

## Review of Vanessa of Milton Keynes

**Review No. 110551 - Published 7 Sep 2012**

### Details of Visit:

**Author:** Man Meat

**Type of Visit:** Incall

**Date and Time of Visit:** Sun 26 Aug 2012 11:10am

**Duration of Visit:** 25mins 55sec

**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:

An apartment where heavenly infidelities are performed on a daily basis.

### The Lady:

Full lips, natural tits, with honey-blond highlights in her hair. She sported several small tattoos in discreet locations that only boyfriends, punters and bedroom-window voyeurs are privy to.

### The Story:

It was an English summer's day. The rain lashed down as I drove over to the parlour. This may have dampened my windscreen, but it didn't dampen my ardour.

The maid brought me a glass of orange juice and handed me a magazine called 'Heat'. It tracks the weight-loss and weight-gain of various female soap stars and singers in the popular music genre. I dimmed the lights and slipped 'Songs of the Humpback Whale' into the CD player.

A few minutes later, Vanessa walked into the room wearing a sequined white bikini. She glanced at the CD player and pulled a face like she'd been sucking a sherbet lemon. "I think the music machine is kaput again." She tuned it to Radio One.

When she straightened up, I reached around to her bra. I lifted up the cups, freeing her breasts, and cheered myself up with a good squeeze. Then I slid my hands southward to her hips and pulled her knickers down. She moaned and pushed her hips back, rubbing her naked arse up and down my swollen phallus. A thought entered my head that if she'd been derelict in her morning ablutions I may end up with a skidmark down the front of my beige chinos. I backed off and got undressed.

Once naked, we kissed with tongues and fondled each other's tickly bits. I lay on the bed and she treated me to some deep OWO. I had the good sense to compliment her technique, which ensured its continuance with added zeal. She slipped on a dimpled condom and climbed aboard for some CowGirl. After 3 minutes we swapped to Mish. I mentioned that I'd like to finish with Jockey.

"I don't do that position," she grimaced. "It hurts me."

"You'll do it if you love me."

"Oh. Ok then."

I cracked a smile. "Only joking. Let's finish with a handjob."

She sat astride me so it looked like my cock was actually her cock. She gripped the base of my shaft with her left hand and moved her right hand up and down. This is a very effective technique, prompting a quick and powerful orgasm. Kindly, she didn't stop until she'd wanked me dry.

A thoroughly enjoyable medium-paced PSE.