

## Review of Joanna of Manchester

**Review No. 96376 - Published 5 Mar 2010**

### Details of Visit:

**Author:** Mr\_Pickwick

**Type of Visit:** Incall

**Date and Time of Visit:** Thu 18 Feb 2010 11am

**Duration of Visit:** 1.5hrs+

**Amount Paid:** 190

**Recommended:** Yes

### Details of Service Provider:

**Website:** <http://www.joannaescort.co.uk>

**Phone:** 07923137424

### The Premises:

A clean and modern apartment. The area appeared safe with no evidence of biker gangs or indeed Hazel Blears in the vicinity. Directions given were clear, concise, and easy to follow.

### The Lady:

Joanna's photos are up to date and her services are accurately described on her website. What cannot be readily measured from afar is the softness of her hair or certain other skills.

### The Story:

After the traumas I experienced resulting from my employment of Mrs Bardell, it has taken me some time to once again venture forth. Regrettably I have become aware that placing adverts for female company has become a somewhat vexed affair. I must therefore thank my ever resourceful manservant Sam for his ingenious solution to this difficulty, namely that I should place an advert seeking a temporary housekeeper.

Perhaps trusting Sam a little too much, I delegated the entire task of placing the advert to him. It was thus with a little trepidation that I read the resulting item in a popular Manchester paper. ?Genelman seeks housekeeper for short-term appointment. The successful applicant must provide comfort and happiness to a genelman of middling years and generous stature. Obedience and a willingness to accommodate his foibles is expected. Widders need not apply.? Replies have flowed in from far and wide, of which more later.

I shall however dally no further, and will happily indulge my readers by recalling the progress of my interview with my preferred applicant, Joanna.

I was greeted at the door with a gentle embrace, and Joanna was attired quite in accordance with the interview requirements as communicated previously through the devilishly complicated medium of electronics. As if to prove her housekeeping credentials Joanna offered me a drink after my arduous journey. Given the time of day, I opted for tea, and as is customary in these parts, the tea was duly presented in a robust Northern mug. We settled down on a sofa and exchanged a few pleasantries as I sampled the tea. During our conversation I must confess to a certain degree of distraction, this being provoked by a generous view of Joanna's cleavage. Shortly, and at my intimation, we opted to move rooms to further explore other aspects necessary for a successful

interview to be completed. Joanna readied the shower on my behalf, ensuring that I had a fresh fluffy towel available too. On emerging from the shower, and having noted the time on my pocket watch, Joanna invited me to follow her into her bedchamber.

Matters began to take a more intimate turn, and as we embraced, my normally reticent manner receded as I boldly began to unbutton Joanna's blouse and liberate the partially concealed contents therein. I should digress briefly at this juncture to state that Joanna wore no brassiere or indeed any knickers, as per the Pickwick Club manual for housekeeper attire. This seemed an appropriate juncture to get the remaining paperwork out of the way, and thus I produced my recently drafted 'Marriage Waiver' form for Joanna to sign. This had been diligently prepared on my behalf by my punctilious legal advisors Dodson & Fuck. These gentlemen should not be confused with the unprincipled, and avaricious representatives who acted for Mrs Bardell; to further underline this distinction, their charges for drafting this essential document cost me no more than two schillings.

Joanna's skirt was soon descending towards the floor, and it seemed sensible that we should make ourselves comfortable on the bed that awaited us. At Joanna's invitation I laid down, and soon she joined me creating a delicious blend of sensations as I felt her body gliding over mine, a combination of soft hair, smooth breasts, and a teasing tongue.

Finding myself roused, I slowly turned over, whereupon Joanna joined me for a warm and generous hug, and some eager kisses too. What followed shall not remain entirely private, though I do not wish to induce a soporific state in my readers through repetition or an excess of detail. Suffice to say that our time passed quickly in a pleasant and mutual exploration of our respective assets. Presently Joanna's attentions drifted once more, and although her precise movements were shielded by her long hair, the sensations that ensued were both wicked and delightful. This time the pleasure had built to such a pitch that I was unable to resist an inevitable conclusion. My pleasure was prolonged and intense, and it was some moments before Joanna finally raised her head with a smile at a job well done; indeed her skill in such matters is most proficient. Who says that education standards are slipping? Mr Balls rated it as an A\* performance.

After a moment of such delicious intensity, an interlude for recovery was understandably essential. We lay together on the bed for some time chatting and caressing in a relaxed manner. Once more Joanna deployed her oral skills to good effect, and with a condom now applied, sat astride me. What began as slow and gentle progressively built into something increasingly urgent. Considerations of calorie control were thrown to one side as our intense and mutual coupling came to a frantic finale. By the time I was spent I daresay I had the complexion of one of Xenia's radishes.

Our interview time was technically complete, but there was no rush to conclude matters. Once again we lay and chatted for a while before I made a return visit to the shower. My pocket watch confirming that our time together in the bedroom had indeed been more than fully fulfilled.

I departed Joanna's company and made my way to Manchester Piccadilly where my loyal manservant Sam was waiting for me, drinking his customary pint of porter in the Coldfeet Tavern. 'We must catch our train Sam, it leaves for London in five minutes. Apparently the company is run by a bearded virgin.' 'That is most irregular Mr. Pickwick, most irregular, and I'm not just talking about the lack of punctuality!'

As we commenced our journey I began to leaf through some of the other replies to my advert. My eye was drawn to one written in green ink and with a Peckham postmark. A certain Miss Harriet, currently working for the Trotter family was interested in the post. Turning to the attached criminal disclosure form I noted that she confessed to being a fast woman, and had come to the attention of the local constabulary on more than one occasion. She was however anxious to emphasise that she had been exonerated from purloining a stab proof vest when venturing down to the Walworth Road market.

Having dismissed the present batch of applicants, my attention turned to the formal document from the Government Office To Confirm Housekeeper Appointments (Gotcha). Apparently the outfit is overseen by the formidable Attorney General, a certain Baroness Scotland. The document contains no less than twenty-three pages of small-print. Much of this is devoted to the upholding of equal opportunities legislation. It would seem that I must delay making a final appointment until after I have considered applicants from all regions of the UK, not only that, but from Tonga too for some inexplicable reason

In the midst of all this bureaucratic complexity, I may have to abandon my recruitment process, and simply content myself with a return trip to Manchester.