

PunterNet UK

Review of Yana of Milton Keynes

Review No. 113413 - Published 8 May 2013

Details of Visit:

Author: James Richards

Type of Visit: Incall

Date and Time of Visit: Wed 1 May 2013 1pm

Duration of Visit: 1 hour

Amount Paid: 120

Recommended: Yes

Details of Service Provider:

Profile Name: Annabellas MK

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

Phone: 01908234646

Phone: 01908711821

The Premises:

Usual Annabellas flat near John Lewis, CMK. Discreet entrance. Quiet residential area. Safe and clean.

The Lady:

Yana is beautiful, tanned, toned with delicious curves. A delight to behold.

The Story:

Richards took a quick glance back, to ensure he'd lost his tail, and slipped down the side road keeping to the shadows. His pace quickened a little, he had the advantage and was determined to disappear from the prying eyes which Moscow had sent to observe him. "Bloody Russians!" he half muttered under his breath, the agents from station M had become more tenacious of late, maybe some much needed funds had finally found their way to help train the new recruits. Whichever, all he knew was it was getting harder to complete the orders he'd received from The Circus, but he was damned sure he was going to succeed in this latest mission.

His task was to meet with a beautiful Russian double agent, code named "Yana". She had been in deep cover for over a year already working as a VIP Escort. This was not an unusual occupation for attractive female agents on both sides, as all men, even agents, had a fatal weakness when it came to sex, namely they talked too much and would often reveal more than was wise. He'd have to keep his wits about him.

Richards approached the discreet flat, pleased that the entrance provided shielding from the surrounding apartments. It was certain that Yana was also being watched. Trust was an antiquated concept in this business and both sides watched their own as much as they watched the opposition. He rang briefly on the door, pulled up the collar on his grey, woolen coat and waited for the door to open. After a few brief seconds he heard the chain on the safety lock being undone and the door swung open enough for a youngish, blonde, woman to eye him up, raising a questioning eyebrow. "Vat do yoo vant?", she asked curtly.

"I have an appointment with Yana", Richards answered quietly but confidently.

"You better come een", replied the woman, opening the door fully whilst glancing out nervously to

check for unwanted attention.

Once inside, Richards noted the warm, comfortable apartment and was led upstairs to a darkened room with blackout blinds over the windows. Two bedside lamps projected a dim glow over the stylish furniture which consisted of a double bed, a sofa and two large mirrors.

“She will be with you in a moment,” drawled the blonde woman, giving Richards a quick once over before heading out the door.

After a few minutes, the door slowly opened and in walked a dark haired lady, perfectly tanned skin, wearing hold up stockings and matching dark grey lingerie. Although Richards had communicated with Yana many times via letter drops, nothing had prepared him for the vision of pure, feminine sexuality before him now. He struggled to find his words for a second but managed to stutter out, “The weather in Moscow must be cold this time of year?” the pre-arranged code words sent to him by The Circus.

“Da, eet vud be better to be in Vladivostok,” came the appropriate reply, almost purred by this beautiful creature.

“Were you followed?” she continued.

“Yes,” said Richards, “but I lost him. Your people are getting better all the time,” he added.

“Da, dat ees true. Shall we get down to business?” she said, slinking over to Richards to sit next to him on the sofa.

Richards wasn’t sure what she meant by this exactly. Yes, he had vital papers he needed to give to her, but there was a suggestion in her voice which went beyond a formal exchange of secret information.

“Do you always seduce young agents in this manner?” he said teasingly.

“Not all,” she replied, moving closer towards him so that he could inhale her intoxicating fragrance, “but you are deferent,” she whispered in his ear.

Slowly she began to undress him as their lips met in the most sensual of kisses, such soft, delicious lips which awakened Richards’ passion.

The next hour was a flurry of animal chemistry as each abandoned themselves to the pleasure of the other, leading to a crescendo of ecstasy like a wave crashing on the shore again and again. Her skill in the art of pleasing a man was breathtaking and Richards finally collapsed, breathless, into her tender arms as the adrenaline seeped out of his system.

“I should go,” he finally said, once he had regained his conscious thoughts.

“Will I see you again?” she asked, stroking his face.

“I can guarantee it,” Richards replied confidently. This was one dame he knew he couldn’t let get away from his grasp.

Richards walked out into the cold air, a gentle smile across his face not caring now who saw it. His mission was accomplished and, although the world was still a dark and dangerous place for agents like him, right now he felt nothing but hope and happiness. Yana. what a lady!