

The Lawyer (part 2, the Funeral) by Andrea Slip

A photo story by Andrea Slip



It was an unusual will, very unusual, with some very specific instructions for the widow

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Due to Covid and the high death toll it was another month before Mr Lewdanski's funeral took place at Weybridge Crematorium. I had trouble deciding what to wear. I did not really want to go all out black as I knew that was what Wendy would be wearing.



I decided to go with matching white panties, bra, suspenders, and a cute little white half-slip.



Hosiery was sheer black stockings, of course, and black heels.



I put on my black skirt and a new lacy white top. When I looked in the mirror, I realised just how thin the white blouse was. It was almost completely sheer except for some little white hearts. I thought that perhaps I should wear a camisole or a full slip to be more discrete and stop everyone staring at my lacy bra and boobs, although some men might quite like that view.



I found a white camisole and tried that on. It looked much better, now everyone could stare at my lacy camisole instead but at least my cleavage would not show quite so much. I pulled my sheer blouse down over my camisole.



As I adjusted my slip and stockings I wondered if Wendy was putting on her black slip and French knickers at the same time as me.

As it turned out I was right. Wendy had just put on some seamed black stockings, and a full-length black slip, as required by the conditions of the will. She had a photo of me in my black slip, bra, suspenders, French knickers, and seamed stockings to refer to just in case she had forgotten. I had been required to demonstrate, in my office, to Wendy what she had to wear to the funeral as required by Mr Lewdanski.





If only I had been there to see her just before she put her skirt and blouse on.

I imagined her lifting her slip to adjust her stockings. Enough imagination, I had a funeral to get ready for.

It was a warm day. I had taken a black jacket but left it in the car when I got to Weybridge Crematorium. There were only a dozen or so people, some family, and some business associates. Numbers were still restricted due to the Covid-19 restrictions in place at the time.

The hearse had arrived just as I got to the door. Wendy was at the front of the queue waiting to go into the chapel. I did not get the chance to speak to her, I probably would afterwards.

I could already see that she was wear a sheer patterned blouse and pleated black skirt. I could see a black bra slip through the top of her sheer blouse. Her hosiery was black and seamed. It was not obvious whether she was wearing seamed stockings or tights. I was getting hard.

She had definitely compiled with most of the special instructions in the will, but there were a couple of things I needed to check that would require a closer inspection later. I followed the other mourners into the chapel and then the coffin came in last.





I crept into the chapel and sat at the back. As I looked down to see the lacy white hem of my slip and my lacy stocking tops showing through my thin black skirt. I loved the colour contrast of my slip showing against my black stockings.



There was a man further along my row, he smiled when he noticed my peeping slip. He looked vaguely familiar; I think he might have been a business associate of Mr Lewdanski. I left my skirt and slip as they were during the service. It was a humanist service, no hymns, no singing, no prayers and quite short, it suited me perfectly. Due to the need to clean the chapel between funerals the time slot was limited to 20 minutes per funeral anyway.

Mrs Lewdansky stood just outside the door of the chapel just after the service finished to greet everyone. I was last one out.

“Thanks for coming,” said Wendy, “Look at the flowers with me when the others are heading off.” She winked at me.





I hung back and let the family look at the flowers laid out by the funeral director. There was to be no wake (Covid restrictions again) so no one was in a hurry. The Lewdanski's did not have any children but I think a brother and sister-in-law were chatting to Wendy. Her sister-in-law looked cross.

The man who had looked vaguely familiar saw me standing on my own and came over to chat to me. He introduced himself as John Catcher. It turned out we had met before at a business function before. He was a partner in one of Mr Lewdanski's businesses. No handshake, just a little wave of hello. Would handshakes ever come back?

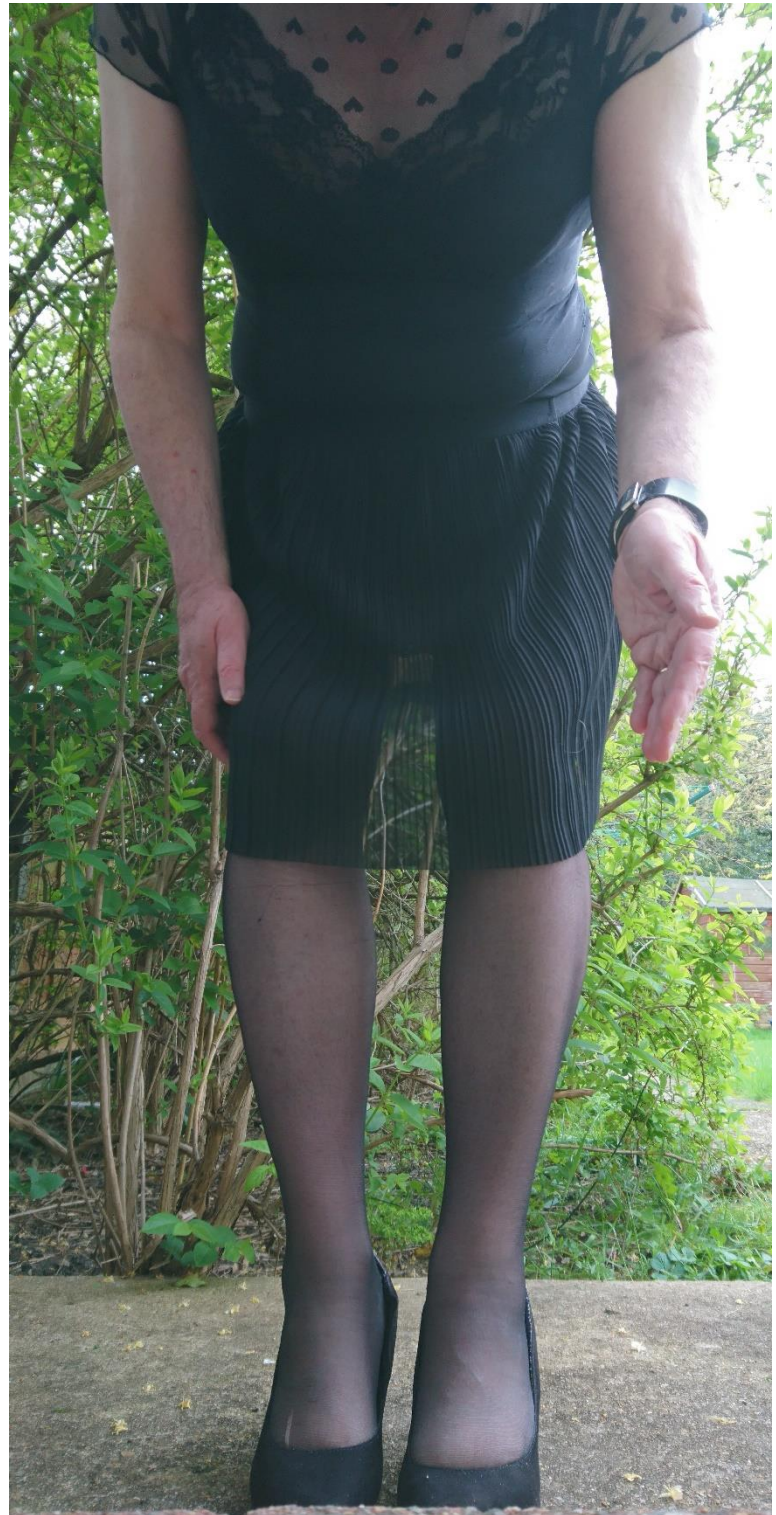


John kept looking at my lingerie showing through my sheer blouse and smiling. He said he wanted to meet with me about the business that he had jointly owned with Mr Lewdansky. He knew that it would default to him with Mr Lewdanski's passing, as that was in their partnership agreement. I already knew that because I remembered writing it. We exchanged business cards and agreed to meet once probate was settled. He headed off to the car park, with a smile on his face. I think he really liked seeing my lacy camisole through my thin blouse, I had made the right choice of outfit.

The other mourners were saying goodbye to Wendy. There was no wake, of course, but Wendy promised when things got back to normal, she would hold a party to celebrate Lew's life. I hung back to make sure I spoke to Wendy last.

"I can see you complied with the dress code, Wendy. Your black slip shows through your blouse nicely, everyone could tell you are wearing a slip."

"My sister-in-law was a bit snooty about my sheer blouse and my slip being on show. Not quite suitable for a funeral she said. I said it was a special request by her brother that everyone had to see me in my slip, a condition of the will I said. Not quite true, I know, but it shut her up. She sniffed and said well, yes that sounds like Will trying to get his own way, even after he has passed away. Imagine if I had not worn a slip with this blouse and skirt. Now let us look at the flowers, Karen."





Actually, I could imagine Wendy without the black slip. Her bra would show through and maybe even her French knickers. I was getting hard again. It was a good job that there were only the two of us left, everyone else had gone back to the car park.



Then I clocked it, Wendy and I were actually wearing the same blouse and skirt, except that her blouse and lingerie was black, my blouse and lingerie was white. I knew just how sheer the black pleated skirt was, so if she had gone to the funeral without the black slip, I would have found out something about non-compliance with the dress regulations. As Wendy crouched down to look at the flowers, I discovered just what that non-compliance was.

"I have been a naughty girl, Miss Jones. I didn't wear black French knickers."

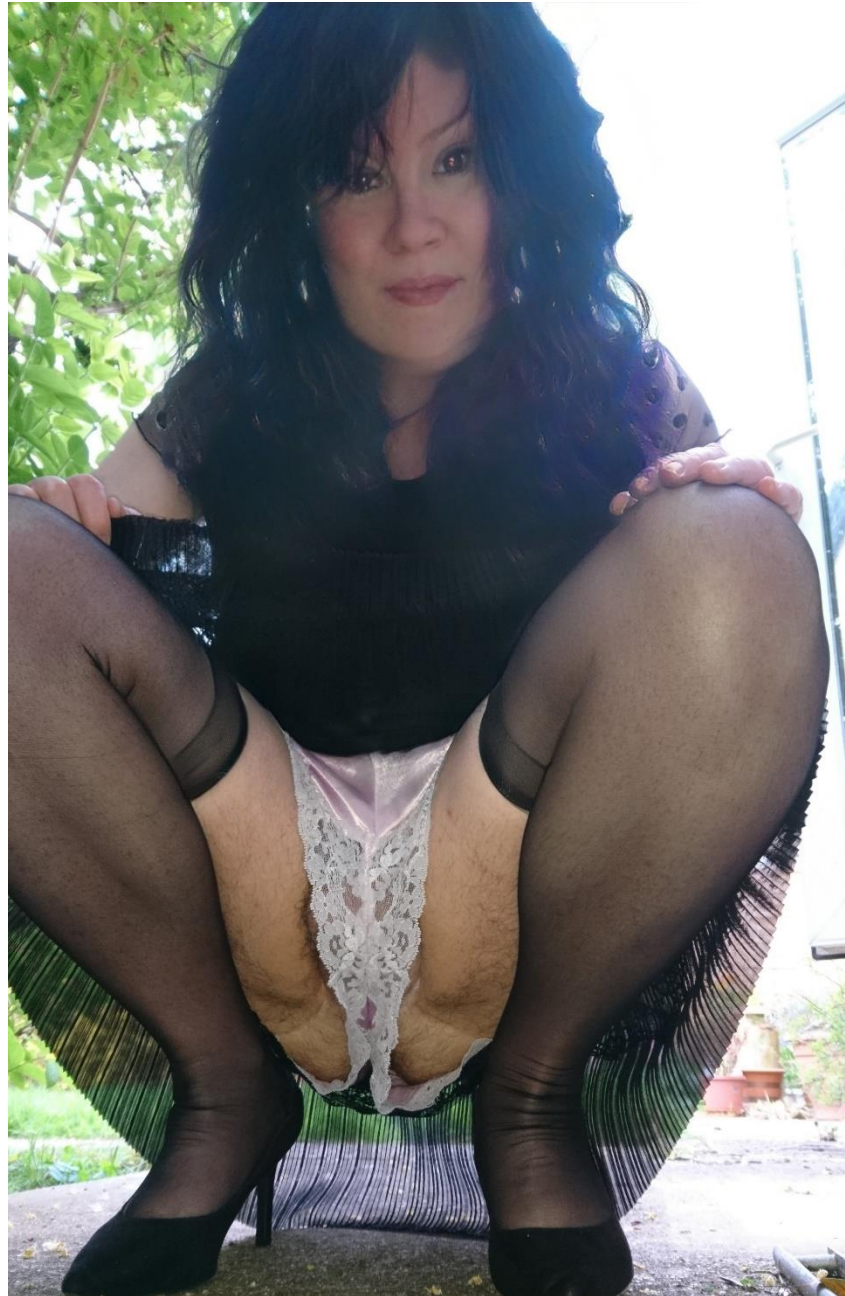
She opened her legs further and looked up at me, checking that I could see right up her skirt. She was wearing French knickers, not black but a pink pair. Karen looked at my face and then at the bulge in my own panties, slip and skirt. She smiled.

"I have been very, very bad, not complying with Lew's instructions to wear all black lingerie. I think you need to punish me at your office as soon as possible."

I was gobsmacked and to be honest so hard looking up her skirt at her pretty pink panties.

"Well yes, I did say I would need to check all of your lingerie at the office."

Wendy picked up the flowers and stood up.



"I will see you at your office in about 15 minutes then for a uniform inspection. Love your blouse and skirt, it is almost exactly the same as mine. That is so sexy seeing your white lingerie showing through your sheer white blouse," said Wendy.

20 minutes later the uniform inspection started in my office. Wendy stood with her back to me just as I had seen her standing outside the chapel except that I think she had pulled her skirt up a little higher like a naughty schoolgirl.

I described what I could see as if it was an actual check list.

“Black skirt and blouse, tick. I can see two sets of black straps through your thin blouse. One must be your black bra and the other your black slip that also shows under the hem of your skirt. So that is probably your black full slip, but it could be a half slip and a camisole rather than a full slip. I need to check that. I can see seamed black hosiery but again they could be tights or possibly hold ups. The requirement is black seamed stockings and a lacy suspender belt that matches your bra.

Take off your skirt and blouse so I can check your slip, bra, suspenders and stockings, Mrs Lewdasnki.”





Mrs Lewdanski took off her lacy blouse and thin pleated skirt. She lifted her slip and adjusted the strap of her suspender belt. I pulled off my own blouse and stepped out of my skirt.

“That is a lovely black slip, Mrs Lewdanski, the lacy bust and thin straps are super, much nicer than my black full slip. And I can see you are wearing seamed black stockings, but I need to check to see if your bra and suspender belt are both lacy and black.



Mrs Lewdanski pulled down the top of her black full slip to reveal a very lacy and sheer bra. I could see her nipples through the lacy black nylon.

Mrs Lewdanski pulled the slip back up over her bra and slowly lifted the slip to reveal the panties I had only seen in a brief upskirt view at the crematorium.

Wendy's pink satin French knickers gradually came into view. They were fabulous. Made of pink satin and with lashing of swirling lace. She pulled the slip up over her bra and eased her French knickers down to reveal her black lacy suspender belt.

"Well, what do we have here then? Pink knickers not black, although they are lovely French knickers. You do get two ticks for the matching bra and suspenders though. I am not sure about the pink French knickers. The will specifically said black French knickers."





Wendy turned round, bent over my desk, with her slip pulled up and stuck her arse in the air. It looked so inviting.

"I have been bad, punish me Karen. I forgot about the black French knickers; I wore the wrong colour. Can we keep this between us?"

I moved closer to exam the knickers. They felt just as silky as they looked and maybe even a little bit damp. I pressed up close, so that I could frott the pink knickers with my nylon tent of slip and panties.



“These pink knickers are so sexy I can overlook your transgression. However I am going to punish you, Mrs Lewdanski, by fucking you.”



I lifted my slip up. The only thing between us now were two pairs of knickers. Then I eased her pink knickers down, pulled my stiffy out of my own white panties and rammed into her. Wendy pushed back to let me into her glistening gash. I held onto to her black slip as I pumped in and out of her pussy. She was so easy and so wet; I was incredibly hard. Suddenly I came, and so did she.



When we had cleaned up and dressed again, I said, “We will need to meet several times to sort out Mr Lewdanski’s estate so that we can go to probate.”

“I haven’t had sex in years, Karen, that was wonderful. If we can do this again we can have as many meetings as you like. I will have a look at Lew’s lingerie collection, there might be some things you like, they are too big for me, but I think that they would fit you.”



I arranged to meet Wendy about two weeks after the funeral. I had decided to go with brown lingerie; a lacy bra, French knickers, suspender belt and brown sheer Gio stockings.



I wore a brown lacy half slip over the top.



On top of my brown lingerie, I wore a brown jumper and a plain brown skirt. I hoped that the creamy lace of my slip might peep out from under the edge of my skirt. If it did not, I would just have to “adjust” my naughty suspender strap to reattach it to my stockings so that Wendy would notice my delicious lingerie.



I checked in the mirror, yes, my slip showed just enough to get Wendy's attention.



Wendy came into my office I could help but notice how nicely dressed she was. She wore the same green top she had worn last time but today was wearing a shorter black leather skirt. She was wearing sheer black hosiery, black open toed high heels and (oh joy) a lacy white slip that was peeping out from under her black skirt. OMG she looked so sexy.



As Wendy sat on the chair her black skirt opened to reveal lacy stocking tops, the white slip, and green panties.



“It is nice to meet again Wendy. I get the impression you like green.”

She stood up and lifted her skirt to reveal her lacy white slip and slowly lifted the slip to show that she was wearing gorgeous green French knickers. My clitty gave a jerk.

“See, I came prepared. I thought you would like this. I brought some things with me you might like.”

She sat down and lifted a bag onto the chair.



She had brought some lovely slips and panties from Mr Lewdanski's collection. They were all very silky and with lots of lace. The slips were a mixture of full slips and half-slips in various colours. It was the light brown full slip that caught my eye. It was a beautiful colour with swirling lace on both the bottom hem but also on the back of the bust at the top of the slip. It looked familiar.

I reached for my phone. logged onto Flickr and started searching my favourites with the word Christmas.

Bingo, I found the picture of a TV wearing exactly this slip, brown stockings, and brown high heeled boots. She was holding a brown dress, which I think she had just taken off. She was in front of a Christmas tree with a view out to a lovely garden. I showed the picture to Wendy.

“Oh yes, that’s Lew in our living room, by the Christmas tree, and that’s my dress. He must have borrowed it without me knowing.”

So, I had followed Mr Lewdanski in Flickr and had seen this very slip before.

“Could I put it on, Wendy?”

“I thought you would recognise this slip, so I brought the dress and the boots as well, so, please help yourself.”





I took off my skirt and jumper.

“Lovely slip and bra, Karen, I can see your breasts through your sheer bra. Such a pretty brown half-slip and is that brown stockings I can see peeping out from under your slip? They will look perfect with the brown boots.”



I was about to take off my half-slip when Wendy stopped me.

“Keep it on,” she said, “You will love the two slips rubbing over each other.”



I took off my low heels and put on the boots. They had sheepskin lining and fitted perfectly.

“Oh, okay, two slips together sound nice, I have never worn a full slip and half-slip together before, but why not? I do love the feel of nylon, so two slips should be exciting.”

I took the brown full slip and put it on over my head. I slowly pulled the full slip down over my bra and half-slip.

I rubbed the two slip together with my fingers. Wendy was right it felt wonderful and very sexy. I was getting very hard.



Wendy handed me the dress and I pulled it down over my two slips.

It was weird, it was as if I was there in the Lewdanski's living room in front of the Christmas tree, except that it was me in the brown dress, slip and boots rather than Mr Lewdanski.

"Oh, you look just like Lew, Karen."





Wendy stood up and took off her skirt and blouse.

“Do you want to fuck me over your desk again, I rather liked it when we rubbed panties and slips together,” said Karen.

End of Part 2

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