

She Only Wore a Shirt to the Funeral

By Ken Haramiru

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This is a free story. Please check out my other titles if you enjoyed this one.

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 attended a funeral for my ex-girlfriend’s father. Her father had immigrated from Germany as a

young man, and he'd lived a full life and raised two large Catholic families thanks to a divorce late in life. I'd never met most of his first family, but there were a lot of smoking hot women, several of whom were in their 20s and 30s. Hitler himself would have been proud of the dozen or so intensely fuckable blondes at the funeral, each of which were paragons of Teutonic beauty. I wasn't sure which of the women were related to him and which weren't, but all of them drew my attention. But as attractive as they were, none of them made as much of an impression as the one named Jade.

I was seated on a pew near the back of the church, next to my friend and business partner Fred. There were people in the pew in front of us, and they'd left some space on the end for someone who hadn't arrived yet. Just before the service started, Jade showed up. She was yet another smoking hot Teutonic blonde, probably around 30 years old, with shoulder-length hair which was either a perfect light yellow blonde 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. Her frame was slight, and she wore what looked like a natural light tan acquired from laying out on the beach. I noticed at first 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 would've been unremarkable if she'd worn leggings or yoga pants with it, but her long, slender legs were impossible not to notice. She looked like she was dressed for bed, not a funeral.

My mind raced, trying to figure out why she'd chosen to come to the funeral wearing no more than a shirt - and as she sat down, my eyes went wide in disbelief as I caught a flash of panties and the hip cut-outs on the shirt revealed an amazing amount of her legs. I'm not sure if she noticed me noticing her, but even as the priest drew our attention by walking to the altar in the front of the church, I couldn't get it out of my head. Moments after she sat down, the actual funeral mass began.

Halfway through the service, the blonde in the shirt stood up and edged her way out into 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 quietly towards the back of the church. Not turning my head to watch her ass as she walked away required tremendous willpower. Had I been a Catholic, I'd have been formulating my next confession already at this point.

The funeral went on, talking about the deceased, and the blonde never did come back. A cloud of incense wrapped up the service after about a half hour, and the congregation stood up to file out of the exit. As I was on my way out, I noticed 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. The blonde was there, still wearing a shirt for a dress, but with 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 they scanned 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 some kind words about the deceased, followed by workers lowering the casket into the open hole. The temperature had dipped 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, our convoy rolled off to the reception - which was held at the deceased's house. Ten years ago I'd first met Lois, my ex-girlfriend, here. We'd figured out quickly that we

weren't a good romantic match, but we clicked as friends so I'd been to the house a couple times a year ever since. Her house was on top of a hill, and I parked on the street at its base and walked up to the house, passing a few people. The house was large without being huge, and there were a *lot* of people at the reception. I checked in with Lois and made sure she didn't need any help, then took a seat on a couch near the kitchen to people-watch. Moments later, Fred materialized out of the crowd and sat down next to me to chat about work.

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 briefly, then kept walking to the kitchen and the snack bar.

"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 from church 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.

Eventually, 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 my 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, this time without the little boy. I wasn’t sure quite what to say, but she leaned towards me for a second and said, “I’m going into the laundry room. Follow me a couple 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 on both sides of the walls. 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. Our work environment reinforced the "grown-up frat boy" mindset, which was to be expected from professional gunslingers.

Yes, I said professional gunslingers - but not in *that* sense. Fred and I own 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). A glance showed that Fred was still focused on Lois's sister, so I quietly opened the laundry room door and vanished inside 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 - we look because it’s weird, then we can’t look away because you’re gorgeous.”

Jade giggled. “This is a dress shirt, which 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 it 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 if you say you weren’t trying to show off a little.”

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 grin turned into a smirk. "Lock the door, stud. This is going to get interesting."

I took a step backwards and clicked the door lock shut, and by the time I turned around again, 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. More than ever."

She sighed and unfastened a couple more buttons, and the triangular window of cleavage grew even larger. 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 the sight had already made my cock 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 going to turn into a tiny strip club,” she suggested, looking at me for confirmation.

I took in the view down her shirt and said, “I won’t complain any.”

She grinned and circled around me, then pushed me towards the chair. “Then have a seat.”

I flopped backwards into the chair, idly noticing as I landed that it was well padded and comfy, with no armrests.

My attention was drawn away from the chair a split second later as Jade began to sway her hips back and forth as her hands began to unfasten the top button on her shirt. 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 like a cape. In the meantime, I took advantage of the pose and noticed that her pussy was already worked up; there was a small spot of moisture darkening the black panties just under her vagina. There was a small C-section scar just above her panty line, and a few stretch marks spider webbing across her perfectly flat, toned midriff.

Jade strutted towards me, her hips swaying as the shirt / dress / whatever trailed behind her. 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 our own 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 Jade sitting in my lap, I had a perfect view of her breasts and her face. Her lips were a pinkish-red, and otherwise she was either not wearing makeup or amazingly good at making it look natural.

She ground her pussy against me, and I could feel the heat she kept inside it. My cock responded instantly, stiffening almost painfully as she rubbed against it. 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 her pussy rubbed against me. I wanted to bring my arms up, but moments later she shrugged off her “dress”, leaving her 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.

As her fingers traced over my shirt along the lines of my pecs, I lied and said, “Foam latex. It’s all fake.”

“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 free. Jade looked admiringly at my shoulders from one side to the other. “You know those club rules we agreed to?” she asked.

I nodded, looking into her blue eyes expectantly.

Jade rested her hands on my shoulders, holding herself at arm’s length for a few moments as she looked down at my chest. She brought her head up and looked into my eyes and declared, “Forget ‘em.”

It was like I’d just been released from handcuffs. My arms whipped upwards and wrapped themselves around her slender waist, scooting her butt forward a little bit. I could feel the heat from her pussy pressing against my lower pelvis as her weight shifted, and Jade shuddered. Her arms snaked down to my waist and she tugged at my shirt. I lifted my arms, and she peeled the shirt up and off of my chest an instant before she pressed herself up against me. I managed to disentangle my arms from the shirt, and then tossed the shirt onto the ground and wrapped my arms

around Jade again. I could feel heat radiating from her skin, and I swear that the air crackled with electrical sparks as we embraced. I ran my hands up and down her back briefly before they settled on the clasp of her brassiere and unhooked it. Her bra straps fell limply down, dangling uselessly as I ran my hands up and down the length of her spine. I felt her bare back, and brought my hands around and forward, just brushing the sides of her breasts as her bra slid away from my fingers.

Jade leaned backwards, letting me have a spectacular view of her body before I hooked the top bra straps with my fingers, sliding them over her arms so that the undergarment slid down her arms towards me. Jade smiled and tossed it away, then rested her palms 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 tanned skin, and her nipples barely protruded 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 skin against mine. I wrapped my arm around her and pulled her to me, kindling the fire and raising the heat of our bodies instantaneously. I could

still feel her pussy grinding against my crotch, protected by the only piece of clothing she had left. Jade bucked her hips, grinding against me firmly.

I explored down her back, my hand burrowing under 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 my hard-on grinding against her mound was getting uncomfortable. But looking into her eyes as her breath started to come faster and faster, I decided to wait until she was done before saying anything. 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 and took her hand out of her panties.

I looked down at her soaked black panties, which were seeping through to 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 escape. “Oh, wow. I did this?” she asked.

I shrugged. “It wasn’t the Easter bunny.”

Jade looked up at me and smirked, still nude except for her panties. “Why don’t you have a seat again? At least we don’t have your 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.”

Jade rubbed her hand on her panties. “I bet these 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 my fly. Jade smirked and kept going, lining up my cock against her slit and rubbing it, letting her wetness seep through her panties to 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 her pussy responded. I could see her slit as she leaned back, leaving just enough space to watch as my penis’s 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, unable to penetrate but determined to keep trying. 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 me. 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 the panties giving just a little bit more with each thrust, 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.

Jade 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 give way and rip, my cock's relentless assault tearing a hole right through them. 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 her panties give just a little bit more. Jade looked down into my eyes, her own eyes widening as she felt what was happening. 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. 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 like felt it would erupt any moment, and more of her juices dripped out of her 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.

Spent, we clung together for a few moments as we caught our breath. It must have been a few minutes, but it felt like only seconds when Jade started moving.

My cock got hung up on the devastated remains of her panties, pulling them towards me as Jade lifted herself off of 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 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 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 what I’m doing next,” 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.”

Jade shuddered. “Well, you’re the one who decided to convert 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 Lois’s hotter sister was about the same size as Jade, 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?”

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 that 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.

I started to reply, but then Lois raised her voice over in the living room and people started walking over to listen. She started 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 email address in the guestbook. I quickly sent Jade a text message telling her that everyone was distracted, and seconds later she stepped out furtively.

Fred noticed 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 in reply, and joined the applause after Lois finished her little speech. A lot of the more distant family had learned more about her father at his funeral than they had during his life, and it'd been an impressive life. The applause went on for quite a while.

Chapter 4: The Aftermath

I left the party half an hour later, and my phone buzzed with an incoming text message just as I reached the road. Jade had already made a list of the times which would work for our next encounter, and

asked if any of them looked good for me.

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

That evening, Fred and I went out for dinner and I spared no details of the laundry room encounter. He was impressed, and even more so that by the time we finished, Jade was on her way 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 meet her on my lunch break, sometimes she came by after work, and once she woke me up in the morning. 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 onto the top of her flat, firm belly. “That depends, doesn’t it? Because I get horny when I’m pregnant, and if it’s like last time, my husband won’t even *touch* me once I start showing. 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.

###

Epilogue

You've just read "*She Only Wore a Shirt To the Funeral*", which was the first new free story I'd written after going commercial. As mentioned above, everything after he sees her back in the cry room is fictional. Everything before that actually happened, and the woman in the cover art is actually a pretty good likeness of what I actually saw at that funeral mass. Brent Allen's next adventure is also based upon a real life experience of mine, and it's titled "*She Wore Shorts to the Gas Station*" - and due to popular demand - yes, there *will* be another story between Brent and Jade.

For a list of all my stories, check <http://haramiru.com/my-writings/>. I write mostly impregnation / breeding erotica, and my settings alternate between fantasy, science fiction, and contemporary scenarios. You can also keep tabs on my new releases by following me at [@haramiru](#) on

Twitter, or via [my Facebook page](#).

And now, a brief summary of my other stories:

[“Winning the Genetic Lottery”](#) is what happens when 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 he's saying that to a trillionaire who takes a certain perverse pleasure in making people make good on their promises.

[“Cupid's Armorer”](#) reveals that as the average human heart grows harder with each passing decade, “Happily Ever After” has become a rare dream. Now Cupid's arrows can barely scratch the surface, and St. Michael gives the Cupids one last chance: Clint Mauser, an Army armorer recently killed in Afghanistan. If he can re-arm the Cupids with guns capable of piercing even modern humans' armor-plated hearts, maybe “Happily Ever After” will be more than just a fairy tale again. And he just may win the heart of a beautiful but damaged angel in the process.

[“Progenitor”](#) follows the life of a World War 2 veteran who died of old age, and re-awakened in a body designed by aliens to spread the next stage of human evolution. 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, lays a clutch of eggs minutes after having sex! The story continues in [“Progenitor 2”](#), where he starts trying to set up an identity - a difficult task when every woman he encounters wants to rip his clothes off!

[“Cum In Me If You Want To Live”](#) - 47 years in the future, an AI named Worldnet will make Earth a peaceful paradise. Unfortunately, the alien Solrani will attack shortly thereafter. Desperate, Worldnet finds an alternate reality where the Solrani were defeated because of thirteen key people who were never born in its reality. Worldnet sends its most advanced infiltrator back to our time in order to ensure that the thirteen are conceived - even if she must do it herself!

[“Merlin’s Magic Wang”](#) asks, “what if a woman could get pregnant from being eye-fucked?” A

college student receives a wooden ring, which turns out to be a magic portal which leads into the vagina of any woman its owner is thinking of at the time he slips it over his penis. The student is conflicted, but the portal is addictive, and soon he realizes that his will is no longer his own. The sequel is "[Morgan's Curse](#)", and there's a prequel called "[Evil Takes Wang](#)".