Nettie

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She was so beautiful and so young.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/taboo/nettie.aspx

The power she had over me was immediate and irresistible. I tried to avert my attention, but she sparkled in the August sunlight. My wife and I were greeting our new neighbors shortly after the moving van pulled away on Friday. They were from Connecticut, an attractive couple with a high-school daughter that was a heavenly vision.

It was the coquettish way she delighted in the effect she had on me that let me know she was trouble. At least I should have known.

The fact that the others didn't seem to notice didn't make the power she held any less real. I had never seen so much self-confidence in a woman of any age. Her name was Lynette Roberts, her smile was nuclear and she had a firm handshake. She said she preferred "Nettie".

With her older sister fresh off to college orientation the new setting excited Lynette. This was to be her territory. She would be forced for the first time to make friends on her own. She said she was looking forward to school but the start was still two weeks off. With my wife and both her parents working, the sanctuary of my home office from which I was a remote computer troubleshooter was about to be violated. This young woman would soon be testing the power of her emerging sexuality on me. It was a power that I'm sure would have been too great for any man. I ask you, does a woman's beauty get any better than when they first grow into their bodies?

On Monday morning I answered my front doorbell to her standing on my doorstep wearing a gauzy cover over a red string bikini. She was holding her laptop open in front of me saying it was "acting all screwy, you're a computer guy, right?" I sat on the couch with it on my lap. She sat next to me watching. After a restart it was sluggish and erratic. I adjusted some memory permissions with a few

easy keystrokes and while waiting for the second restart, asked her age.

With a solar smile she tucked her legs beneath her and said cheerfully, “I’ll be seventeen next March!” I don’t know if I actually let out a groan but she read my disappointment either way. “But I am VERY mature for my age.”

That she was very mature was something of an understatement. I wondered if perhaps she had to be of legal adult age to be a Victoria’s Secret model, because there could be no other explanation for her not parading semi-nude in TV ads already. In either case her parents leaving her home alone and unattended was negligence on a grand scale.

Fortunately her laptop pinged back to life zippy as new. When all appeared fine I ushered her back out the front door. I didn’t want to be alone with her for even a minute longer. I am married and true to my wife, not for any great strength at resisting temptation but for a solid strategy of removing myself from temptation.

An hour later my phone rang. “Hello, Mr. Johnson?” Lynette intoned.

“Yes?”

“Would you mind if I tap into your wireless? The pool is ready, but the internet installer isn’t scheduled until Thursday and I’m so bored. I can see your network but I need access.”

“Where are you?’

“I’m out at the pool.”

I pivoted away from my desk and leaned back in my chair to look out the window onto the Roberts backyard pool. She waved to me from her recliner holding the phone to her ear, one leg bent to pinch her laptop in place on her lap.

“I want to chat with friends back home.” She said.

“Enolagay1945”

“What?”

“The password is: e.n.o.l.a.g.a.y.1.9.4.5.”

“OK, got it thanks.”

“OK, Bye.”

“Mr. Johnson?”

“What?”

“You can come for a swim any time you want.”

“And you can call me Mark,” I said.

“Oh that’s OK, I prefer Mr. Johnson.” She said with a little giggle in her voice.

“OK, whatever.” I said and hung up. I couldn’t help taking an occasional peak out the window to marvel at her perfection. I found my binoculars. Between calls during the rest of the day and most of the next I would peer through them at her bikini clad figure from the safety of my office. I watched her lift and straighten her legs to apply sunscreen and run her hands beneath her bikini top to rub some into her breasts. My infatuation with her beauty grew. Through my binoculars the small beaded perspiration on her oiled skin looked like a crystal coating in the sun, as if she had been dipped in a strong sugar solution.

At one point on Tuesday afternoon with her chair turned toward the sun and her back to me she was chatting on her laptop. I could see through the binoculars that she was talking to a boy on webcam. A handsome looking boy with a bare torso was plainly visible on the screen. Suddenly she sat up and removed her bikini top. When she lifted her breasts in her hands I could see the tops of them and the gumdrops of her nipples. The boy on her screen was laughing and silently blowing whistles with his fingers in the corners of his mouth.

Eventually she positioned her laptop near the foot of the recliner. I couldn’t really see what she was doing but I had a good idea that the young man in the computer screen was getting to see glimpses of her dipping her fingers in her vagina as she pulled her suit to the side. After a while I could see him through my binoculars on the screen exposing his cock and stroking it for her to see.

I became excited by the scene, the image of her having remote online sex with this boy from her hometown or wherever was too much. I had to open my pants to give my swelling cock more room. I reached in, withdrew it and began to stroke it. It was impossibly hard. I leaned back in my chair and before long I jerked myself off onto my stomach while picturing her crystalline body in the sun with her breasts straining against the bikini top. I pulled my t-shirt up out of the way just in time to keep it

clean.

After wiping myself off with some tissues from the box on my desk, I lifted the binoculars and peered out the window again to look at my lovely next-door creature. Her pool chair was empty, holding only her laptop and towel. I scanned around and found her climbing out of the pool looking right at me! I ducked back away from the window lowering the binoculars. She was radiating a big grin my way as she walked to her chair and picked up the towel.

I sank back into my chair and turned toward my computer screen. I couldn't concentrate on anything. Did she see me with the binoculars? My face was flush and hot with embarrassment. "I have GOT to be more careful," I scolded myself. My house phone rang.

"Hello?"

"Mr. Johnson, were you spying on me?"

"Er…What?"

"With those binoculars? Were you spying on me?"

"Well… yes…I guess I was. You really are quite beautiful, you know."

"There's no reason for you to sit up there in your office and spy on me when I said you can come down for a swim anytime. That binocular thing is kind of creepy, don't you think?"

"Yes, I guess it is," I admitted sullenly. "I promise I won't use them again, but I have work I should be doing and I am on call."

"Suit yourself." She hung up the phone. I didn't dare even a quick look out the window.

God knows I wanted to join her at the pool. I wanted to bask in the radiance of her smile, bathe in the sparkle of her countenance. Just the thought of being so close to her, close enough to smell the oil on the delicate skin of her thighs, her stomach and the tops of those luscious breasts, was making me weak.

"You probably should go down there, " I said to myself aloud, "You're not getting any work done anyway. What is it your afraid of?" I knew the answer of course, I was afraid of my own desires, I was afraid of upsetting the apple cart of my life. Resolved, I did not go to the pool. I spent the rest of the afternoon trying to rid a corporate clients computer of malware thinking at times that Lynette was like

malware to my heart.

The following morning it was raining, really pouring rain. There was no thought of her sunbathing and I was relieved. Still nagging at me was the fact that she might be next door shut up in her bedroom with her laptop having web sex with a boy back home. I wondered if the signal from our wireless router was strong enough to give her access through the walls of both houses. I wondered if she was naked. I pictured her masturbating on her bed in front of her webcam. My cock swelled at the thought. I leaned back in my chair and closed my eyes and pictured her long legs sprawled out on her bed, bent up on either side of her laptop as she excitedly chatted with her friends…kids her own age, not a man 12 years older.

My hand had found it's way to my groin, squeezing my plumping penis through my light shorts. Her smile, so incredibly radiant, led the way as my mind rebuilt each aspect of her image in my head. By the time I fully conjured the tanned latte skin of her upper arms, shoulders and tops of her breasts, oh those breasts…my house phone was ringing.

"Hello, Mr. Johnson?

"Yes, Lynette?"

"Please Mr. Johnson, call me Nettie…"

"OK, Nettie."

"Our houses are too far apart, and the signal is too weak to make it through the walls. Can I bring my computer over to your house to get on the web? Please…"

"Well, I er…I have…OK." I said and hung up the phone.

When I opened the door she was collapsing her umbrella. When she looked up the innocence of her smile almost neutralized the effect of her tanned body in her white Lycra halter and boy shorts. Still, the bumps of her nipples pushing the fabric looked anything but innocent. "I'm supposed to be unpacking boxes but it's boring and it's all we've been doing in the evenings. I won't be a bother, I'll just stay down stairs. You won't even know I'm here, I promise," she said as she plopped down onto my living room couch and opened her laptop.

Staying with me long after climbing the stairs to my office was the image of her on the couch, her long legs sprawling out from her boy shorts in a way that was both ungainly and graceful at the same time.

For the next few hours I could hear her animating her chat session with small reactive sounds of glee or mock moans of displeasure. It was a pleasant sound, one I found comforting at first the way sitting in the shade next to a bubbling brook while listening to birds might be comforting. Lynette cooing and giggling so unselfconsciously sounded as buoyant and beautiful as she looked. Before long however, my mind was set awhirl with a torrent of images. The graphic visuals of her possible online activities downstairs grew more and more vivid and extreme in my imagination. For me, working remotely on far away computers to clear up problems and conflicts for clients was harder than ever that morning.

With a sudden, “Goodbye Mr. Johnson, and thanks,” my tormentor was gone, closing the front door behind her just as I was thinking of offering to make us both sandwiches. I felt saved by the bell.

I wasn’t any safer the next morning. The rain had stopped and the clouds were breaking up but strong winds made sunbathing unlikely. Since I knew it would be another day before their internet was installed so I half expected the call that came just before nine.

“Mr. Johnson?”

“Yes Lynette.”

“Can I…”

“Yes, I left the front door open for you.” I said, prepared not to have to see her at all.

“Thanks, Mr. Johnson.”

The next thing I knew she showed up in the doorway of my office with her camera. “Ooh good you have a big one." she said.

"What?" I said.

"Mind if I look at my photo’s on your big monitor?” she asked, nodding toward my 27 inch iMac on the other desk. She was wearing a pair of torn jeans and a cropped t-shirt with no bra. I wondered if she knew how much she was torturing me. I choose to think she didn’t know or else I might not have been able to forgive her cruelty.

“Sure. Do you need help?

“Nope, it’s USB.”

I couldn’t help peeking at the photos that came up on the monitor, photos of things from around the neighborhood: a weather worn mailbox with the red flag raised surrounded by orange daylilies, an overstuffed garbage can at the curb with the reflection off the bottles inside making it appear they were the eyes of Oscar the Grouch slightly lifting the lid with his head, and the newly painted front door and porch of the house on the corner of our block. Each photo displayed an artist’s eye for composition and color.

Before long I was sitting right next to her commenting on each one of the photos as she scrolled through them. Each shot was impressive and I enjoyed seeing them. Like windows looking in on her. A bonus was that I could smell the fresh scent of her skin, headier than the fragrance of any perfume.

When I reached to the keyboard to go back to an interesting shot our forearms brushed together. She didn’t pull away and seemed to like the sensation as much as me. That few seconds of contact made my head spin. Finally she got to a shot that was a self-portrait of her holding the camera toward her bathroom mirror. Even though it was innocent enough she quickly closed the viewer window. I did get a glimpse at how photogenic her beauty really was and I wished I could see the subsequent shots, but she was done.

She discovered the old beanbag chair in the corner of my office and dragged it away a bit to sprawl out on it unselfconsciously. She grew comfortable talking to me, first about her photos and how glad she was I liked them. Later she told me about how excited she was for school to start and how she hoped she would meet friends she liked right away and hoped everyone would like her. Because of the move she said didn’t know anyone here yet and she was getting bored.

When calls came in on the client line for me, she went quiet, letting me talk to them or hop remotely onto their troubled machines and do my work. She didn’t seem to pay any attention to me as she squirmed about in the beanbag chair, at one point twisting around and walking her bare feet up the side of the corner wall next to the office door. She was a little girl in a woman’s body. With her ankles crossed and her heels against the wall she was lost in the viewfinder of her camera snapping pictures of the ceiling, the corners and angles and shelves viewed from her perspective of the beanbag chair near the floor.

She was unaware of the bottom halves of the globes of her breasts peaking out from under her cropped T and the incredible siren song of her tummy, concave between the abutments of her hipbones that suspended the waistband of her jeans across the gap.

The afternoon warmed gloriously and the sun gained back its intensity. Lynette got up and said she was going to the pool. “Isn’t there any way you can come down to keep me company?” She said in an

almost whine as she returned the beanbag to the corner.

“I guess I could bring down my laptop and the portable phones. How strong was the signal for you?” I said.

“Plenty strong.” She said.

“Help me test the phones and we’ll see.”

“Yay, Mr Johnson!”

“But only for a couple of hours.” I said, knowing that I was definitely walking into temptation.

“Oh don’t worry. I’m supposed to be unpacking boxes. My mom’s getting annoyed, but it’s all we do every night after dinner and I can’t do it all day long.”

My wireless phones worked at the Robert’s pool and so did my laptop. I would be able to take care of at least minor problems from the pool. Only one came in and it was an easy talk through.

Lynette wore a Speedo one-piece race suit. At first I was disappointed, but I was happy to be near her. She was a regular chatterbox, talking to me all the time, letting up only only during my one easy call.

For a while we swam together, trod water actually, while she talked about the items she kept finding in some of the boxes from when she and her sister were little. Occasionally our legs brushed underwater. Sometimes my own thoughts of how incredibly beautiful she looked and acted crowded out her words. I realized I was growing quite helplessly in love with this young woman.

The next morning she didn’t bother calling or ringing the doorbell, she simply materialized in my doorway wearing a Playboy Bunny outfit. She slid her hand high up along the door-jam striking a deliberately seductive pose that generated more wattage than even Jessica Rabbit come to life could have produced. My throat went dry.

“Where did you get that?”

“I found it in one of the boxes. Apparently my mother was a Bunny, look, this was with it.” She walked toward me holding out a framed photograph. I walked around from behind my desk to take in both hands a photo of her mother, maybe 20 years younger, in the very same Bunny suit.

When I looked up from the photo Lynette had taken a step back and turned sideways to strike another pose. Bent at the waist with her hands on her knees she was shaking the little white pompom on her bottom at me. “Look at my little tail.”

“I’ve always admired your tail.” I said and almost immediately regretted myself for both the content and the tone.

She straightened and took a skip and a step and was standing right against me with her arms pulled in tight between us, her fists curled under her chin. “You have?” she said.

“You have a very nice tail,” I said as flatly as I could without knowing what to do with my arms, arms that so desperately wanted to wrap around her.

“I do?” she said, looking straight up into my eyes. I was beginning to panic, thinking I have to get her out of here. I was in a loosing battle and my knees were growing weak. “Mr. Johnson, do you think I’m sexy?” she pushed herself into me a little more with her forearms against my chest. There was no doubt she knew the answer.

“Of course you’re sexy, Lynnette,“ I said, and before I finished saying her name her lips were against mine. As her arms went around my neck, mine went around her shoulders and we exploded in a passion of kisses like I had never experienced before. The feel of her full lips against mine, the scent of her skin and the sensation of her tongue searching for mine brought my groin to full immediate attention. Even her kisses felt young and fresh and eager.

“Oh Mr. Johnson!” she said and moved her hand down to touch the bulge in my pants she obviously already had felt with her hip. With that our clothes began to come off. Our lips didn’t separate, but our hands frantically began to undress each other. First she was at my belt, and I was at the top of the bunny suit zipper, then she instead pulled my t-shirt over my head before running her hands back down my chest and pressing her lips back into mine.

Her costume was a bit trickier, a little lock of some kind in the back had to be sprung before I could lower the zip. When I finally succeeded I pulled back from her lips and watched the front of the bunny costume fall away from the most perfectly formed breasts I had ever seen. They beckoned from high on her chest. Our minds raced together. Her hands slid into my hair as my lips moved toward a nipple. It swelled immediately in my mouth.

“Oh Mr. Johnson,” she repeated. “The other, don’t forget the other. Yes, do it harder.”

My hand was mauling her brusquely where my mouth had been, I wrapped my lips over my teeth

and began sucking and pinching at the neglected nipple. My other arm was strong around the small of her back as she leaned against it. I couldn't get enough of her. I wanted to devour her. Suddenly she let her knees fold almost pulling me over until I released my arm allowing her to slide to her knees. She finished with my belt and took my pants down, freeing my ragingly stiff cock.

"Oh Mr. Johnson!" she said once again, delightfully more exaggerated than before, then opened her mouth and covered half of it at once. She then pulled off and got below my cock and pushed her tongue against the base of it just in front of my balls. With the meat of it laying on her face, she took one slow long lick along the bottom side with her eyes closed. She brought her hands to her breasts. As her tongue neared the mushroom-headed end she opened her big brown eyes to me and when she saw me watching her face lit into an involuntary smile. She kept her tongue and eyes on me as she folded her mouth over the head of my cock again and began massaging it with her lips and tongue and cheeks.

The bunny ears added a new element to a blowjob but soon slid off when I pushed my fingers into her hair. Her thick blond hair felt like silk in my fingers as they slid easily through it and over it while her head bobbed and weaved in place. I have no idea where she learned how to do what she was doing to my cock. It was unbelievable. It was so good. It was so wrong. It wasn't going to take long.

"I'm going to cum." I said. I wanted to warn her like I do my wife, but Nettie didn't flinch a bit. "Ooh yeah," I said again a little louder, I'm going to cum".

Lynette kept bobbing and swirling her tongue. She slid both of her hands around the back my thighs. She pushed her face almost all the way to my belly for an incredible stroke or two. Her message was clear.

"Yes, "I said, "Yes, swallow it, swallow it all."

My hands tightened into her hair and my hips thrust involuntarily as my cock throbbed load after load into her mouth. She took it all, still sucking hard on the end until I grew so sensitive I had to demand she stop and let me go.

She rolled back on her rump to sit on the floor propped up on her arms and smiled up at me with a Cheshire grin that silently seemed to ask, *"Well Mr. Johnson, how surprising was that?"* She was completely unselfconscious, half exposed in the bunny suit, still as beautiful as ever. Even though she never actually asked the question I deigned to answer it anyway.

"That may have been the biggest surprise of my life," I said.

She smiled and bounded off the floor and wrapped her arms and legs around me and kissed me again and again and I kissed back while I held her bottom in my hands.

“I have to get going, Mr. Johnson, but are we done playing games?”

“Games?” I said knowingly, “Yes, Nettie, I believe we are done playing games.”

“Good, because I have all kinds of ideas Mr. Johnson.”

“For next time?”

“Yes Mr. Johnson, next week, starting Monday.”

“I don’t know if that will be soon enough.” I said in a low deep whisper, my forehead pressing against hers before kissing her deeply again.

“Oh we can survive the weekend till then,” She whispered back in her richest mimic of me, ending our kiss. She lowered her feet on the floor and turned her back to me to zip her in as she lifted the front and tucked in her breasts. She repositioned her ears.

“I will dream of bunnies till then,” I said.

“That’s OK as long as all the bunnies are me.”

“Little worry about that.” I said.

“Oh and Mr. Johnson, I won’t break,” she said when she stopped in the doorway and turned to look back over her shoulder at me.

“What?

“I’m not a virgin, you don’t need to be so gentle.”