

# PunterNet UK

## Review of Pixie of Milton Keynes

Review No. 113516 - Published 18 May 2013

### Details of Visit:

**Author:** Dr Steve

**Location 2:** Maida Vale

**Type of Visit:** Incall

**Date and Time of Visit:** Thu 4 Apr 2013 17:00

**Duration of Visit:** 1 hour

**Amount Paid:** 130

**Recommended:** Yes

### Details of Service Provider:

**Profile Name:** Annabellas MK

**Website:** <http://www.annabellasescorts.com/home.php>

**Phone:** 01908234646

**Phone:** 01908711821

### The Premises:

Basement Flat a few minutes walk from Maida Vale tube station. Not as upmarket as the flats in Bayswater I more usually visit, but seemed a pleasant enough area. Inside the place is perfectly functional, clean and tidy, but ... well I suppose the word boring comes to mind. The room where Pixie entertained me was a just a bedroom rather than the boudoir of a lady of pleasure. Decent sized and with a good sized bed, which was fun to romp on, but rather Spartan otherwise. Most hotel rooms I've been to have a more erotic feel to them.

That said the charms of Pixie more than made up for the slightly dull aspects of the accommodation. I understand the place in South Kensington is a bit more the thing. Hopefully I will have a chance to check this out in the not too distant future.

### The Lady:

Pixie is a very pretty young lass with fairly short blonde hair and an awesome body. Great legs, taut bum, slim waist and one of the most glorious pair of boobs I've ever had the pleasure of getting my hands on, large, perfectly shaped and so soft and warm. I partly picked her out on the basis of her photos, but the reality is far better.

Personality wise Pixie is wonderful too. Very friendly and puts you at ease at once. She knows all about how to please and entertains with enthusiasm and every appearance of enjoying herself. To round it off she has a great line in sexy chitchat, which she delivers in a deliciously sexy East European accent (the web site says she is from Bulgaria). All in all a very delightful experience.

### The Story:

The short and sweet version for those who don't like too much detail:

My first visit to HOD and to Pixie. The establishment seems to deserve its highly favourable reputation and Pixie more than deserves hers. She looks splendid, has a body to die for and entertains with a friendly enthusiasm that warms the heart. Highly recommended.

And then in the style of Dr Steve (and why not?) for those who like far too much detail:

HOD has been featuring strongly in FRs and on the message board for quite a while, and I decided it was time to take the plunge and try it for myself. Browsing the ladies on the site Pixie sprang out at me, not least because of her resemblance to perhaps my favourite lady of all time now sadly retired. Given Pixie also had an improbably long list of rave reviews it seemed a no-brainer.

I set up the booking in the morning. I tried calling a couple of times around 9:30, but no one picked up the phone and I went through to voice mail. While I would have preferred to talk to someone, second time around I left what I trusted was a fairly clear message requesting an appointment with Pixie for an hour at 17:00. Some 20 minutes later I got a text to the effect this would be 'great'. Shortly afterwards a second text giving full confirmation details including where to find HOD2 arrived. I was a little surprised to discover that it was not a very long walk from the office.

I have a dread of turning up late to appointments, so always manage to arrive early. Fortunately this time, I was only a few minutes ahead of schedule. As stated on the text I tried to call to see if there would be a problem if I arrived early and once more no one answered the phone, but this took sufficiently long that when I actually descended the stairs it was within a minute or two of five o'clock anyway.

A friendly lady who was acting as receptionist greeted me and told me Pixie would be a few minutes. She then asked me to 'hide' in the bathroom while another guest exited. It was hard not to conceal a smile at this. HOD seems the nearest equivalent in London to the parlours of Manchester, but up north punters are more civilised. They sit on comfortable sofas and drink tea or coffee together while waiting their turn, rather than cowering in bathrooms.

I waited no more than a couple of minutes in the bathroom, sipping at a glass of water, which had been discreetly handed in to me. Then I was conducted through to the bedroom by the receptionist, who promised Pixie would join me momentarily. I slipped off my jacket and shoes and socks to get a bit more comfortable and then the young lady came in.

I was gob smacked! Pixie was just stunning! I noted her hair was a little longer than I had inferred from her pictures - a tiny disappointment as I had envisaged her as having it cut quite short - and that she was perhaps an inch or two taller than I had hoped as well. But this was nitpicking. She was so pretty and her body - dressed in a very sexy matching strapless bra and briefs and black hold-ups - was just awesome!

She also had a huge smile on her face and having entered and greeted me, she move close and suddenly we were kissing with her tongue exploring my mouth. After a while our lips parted and Pixie confirmed I was to see her for an hour. I fumbled in my shirt pocket to pull forth her 'fee' - which she tucked away. There was then a little hiccup as she said she'd forgotten something and with an apology slipped out of the room again.

I was a bit puzzled and started unbuttoning my shirt for something to do. However Pixie was back in only a few seconds (with what she had forgotten - some towels) and took over unbuttoning my shirt for me. I in turn reached behind her back to unclip her bra and release her awesome breasts. I cupped them and leaning forwards suckled on her nipples as my shirt was slipped off. She unfastened my trousers and her hands groped my cock through my boxers. We disengaged for a moment while I tugged my trousers off and then skinned of my boxers while she slid down her knickers. Apart from her hold-ups, we were now both naked.

Pixie backed me onto the bed kissing me, and then moving south nibbled on my nipples. I was hard by now and with a wicked little grin Pixie began to massage my cock with her boobs, telling me I was very 'large' (if only). Her boobs were so soft and warm, the sensation of this was simply amazing. I moaned. She tortured me with pleasure like this for a little while and then took my cock in her mouth. Cue more moans of delight. Her oral was delightful. Almost too delightful. I tugged her lollipop away and encouraged her to move down and lick my balls. She did this and she also started fingering my arse. Seeing I seemed to like this, after a moment she slyly suggested I might like her

to use a toy.

At this stage I was so excited speech seemed to be getting a little difficult and I made a mumbled and ambiguous response. Pixie took it as agreement and gleefully scrambled up the bed and fumbled about in the bedside table drawer producing a small vibrator. She quickly covered in up with a condom, applied some lube, and moving back between my legs, she guided it up to my bum hole and began to push it up my fundament with one hand while holding my shaft with the other and licking my balls some more. I was practically gibbering now. Then Pixie moved up and took my cock in her mouth again. This was too much! It must have been obvious at once to her what was about to happen next, so she went to work with a will, pushing the toy up my bum with the same rhythm as she pushed my cock deep into her mouth. I lasted a bit longer than I might have expected, but in short order a body racking orgasm hit me and I sprayed my load up against her tonsils.

I slumped back on the bed the room spinning. Pixie pulled away as the twitching of my cock began to subside and she reached over to the bedside table to grab some wipes to clean me up a bit.

After tidying up, Pixie slid herself down beside me on the bed and we enjoyed a cuddle for a minute or two. Then I started playing with her amazing boobs before suggesting she might like to move over me so I could lick her pussy. Again I got the lovely impish grin, and she straddled me lowering her lovely shaven pussy down onto my face so I could slurp and tongue her. Pixie seemed to enjoy the attentions and I was having plenty of fun too, reaching up to play with her bosom while feasting on her quim. After a while she seemed to get more and more excited and eventually seemed to come. Meanwhile I was getting pretty excited too.

Pixie took a moment or two to recover but soon had twisted around so we could indulge in some 69 for a minute or two. I was now hard and erect again, so it seemed it was time for a condom. Pixie grabbed one from the side of the bed and rolled it on, and then moved into the saddle, sliding my swollen knob up into her tight pussy and then beginning to bounce herself up and down on top me. Utterly glorious!

She looked so beautiful as she moved up and down skilfully pumping me into her depths. I groaned in sheer delight reaching up to cup and squeeze her glorious boobs. I tried to keep control of myself, but with Pixie dictating the rhythm, I soon felt I would boil over. I was having far too much fun for that! I encouraged her to let me roll us over, so I was now on top. Then I got to pumping away. Now I was setting the pace it was easier to slow down a little when necessary to avoid coming too quickly. I pushed Pixie's legs up on my shoulders and leant into her so I could go deeper.

Oh bliss! I was having the time of my life pumping my cock - which seemed to feel a foot long - deep into this beautiful wench's snug warm quim. Pixie seemed to be having a lot of fun too. Indeed after I'd been pumping away for several minutes she gave every impression of reaching another climax. She was urging me to join her and I very nearly did. But I held back. I had a somewhat different finale in mind. I paused in activities for a moment or two, and then encouraged the lovely lass to roll over on hands and knees so I could have her doggy style. Then mounting her from behind I began to pound away at her firm rump plunging my cock deep into her pussy once more. After another couple of minutes of vigorous pumping away I succumbed to the grip of her lovely cunt and with a roar of delight exploded deep inside her. We were both panting and laughing as I slumped over her breathless, hot and sweaty. After a little while I managed to pull myself off her and slumped down on the bed beside her.

She complimented me on my performance commenting that most of her guests don't last quite so long. I took with this a pinch of salt, like some of her earlier remarks, but she knew how to hit the right note to make it sound very believable and it certainly added a little icing to the cake.

Time was nearly up, but Pixie didn't rush me out suggesting I might like a shower. I asked if she might join me, but alas she turned me down. So I had a quick wash by myself and then we chatted

a little as I rejoined her in her room to get my kit back on. Soon I was dressed and with a farewell DFK I was led out. Back onto the streets of London and barely concealing grin of satisfaction I made my way to the station. My gait was a little unsteady. I almost wanted to skip with delight, but my knees were so wobbly I was having a bit of difficulty keeping upright.

Overall:

What a splendid romp. Pixie is delightful and I'd highly recommend a visit to her. On first impressions HOD was pretty good too. Most of my punting is with Asian (i.e. Thai) escorts nowadays but this was a very nice alternative and I certainly intend to sample the charms of both Pixie again as well as some of the other delightful looking young ladies at HOD when I get the chance.

To be honest my visit HOD was really rather nostalgic. My very first punt - based not a little on the very first field report posted on PunterNet (yes FR1!) - was with Melanie at 'The Cottage'. HOD seems to be the spiritual successor to this and to 'Les Girls' where many of my early experiences in 1999 took place. It's certainly not quite the same - but the mix of quaint English manners from reception combined with the hot sex in the bedroom seemed to roll back the years.