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# **She Only Wore a Shirt to the Funeral**



**By Ken Haramiru**

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*All Romance eBooks Edition*

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## ***Foreword***

*A note on this story: Everything up until you see the line “My prayers weren’t answered” actually happened, and yes she was pretty much dressed like the girl on the cover. Once I left the reception, I couldn’t wait to get home and write a story about what could’ve happened.*

## ***Chapter 1: The Funeral***

Today, I just got back from attending my ex-girlfriend Lois’s father’s funeral. He had lived a full life, and as a Catholic he’d had a large family. Most of the women in his family were smoking hot, and there were several there in their 20s and 30s. He was German, and Hitler would have been proud of the dozen or so intensely fuckable blondes at the funeral. Some of them were related to him, others weren’t, but each and every one of them caught my attention. While all of them were attractive, none of them made as much of an impression as Jade.

When I first saw her, I was seated next to my friend Fred in a pew near the back of the church. The pew in front of us had a few folks in it, but they were leaving one person’s worth of space for someone who hadn’t arrived yet. And then Jade

showed up. She was another smoking hot Teutonic blonde, probably right around 30 years old, with what was either perfect light yellow blonde hair or an amazingly good dye job. Her hair was mostly straight, with a little bit of wave, and it came down to just below her collarbone. She had a slight frame, and what looked like a natural light tan acquired from laying out on the beach. My eyes first noticed that she wore a relatively conservative dress, buttoned up to the neckline, with buttons which stretched down and down. My eyes followed the line of buttons until they stopped - but the seam between the sides didn't stop. With a shock, I realized that her "dress" was nothing more than an extra-long button-up shirt, which was meant to be worn with a skirt or pants. It could've been modest with leggings or yoga pants, but her long, slender legs stuck out the bottom sexily. She looked like she was dressed for the bedroom, not for a funeral. She'd chosen to come to the funeral wearing no more than a shirt - and as she sat down, I caught a flash of black panties. My eyes went wide in disbelief as she sat down, the slits up the side revealing an amazing amount of her legs. I'm not sure if she noticed me noticing it, but even as the priest went to the altar in front of the congregation, I couldn't get it out of my head. Moments later, the actual funeral mass began.

Halfway through the service, Jade stood up and edged her way out of the pew, towards the aisle. I couldn't help but notice out of the corner of my eye as the hem of her shirt rode up a little, exposing just a glimpse of the bottom of her perfectly-formed ass. Her slender legs worked like a perfectly-tuned set of scissors as she turned and walked towards the back of the church. It a tremendous effort of will not to look at her ass as she walked away. If I were a Catholic, I'd already be thinking

about scheduling my next confession.

The funeral continued, and Jade never did come back. The mass finished after about a half hour, in a cloud of incense. Moments later, the congregation stood up to leave the church and file out of the exit. It was then that I noticed, for the first time, that there was a 'cry room' at the back of the church, behind glass so that those inside could see and hear the service, but screaming children wouldn't be heard by the parishioners.

My attention was instantly drawn to the left side of the first pew in the cry room. I spotted Jade again, who was still wearing a shirt for a dress, and she had a small blonde boy in her lap. Her attention was distracted a little, and she didn't seem to notice that her legs were spread a bit. I tried not to be too obvious, but there was absolutely no way I could take my eyes off of her. My eyes were suddenly microscopes, trailing their way up her perfectly sculpted calves, past the dimples of her knees, and then tracing farther and farther up her inner thighs. My heart skipped a beat as I realized that I was looking at her panties, not just shadows. My cock stiffened instantly, and I prayed silently that she didn't notice me noticing.

Nope, my prayers weren't answered. I looked up farther and caught her brilliant blue eyes fixed on mine, with a knowing smirk adorning her lips. She brought her hand up and waved at me, winking seductively. Holy damn, she was hot. I'm more of a boob man than anything else, but this woman had legs to kill for.

The congregation started moving again, and part of me was reluctant to walk away. But I did so, giving her only a smile in return as I walked away.

After the funeral, our vehicles made a convoy to the

graveside service. That service was much shorter, and consisted of just a few people saying a few kind words about the deceased, followed by workers lowering the casket into the open hole. The temperature was down to about 50 degrees, and there were considerably fewer people there than there had been at the service.

## ***Chapter 2: The Reception***

Once the service was over with, we convoyed off to the reception - which was held at the deceased's house. I'd first met Lois, my ex, over ten years ago, and we'd remained friends after figuring out that we weren't a good romantic match, so I'd been there a couple times a year ever since. I parked on the street outside of her house, then walked up the hill and made my way through the crowds into the house. While the house was large, it wasn't huge, and there were a lot of people there at the reception. I quickly realized there wasn't anything for me to help with, so I took a seat on a nearby couch, and Fred sat down next to me moments later.

About fifteen minutes later, something caught my attention from the corner of my eye. The shirt-dress girl was back, still holding the young boy she'd had in the cry room. Her eyes darted around the room, but then fixed on me. She smirked again, and kept walking to the kitchen, where the food for the reception was.

"Whoa buddy, you OK?", Fred asked. "You kind of spaced out on me there."

I rolled my eyes and retorted, "What are you, blind? The girl who thinks a shirt and a dress are the same thing just showed up."

Fred looked over towards the kitchen and didn't see anything - which would of course be the norm since the kitchen counter was in the way. I sighed and went back to our conversation, not really wanting to talk about it much further.

Inevitably, Fred got up to go to the bathroom, and I decided to get another plate of snacks. I was halfway through the kitchen when I felt a warm hand touch me at the crease of my arm, just opposite the elbow. "Hi", a sultry female voice said from my right.

I looked down, and quietly had a heart attack. The shirt-dress girl was there smiling up at me, without the little boy. I wasn't sure quite what to say, but she leaned into me for a second and said, "I'm going into the laundry room. Follow me a couple of minutes later."

She had a smile which I wasn't quite sure how to place, but I plucked a strawberry off of the fruit plate next to me and set it on top of my plate. "Sure", I said in a voice much more confident than I felt.

She let go of my hand and slipped over to the other side of the kitchen, which led to the laundry room. Lois's father had built a laundry room on the other side of the kitchen, apparently so that he could re-use the same water hookups. I glanced down at the time on my cellphone, then walked back towards the couch where Fred had already returned to.

I plopped down next to him and worked on my plate of snacks. I've always been a fast eater, but I tried to pace myself this time. I knew for a fact that I'd finish everything on the plate in about a minute if I didn't. "So, was that her?", Fred asked.

"Who?", I replied nervously.

"The girl talking to you. When she turned around, I saw

what you meant about that dress. I think it really is just a shirt”, he said.

I nodded. “Pretty sure it is.”

Fred smirked. “So, did you get busted for checking her out?”, he asked.

I shook my head. “Nah, she just wanted to know if I was part of the family”, I lied. There was no sense in getting Fred worked up into “go get her!” mode, even though he was my best friend. I’d come clean with him about what went on once I found out; either way we’d end up high-5’ing or fist pounding over it. As professional gunslingers, we’d cultivated the “grown-up frat boys” look.

Yes, I said professional gunslingers - but not in the sense you probably took it. We both work at a gun shop together, one which specializes in selling to armchair amateur Special Ranger Recon Commando Seal types with more money than sense and a love for every tactical “go-fast” gadget known to mankind. We’re both brown-haired and blue eyed white guys, although Fred was more tan because he went surfing once in a while. Fred was 5’10” and stocky, while I was a bit taller and thinner at 6’2”. We both stayed in “movie military” shape and wore muscle shirts to work, frequently trading off which one of us was growing a beard and which was clean-shaven. We were as much models as salesmen, cashing in on what video games had been telling people that “real operators” looked like for the past few years. We never claimed to be military - but the idiots who bought from us because we looked like video game characters never really asked questions. And we knew the guns we sold inside and out anyway, which worked just fine on the more intelligent customers. Today, both of us were wearing black

tactical pants. While Fred wore a somber charcoal gray shirt and a suit jacket, I was a bit more ‘out there’ and wore a black leather jacket over a skin-tight black muscle shirt. Sitting together, we’d been mistaken for brothers, Russian gangsters, and a pile of other random interesting choices. Thankfully, most of the folks here knew us, so we were just Brent and Fred.

I finished my plate quickly, then excused myself and made my way to the kitchen again while Fred was momentarily distracted by Lois’s bombshell sister (I admit, I dated the ugly one in comparison) and I managed to slip through the laundry room door unnoticed, closing it behind me.

### ***Chapter 3: The Laundry Room***

“I was beginning to think you were chicken”, said a sultry voice from behind me. I turned around slowly, trying to use the time to think of an appropriate response.

No appropriate response was possible. Jade was sitting on a chair by the washer, her legs crossed enticingly. She wore the same smirk she’d given me from the cry room, her hands folded on her lap in such a way as to pull the shirt down, covering her legs just a little bit more.

I shook my head. “Just careful. Private talks should remain private”, I replied.

Her eyebrow shot up, and one of her fingers touched her upper lip, then ran down her chin. “Mmm. And what exactly do you want to talk about?”, she asked.

I leaned against the wall, next to the door. “Well, you’re the one who asked me in here, so I think that’s for you to say. By the way, I’m Brent, and I’m not part of the family.”

“Good to hear. My name is Jade, and I think I caught you



looking up my dress.”

I shrugged. “I don’t think you can call that a dress, Jade. As far as I can tell, it’s just a long button-up dress shirt. And you can’t blame a guy for looking - it’s a strange sight, and you’re hard to ignore in it.”

Jade giggled. “This is my a dress shirt, and that still has the word ‘dress’ in it. Don’t you know it’s rude to look up a girl’s dress?”, she pressed.

I rolled my eyes and stepped closer to her. “Afraid that doesn’t count. I mean, look at this”, I said as I gestured at the open slit in the front, below the lowest button. “I couldn’t see your panties if you were wearing a dress. I’m sort of sorry that I looked in church, but you’ve got to be kidding me that you thought this was appropriate to wear.”

Jade put her hand to her chest, like a delicate Southern flower who’d just been offended. “Why, I can’t imagine why you’d call this inappropriate!”, she said in a shocked tone. Her words were accompanied by her uncrossing her legs, switching which one was on top. The scene was very Basic Instinct.

I grinned. “I can imagine a lot reasons to call it inappropriate”, I informed her. “Not the least of which is that you were wearing panties when you did that. Don’t you know you’re supposed to go commando?”

Jade’s smirk turned into a grin. “Lock the door, stud. This is going to get fun.”

I went back and pressed the lock on the door, and when I turned back around I saw that the top three buttons on Jade’s shirt had come undone. I noticed for the first time that she was wearing a push-up bra, and her cleavage was beginning to show. “Does it still look like a shirt to you?”, she asked.

I stepped towards her, nodding my head. “Yep.”

She sighed and unfastened a couple more buttons, bringing the triangle of her exposed flesh even lower. The neck of her top was now down to the bottom of her bra, which I could now see was black and padded. Her breasts were round, and even with them covered, my cock was still rock-hard. Jade pointed at the protrusion in my pants.

“I think your other head considers my dress to be appropriate”, she observed.

I smirked. “Appropriate for a strip club, perhaps”, I countered.

Jade pushed herself up out of the chair in one fluid motion, then unsnapped another button and stepped up to me, her breasts just inches away from my chest. “I think this room is about to be a tiny strip club”, she suggested.

I took in the view down her shirt and said, “Sounds good to me.”

She grinned and circled around me, then pushed me towards the chair. “Then let’s make it one. Have a seat.”

I let myself flop backwards into the chair, which was rather comfy. The seat was well padded, and it had four legs and no armrests. Jade swayed her hips back and forth as she unfastened button after button. The triangle of her exposed flesh moved farther and farther down with each button, moving down past her navel, and then exposing her panty line. A few moments later, the shirt was completely open in front and she leaned backwards, encouraging it to slide free of her thighs and trail behind her as like a cape. In the meantime, I took advantage of the pose and noted that her pussy was already worked up; there was a small wet spot darkening the black panties just under her vagina. And

more surprisingly, there was a C-section scar just above her panty line. I dismissed it as a concern; her body was absolutely smoldering hot, and I didn't give a rip about a scar or two.

Jade began walking her hips swaying and the shirt / dress / whatever trailing behind her as she approached me. Within seconds she was right there in front of me, spreading her legs across my lap to straddle me, her cleavage right in my face.

“Are we playing this by club rules, or make out rules?”, I asked her.

Jade gave me a knowing smirk. “Club rules, for now. So, no hands”, she said.

I looked down and admired the view; with the woman sitting in my lap, I had a perfect view of her breasts and her face. Her lips were a pinkish-red, the only really noticeable makeup which she wore.

She ground her pussy against me, and I could feel the heat she was keeping inside of her. My cock responded instantly, stiffening almost painfully underneath her. I thrust back a little, my head lined up with her pussy. Jade let out a breath and ground back, biting her lip just a little as she ground against me. I wanted to bring my arms up, but moments later she shrugged off her “dress”, now sitting on me in nothing more than her bra and panties. She leaned back a little so that she could see me, and kept grinding on me. Her hands were exploring underneath my jacket at this point, pushing it out of the way as she enjoyed the view of the muscle shirt I had underneath.

“Damn”, Jade exclaimed.

“Foam latex. It's all fake”, I lied as her fingers traced the lines of my pecs.

“Bullshit”, Jade retorted. She pushed at my jacket, trying to

open it further, and I took the hint. I slid first one arm, then the other out of it. Jade looked admiringly from one side to the other. “You know those club rules we agreed to?”, she asked.

I nodded, looking into her blue eyes expectantly.

She held onto my shoulders at arm’s length as she looked down at my chest. “Forget ‘em”, she declared flatly.

I immediately brought my arms up and wrapped them around her slender waist. Jade shuddered at the feel of my skin on hers, and started yanking at my shirt. I pulled it up and off, baring my chest just before she pressed her waist against mine. I felt heat radiating from her bare midriff as she pressed herself against me, and I swear sparks of electricity shot between our bodies as we finally embraced. I wrapped my hands around her, running them up and down her back briefly before I settled on the clasp of her brassiere and unhooked it. The bra straps fell limply down, dangling uselessly as I ran my hands through the newly opened territory. I felt her bare back, and brought my hands around and forward, just brushing the sides of her tits as her bra slid away from my fingers.

Jade took a moment to lean back, and I took the top straps in my fingers, sliding them over her arms so that the under garment slid down her arms towards me. Jade smiled and tossed it away to the side, then put her hands back on my shoulders so that I could admire her breasts. There were a few stretch marks on them, and her aureole were large and pale pink, the size of silver dollars. They were actually lighter than her skin, and her nipples barely stuck out from her breasts.

Now it was my turn to say, “damn”. Jade grinned and pressed herself against me, letting me savor the sensation of her body pressed against me. I wrapped my arm around her and

pulled her to me, and the heat of our bodies rose instantaneously. I could still feel her pussy grinding against my crotch, protected by the only piece of clothing she was presently wearing. She bucked her hips, grinding against me firmly.

I explored down her back, my hand burrowing into her panties from behind to cradle her ass. Jade closed her eyes and threw her head back, grinding deliberately against me as she ground harder. She leaned back a little and slipped her fingers down the front of her panties, rubbing her clit enthusiastically. I loved the fact that she was getting off in my lap, but I was starting to get uncomfortable as my hard-on was grinding against her mound. But looking into her eyes as her breath started to come faster and faster, I decided to wait until she was done. It didn't take long: Jade brought up her other hand to her mouth and muffled herself as she came, her shriek vibrating against it and not traveling outside of the room. She blinked, her barely-focused eyes looking into mine as she stopped masturbating, taking her hand out of her panties.

I looked down at her soaked black panties, which were dampening my pants at this point. "Good thing this is the laundry room", I remarked.

Jade looked down, mortified that she'd left a mark on my pants. "Oh shit, I'm sorry", she said as she stood up.

I shrugged as I stood up as well, then undid my belt and dropped my pants to the floor. "No big deal; it happens every time I catch a girl wearing a shirt to a funeral."

Jade ran her fingers down from my navel to my boxers, her fingers lingering over the bulge which was trying desperately to get out from there. "Oh wow. I did this?", she asked.

I shrugged. "It wasn't the Easter bunny."

Jade looked up at me and smirked, practically nude. “Why don’t you have a seat again? At least we don’t have pants in the way now.”

I sat down and said, “Just to warn you, the grinding was rubbing me a little raw. Might not be able to do much more.”

“I bet silk won’t be as rough as your pants were”, she said as she sat down on me again. She slid experimentally on my lap, and she was right. Her pussy was hot and wet, and I could feel it right through my underwear. It was only a few moments before my erection was back to full force, and had escaped from my boxers through the fly. Jade smirked and kept going, lining up my cock against her slit and rubbing it, letting her wetness seep through the silk panties and lubricate my shaft. I started breathing faster as she ground, getting more and more into it by the moment. Just as I was beginning to feel my orgasm around the corner, she stopped. “You might as well take off your underwear”, she said as she dismounted.

I nodded and slipped my boxers down, sliding them down my legs and setting them on top of her shirt. Jade looked down at my cock and nodded in approval, her panties still tucked by my cock into her vulva in a ridiculous camel toe. She spread her legs again and sat down on top of me, this time taking my cock and positioning it against her panties directly. “If you can get through these, you can fuck me”, she announced.

My cock took that as a challenge. I gripped her waist and pulled her towards me, and I felt her pussy respond. I could even see it as she leaned back, leaving just enough space to see my cock as its head pressed hard against her panties. It was only moments before its head sank into her wetness, and a squishing sound came from her pussy as my cock pressed insistently

against it. The material was cotton, and it had soaked up enough of her juices that it almost felt like I was fucking her at this point. I was entering her just a fraction of an inch, and the panties had formed a wrapper around it. Jade closed her eyes in ecstasy and reached down to finger herself again, strumming on her clit furiously as I thrust against her pussy harder and harder. I felt myself entering her deeper and deeper, and the panties were pulling in; the lips of her pussy were almost entirely exposed at this point. I pulled Jade a little closer to me and locked my lips onto her right breast, sucking on it as she strummed on her clit. She didn't have a free hand at this point; her other hand was holding into my shoulder for balance. I could see a crisis in her eyes as she began to breathe faster, her orgasm beginning to come as I stabbed my cock towards her pussy. Moments later, she let out a muffled whimper as she tried not to scream. I could see her begging with her eyes, pleading, and I granted her request. I brought up my other hand and clamped it over her mouth just before she opened her mouth and screamed into it. She was breathing fast, and my hand vibrated with the muffled screams as she let loose, the sounds reduced to the point where they wouldn't be noticed over conversation in the next room.

Her pussy let loose at this moment, letting her hot juices drip out of her. It wasn't quite a squirt, but it was all my cock needed. Wet, stretched, and now soaked, I felt her panties begin to give way before my cock's relentless assault. I took my hand off of her mouth as her orgasm died down, and slipped it behind her ass and pulled. I thrust as hard as I could, and felt the panties give just a little bit more. Jade looked down into my eyes, her own eyes widening as she felt what was starting

between us. She opened her mouth to say something as I pulled back, but then clamped her eyes shut and took in a sharp breath as I thrust again, finally tearing a hole through her cotton panties and plunging fully into her hot, wet pussy. I pulled her to me, one hand around her ass and the other around her lower waist, as I made her mine, owning her body completely in this moment.

Jade wrapped her arms around me and squeezed, pressing our bodies tight against each other as we were finally joined, our flesh molding around each other in a dance as old as our species. We didn't talk, I just thrust. I could feel the remnants of her panties wrapped around the base of my cock, still damp with her juices but no longer providing any kind of obstacle.

I buried myself inside of her, my cock straining for release. Jade opened her mouth to breathe, and I stopped her by pulling her head down and kissing her. At first hesitant, she threw herself into it. Moments later, she broke free and gasped out, "Floor."

I didn't need any encouragement. I lifted us up from the chair, her slight body presenting little impediment to me. I took a step or two to get some distance, and then dropped down onto a pile of clean clothes to soften the fall. Jade gasped as the shock of the landing was transmitted into her pussy through my cock, then I used my weight to roll us over. There was no reason to fuck on top of my ex's clothes, particularly since she'd just lost her father. There was a brief pang of guilt as I remembered that this was supposed to be a funeral, but the feeling of Jade's pussy on my cock was enough to make me push away the guilt to focus on this.

We rolled over and over, winding up on the carpet with me on the bottom and her on top. I ran my hands from her ass cheek



to her shoulder, enjoying the sensation of her warmth pressing against me as I entered her. I thrust again and again, her pussy wide open and accepting me as I worked my way up to my orgasm. Jade was breathing faster and faster, and grinding her crotch against me in a way which made me pretty sure she was getting her clit rubbed. My cock felt it would bust any moment as it swelled inside her, as her pussy juices dripped out with every stroke. A familiar fire began to build up within me, concentrating in my lower abdomen and slowly edging ever closer to my cock. I began breathing faster as I got close, and Jade responded in kind. I could feel a new tension around my cock as her pussy began clenching around it and releasing, her pre-orgasm coaxing my shaft, milking it for my cargo of sperm. Jade opened her eyes and looked into mine, thrusting deliberately and watching my face intensely. It was more than I could take; my hands flew down to her ass and crushed her to me, driving my cock deep within her as I felt my orgasm reach its climax.

My cock was all the way inside her spasming pussy when I came, dumping ounces of thick sperm into her willing and ready pussy. This time Jade couldn't help but cry out; she let out a gasp of pleasure as I finished my intimate invasion of her body. While we were all present to mourn a death, we fucked for life. At least, that's what I realized in the aftermath, as we split apart our heaving, panting, exhausted bodies.

My cock got hung up on the devastated remains of her panties, pulling them towards me. They were a sopping wet mess, with a hole in the center where my dick had rammed its way through on the way to her pussy. Jade rolled over and lay on her back, her knees slightly elevated as she looked around

frantically. I figured out what she was looking for and tossed her a box of tissues. She slid her panties off, then pulled out some tissues and hurriedly began to dab at her vaginal area, trying desperately to catch our commingled fluids before they could flow out far enough to drip onto the floor.

“Shit”, she said. “We got carried away.”

I put my boxers back on, then held up her panties to the light. “Never underestimate a dick’s ability to overcome obstacles, as long as there’s a vagina on the other side”, I observed. My cock had successfully punched a ragged quarter-sized hole through her panties, and her vaginal juices had soaked a bull’s eye around the hole.

Jade took a look at her panties and swore softly. “I should have taken those off”, she said as she stood up, letting the sexual fluids drip more freely from her vagina.

“That’s probably why good girls wear more than just a shirt and panties to a funeral”, I observed.

She threw one of the wadded-up tissues at me, and I ducked it reflexively. When I looked back at her, her hands were on her hips, all modesty gone. Her tits were proudly exposed to the open air, and the delicate line of her trimmed pussy was visible as she stood with her legs slightly spread. “I suppose that good girls don’t get cheated on by their husbands either?”, she inquired.

I slipped my shirt back on. “I’m all ears for this one”, I said.

Jade rolled her eyes and sighed. “Well, you saw my little boy earlier. A couple of months ago, I found out that when I was pregnant with him, my husband slept with another woman because he didn’t want to fuck me until I got my body back. I

found out about it last month when his paychecks suddenly got smaller. He got her pregnant, and she stuck him for child support. If it weren't for that, I'd never have known."

I winced. "Why don't you just leave him, then?", I asked.

She shrugged. "Maybe I will, maybe I won't. But I'm certainly going to have an affair or two on him before I make up my mind."

Jade's hand ran down to her pussy, and she grimaced as she felt more of my cum dripping out. She left a tissue down there and ran her hand over her flat belly, caressing it gently. "As for this, Brent, don't worry. If I get pregnant, I'm not coming after you for the child support. I'd rather twist the knife by making him pay for both of my kids if we do divorce."

She bent over and picked up her bra, then slipped it over her shoulders and turned her back to me. I stepped up and hooked it for her, admiring as I did the sinuous curve of her neck and shoulders. She turned around, the V of her bra bunching up her cleavage and pointing downward at her navel and the lower, deeper V of her pelvis. I drank in the sight of her body as if it were a fine wine. "We must do this again some time", I said.

Jade smiled shyly. "Well, at least until I make up my mind", she said.

I held up her panties, looking at her through the hole in the center. "I imagine this will present a problem for you, given what you're wearing", I pointed out.

Jade shuddered. "Well, you *did* have to go converting them to crotchless. Why don't you hold onto them, sport? War trophy." Jade bent over and rooted through the pile of laundry on the floor, trying to find something she could wear. The years since my breakup with Lois hadn't been kind to her, and there

was no way that Jade's slender hips could hold Lois's panties. But her hotter sister was about the same size and had been staying at the house since her father's death. Jade found a pair of black panties which were close enough to her size, then pulled them up. She was incredibly hot in her underwear, and she picked up her dress shirt and slid it on. She started buttoning it up and asked, "How do I look?"

I looked her over - her hair was wild, her lipstick was smudged, and she looked like she'd just got done fucking a guy at a party. "You should probably clean up a little. Take a look in the mirror over there", I said, gesturing towards a mirror on the wall. I stepped into my tactical pants, one leg at a time, as she maneuvered herself over to the mirror and then gasped in horror.

"Shit! I can't go out like this!", she exclaimed.

I pulled up my pants, then buckled my belt and picked up my jacket. "Anything I can do for you?", I asked.

She sighed. "You can kick that window out and help me through it so I can drive away", she said.

I shook my head. "I'm afraid the grieving family wouldn't appreciate the broken window. That, and your son is probably wondering where you're at by now."

Jade thought about it for a second. "I think my boy messed up my hair", she said with a smirk as I slipped my jacket on.

I walked over to her and ran my hand through her hair to smooth it. She tossed her head and smiled back at me, then kissed me on the lips. I circled my arms around her lower back slowly and pressed her to me, enjoying this final embrace.

"Wanna do this again?", Jade asked.

I smirked and reached into my wallet, fished out one of my

business cards, and handed it to her. “Text messages are best for a quick response, in case I’m with a customer at the shop. Make sure you tell me who you are the first time, though, so I can add you.”

Jade smirked and pulled her bra out a little, flashing me her nipple for a moment as she slipped my card inside. She kissed me and said, “I’ll get in touch soon. I’m pretty sure I’m fertile right now, and the more I think about it, the more I want to have your baby to get back at my husband.”

I smiled and said, “Well, at least I’m STD-free. But I’d prefer you don’t do anything risky if we’re going to do this regularly though. You know, like fucking a guy you just met at a funeral. A funeral you showed up to in nothing but a shirt and underwear, for that matter.”

Jade blushed. “It’s a dress, Brent. Now, we need to leave here a few minutes apart, so it doesn’t raise suspicion.”

“Shirt, Jade. There’s no way that’s anything other than a shirt”, I said as my hand slipped between the flaps on the front of her ‘dress’ and massaged her pussy through her borrowed panties. Jade’s eyes widened and she slapped my hand away. “Don’t you go getting me started again!”, she hissed.

I chuckled and held up my phone. “Text me right away, and I’ll message you as soon as the coast looks clear. I’ll keep an eye on the door from the outside.”

“Seems you may have done this a time or two before”, Jade said suspiciously.

I shrugged. “I’m single, what can I say? Anyway, I’ll be back.”

She pressed herself flat against a cabinet to shield herself from view as I cracked the door open and discretely slipped out.

There were a number of people out in the kitchen, but I walked out as if I owned the place. No one seemed to look at it afterwards.

I sat down on the couch I'd abandoned earlier, and a few moments later my phone buzzed as Jade messaged me. I saved her contact info, then let her know that I was watching the kitchen and would let her know as soon as the people who'd seen me leave had circulated.

Fred spotted me, and meandered over to the couch again. "Hey bud, where'd you go?", he asked.

I turned to him with a smirk. "Details tonight, my friend. Let's just say I owe you dinner for a white lie, and she wasn't asking if I was family."

Fred's face was blank. "Who's 'she'?", he asked.

My attention was drawn to the side, as Lois raised her voice over in the living room and people migrated over to listen. She was talking about her father, what he'd meant to her, and that everyone who wanted a copy of the family photos she'd scanned could write their address in her book and she'd send them one. I quickly sent Jade a text message telling her no one was looking at the laundry room anymore. Seconds later, the laundry room door cracked open slowly, and Jade slipped out, giving me a furtive look which drew Fred's attention.

Fred looked over and saw me looking at her, and her looking at me. Moments later, I felt his elbow jab my lower ribs gently. "All of the details", he said under his breath.

I smirked and joined the applause after Lois finished her little speech. A lot of the family were relatively distant relations, so for some of them they'd have learned more about her father after his death than they knew about him during his life.

## ***Chapter 4: The Aftermath***

I left the party half an hour or so later, and my phone buzzed with an incoming text message as soon as I was on the road. Jade had already made a list of the times which would work for her for our next encounter, and was asking if any of them looked good for me.

I read it, then smiled and set the phone on the seat until I pulled into the driveway of my apartment.

That evening, I had dinner with Fred and spared no details. He was impressed, and as soon as I got home from dinner, Jade came over to my place for 'dessert' while her husband and son thought she was going to the gym. Over the course of the next week, I fucked Jade almost every day. Sometimes I'd take a lunch break, sometimes she came by after work, and once she woke me up in the morning instead of going to the gym. It didn't really surprise me when, two weeks after the funeral, she showed me a positive pregnancy test and reiterated her intent to make her husband unknowingly raise my child.

“So, what does that mean for us?”, I asked her. For the past week, we'd been having sex at least once, if not twice a day.

Jade blinked at me and moved my hand over on top of her flat, firm belly. “That depends, doesn't it? Because I get horny when I'm pregnant, and my husband won't even touch me once I start to show. You wouldn't want me to go unsatisfied, would you?”

How do you respond to that? Well, I know how I did: I fucked her senseless, then affirmed my desire to repeat it as often as necessary for the next nine months.

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You've just read "*She Only Wore a Shirt To the Funeral*", which is the first free story I've written in 2013. As mentioned above, everything from the point where she catches him looking, onward through the end of the story, is fictional. Everything before that *actually happened*, and the girl on the cover looks disturbingly close to what I actually saw at that funeral mass.

Check my blog at <http://haramiru.wordpress.com/> for a list of all my stories, both free and commercial. My works lean towards impregnation / breeding erotica, and they alternate between fantasy, science fiction, and real-world scenarios. You can also keep tabs on my new releases by following me at @haramiru on Twitter.

"*Winning the Genetic Lottery*" is my most recent eBook. In it, a bored office worker replies to an internet posting asking what he'd do with a billion dollars. He chooses to say that he'd get more women pregnant than any man in history, but has no idea that he's actually replying to a trillionaire who takes a certain perverse pleasure in making people make good on their promises.

"*Progenitor*" was my first major story. It follows the life of a World War 2 veteran who lived a full life, then died of old age. But after his death, his consciousness re-awakened in a body customized by aliens to spread the next stage of human evolution. He reappears on Earth, and now his pheromones make him irresistible to women. But that's nothing compared to what the nano-technology in his new body does: it alters the human reproductive cycle so that every woman he impregnates, gives birth to eggs which other women then carry to term.



“*Merlin’s Magic Wang*” is probably my most famous story. What if a woman could get pregnant from being eye-fucked? That's the question which this story answers, as a college student receives a wooden ring created by the wizard Merlin. The ring is a magic portal which leads to the vagina of any woman its owner is thinking of at the time he slips it onto his dick. Its new owner is conflicted, but the portal's use is addictive, and soon he realizes that his will is no longer his own. The sequel is “*Morgan's Curse*”, and there's no reason to subject you to spoilers, so I won't.