

# Good night Mr. Thompson

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\*Not a true story\* A tall figure slinks through dark streets, moon light and a few neon strips all that is to help men find their way. The high-rise tower block stands above the city, on the penthouse floor is where our man is travelling, rain beating down hard as he travels home. Bursting through the door, raincoat and the bottom of his suit trousers soaking wet. A sweet young female voice calls out "Is that you Mr. Thompson?" the house sitter employed by Michael Thompson named Francesca Vito sits in the living room, turning towards the front door as it slams close. Michael smiles as he comes into the room, surprised to see Francesca in a tight fitting, long black evening dress - hair done up and black suede platform heels on but a look of disappointment as Francesca explains that her date has just cancelled on her. With no way to get home till the morning Michael offers her the spare room in his luxury flat. Leaving the room to get changed in his room, a king size with a solid oak frame sits in the middle of it. Stripping off his raincoat and continuing to undress. Francesca walks pass the door frame, the door open a little peaks her curiosity, looking through the light of the frame she watches Michael undress, his shirt already off, gasping a little as he begins to pull off his black leather belt, sliding down his slim-fit burgundy suit trousers, his clothes in a pile on the floor. A loud creak of the floor boards from outside the bedroom door makes Michael turn quickly catching Francesca looking. Calling her name in a deep, smooth voice, a slightly Spanish accent in the undertone of his words Francesca comes in, head hung. Embarrassed to be caught, he walks over. Towering over Francesca despite the large heels she stands in, he grins lifting up the straps of her dress, dropping them so the whole dress falls to the ground, slipping smoothly off her hour-glass, tanned body from being of Spanish decent too - half the reason Michael actually keeps her round, the other that she's stunningly beautiful. Francesca gasps from Michael's actions, pulling her body close to his, him in tight black boxer's, showing off the size of his very large penis. Her in matching black lace underwear, pushing her bust up quite a bit for the dress when it was on and a very small thong cut towards the back of her panties. They kissed passionately, the heat between them made the room feel a hundred times hotter, as they kissed Michael undoes Francesca bra, letting it drop and showing off her large, perfectly round but natural breasts, nipples very hard as they get pinched and teased while they kiss. Francesca moans softly into Michael's mouth as he teases her. Her hands grip onto his hips, scratching lightly before breaking from his lips, kissing his strong, well-built, light tan body. Francesca pulls down his boxers with her teeth, looking up at Michael with her bright green eyes. He plays with

her long black hair as she wraps her little red lips and mouth around his big-thick cock. Sucking on it hard, looking up still, using her tongue to tease the head as she slowly begins sliding all 8 and a half inches in, struggling a bit to reach the base. A little gag comes out as she tries. Michael moans and loves it, grinning and watching as she finally takes it all but hard to keep it all in. Gasping and coming off quick, Francesca breaths heavy looking up at Michael. He smiles and pushes her down onto her back on the carpet floors. He yanks her thong off quickly and Francesca yelps from this sudden move. She pushes her legs apart wide as possible. Michael starts massaging her clit with his tongue. Soft sweet moaning comes from Francesca as she massages her breasts and runs her fingers through his slick hair. He starts going faster, running his tongue up and down her tight, soaking, smooth pussy. As Francesca becomes almost dripping wet, Michael comes up her perfect, firm body - grinning as they both passionately kiss. Francesca grips onto Michael's strong back as he forces all 8 and a half inches of his huge, thick cock inside her, he lets out a soft moan while Francesca counters it with a far loudly gasp and moan, the heat soaring between the two lovers. Michael pins Francesca down under him as he starts fucking her slowly and deep as possible, slowly getting faster and faster, with every thrust Francesca's moans would get louder and quicker, sweating and loving the intense pleasure of Michael's huge cock inside her. Pulling out suddenly Michael stands up and pulls Francesca off his bed hard by her gorgeous hair and forces her to bend over his bed, Francesca's body has beads of sweat dripping down it, high-lighting her every sexy curve, out of breath but wanting more. Michael holds onto Francesca's hips as he slams his huge cock back into her soaking, tight pussy from behind, going straight to fucking Francesca as hard and deep as she could possibly take. Francesca moans loudly, almost screaming the luxury flat down straight away on the edge of orgasming hard all over the huge cock inside her, stretching her tight pussy and pleasing her like never before. Michael begins slapping Francesca's perfect, firm apple-bottom ass hard, each hit brings a moan closer to a yelp, heavy breathing as Francesca begins to climax, starting to scream in pleasure as multiple orgasms rush through her body, almost completely buckling her knees as they fuck. After completely covering Michael's cock in cum, Francesca pushes him back and out of her, turning around quickly and dropping fast to her knees, starting to lick up from the base of his shaft to the tip, licking off every last bit of her cum. Looking up into Michael's eyes, Francesca takes this big thick cock into her mouth, sucking on just the head then slowly sliding every inch into her mouth and throat, still looking up and sucking hard, wanting Michael to fill her cute little mouth with his warm sticky cum. Moaning loudly Michael grips onto Francesca's hair hard as his cock throbs. Letting out an extremely loud and deep sounding moan, Michaels starts filling Francesca's mouth with his cum, a look of shock across her face as to how much of it there is but swallows every last drop like a good girl. Slowly slipping Michael's cock out of Francesca's mouth, she stands up, giving him a quick kiss on the lips before collecting her stuff and saying, "Good night Mr. Thompson." slinking off to her room to clean up and rest. Michaels lays on his bed alone and out of breath falling asleep almost straight away. As morning rolls around. They shower in their own bathrooms and get fully dressed. Francesca in her clothes from the night before as it was all she had and Michael a bit more smart/casual as they eat breakfast together. Later as Michael is taking Francesca home, he smiles before she steps out his

car, saying, "You'll have to come house sit for me again soon" handing her double the money of a normal night. Francesca giggles a little with a grin on her face and just simply says, "Call me and have a good day, Mr. Thompson."