

# PunterNet UK

## Review of Annita of Milton Keynes

**Review No. 93807 - Published 20 Oct 2009**

### Details of Visit:

**Author:** Blyth spirit

**Location 2:** Fenny Stratford

**Type of Visit:** Incall

**Date and Time of Visit:** Fri 16 Oct 2009 13:45

**Duration of Visit:** 1 hour

**Amount Paid:** 95

**Recommended:** Yes

### Details of Service Provider:

**Profile Name:** Ego Massage

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

**Phone:** 01908630776

**Phone:** 07500885762

### The Premises:

Named 'The Old Coach House', the premises were tastefully furnished in a 1970s black ash Habitat sort of way - currently making a return to fashion, I believe. Despite the name, there was no sign of any old coaches; no Brian Clough, not even a Sven; so who could it be? Some mysteries are best left unexplored.

### The Lady:

I had seen from the website that she understood colour co-ordination - her knickers matched the cushion covers perfectly. Nice touch. When I first set eyes on her I could see that Annita was pure vintage 1990 Bangkok and possessed that unmistakable Torquay factor: I thought I'd died and woken up in Devon. Her beauty, like a hangman's trapdoor, was flawless.

### The Story:

It was a bright autumn afternoon as I strode into Fenny Stratford - 11 degrees on the Celsius scale and free parking for two hours; return forbidden within two hours. My kind of town.

With Annita in mind, my heart was full of hope and my balls full of spunk. I didn't catch the receptionist's name, perhaps she didn't throw it, but she was just like the Medusa - no, not a Medusa, perish the thought - but a more charming and well spoken lady you couldn't hope to meet; not as far south as Milton Keynes, anyway. Dreadlocks like cobras; she was obviously a Versace fan.

She led me up the stairs to the operations room; more Habitat and a black and grey Berber carpet; should last well - nice choice. I was then introduced to the shower; I nodded politely; its head drooped like a post-tumescent penis and dribbled like it had a dodgy prostate, but I did my best to scrub up. Nice toiletries, by the way.

The couch had a hole for my face - I peered through it and said 'I can see your feet, Annita?'; she giggled and said that she didn't mind - already we were building up an intimate rapport. As the

massage progressed, Annita asked me about my kop. 'Listen pet? I said, 'if you're going to talk football, just stick to St James's Park, ok?' Turned out she was concerned about my cough. What a sweetie!

The sight of Annita naked and the feel of her soft olive skin beneath my hands caused an instant erection. Me, not her. Then she made me happy, in a semi-detached, non-erotic, polite, matter-of-fact sort of way. Like a best friend, really, rather than a lover. I showered, dressed and left. Was that me there? Better go back next week to find out.

For the record, it was £75 for an hour's massage and happy ending, £10 for naturist option and £10 for 'body to body' massage.