

# Alessa Lombardi: Free At Last

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Published on Lush Stories on 06 Dec 2007



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*Alessa kicks her cheating husband out of the house, and calls over a friend to give her a fix.*

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My husband had finally packed all of his things, and was now standing at the front door, staring at me from behind dark sunglasses. His mouth was a straight line, tight, his eyebrows drawn together. I wasn't sure if he'd been angry or feeling regret. I couldn't have cared any less at that point. I just wanted him to walk out of that door, and hopefully out of my life. He opened his mouth to speak, but I held up a hand. "No, Chayton. Just leave," I said. "Alessa, come on, we can work this—" "God damn it, Chayton, I said no! Now leave!" I screamed, pointing a rigid finger toward the door. Thankfully, he said nothing else, turning away. He shouldered his duffel bag, and grabbed his suitcase. He paused when he opened the door, and I expressed my exasperation with a sigh. Not only because he was letting in chilly, December air, but because he felt like he had to keep talking. I wrapped my silk robe tighter around myself, my nipples suddenly attentive. "What, Chayton?" I asked, making a point to use his full name. "What could you possibly want to say to me?" "I'm sorry," he said dourly, his head down. "For everything. Really." "That's a fucking laugh, Chayton. You weren't too sorry when you were fucking your so-called 'cousin' of yours." I turned away, walking toward the kitchen, thankful that the children were away at school. They didn't need to hear any of this. "I'll have movers send over your crap." I heard him let out a defeated sigh, followed by the door closing shut with an angry rattle. I glanced over my shoulder, hearing car doors slam, and the engine roar to life, then the sweet sound of tires screeching hurriedly against pavement, the roar of the engine fading into the distance. Finally, he was gone. I wouldn't have to put up with his bullshit anymore. No more staying up at odd hours of the night waiting for him, only to fall asleep and then feel him sliding into the covers at three in the morning. No more tears from discovering phone numbers in his pockets. No more lame excuses. No more bullshit. It was over, and I was free. Free. I probably should have felt upset or something, but that word—Free—seemed to keep a smile on my face. Padding bare feet into the kitchen, I snagged the phone hanging near the fridge, and dialed Nicholas, my best friend Velia's hot little brother. I figured that I could get him to help me gather the rest of my husband's shit . . . among other things.

The phone rang for a moment before he answered, sounding groggy. I glanced at the clock. It was just five minutes till two. "Jesus, Neeko, were you sleep?" I asked, releasing the front of my purple silk robe, letting it hang open. I was, of course, completely nude underneath. "Lessa?" He said, coughing. He waited a long moment before saying anything else, probably wiping the sleep from his eyes. "Of course I was sleep, it's like . . ." A pause, and then a curse. "Fuck, it's after 12 already?" "Yessiree-bob," I said with a laugh. "Wow . . . well, it is my day off," he reasoned. "What's up, Lessa?" "Well . . . Chay's gone. His bullshit finally caught up to him." "Damn, Lessa, I'm sorry to hear that," He said with a bit of uncertainty. He probably didn't know whether to be joyous or consoling. "Don't be, hun," I said. "I do need someone to help me gather all of his crap so that I can send it to his brother's, though." "Sure, when do you need me?" "Is . . . now fine?" "Now?" I could already see the smile creeping up on his deviant little lips. Though he'd never made a move against me—out of respect for my sham of a marriage—but he never hid the fact that he wanted me. From the little comments he'd make about my weight being sexy, to catching him watching me with amorous eyes. Velia had even told me once that Nicholas has had a thing for me for years . . . And with Chayton gone . . . I could finally do as I pleased, whom I pleased. Nicholas in particular. I suddenly felt a twinge in my pussy . . . God, Velia is going to kill me, I thought amusingly. "Sure, now is fine," he continued. "Just let me grab a shower and I'll head right on over, alright?" "Great! The door'll be open when you get here," I said, leaning back against the fridge, my fingers aching to give my pussy a bit of attention. I suppressed the urge. We exchanged our goodbyes and hung up, and I let out a deep breath. He was really coming over, and I intended on seducing him! I hadn't seduced anyone since . . . well . . . ever! Anxiety filled me, twisting in my gut. What the hell was I going to do? What if he felt put off to my advancements? And suddenly my age became a factor, a liability. I was thirty-eight years old, and Nicholas was barely twenty-five. How was he really going to find me and my overweight, thirty-eight year old body attractive? I almost had a mind to rush to my computer to see if there was a way to drop from a size sixteen to a five in ten minutes. Stop being silly, Alessa , a voice told me. You know good and well that he wants you. Just show off those tits of yours and he'll be filling you with cock before you know it. I felt myself smile, looking down at my 38G breasts. My nipples were still hard, like little rocks, yearning to be touched and sucked and squeezed. My insecurities suddenly felt silly. This little seduction bit wasn't going to take much effort. Not much effort at all. x · x · x · x "Hey, Lessa," Nicholas said, kissing my cheek as I leaned into do the same. He'd arrived in thirty minutes, smelling like Irish Spring and fresh deodorant. Despite the cold, he wore a short-sleeved shirt, black, with a silkscreen of Kurt Cobain smoking a cigarette printed on the front. He wore some old gray sweat pants, and well-used running shoes. He didn't look like he was wearing socks. The cold didn't seem to bother him. God had blessed Nicholas with a magnificent body. He was tall—a whole head taller than myself—lean, well-muscled, though he insisted that he'd never worked out a day in his life. He kept his dark hair trimmed short, finger-length, just a tad shorter than my own blond locks. The sun had colored his skin a beautiful bronze color. I felt my pussy twinge again when my breasts moved against him slightly. Though, at there size, it couldn't have been helped. It didn't make my pussy any less soaked, however. I held my robe closed at the waist, letting a little bit of cleavage show. Scratch

that. "Little bit" might be an understatement in my case. Either way, I felt satisfied as his dark green eyes occasionally wandered south. "Hey, Neeko," I said, turning and making for the master bedroom. I motioned for him to follow. "How was the drive over?" "Goddamn lunch hour," he said with annoyance, though he tried to let humor slip through. "People obviously don't like packing their lunches." "Aww, I'm sorry," though I really wasn't. I was glad it took him long as it did, I had to tidy up the house a little bit, after all. I led him into me and my husband's bedroom. I'd made the king-sized bed, and piled my husband's business suits in a pile next to his other clothes by the antique armoire. I'd taken down all of the pictures of me and Chayton, and tossed them into the garbage, so the coral walls were bare except for the occasional black nail. When Nicholas stepped further into the bedroom, I moved to close the door behind him, turning to lean my back against it, trapping him. He turned, a confused grin curling his perfect mouth upward. I suppressed the urge to lick my lips, feeling like I could devour him right then and there. He lifted a brow. "Lessa?" He asked, bemused. "I have to be honest with you, Neeko," I said. "I really don't need your help getting my husband's shit together." Sureness showed in his expression then, as if he'd known what I was going to say next. He stalked toward me, his steps slow and careful. "Truth be told," I continued, closing my eyes. Shame was crawling up into my chest, but I'd gotten this far. "I really want you to fuck me. I want you to throw me on the bed, and fuck my brains out. Call me filthy names, smack my ass, and fuck me." When I reopened my eyes, I discovered him standing before me, his shirt removed, on the floor behind him with his shoes. His sweat pants were pulled down slightly, showing off his midriff. He wore no underwear, it seemed. And I could see his cock pressing against the front of his pants, twitching as it tried to point toward me. I ... am so wet, I realized. My robe was open, my plentiful breasts revealed, aching for him to touch them. He was so close, I could feel the heat emanating from him. He was still smiling, like a deviant little child. "Feeling is definitely mutual, Lessa," he said, and smoothed his hand against my belly. I jumped, suddenly feeling self-conscious, but he continued to smile, tracing his fingers along my tummy and up in-between my breasts. I felt like I was going to cum, in that very instant. I felt like I could have exploded from his touch, from his mere presence. He pressed against me, my chest against his. I could feel his hand teasing my left nipple now, and I bit my lower lip. "So . . ." he said in a secret, seductive tone. "How bad do you want me to do those things to you? Really." My clit throbbed, his other hand moving its fingers along my slit, covering his digits in warm pussy juices. He'd slipped a finger inside of me, just the tip, teasing me. I gnawed harder on my bottom lip, feeling my eyebrows draw together. Unconsciously, my hips moved against him. "Bad," I breathed. "Really . . . really bad. Please, Neeko, don't tease me." He lowered himself onto his knees and sat back on his feet, smiling. He spread my legs some, and buried his face into my pussy, sliding his hot tongue along my slit. Luckily, Chayton had preferred me bare down there. I let out a sharp breath, and sucked in, feeling his tongue move against my slit, my hole, my clit. My hands scrambled for something to hold onto, but there was nothing close enough. I settled for my tits, massaging them and pinching my nipples between my fingers. In-between the sucking noises, I could hear him moan. God, I thought. He's frickin' enjoying this! Chayton had never liked eating me out. It'd always been a fucking chore. But now . . . my legs almost gave out from under me. He shook his head, whipping his tongue

left and right against my clit, and I bounced slightly, my robed back sliding against the door behind me. I took one of my nipples into my mouth, sucking hungrily while Nicholas' ravenous mouth slurped at my cunt. "God!" I moaned. "I'm . . . I'm . . . I'm . . ." I tried to tell him that I was coming, but the ecstasy gagged my words. Still, he seemed to get the picture, and I felt his tongue move against my hole—inside my hole. "FUCK!" I cried. My entire body tensed, and I exploded in orgasm, my legs and hips moving spasmodically. My moans became sobbing breaths, and my hands clambered for him—anything . I almost didn't feel him lift me and carry me onto the bed. Hell, I'm not even sure how he did. C'mon, you're not that heavy, Alessa , I told myself. Finally, I felt myself calm down, and when I was able to see straight again, my pussy lips twitching, I saw him crawling onto the bed. Completely nude this time. He sat himself up on his knees, and I sat up on my elbows, gazing at his cock. It was long and rigid, thick and throbbing. Downright beautiful. I could see a string of precum dripping from the tip of his cock, and my pussy started aching again. It needed that thing in me. It needed to be abused. His hands moved along my thick thighs, up to the back of my knees. He leaned up and inward, and then I felt him enter me, my walls expanding around his veiny shaft, a jolt of electrical pleasure spilling throughout my thighs, and my belly in waves. I sucked in a quick breath, eyes rolling to the back of my skull. " Beautiful little fat pussy," he said, dragging his hips back and then thrusting into me again, and again. There was something about his words that made me even hotter, though I wasn't sure which. "Oooh, fuck me! Fuck me, Neeko!" I grunted as he drilled into me again, my body crying out in pleasure as he impaled me with that lengthsome cock of his. "You like gettin' fucked huh, you fat little slut?" He said, and my eyes widened. I suddenly realized what had gotten me so hot. He was calling me fat. And I loved it. Absolutely adored it. "Fuck yes!" I yelled. "Fuck this fat slut, slam that big dick in my fat cunt! Fuck it! Fuck it! Fuck it! Fuck it . . . !" My words trailed off into breathless whimpers, my eyes squeezed shut. His thrusts became harder and faster, my words apparently having an effect on him. And I writhed and moaned, feeling his cock slid into my sopping cunt. He'd let go of my legs, and I wrapped them around his waist, pulling him into me. I wanted more . . . and more. I wanted him to fill me with cum. "You want to fill me up with your cum? Huh? " I asked, but it wasn't really a question. I looked up into his eyes, seeing the passion and hunger—the animal. "You want to fill this fat pussy up with your cum?" "Nuh-uh," he said, punctuating each syllable with a slow, hard, deep thrust, my tits bouncing up toward my face. "I'm going to fill that mouth of yours up with cum," he sat up, pulling his cock free of my cunt, and slapped the underside of his cock against my pussy lips. I writhed even more, my pussy hungry for his cock, and my mouth hungry for his hot cum. I wanted it. I wanted to be fucking covered in it. We both grunted as he slid it back inside, and rolled me over atop of him. I sat astride him, his cock buried deep into my pussy. His hand slapping against my ass got me moving, bucking my hips against him, the sting of his strike morphing into pleasure. And I yearned for more. "Do it again! Fuck, do it again! Spank my ass! Aiee!" I yelled, feeling him smack it again. His teeth gnawed on his bottom lip. I continued to work, moving my hips against him in circles, grinding his cock inside of me. My pale skin flushed with heat, and I felt another orgasm coming. I saw a smile flash across his lips. "You about to come?" He asked, pulling me close to him, my tits swaying heavily in his face. He spread my cheeks, sliding his fingers down my crack and

pausing at my asshole. I gasped, unsure of what he was going to do. He shoved one of his fingers inside. I winced, yelping. A mixture of pain and pleasure running through me. He dug it deeper, and deeper, and began thrusting up into me, bouncing me on his cock whilst his finger slid in and out of my asshole. "Oh shit! Oh shit! I'm going to fucking . . . !" "Cum, bitch. Cum!" He demanded through clinched teeth, using his other hand to slap against my ass again, his cock slamming into me with merciless thrusts. He was so deep. So fucking deep. It didn't take long for me to release all over his cock, for me to practically have a seizure on top of him, my entire body twitching with pleasure. And he continued to pound into me, harder and faster still. I could feel tears burning in the corners of my eyes. It felt so good, his fingers in my ass, and his cock dug deep in my pussy. He rolled me onto my back again, and before I knew it his cock was waving heavily in my face. I welcomed it into my mouth, just in time, feeling his seed spill warmly into my mouth, his cum bittersweet. I swallowed as much as I could without gagging, letting it dribble down my chin and neck. His body lurched, and I sucked him, my lips smiling around his cock. I sighed breaking my mouth away from his cock, kissing the tip. His chest heaved, as did mine. And that's when we heard the loud screech of school bus brakes, and the hiss it made as it came to a complete stop. My eight year-old daughter was home, I'd almost forgotten. Nicholas shot me a look, and I grinned nervously. "You mind hopping into the bathroom real quick and getting dressed?" I asked. Nicholas smiled back, shaking his head. "Not at all." "Good," I said, spanking his cute behind. He leapt from the bed, gathered his clothes, and made for the bathroom. I got up myself, my robe still on, wrapping it closed. I could tell little Amalia that uncle Neeko was just fixing something in the bedroom . . . Fixing something indeed.