

PunterNet UK

Review of Parissa of Milton Keynes

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Details of Visit:

Author: Man Meat

Type of Visit: Incall

Date and Time of Visit: Sun 16 Sep 2012 11:00am

Duration of Visit: 26mins 43sec

Amount Paid: 60

Recommended: Yes

Details of Service Provider:

Profile Name: Annabellas MK

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

Phone: 01908234646

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The Premises:

A house of sin where moral rectitude - like a pair of soiled shoes - is left at the door.

The Lady:

You know sometimes you run your fingers through a girl's hair and it feels like a bail of hay? Well, not in Parissa's case. Her hair felt like the finest fox fur from Finland and it had the soft lustre of 9-carat gold.

The Story:

It was Sunday.

Attractively attired and smelling like an airline steward, I rang the buzzer. Natalia opened the door. Her eyes widened and she began to pout. The maid popped her head out of the kitchen door for a quick peek. She licked her lips and mouthed the word, "Hello."

Having read Parissa's reports, I knew I'd have more hope of finding fossilized rabbits in Precambrian rock than receiving DFK, but this didn't deter me from visiting her. By all accounts she has the sort of body that makes your fillings tingle, and her oral technique is indistinguishable from Pippa Middleton's.

When she entered the bedroom, I eyed her speculatively. She was tall and blonde, with perfect tits, an all-over tan, and no tattoos. Walking down the street, she could turn the heads of even the most conscientious drivers. I don't know where she lives, but I'd wager the insurance premiums are higher than the national average.

As I watched her walk across the room, beads of sweat popped out on my forehead. I contemplated asking if I could use her knickers to mop my brow. After all, they looked absorbent, and, when she bent over, I noticed they had a sturdy double gusset.

We did some light kissing and I squeezed various parts of her body. They all felt firm. I was keen to get the action started so I stripped off. She opened the bedside drawer.

"Oh, I need to get some wet wipes." As she walked out of the room she shouted back, "Don't you dare go soft!"

When she returned I was fully engorged and dripping excitement on the carpet.

I lay down and she treated me to some exquisite OWO and scrotum licking. A pretty girl always gets my blood pumping, and after 4 minutes I felt a catastrophe was imminent. We changed to CowGirl so I could cool off, but after 2 minutes of Parissa bouncing up and down I sensed another calamity threatening. We changed to missionary but the squeaky bed was a bit distracting. These beds take a pounding and the nuts were probably a bit loose. As it happens, mine were still tight, so I suggested we finish with a hand job. After 47 strokes I was simmering in the deliciousness of erotic torment. Parissa locked her lips around my cock and took the full payload. I was still twitching when she sprinted to the bathroom.

A good punt.