

# PunterNet UK

## Review of Katrece of Birmingham

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### Details of Visit:

**Author:** deportivo

**Type of Visit:** Incall

**Date and Time of Visit:** Sat 14 Jun 2014 12:00

**Duration of Visit:** 60 Minutes

**Amount Paid:** 130

**Recommended:** Yes

### Details of Service Provider:

**Profile Name:** Katrece

**Website:** <http://www.katrece.com>

**Phone:** 07708310101

### The Premises:

Katrece takes incalls from a within a well known establishment in Selly Oak. A convenient car park at the rear allows for a discrete buzzer entrance. The area is plenty safe enough.

The room itself was nicely furnished with a decent shower - while an air conditioning unit above the bed provides welcome cool air relief for when things inevitably get steamy !!!

### The Lady:

Katrece is totally stunning - make no mistake, this awesomely beautiful, flaxen haired woman is designed to turn heads. Projecting Jessica Rabbit curves and sculpted legs the colour of raw sienna, Katrece is a vision to behold.

Without doubt Katrece takes meticulous care over her immaculate appearance - having poured herself into the featured "Dress of the Day", exquisitely made up, and smelling flagrantly gorgeous, this prepossessing delight in female form is guaranteed to blow the fuses in all male senses !!!

### The Story:

A meeting with this sublime woman is more akin to a galvanic revelation than to your average everyday punt .... Katrece does not do a "Rub and Tug, thank you Ma'am" type of meeting any more than you'll ever see her dressed in tattered Primark jeans, with dirt under her nails ..... trust me, that ain't ever gonna happen, and England will win the Mondial before she ever comes remotely close to doing so.

My second liaison with "The Seductress of Selly Oak" was long overdue, and having heeded her #DOTD siren call via Twitter, the stage was set.

With Katrece it's all about the journey .... an ever changing panoramic vista of dramatic landscapes that create an irresistible cationic affect on mind and body. Undeniably assertive, the secret is to give into whatever Katrece has in mind - I truly believe that this inherent femme fatale derives a certain vicarious pleasure in satisfying the male libido. To deny this to her would be a crime of passion.

Enter the "Dress of the Day", a short, tight blue number with matching 5" heels, into which a honey haired, sun-kissed toned body had been lovingly shoe-horned into ..... yet Katrece is no air-head blonde, a formidable legend of a woman in her own right, you underestimate her at your peril .... Katrece's biography would fill a couple of volumes of high octane reading.

From this moment on, the memory becomes a bit of a hazy blur as Katrece embarked on her mission ending in the inevitable crescendo of fervid activity .... that gloriously wet, slippery tongue, her full, ample breasts, and long, tanned legs leading to a ripe, peachy arse ..... all employed to devastating effect .... Katrece is the total package ..... and breathtakingly so !!!

With the mercury rising, Katrece was beginning to draw the breath out from my excitedly taut body as I involuntarily gasped at the frisson she was expertly creating, placing me onto a hair trigger of exhilarated emotion .... hands .... boobs .... wandering fingers .... a lick here .... a nibble there ..... an unexpected nip and bite ..... Katrece was slowly devouring me as though Tapas had just been delivered !!!

This mounting sense of tease became almost irresistible as the main course approached, my hands instinctively reaching down to her tassled hair, while gently pushing her bobbing head further down my rigid shaft, glistening jewel-like due to her drooling saliva. This impeccable woman was throwing caution to the wind in a sacrificial effort to sate my desire .... bed hair had become the first evident sign of collateral damage to this worthy cause !!

Undeterred, Katrece ratcheted up the heat still further, as she climbed aboard and dictated a rapid pace in Cowgirl ..... that Dress of the Day was by now somewhat crumpled and dishevelled with the hem pushed up around her curvy hips, with my hands groping under the skin-tight textile in search of those oh-so-suckable breasts .... Katrece began to grind firmly down, finally giving into her own selfless desire.

It was now every man and woman for herself .... belatedly, I took up the pace as Katrece slumped onto my sweat laden chest as I furiously pumped into her from below finally taking Katrece over the edge and beyond in a cacophony of exasperated throaty sounds.

Ever the professional and with unfinished business to perform Katrece set about me once again - "Time for Desert!!" .... in an unforgettable finale that culminated inside her exquisite mouth leaving me shaking as one sweaty, quivering mess, and barely able to stagger back to my car .... Oh-My-Fucking-God !!! ..... this wonderful woman is beyond perfection in every conceivable way.