

Review of Kinkster of Manchester

Review No. 98530 - Published 30 Jun 2010

Details of Visit:

Author: Harmonica Man

Type of Visit: Outcall

Date and Time of Visit: Mon 28 Jun 2010 7pm

Duration of Visit: 90 minutes

Amount Paid: 180

Recommended: Yes

Details of Service Provider:

Profile Name: Kinkster

Website: <http://www.kinkster4you.com>

Phone: 07933613020

The Premises:

In a forest. Was it clean? Yes, apart from some leaves and twigs scattered around! Was it a nice area? Yes, good car parking, babbling river, lots of trees! Did I feel safe? Completely

The Lady:

Attractive, fun, sexy girl in her late twenties. Great figure. Easy to talk to and get on with.

The Story:

Well, this was slightly out of the ordinary for me, and for Kinkster, as she freely admitted. With all the hot weather I had the urge for a bit of outdoor fun. I'd never done it outdoors before. I PM'd Kinkster and after exchanging a couple of emails, I nervously phoned her. She put me at ease straight away with friendly conversation and we proceeded to discuss how we might meet outdoors for a bit of rumpy pumpy. We were both in agreement that we didn't want to risk getting caught, so over the bonnet on the hard shoulder of the motorway was out of the question. So, Kinkster went away and did some research on an appropriate location, which turned out to be just perfect.

We met at the location, she was bang on time. She had recommended that we make it look as if we were just having a picnic in the woods, so I had brought a rucksack with picnic gear in it, a blanket, lots of fruit, strawberries and cream and a bottle of bubbly. Kinkster was not exactly dressed for orienteering through the woods, but looked sexy as hell nonetheless. I don't think she 'does casual'. She let me know that she had no knickers on under her tiny pink shorts. Ooh the torture, I just wanted to bend her over a log and fuck there and then, but the idea was not to get caught and fall foul of the law. So, after a long walk into the woods away from any dog walkers, she found a flat spot under some trees and we proceeded to lay out the picnic, just to make it look like we weren't just there for naughty shag Wink

After some champagne and strawberries and cream, we got down to it. Kinkster lay on her back and I leaned over and kissed her. My hand found its way between her legs and pulling her shorts aside, I felt her pussy for the first time. Before long I had my head between her legs licking and sucking her clit and diving my tongue and fingers into her hot pussy. She tasted great. Kinkster's pussy is the most aesthetically lovely I have ever seen, apart from Bailey's who I just love everything about anyway. I was lying on my front with my head between Kinkster's legs with my

hardon digging a hole in the ground through my jeans, so it was time for me to get some attention. Pulling my jeans down over my cock (we never got completely naked in case we needed to quickly cover up, had a dog walker come along), Kinkster took my cock in her lovely mouth and proceeded to give me a great sloppy, spitty, deep throat blow job. This was awesome. Kinkster deep throats wonderfully. She then applied a condom with her mouth and climbed on board cowgirl style lowering her warm tight pussy down on my shaft. She rode me up and down, side to side, back to front, and I occasionally pumped and thrust as quickly and deeply inside her pussy as I could. It was a truly wonderful fuck, during which time Kinkster came (fairly loudly, but not enough to attract attention). I asked if we could finish off with more oral, so she climbed off and went to work on my cock. We were running late but Kinkster had no intention of leaving until I'd cum. I think the champagne made me last much longer than usual (alcohol has that effect on me). She gave me a wicked hand job and asked if she should catch the spunk in her mouth. Haha, like I was going to refuse an offer like that. She wanked me furiously and I spurted into her mouth, it was a great intense orgasm. We cleaned up with the wet-wipes I'd brought along and cleared up the picnic. I had noticed that Kinkster was chatting away with some of my spunk still on her chin. I rudely didn't let her know as I was revelling in this horny sight. She eventually realised herself and wiped it off (I would have told you before we started walking back, honest). We cleared up and walked back with a knowing smile on our faces as we walked past the dog walkers. Tip - take a carrier bag to put the rubbish in - I had to put the condom and the "cummy wet-wipes", as Kinkster called them, into my ruck sack with the rest of the picnic stuff. All in all a great experience for me, and Kinkster seemed to find it memorable too, even if she did get the odd scratch and stinging nettle injury.