

Review of Annabelle of Milton Keynes

Review No. 113333 - Published 30 Apr 2013

Details of Visit:

Author: Man Meat

Type of Visit: Incall

Date and Time of Visit: Mon 1 Apr 2013 11:04am

Duration of Visit: 27mins 35sec

Amount Paid: 55

Recommended: Yes

Details of Service Provider:

Profile Name: Ego Massage

Website: <http://www.ego-massage.com>

Phone: 01908630776

Phone: 07500885762

The Premises:

A bushel of twigs added an artistic touch to a neglected corner of the room.

The Lady:

A sporty 29-year-old whose accent indicates that she was born on the right side of the tracks. Combine this with a leggy 5-feet 9-inch frame and the result is a girl who is both easy on the eye and easy on the ear.

The Story:

It was Monday. I'd twisted my spine while changing a light bulb in the shed. I decided it would be prudent to visit a masseuse to manipulate the musculature surrounding my lumbar vertebrae. If she inadvertently stroked my coccyx, it would be a bonus.

I walked up to the white-walled premises and rang the bell. The door was opened by a cool blonde with a surfeit of clothes. We recognised each other from City Girls (circa 2006). After a flirty chit-chat she took my hand and led me upstairs.

A few minutes later I heard a soft knock on the door. "Hello, may I come in?" It was Annabelle. She was friendly, chatty and looked younger than her age.

I opted for the body-to-body massage. I stripped off and lay face down on the table. I listened as Annabelle removed her clothes. She stepped over to the massage table and I felt the warmth of her thigh press against my hand. Her massage technique was firm - which is just how I like it.

After 15 minutes she said, "Would you like to turn over?" When I turned over, I heard her gasp. She positioned herself behind my head and ran her hands down my torso, all the way down to my bladder and back up again. Her tits slapped playfully against my face and her nipples poked me in the eyes. I didn't complain.

Gradually her hands wandered closer and closer to my firmness, ultimately ending up with her fingers wrapped around my girth. Now it was my turn to gasp: she stroked it with the skill of a

farmer's daughter who'd milked a thousand cows.

As I approached the tipping point, I asked, "Can I touch you?"

"Please do," she replied.

My hand crept up and squeezed her right breast. This felt naughty. Her strokes became faster. I twisted her nipple in a clockwise direction. Her strokes became a blur. I felt my face flush red. "Ooh Betty!" I spluttered, as she brought me to a palpitating crescendo of genital gooeyness.