumbled something as he ambiently searched through the boxes, showing no real effort in trying to find something.

"Oh, that one!" Dolores said, pointing to the black dress. Similar in style to the dress from the previous day, the black dress bore narrow white pinstripes and thicker white trim. Unlike the dress from the day prior, though, this one had a shorter skirt and showed off more cleavage. With only a little fuss, Brandon stripped down, though it didn't help when Dolores whistled at the sight of his naked body.

"Whenever you're ready," Brandon said after shimmying into the dress.

"Aren't you forgetting some things?" Dolores winked.

Brandon scowled but did as he was told and put on the lingerie, awkwardly tugging it into place beneath his dress. It would have been easier to take the dress off and put everything on in its proper order, but he was shy about Dolores seeing him naked again. This time he skipped the footwear, leaving it until after Dolores had possessed and transformed his body. He had hoped it wouldn't be as unsettling the second time around, but it felt just as weird as it did yesterday, from Dolores' ghost entering to every bit of the physical transformation. Though, this time, he had to admit it actually felt somewhat pleasurable, especially as his breasts sprouted on his chest.

"Now, I think we should go a step further than we did yesterday," Dolores said.

"How so?" Brandon winced at his female voice, something he wasn't sure he'd ever get used to hearing.

"Well, don't you think your look is missing something?" Dolores said as she grabbed a pair of black heels and sauntered over toward the full-length mirror. Brandon knew instantly

what she was referencing, but played coy. “Well, we had to toss all my makeup yesterday. So how about we dabble with Megan’s?”

“D-Don’t you think she’d notice?” Brandon said, looking at his reflection. Despite how feminine he looked, he could only imagine the impact a makeover would have.

“Only if we’re sloppy about it,” Dolores reassured him. “And trust me, dear, I’m quite good at it. Now, go ahead and strut your stuff and get your tooshie in the makeup chair upstairs.”

“But, I don’t—”

“I’ll take care of the makeup, dear. Well, today, at least.”

Brandon paused halfway up the stairs. “Today?”

“Chop! Chop!”

With surprising ease, Brandon managed to not only make it all the way up the stairs without falling and breaking his neck, but down the hallway and into the bedroom too. Of course, he paused briefly to poke his head into the garage to make sure Megan hadn’t decided to come home while he was in the basement transforming into a sexy housewife with the assistance of the ghost of one.

Megan’s vanity always seemed rather daunting to Brandon, especially when they shared a small bathroom in their old apartment. The racks and trays took up almost half of the counter. Brushes, tubes, bottles, and containers arranged in a way that only made sense to Megan, like some sort of exotic, foreign language that only she spoke.

“So, now what?” Brandon asked as he looked at his brightly illuminated reflection.

“We begin,” Dolores said, taking over control of his body.

“Makeup’s changed a lot since your day,” Brandon said.

“Not to worry, dear, it’s all the same at the core,” Dolores said, reaching for the foundation, “but I’m sure the quality has greatly improved.”

Riding passenger while a ghost controls your body to clean the basement is one thing. Watching as your body moves on its own to give you a makeover is an entirely different thing. Another on the quickly growing list of things Brandon ever in his wildest dreams ever thought he’d be doing. Right there with having a friendship with the ghost of a dead housewife and letting her turn him into a woman.

When it was all said and done, Brandon didn’t recognize himself in the mirror. Even without makeup, his female form had a simple, natural beauty to her. But now, fully made-over, she was one of the most beautiful women Brandon had ever laid eyes on. If he saw her out on the street, he would assume she was a model, or an actress. With the dusky, smokey eyes that

Dolores gave him, and the deep, red lipstick, Brandon looked more like a porn star.

“Now for a name,” Dolores said.

“A name?”

“Of course, dear, a woman such as yourself can’t go by Brandon. That’s a boy’s name!

Look at your reflection. Do you see a boy?”

Brandon looked away, his cheeks turning a brighter shade of red. “No.”

“So how about ‘Brenda’? That’s a lovely name, don’t you agree? Or would you prefer something more like Barbara, or Beatrice? We don’t have to stick with—”

“Brenda is fine,” Brandon muttered.

“Say it, say your name,” Dolores said, voice stern.

“My name is Brenda.”

“That’s a good girl,” Dolores said. “Now, let’s head back down into the basement and continue cleaning.”

Brenda looked at herself one last time in the mirror before getting up. There was something... thrilling about Dolores calling her a “good girl”, an excitement that felt almost taboo, but wonderful at the same time.

“You remember how I walked?” Dolores said. “One foot in front of the other. Sway your hips. Elbows bent, arms turned outward, wrists limp. Like this.”

Dolores took control of Brenda’s body as she showed her how to walk properly, before giving control back. Once Dolores felt like she had a good grasp on it, she let Brenda return to the basement so they could finish cleaning and organizing. With Dolores’ guidance, Brenda was able to quickly finish the task. The only thing left to deal with was Dolores’ clothes.

Upon returning to the basement, Dolores found some jewelry for Brenda to wear, namely a pearl necklace, some earrings—thankfully this body came with the ears already pierced—and some bracelets. Like some of her wardrobe, not all of Dolores’ rather extensive jewelry collection survived the decades in storage.

“I don’t think I can convince my wife to let me keep your clothes down here,” Brenda said. “She would want to know why.”

“Would it be so bad to introduce her to Brenda?” Dolores said. “She may like it.”

“Maybe, but I don’t think so. I like to believe I know my wife, but this...” Brenda gestured to herself, “would be rather overwhelming.”

“Understood, dear,” Dolores cooed. “So we’ll just need to slowly ease her to the idea—”

“I never said yes,” Brenda said. “Just maybe. One thing at a time. Where can we put your clothes?”

“Well, you plan on renovating this basement into your man cave, correct?”

“Yes, why?”

“Well, that means we only need to find a temporary hiding place for my wardrobe, because you could always build some kind of hidden storage down here to keep it.”

“Okay, sure, but that doesn’t solve the problem of where to keep it *now*.” Brenda glanced about the basement. “Your husband didn’t build any secret nuclear bunkers in here, did he?”

“Walt was an eccentric man, sure, but he wasn’t a doomsday prepper. He always believed things would blow over with the commies. We can’t keep it in Megan’s closet, as much as it would be at home there.”

“No, she would find it for sure.”

“Then the answer is simple,” Dolores said. “We stash my clothes in yours.”

“What? No. Absolutely not. You’re sure there’s no hidden storage?”

“Brenda, it’s only a couple of boxes. She won’t find them, *trust me*.”

“But—”

“No buts, young lady. I promise your wife won’t find the clothes. I’ve seen your closet; you can easily hide a couple more boxes in there.”

There was no arguing with Dolores. But the ghost did have a point. The master bedroom contained a pair of walk-in closets, and while Megan practically filled hers up, Brandon had plenty of room to spare. A couple more boxes wouldn’t set off any alarms.

When Brenda had brought up the last of the boxes into her closet, the basement was clean and ready. All they had left to do was move the antique furniture out and the space would be primed for renovation.

“For doing such a good job, I wanted to give you a nice reward,” Dolores said. She took control of Brenda’s body and pulled the full-length mirror over toward the couch so that it faced whoever sat on the couch.

“What are you—” Brenda began to ask, but Dolores, still in control, lifted the hem of Brenda’s dress, spread her legs, and slid her hands down her pantyhose until her fingers found the warm valley of her moist pussy.

“Time to show you how wonderful it is being a woman,” Dolores cooed. “Just lay back and let me do all the work, dear.”

Brenda could barely reply as the sensations took hold. She had gotten a taste of it when she invaded Dolores’ past memories, but those paled in comparison to the real thing, happening right here, right now. She bit her lip to stifle a moan, but Dolores encouraged her to not hide it, let it escape from those soft, supple lips of hers. As one hand stroked and stimulated her clit, the

other caressed and fondled her breast, a combination that quickly pushed Brenda over the edge. There were so many nerve endings in this body, so many erogenous zones! It felt like every inch of her flesh was electric with sensation. Her moans echoed throughout the basement, loud enough for the neighbors to hear, as her panties and pantyhose grew soaking wet with her juices.

As a man, she'd left damp spots of precum in her briefs, but never anything like this.

Breathless, Brenda fell back into the couch and stared at her reflection. A spent woman stared back at her, skin flushed, beads of sweat forming on her brow. She looked happy. She looked satiated. She looked entirely self-satisfied.

"That's a good girl," Dolores said, before leaving his body. The ghost floated before Brandon as his form snapped back to its original male. The earrings fell off, but the rest of the jewelry and the makeup remained. "You should probably shower before your wife gets home," Dolores grinned. "Unless you want her to catch you in her makeup."

Brandon sighed when he got a look at himself in the mirror. It was bizarre, as all he needed was a wig and he could be somewhat passable. As good as the makeup was, though, it didn't hide his square jaw. Or the hair on his chest.

When Megan came home, she barely had the energy to say hi. Another long day at work. She did manage to say how proud she was of how good a job he did with the basement. After a couple of slices of pizza, she climbed into bed and dozed off instantly.

When Brandon eventually fell asleep, he found himself once more in Dolores' past, slipping into a familiar black dress. Her husband, Walt, was nowhere to be found. She was alone in the house, somehow Brandon knew that, as Dolores put the final touches on her makeup, looking far more ravishing than her typical daily appearance. He gleamed something about it being a night out for her as she double-checked the straps that held up her stockings before getting to her car.

Instead of going to some restaurant or nightclub, Dolores drove to a motel. Brandon recognized the motel, though it looked far better than it did now. Despite the years, it seemed Dolores was using it for the same purpose as she climbed the stairs and knocked on the door of one of the rooms. The man who answered wasn't her husband. He was closer to Brandon's age, in fact. Almost looked like a young Marlon Brando or James Dean. They were the only actors from that era Brandon could think of, but Brandon found it hard to focus or think about anything as he was brought along on Dolores' wild, carnal tryst with a man probably half her age.

It was passionate and dirty, not lovemaking or marital intimacy, but sex. Raw, lust-fueled, motel sex. It didn't feel the same, riding her in a dream. All of the sensory stimuli were softened, muted, as if filtered through the memory of decades. He awakened once again with her climax, but was left with the lingering thought that it was only the first of many that night.

In the light of day, as Brandon enjoyed his morning coffee, he wasn't sure what bothered him more. The fact that Dolores wasn't faithful to her husband, or knowing what it's like to be titty-fucked by someone. It was obviously the latter, but in the few days he'd known Dolores, she didn't exhibit any of the signs that she had such a lascivious, wild side. Then again, maybe she did give some hints to that the other day, the way she instructed Brandon on how to walk, talk, and act in his new female form. Her playful affirmations, the way she got him to acknowledge his female name.

Was there more to Dolores than just the dutiful, diligent housewife? Was this rendezvous with a stranger just the tip of the iceberg?

As Megan pulled out and drove off, Dolores made her entrance, this time announcing it so as not to startle Brandon.

"Well, look who woke up on the wrong side of the bed," Dolores said, hands on her hips as she floated toward Brandon.

Brandon leaned back in his chair and scowled. "I relived another one of your memories last night."

"Oh?" Dolores smirked, "I hope it was a good one."

Brandon grimaced. "You had an affair at a motel."

"Ah, yes," Dolores sighed. "Speedway Motel, Room 201?"

"So it wasn't just once."

Dolores took a seat across from Brandon. "Let me start off by saying I truly loved my husband. Walt was an incredible man, but he wasn't the best husband. I slaved over this household. Kept it clean, raised Mitchell, had dinner on the table every night. Sometimes Walt would share his appreciation. Then again, sometimes it would be weeks, months with nothing more than a kiss goodnight. I had needs, and that young man..." Dolores squirmed in her seat, "he knew how to satisfy them."

Brandon started to speak, but Dolores cut him off.

"If you want to be the best husband you can be to Megan, make sure her needs are met. Every day. Show her you appreciate the hard work she does. Even if she comes home late, exhausted. A small gesture is better than none at all. I loved Walt, with all my heart, until the day I died. He may have been a good man, but he struggled at being a good husband and

partner.”

Brandon frowned. Dolores had a good point, and while you can hardly ever justify cheating on your spouse, she did impart some good wisdom.

“This may be a sore subject, but how *did* you die?”

“Breast cancer,” Dolores sighed. “Stage Four by the time they caught it.”

“I’m so sorry,” Brandon said.

Dolores shrugged. “Hey, I lived a good life. And now I get a second chance, through you. So, thank you for letting me feel *alive* again.” She leaned across the table. “How about we show Megan how much you truly care for her by getting the actual house tidied up, instead of just the basement?”

“Really? You think it’s that dirty?” Brandon glanced around.

“Hun, my ghost fingers could leave a smear in the dust that covers the surfaces of this house. Now, don’t go saying it’s because you don’t want to become Brenda. That excuse doesn’t work anymore. I know you love that body. So, chop chop, mister.”

“I have an idea,” Dolores said, hovering over Brandon as he pulled out one of the boxes. “There should be a bright pink dress in there. I think pink will look good on you.”

Brandon held the pink dress up. “This one? You’re sure?”

“Yessir, that’s the one.”

Holding it out in front of him was enough for Brandon to know that this dress would be the most revealing, by far, of any that Dolores had made him wear. It had a deep V-neck and a sloped hem that would reveal more of one leg than the other. When Brandon slipped into it, it barely covered just about anything. But before he could protest, Dolores slipped inside and his body began to transform.

Only this time, Dolores took things a little bit further. And when it was all said and done, Brandon had an entirely different female form. Not only were his curves more exaggerated, but his breasts were significantly larger. What were maybe C or D cups before were now DD or whatever was bigger. Long, bright, golden blonde hair fell down past his shoulders and bright, sapphire blue eyes stared back at his reflection.

“I can’t believe it worked!” Dolores said. “You look incredible.”

“You, like, knew this would happen?” Brandon said. Even the voice for this new version of his female body sounded different. It was more airy, breathless. Ditzy. “I, like, totally sound like a bimbo. And I’m all light-headed and stuff.”

It should have been terrifying. This was a loss of control, a loss of self, like nothing

before. But, somehow, he couldn't find it in himself to care.

"Nonsense, darling. You look ravishing. Now, let's get you all dolled up."

Dolores took control of Brandon's body and sauntered over toward Megan's vanity. She did the makeover herself, seemingly having a look in mind for this new iteration of Brenda. Instead of the deep reds from before, Dolores matched the dress and painted Brandon's lips a bright, sparkly pink. Even threw in some pink with the metallic, smokey eye shadow, and heavy mascara. The overall look Dolores managed to achieve was a fusion between a modern-day porn star and a more vintage look. A blend of the past and present, that was nothing shy of erotic, seductive and deliberately provocative.

"I think I'll call this version of you Brandy," Dolores said. "How does that sound?"

Despite the more "enhanced" look, Brandy couldn't be angry at Dolores. This new version of her female form was so much hotter than before. Where "Brenda" had a more mature, sophisticated look, this "Brandy" had... a different kind of appeal to her. Brandy couldn't quite put a finger on what it was, then again, since taking this form it had been a little harder to think, to focus on, like, just about anything.

"Totally," Brandy nodded. "I love it."

"Wonderful! Now let's get this home spotless!"

Dolores provided a rather *hands-on* instruction on how to thoroughly clean the house. She would take over Brandy's body and show her various techniques and tips before letting her do the bulk of the work. When Brandy did something well, Dolores rewarded her. Every time she called Brandy a "good girl," it sent a wonderful, tantalizing chill up her spine. At lunch, Dolores rewarded her with another masturbation session.

Sometime in the afternoon, Brandy had to react quickly, as she was nearly spotted by the mailman. She thought she had pulled the curtains all the way closed, but somehow one of them got pulled open just enough for any passerby to see not just inside Brandy's (and Dolores') home, but the sexually suggestive woman vacuuming the carpet.

"Oh, I think it would be thrilling to answer the door like this," Dolores teased. "How do you think the mailman would react? Should we invite him in?"

The thought crossed Brandy's mind for only a moment, the scene playing out in her mind's eye and, like any other porno, it was as hot as it was unrealistic.

"No," Brandy said, "I, like, don't want to cheat on Megan."

"Can't argue with that," Dolores said. "I may not have been faithful to my husband, but I don't want to pass on that bad habit to another. Although, seeing the mailman did give me an idea."

What followed was something that even ditzy, air-headed Brandy found hilarious, as she went on to—as best as she could in her current state—explain the internet to Dolores and the wonders of online ordering. After a crash course in what a modern-day computer was, Dolores guided Brandy on what makeup to purchase, that way she could stop using her wife's, as she was bound to figure it out sooner, rather than later.

With the purchase complete, the duo returned to cleaning the house and managed to complete the task with plenty of time to spare. As a reward for doing such a good job, Dolores took control of Brandy's body and took her on a little treasure hunt.

"I guess one of the benefits of being a ghost is that I can freely explore the house. Nothing is hidden from me," Dolores said. "I found this little gizmo last night while you two were asleep. Knew what it was the moment I laid my eyes on it."

Brandy sat on the edge of her bed with Megan's vibrator in her hand. Long and sleek, the light-purple toy bore only the barest of resemblance to a cock.

"Go ahead," Dolores said, "wrap your lips around it first. Make sure it's nice and wet."

As strange and taboo as it was for Brandy to be slowly, gently sucking and licking Megan's vibrator, she couldn't deny just how hot it was. Especially with Dolores' delicate, yet firm commands. Brief flashes of when Brandon visited Dolores in his dreams came to Brandy, especially as Dolores went down on the young man in the motel and Brandon discovered what his cock tasted like.

When it was good and wet, Brandy inserted the vibrator. There was that feeling of penetration she'd experienced as Dolores, but stronger, more powerful. It felt so weird to be in control, to be the one pushing inside herself, and she quickly learned all about angles, speed, and depth. She was learning her body, and she liked it.

As amazing as all that felt, when she flicked the switch, the pulsating pleasure threw Brandy back onto the bed. She writhed about, moaning and groaning, as Dolores whispered sweet nothings into her ear. Wonderful images played out in Brandy's mind as her free hand grabbed, squeezed, and fondled one of her gargantuan breasts until her body convulsed and the mother of all orgasms washed over her.

Time slipped away. Seconds became days and, when the fog eventually cleared, Dolores spoke.

"That was... wonderful," the ghost said. "I... I even felt that one."

"Is that... is that what it's like?" Brandy panted.

"Just a drop in the bucket dear. Nothing can compare to the real thing." Dolores said, "but incredible nonetheless."

Brandy managed to sit up as the vibrator fell to the floor. "Dolores..."

"Yes, dear, what is it?"

"I, uh, think we need to, like, wash the sheets now."

"You've made quite a mess it seems!" Dolores laughed.

With the sheets swapped out and the mess cleaned up, Brandy did a quick once over of the house before Dolores declared their cleaning mission complete. She exited Brandy's body and allowed her human proxy to transform back to his normal male self and get cleaned up.

"Oh my god, babe," Megan looked around the house, slack-jawed. "This is amazing. How'd you get it so clean?!"

Brandon shrugged. "I, uh, put my headphones in and got into a groove of sorts."

Dolores appeared behind Megan and winked before disappearing as his wife turned around.

Megan started to laugh. "I can't believe the timing on this," she said, in between chuckles.

"What's so funny?"

"Going into this move, I expected this place to be always messy. That you'd do the littlest work possible when it comes to cleaning. Never thought my husband would turn out to be an amazing housewife. What to know the best part?"

Brandon scratched the back of his head, trying to hide the paranoia and fear that somehow, he'd been caught. That his secret double-life of being an *actual housewife* was found out. Dolores floated behind Megan and shrugged.

"You can keep being one!"

Brandon cocked his head to the side. "Uhhh, what?"

Megan ran up and embraced Brandon. "I got that promotion!" she said, kissing him. "I'll make more than enough for the both of us. You can stay home and keep this place looking sharp!"

Brandon was speechless. But, behind Megan, Dolores was silently waving, cheering and celebrating.

"So how about it?" Megan asked, "you do all the chores and I bring home the bacon?"

Brandon shrugged. "Who can say no to that?"

"Okay, we'll talk later. Sarah wants to take me and the girls out to celebrate." Megan kissed him again. "Love you!"

In the blink of an eye, Megan was back in her car, driving off.

Dolores appeared beside Brandon. "Okay, now why the sad face? This is amazing news! You get to become Brandy every day! We'll have to get you more clothes!"

Brandon sighed and glanced over at Dolores. "I can't cook to save my life."

Dolores smiled. "Well, how about a lesson?"

## **AFTERWORD**

Thank you for reading *The Housewife's Ghost*, I hope you enjoyed it!

For updates and more, follow me on Twitter @SashaDylena