

# PunterNet UK

## Review of Charlize of Milton Keynes

**Review No. 119855 - Published 29 Apr 2015**

### Details of Visit:

**Author:** Man Meat Fan

**Type of Visit:** Incall

**Date and Time of Visit:** Mon 14 Apr 2014 11:00

**Duration of Visit:** 30 Minutes

**Amount Paid:** 60

**Recommended:** Yes

### Details of Service Provider:

**Profile Name:** Annabellas MK

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

**Phone:** 01908234646

**Phone:** 01908711821

### The Premises:

Usual high standard flat. Plentiful, cheap parking. No complaints.

### The Lady:

Intoxicating, please read on...

### The Story:

It was an overcast Monday morning in Dunstable, and I was London-bound via a brief visit planned to a graveyard in St. Albans. Not the most exciting itinerary. With hours to spare in my day's highly elastic schedule, I decided a trip to MK was in order (and entirely necessary) as my days in the UK were numbered before my return to a sweltering Dubai. My balls were drowning and my nut juice ached to escape the bounds of my scrotum.

I had of course checked Annabella's online rota beforehand and decided on Charlize after seeing (and yearning for) her for months in all her bronzed glory. The decision was a groin-cranial joint effort.

I pulled up in a residential street in my rented Ford Fiesta and called them to check for availability. I allowed an hour to get there which tied up nicely with The Bronze One being available.

Ree-zult!!

She was not available for longer so I booked a 30 minute session and as soon as I ended the call I popped a 50mg blue boner-enhancing pill hoping it would kick in when I laid eyes on the statuesque South African.

Satnav on my phone got me there with 15 minutes to spare via the M1 so I sat in the car until my allotted time.

Was shown to a clean room with a bed and dimmed uplights. Waited anxiously for 7 minutes and then Charlize breezed in. I felt as though I had been catapulted to the Garden of Eden without the

need for any Acme products or pursuit of The Road Runner. Wile E. Coyote had nothing on me.

Tall? Curvy? Bronze? Sultry? Yes, yes, yes, yes. Utterly breathtaking and as she stepped towards me her skin smelled like she had just bathed with Cleopatra and was prepared by a dozen angels for a hedonistic encounter with the Gods. Saying that, it may just have been Victoria Beckham's latest eau de toilette.

Standing right in front of me she smiled and pulled me towards her for some teasing tongue work. It felt like we were fencing and even her saliva tasted scrummy. Reciprocal undressing then took place until all that was left on either of us was Charlize's trademark belly chain. Apparently, she drives an old MG so it often comes in handy when she needs a tow.

Charlize straddled me and the rest was a blur. It was like a window seat on the Japanese MagLev train. She gave me an Access All Areas pass and I felt as though I would start squelching as soon as she climbed on. I managed to hold it together long enough to enjoy some reverse cowgirl. Charlize's legs and arse are a sight to behold and within a few strokes I was shuddering, filling up the rubber with my unctuous milk.

Charlize was disappointed for me that I never had a chance to pound away at her quim for longer and she consoled me with strokes and caresses for the remaining minutes.

Got dressed with a dizzy smile on my face and hobbled back to the Fiesta. Slumped in the driving seat, I entered the postcode for the graveyard into my Satnav and was soon back on the M1.

Unparalleled punt.