

PunterNet UK

Review of Abbi of Northampton

Review No. 127085 - Published 16 Sep 2018

Details of Visit:

Author: smallrick4870

Type of Visit: Incall

Date and Time of Visit: Sat 15 Sep 2018 19:00

Duration of Visit: 60 Minutes

Amount Paid: 135

Recommended: Yes

Details of Service Provider:

Profile Name: Soft Touch Bodyworks

Website: <http://www.soft-touch.co.uk>

Phone: 01604752390

The Premises:

As I drove along the pot-holed roads of Northampton, the sunset illuminated the Softtouch body works establishment as a paradise of pussy on the horizon in an otherwise grey town. Parking was plentiful - though I would recommend the walk from town to avoid suspicion.

The Lady:

A lithe and fit body, that could aptly be described as a school girl reminiscent of my teenage daughter's friends.

Her derriere was a sight to behold, full and welcoming, resembling what can only be described as the Golden Arches of McDonalds after a long drive on the motorway, I can promise you this, this happy meal also ended with salty goodness.

The breasts... where to start. truly milky bringing back fond memories of suckling as a child.

Her pins were never-ending and shapely, although her knees were scabbed, although not to my taste, some may find this 'look' appealing.

Her face was satisfactory.

The Story:

The mood was sombre. The Northampton saints had just been defeated dismally in the gardens. I was frustrated, both emotionally and sexually. Upon surveying my surroundings, I realised I was only a short drive from the Taj Mahal of intercourse... Soft-touch bodyworks.

I decided to swing by my quarters in order to dress appropriately for such an occasion. I decided upon my favourite herringbone tweed jacket and signature orange non slip crocs, perfect for the impending shower (golden or otherwise).

Upon arrival I was greeted by the youthful and exotic Abbi, who swiftly handed me a refreshing chilled beaker of their finest apple presse (may have been apple juice upon further reflection). She was glowing, the black light above her painting an almost Jackson Pollack-esque effect upon her

face. She beckoned me into her boudoir and requested I have a shower, this isn't an issue normally however she requested I did this naked, this was not previously agreed upon, to be honest I found this uncouth and unnecessary, we came to compromise in the end and I was able to continue to wear my crocs in order to avoid any potential verrucas.

She proceeded to give me a middle of the road massage on my back, I have sensitive skin but Abbi was kind enough to check the ingredients on the drum of the Nuru gel confirming it was organic and suited my vegan lifestyle.

The massage was below par but only lasted momentarily before she rolled me over like a rotund king henry the eighth awaiting his next wife. I rose to attention like any good soldier would (wood) and held my tongue as she worked her way down down down to my throbbing member, at this point more reminiscent of the national lift tower than that of an average punters penis. The rage inside me swelled as she made her way to my perineum, I jumped up ferocious like an early morning lion, pinning her to the bed (after asking permission of course), I slowly inserted my penis (inch by inch tenderly as a gentleman only can but with force and an assertiveness), I was sure I heard a squeal, "eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeek".

I had a request for Abbi which she happily agreed to...

"Abbi, tonights defeat has left me feeling dejected and vulnerable, would you be so kind as to call me Dylan Hartley for the night?"

"Of course, Dylan."

A sense of power surged through my swollen thighs as I grabbed her by her perfect brown nipples.

After some passionate mish we moved onto ERP, this is my sweet spot however so she recommended some CRM, her signature move. I will admit I misread the signs and expected a bit of wet work, the shower I was initially offered turned out to be the only shower up for grabs, making my crocs sadly redundant. This didn't impact my pleasure too much however as we moved to OWOT, a gummy delight.

We returned to some rogering of the doggy variety, allowing me one last glimpse at those beautiful golden arches, reminding me of the importance of post-workout carbohydrates. She once again squealed with delight...

"Are you still enjoying the dicking my love? I asked.

"Im lovin' it" she replied in ecstasy.

"Ready your face" I instructed.

"No" she replied.

I finished on my own stomach, an oozy secretion not in keeping with the otherwise fantastic service received.

In hindsight I wouldn't have used the hot tap to remove the ejaculate from my stomach as it created a substance more akin to porridge and fried egg.

Abbi provided a wonderful service, I would 100% recommend to my friends, in fact half my cricket club have already agreed to visit her next week. Unfortunately, group discounts are not available.

It was refreshing to be treated as a worthy mate, as a man of advanced age recently celebrating my 68th birthday, this was more important than i could ever give words to.

God be with you Abbi.