# Beautiful Lee

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*Beginning a realtionship with my new neighbor*

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It all started the weekend before last.

I bought a house – my first house. In the Navy I always lived in apartments, so I saved a lot of money. I usually ended up saving over a thousand dollars a month once I made First Class. Plus I received an inheritance from my grandmother. So, I bought a very nice three bedrooms, two bath, 2,100 square foot house, just for me. Thirty-eight years old, and finally my very own place.

I hired a handful of sailors and their wives or girlfriends to help me move me in. I provided beer, sodas, and lots of pizza. Sunday afternoon we drove to the front of my house and began unloading. All the guys were told to call me Gerry, no longer to be called “Senior Chief.”

“Hey Gerry, where does this go?” Josh, a Second Class Petty Officer from my last submarine asked.

“Ask Heidi inside.” One of the other guy’s wife helped me organize things.

I looked across the street at a house sort of like mine. Standing there was a lady, a pretty lady. She looked either Asian or Hispanic. She looked tall for an Asian, about 5’6”, and slim. She had long black hair, and was wearing a dark green top. She looked at her watch nervously, glanced and me, and walked quickly into her house.

“Looks like a looker, Senior Chief,” another petty officer said.

“I’m not messing with some other man’s wife. Besides, she looked too young.”

“Not really,” he said picking up a box.

“I’m thirty-eight, she looked about twenty-eight,” I said while wrestling an easy chair to the edge of the U-Haul.

Nothing more was said about her, but I saw her appear again about every fifteen minutes until a Mercedes pulled up and a man unloaded two young children from it. The man and the woman from the house exchanged a few sharp words. The man then unloaded two car seats from the Mercedes and into a Honda minivan in the driveway then sped away. I didn't see the woman again that day.

The next morning at about 7:30 I went out to get a toolbox from the back of my car and saw the lady across the street struggling to get her kids into the minivan. "C'mon Marcus, get into your seat."

I grabbed my tool box and went back into my house. Two minutes later my doorbell rang. It seemed kind of early in the morning for the neighborhood welcoming committee. I opened the door and there she stood – the lady from across the street.

"I'm sorry to bother you, but my car won't start. My ex-husband left one of the doors open part way, and the light burned the battery down. Could you possibly jump me?"

"Sure I can…oh damn!" I replied. "I loaned someone my jumper cables a few days ago. But, somewhere in my garage I have a battery charger. Or do you have jumper cables?"

She shook her head, her beautiful black hair flying. "No. I guess I'll call Triple A."

She turned to go until I called to her. "Wait, take my car. And I'll find the battery charger and charge your battery."

She turned and gave me a quizzical look. "You can't do that, you don't know me." Again she turned to go.

"You look like you need to get your kids to day care, and yourself to work. I'm going to be working in the house all day and won't need my car. If I need to get somewhere I have a Yamaha motorcycle in the garage." I paused. "Where do you work?"

"I'm a teacher at the school on the base."

"Great. I have stickers on my car. Let's load your kids into my car so you can go."

"But I…" She followed my fast pace to her minivan.

"It will only take a couple minutes to switch the car seats." I opened the right back door and started taking her son, with his seat, out. He looked about two years old. She removed her daughter, who

looked about six years old.

“What’s your name?” I asked.

“Lourdes, but people call me Lee.” She stopped at my car, a five year old BMW 528. “Won’t the car seats hurt your seats?”

“Hi, I’m Gerry,” I said as I loaded Marcus and seat into the back. “No, I doubt it.”

Lourdes finished buckling her daughter in. “I have to get our bags,” she said before running across the street in her heels. She was nicely dressed in a dark blue pant suit and pink blouse. I held the driver’s door open for her as she tossed everything into the passenger seat. I gave her the keys. She moved the seat up several inches (I’m 6’1”) and then raised it. She then turned to me, “I still don’t know about…”

“Lee, go teach your students. We’re neighbors, it’s fine.” I stepped back, closed the door, and waved at her. She started to reach for the shift lever by the steering wheel, then reached down where it was. She then gave me a nervous smile and drove off.

I retrieved her keys from the van, got some tools, removed her battery and charged it. After reinstalling it I started her van and ran it a few minutes. The interior was spotlessly clean, I noted.

I was putting my new entertainment center together when the doorbell rang at 3:50 PM. [When you’ve been in navigation for twenty years you note the time a lot]. Upon answering the door I saw Lourdes and her children. She held my keys out to me. “Thank you so much. I barely made it to work on time.”

I took my keys and handed hers to her. “Your battery is all charged up. I ran your car for about five minutes, so everything is fine.”

“Should I thank your wife for the use of the car?”

“Oh, I’m not married, never have been.”

“You mean…I saw several women here yesterday…you bought this house just for you?

I laughed. “Yeah, just for me. And one of my sailors’ wife, Heidi, doesn’t think a bachelor can organize a home, so she wanted to do it.”

Lee looked confused and surprised. “Well, I better get the car seats from your car and put them in the van.” She turned to go and I followed. After the re-installation she turned to me. “I really would like to do something to thank you. I paid my way through college cleaning homes.”

“No, teachers shouldn’t clean other peoples’ homes.” I thought for a moment. “Are you Filipina?”

She gave an apprehensive, “Yes.”

“Then the next time you make chicken adobo, save a bowl for me.”

She paused before replying, “Come over in two hours for chicken adobo.”

Dinner was delicious. Over dinner Lee told me her father was a retired Navy Senior Chief, and worked on base. The man I had seen her with yesterday was her ex-husband, a dentist. She found out he had been cheating with his dental hygienist for close to two years, while she was pregnant with Marcus. He had established a secret bank account, which she found out about through a friend at the bank. She put her signature on the access card, and the afternoon before their final divorce hearing she paid off the house and her minivan with those account funds. She had asked for possession of the house, and he willingly signed a quit-claim deed, thinking she couldn’t afford it. It was a few days before he found out he didn’t have the $248,000.00 he was planning to use to buy another house. When the bank checked, she had back dated the signature on the access card for the account. She owned the house outright. His new girlfriend/dental hygienist was very unhappy.

After dinner I listened to her daughter, Anna, read a story, and I goofed off with the kids. When it was time to put the kids to bed I headed towards the door. “Do you have to go?” Lee asked.

“Well, no, I don’t have to. Don’t you have papers to grade?”

“Actually, no.” I have a couple new DVDs, would you like to watch something. You must be tired from moving.”

I thought for a moment. “You know, I haven’t relaxed since I started the retirement process. I start working for a contractor in two months – what the hell, let’s watch a movie.”

“I’ll put the kids to bed and change into something comfortable.”

I grabbed my soda and sat on the couch. I could hear Lee in the back with her kids, and then it became quiet. Several minutes later Lee walked into the living room with some DVDs. She asked me to pick one, which was hard since they were all chick flicks, but I picked ‘My Big Fat Greek Wedding.’

As she sat down Lee turned to me and said, “Gerry, since the divorce happened a year-and-a-half ago, you’re the first man I’ve been around alone. I know this isn’t a date, but, when you’re Filipina, and Catholic, and divorced, and you have children. ..I’ve been so lonely, and this evening has been fun.”

I was touched. “I’ve had a good time too. I met a new neighbor, and I had a good home cooked meal.” It was at that time I noticed she had changed into a baggy T shirt and shorts. She was barefoot.

Lee started the movie. We sat side by side for probably half an hour when she looked at me. “Gerry, can I lay down and put my head on your lap?”

My heart started racing. I looked at her a moment then reached my hand behind her shoulder and pulled her to me. She reached over and pulled an afghan off the back of the couch and pulled it over her. She lay like that for a long time, with one of my hands on her hip (I had to put it someplace) and the other on the arm of the couch. After a while she started squirming, her arm and elbow rubbing against my half-hard dick. “What are you doing?” I asked.

“I’m trying to get more comfortable,“ she replied. Soon her bra appeared and she laid it on the floor. She then moved my hand to her abdomen. She then settled back down. I soon began wishing I wasn’t wearing loose short pants. My cock (7.25”) began getting harder, and her head was near it. I was going to panic soon. I reached for my soda and tried to slide my hips back at the same time. As I settled down she moved her head back and laid it right where I didn’t want it – on my hard cock. She then sat up and looked at me. “You must be uncomfortable, lay down beside me.” She reached down by her feet and grabbed a long pillow and brought it up for me to lay my head on. As I lay down she took my lower arm and laid her head on it. My upper hand she placed on her tummy, after she raised her shirt up under her breasts.

Her skin was soft and warm. Her hair smelled flowery. Her breathing was deep and slow. She didn’t shift or move the rest of the movie. As the credits rolled she sat up and looked at me. I looked deep into her eyes. “You are such a gentleman.”

“You mean I passed the test?”

“There was no test. But if there was, you would have passed.” She smiled and gave me a quick, soft, kiss.

“I better go home.” I stood up and gave her a quick hug.

“Gerry, my parents are coming to get the kids on Friday, and keep them over night. They’ll be taking them to my nephew’s birthday party. Would you like to…maybe watch another movie?”

“Sure. Friday or Saturday?”

“Ummmm, either, or both.” She walked me to the door. “And Gerry, I know what happened to you. Thank you…for being a gentleman.”

Thursday evening Lee called and told me there was going to be a slight change of plans. She would be dropping the kids off at her parents on her way home from school. I didn’t ask why she wasn’t going to the party. [I later found out her brother, a priest, had pressured her to remain married, and she didn’t want to be around his negative attitude]. I told her to plan on me bar-b-quing dinner, and to come over right after work. I told her to call me from her cell phone when she was half an hour from arriving.

Lee arrived in relaxed style. She was again wearing shorts, but a nice button down shirt and sandals as well. She had pretty clips in her hair, and looked cheerful. We ate nice halibut fillets, a salad, and rice pilaf. During dinner Lee suddenly doubled over and grabbed her abdomen, and groaned. I damned near choked. “Lee!”

“I’m alright, I’m alright.” She sat back up. She looked at me. “I am…as women sometimes are, and I had a pain. It used to happen a lot until I had children. I stopped nursing Marcus only two months ago, and this…monthly almost surprised me. ” She resumed eating.

“I have a heating pad if you need it.” And I knew where it was.

“Oh, does this happen to you often, a lady has cramps in your home?” She giggled.

“I hurt my back a couple years ago, you silly.” I stood to go get it.

“Let’s wait and see if I’ll need it.”

We soon finished eating and she stood and started cleaning the kitchen. “Lee, leave that and let’s watch the movie.”

“In case you haven’t noticed, I’m Filipina, and Filipina do not leave messy kitchens.” She was fast, and in no time the dish washer was humming away. “Now let’s see what movies you have.” As she stood there I held out the heating pad to her.

“I got it just in case.” She took it from me, stood on tip toes and kissed me lightly. We moved to the couch. I sat down and she lay down with her head on my lap. We began watching an old classic she hadn’t seen. Halfway through it she curled up in pain. She sat up and grabbed her abdomen. “I’ll plug in the heating pad.” I got up and plugged it in, then handed it to her. I also grabbed a blanket, and then lay down, pulling her with me. I moved her arm away from the heating pad and held it in place for her.

After a few minutesLee turned to me and said, “My shorts are bulky and blocking some of the heat. Would you be bothered if I removed them?” I shook my head and she removed them, then her bra, under the blanket. As the movie resumed I began to worry I would get hard, or harder. I tried to be distracted, but that didn’t work. I tried to press my hips back into the back of the couch, but a leather couch, slanted back, and she eventually ended up pressed up against my erection. When she clearly felt it she turned and looked into my eyes. She reached up and pulled my head down, and gave me a soft, long, sensuous kiss. “Remember, I’m having my period, but I would like you to take your shorts off too.”

“Well, I think…”

“Please.”

I reached down and unsnapped, unzipped, and slid them down. I gently kicked them off my feet. They landed on her bra and shorts. We settled back down, and then Lee moved my hand from the heating pad to her breast. At first I just held her breast, but then started gently massaging it, feeling a very stiff nipple in the palm of my hand. I moved from breast to breast (she was laying on one arm), eventually rolling her nipples between my thumb and forefinger. Her breathing deepened, and then she stiffened and groaned.

“Pain again?” I asked.

She shook her head lightly. “No, the opposite.”

“Orgasm?” She nodded her head lightly. She then reached back behind her, slipped her hand into my briefs, and grabbed my cock. “Gerry, what in the world?!”

She sat up, pulled the blanket back, pulled my briefs down under my balls, and looked at my cock in the dim light. “I have never seen one so big.” She held it up and eyed it carefully. “I had only one man before my husband. Both of them were much smaller than this. She turned back around and lay down. I slipped my hand back under her blouse and resumed feeling her breasts. She covered us again, and then slipped her hand into my briefs. “I want to keep feeling this.” Her hand was warm and

gentle. She gripped me tight as she began jacking me. Soon my hips were moving. I slid my hand from her breast down into her panties. I felt the soft, downy hair surrounding her pubic area. I found her clit – bingo! I circled lightly around it. The movie forgotten, Lee turned toward me, spread her legs a little, reached up and pulled my head down for a long, forceful kiss.

Our hips began moving faster. Our breathing deepened. I had to break the kiss momentarily. “Lee, if you keep doing that, I am going to make a mess.”

“Where do you want to do it, in me?” She stopped jacking me.

“I hadn’t thought…”

Lee stood up and looked at my cock. She unbuttoned her blouse and removed it. It was the first time I saw her breasts. “Have you ever made love with a woman during her period?”

I nodded.

“Then you know it gets messy.”

I again nodded. “But I wasn’t planning….”

“Neither was I…but that’s OK.” She took my hand and led my back towards the bedroom. She stood at the foot of the bed. “You better get something to lay under me so we don’t ruin your sheets. I need to go to the wash room.”

I got a towel from a closet. I pulled the blankets back lay the towel down. I removed my shirts and briefs and lay down. Lee came from the bathroom with folded tissue held to her vulva. She was oh, so beautiful. “Lee, Sweetie, are you sure ab….”

“I’m sure. But, this is my third day. It won’t be so messy, hopefully. Gerry, are you sure?” I pulled the blanket back and showed her how stiff I was. She moved to the bed and started to lay down. I took her hand from the tissue as she talked to her daughter. She reached down and took my cock. She didn’t rub up and down, she just held it. I thumbed her clit as she talked. Her hips started moving up and down. I leaned down and began nibbling on her nipple. Her breathing got deeper, her hips moved faster, and soon she had a small orgasm causing her to exhale loudly. She took her hand off my cock and used it to take my thumb from her clit.

I moved the tissue aside and stuck my middle finger inside her. She was tight – virgin tight.Her hips began rocking again. She was wet. I looked and there was barely any sign of her period, so I

assumed it was her natural lubrication. I switched from breast to breast as I fingered her, and then moved my thumb back to her clit. I stuck another finger in her, and soon she was jacking me hard. She suddenly arched her back, squeezed her legs shut, and made a groaning sound. She then lay still. She held my dick still again, which was good since I was getting close to cumming. She looked into my eyes. I moved my head up and gave her a deep kiss. She spread her legs again and I began my movement with my fingers and thumb. “That felt so good, but I’m concerned about your size.”

“But you’ve had two kids.”

She pointed at a scar just above her pubic hair. “By c-section.” She pulled my cock to her pussy. She rubbed it around to gather lubrications then positioned it at her opening. “Remember, you are much bigger, so go slow.”

I pushed slightly until the head was in. She winced a little bit. “Oh, Lee, you feel like a virgin.”

“On this end too. It doesn’t hurt, just feels full.” I pushed some more. I had been looking down at where we were joined, and then looked at Lee, to see her looking at my face. “Keep going.” I pulled back and slid in about half way. “Gerry, I think I feel another one coming on.”

“Orgasm?”

She nodded her head and her breathing deepened. “Go in all the way.” I pulled back out and slid all the way in. She took one hand off my hip and pulled me down for a kiss. I pulled halfway out and began thrusting firmly. She broke the kiss as she threw her head back and began breathing deeply. I felt my cum rushing up my cock. I threw my head back as I rammed all the way in to her. I felt my cum shoot out in torrents as her hips rocked with mine. Soon our movements slowed down and stopped.

She again looked me deeply in the eyes. “I..I…needed that.”

I nodded slowly. “Me too.”

“Now what?”

“Well, you’re already here. You’re already undressed. You’re already in bed. Might as well sleep.”

“With you on top of me? You’re too heavy.”

I quickly slid my hands under her back and rolled us over, with me remaining inside her. My ass

landed in our puddle, but at least it was warm. “Problem solved. You’re not too heavy for me.”

She looked stunned from how fast that happened. “Well, OK. But I might get in the mood again with you inside me. Can I wake you up if that happens?” She leaned down and kissed me, and began rocking her hips up and down on my cock. Her legs were down mine, but soon she slid them part way up to facilitate rocking more on me. I leaned up and took her breast in my mouth, and grabbed her cute little butt to help lift her up and down on me. I moved my right index finger to her rosebud and started massaging it. She looked surprised, “Gerry...what…are…you…doing…there?” She began moving faster and faster.

I could feel my own orgasm coming on. I pressed my fingertip a little ways into her ass. Again she stiffened and groaned loudly. She stopped moving, so I held her hips steady as I continued moving deeply into her. I was close.

“Come on, Gerry, come in me.” She was kissing me and coaching me.

Then I slammed up into her and released.

She laid her head on my shoulder. “I think those were the two biggest in my life.” Her breathing returned to normal. “But it will take some getting used to you putting your finger where you did.” I quickly removed it. “I didn’t say you couldn’t, I just said it would take getting used to.” I reached up and turned the light off.

I had dreams of waking up inside of Lee, and one of us beginning a gentle motion to begin making love again. However, sometime in the early morning she stiffened and jumped up. It startled me. I had somehow remained inside of her, but she pulled off. “Lee, are you alright?”

“I have too pee!” she said running to the bathroom. The light went on and the door shut. I turned on the light to look at my cock and the towel. There wasn’t much blood at all, just about half a teaspoon, if that. Actually, there was more cum than blood. My cock was a bit red. I went into the other bathroom and peed and washed. I also replaced the towel on the bed.

I heard her call from the bathroom. “Gerry, will you get my purse for me, please?”

“Your purse, why?” I decided to tease her.

“Because, I need it. I’m still having my period.”

“You want to use a tampon instead of me?”

“Well, I..uh…are you ready now?”

“If you want me to be, I can be soon.”

I heard the toilet flush, sink run, and she came out. “How soon?” She walked toward the bed and saw the clean towel. “Oh, you were already thinking about it, weren’t you?” She crawled up on the bed, turned as I rolled over toward her. She grabbed my cock and began rubbing up and down.

I stopped her hand with mine and looked at her. “How do you like to do it?”

“How…how do I like..to do it?”

“Yes, when you make love, what do you like?”

“No one has ever asked me.” She looked off to the side.

“I’m asking you now, Lee. I want to please you.”

“You pleased me my two best times last night.” She kissed me, holding my head tightly. As she broke the kiss she looked at me and asked, “Can we just do it now, and then talk about it?” She pulled my cock toward her pussy. “I know something I like. Nibble on my breast as you go into me.” We made love long, deep and slow that morning. We rolled over and slept with her on me, and me in her, again.

I woke up before her and slid out from underneath. I went to the kitchen and made coffee. I took a quick shower. After drying off I opened the bathroom door to find her sitting up in bed. “Ahhhh, you showered without me.”

“I wasn’t sure. After all, showering together is pretty intimate. I wasn’t sure you were ready for that.” I kept a straight face.

“You weren’t sure….?” She then realized I was teasing. She headed for a shower.

We sat in my kitchen eating breakfast, her in panties and me in briefs. We had great conversation, but she kept looking out the sliding door at my glassed in patio. Over her coffee cup she said, “You have a beautiful patio area. You know that question you asked me, about what I like?”

“Yes.”

“I’ve never done it, but I’d like to do it looking out at the outside.”

I thought quickly. “Wait here,” I told her. I went to the patio and removed a soft padding from a chaise lounge. I closed the blinds on the side where a neighbor might look in. I went back in the kitchen, took her hand, and guided her to the patio. She took her panties off and I saw the string. I grabbed a small wastebasket and knelt in front of her. “Allow me, “ I told her. I gave her string a gentle tug. It came out nearly clean.

We knelt down on the cushion. “If you want to see outside, I think I know the best way.” I laid down on my side and pulled Lee down almost in a spooning position. I then rolled slightly backwards. Lee’s legs spread over mine. She could see out the ceiling, back, and one side. It was bright and sunny. I nibbled on her ear, rubbed her breasts, and fingered her clit and pussy. She reached back to find my cock already hard.

“Oh, you’re ready so soon.” She turned and kissed me.

“I’ve been in you before. I know how good it feels.”

She reached down and pulled my fingers from her pussy. She then scooted down and lined my cock up with her opening. “This is better than I imagined. I love doing it out here.” I rocked my hips forward and she scooted down more. She was still tight, but I slid right in. I reached up, took her hand, and placed it on her breast. I then began rubbing around her clit. Soon she began deep breathing. I was close behind. I reached down near her pussy and gathered some moisture and rubbed her clit harder. Her head started thrashing back and forth and my ramming became firmer and deeper. “Are you close?” she asked. I felt her pussy tightening, something I hadn’t noticed last night. I also saw her squeezing her breast, especially her nipple.

“Yes,” I replied.

“Cum with me, cum with me.” She arched her back nearly sitting up. It was difficult, but I made three or four more thrusts and unloaded deep up in her. Each pulse from my cock brought an “ahh” from Lee.

She lay back down, still breathing rapidly and deep. I could feel a lot of moisture on her skin. “My three best, all within one day.” Looking at me she asked, “How about if I pay to have your house painted this week, and we can make love all day instead of paint?