

PunterNet UK

Review of Jan of Whitchurch

Review No. 125250 - Published 20 Oct 2017

Details of Visit:

Author: Jan's fan

Location 2: Shrewsbury

Type of Visit: Outcall

Date and Time of Visit: Wed 18 Oct 2017 7:45

Duration of Visit: 1 Hours

Amount Paid: 120

Recommended: Yes

Details of Service Provider:

Profile Name: Jan

Website: <http://www.janofwhitchurch.co.uk>

Phone: 07711758516

The Premises:

The Lady:

EXACTLY as I had chosen: lovely slim body, fabulous bottom and legs, adorable 34B. Perfect in every way.

The Story:

First impression, in the dark, as she gets out of her car: elegant; taller than expected. Looks smart, classy, in her overcoat. To my front door. She goes first and I notice (admire) her seamed stockings. Not cheap. Nice touch. And black patent shoes with satin bows (wish they were my size :o) A glass of wine? Maybe a small Sauvignon blanc. (Of course – what else?) We talk, me fighting Big Match nerves, and I hand the initiative to her. She likes kissing, so we kiss. Not long before her hand has wandered down there, now enjoying the feel of cock in silky black Vanity Fair knickers. We both chose black tonight. Time to make a move to the bedroom, me still nervous. She peels off her figure-hugging dress and there she is in the cutest black set (removing the rest is my job, she says). Fabulous legs, lovely body: I want all of it, right now. I want the feel of her, the smell of her, the taste of her. But what I want most is to make her cum. Noisily – and bummer what the neighbours think. I feel her, moist, through her little black panties, I slip a finger inside in search of the spot and yes. Was that nice? Oh yes. Helping her out of her cute little black 34B balconette (I wish that was my size too), her nipples need attention – and teasing, she says, but it really, really is time to go down there, to show a lady a good time. To bury my face in her pretty pink wetness. Who knows, maybe I will be able to perform after all. Almost. Not her fault. Still too nervous, but yes we do indeed try a couple of positions. A joy to behold, her, wearing only a black suspender belt and seamed stockings (that ought to guarantee a result, surely) but no, I'm not going to make it tonight – which is okay as long as she doesn't mind. She says not so we cuddle up, kiss some more until I suggest it might be time for her to go. Note she didn't suggest it. Standing at her car, we pencil in a next time . . . but next time won't be our first date . . .