

PunterNet UK

Review of Candy of Milton Keynes

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Details of Visit:

Author: Chuntering

Type of Visit: Incall

Date and Time of Visit: Sun 2 Jun 2019

Duration of Visit: .5 Hours

Amount Paid: 60

Recommended: No

Details of Service Provider:

Profile Name: MKE Finest

Website: <http://www.miltonkeynesescorts.com>

Phone: 01908696559

The Premises:

Long-running parlour in Bletchley, notwithstanding that it's called Milton Keynes Escorts. It's slightly frayed round the edges at this point; has seen better days. But it's fine and comfortable enough. No complaints; not there for the decor. Maid, frankly, was grumpy and charmless. Not like the maids here in the days of old.

The Lady:

The website photos are quite heavily doctored and posed advantageously. Yes, they are photos of Candy but clearly tidied up to her considerable advantage. She has very little by way of boobs (she's no more a "C" cup than I am) and what she has is sagging in, unfortunately, a not very attractively sagging way. She's slim but again sagging, post-childbirth and lack of exercise midriff. Fully shaven down below. Facially, she's pretty enough in a girl next door kind of way. Height-wise she's closer to the 5'6" than the 5'3" advertised on the website. She's also, at a guess, closer to 30 than 20 so I doubt she's 22. More like 27.

The Story:

First, a caveat. I liked Candy. She was a friendly girl, chatty, and easygoing. If I'd met her in a pub I could have chatted away quite happily for an hour or two (though I seriously doubt I'd have tried to pull her.) Personality and demeanour-wise I can't say a bad word about her. The problem is, in three decades of punting she offers as poor a service as, quite literally, I've ever had. She wants to be good at her job, make money, and get repeat business (so she said) but she's basically not prepared to do her job to any satisfactory level at all so her hopes of success will be, I imagine, roughly zero. Here's how it went:

The Start: We lay on the bed chatting for a couple of minutes and I put an arm around her hinting gently at time for intimacy. No response at all. She seemed to be saying "we're having a lovely chat. Why ruin it by getting physical?" Somewhat abashed, I decided to move in for a kiss. "I don't kiss." Note: this wasn't "I don't offer DFK". It was "I don't kiss." Any kiss. At all. Not even the sort of peck on the cheek your mum would give you. It gets better. She explained why she doesn't kiss. "Fear of catching something." That was a first for me: I mean "no bareback" makes sense but no kissing because you're afraid of STDs? I think you're in the wrong job, love.

The Foreplay: By now rapidly losing the will to live, I thought the old favourite, reverse oral might be a good way to break the barriers. Some chance. She doesn't do that either, presumably for fear of catching something else. She suggested instead that we have a play with her magic bullet and, frankly, as I was counting down the minutes by that point I was happy enough as we clearly weren't going to do anything enjoyable and using her vibrator at least precluded me from having to do any hard work. So, basically, she lay back and had a wank with one hand on her bullet and gave me a fast, vigorous, distant handjob with the other.

The denouement: She then announced that we were almost out of time, the maid having knocked on the door. Trouble was, the maid clearly hadn't knocked on the door. In fact, I'd been in the room for only 15 minutes so maybe this was a practised move to bring bookings to a rapid end. Or maybe not. By that point, I simply didn't care. The thought an early escape was growing more appealing by the minute. So I suggested sex, initially in spoons as this seemed the only option she was happy to accommodate while continuing to lie back and use her bullet on herself. Within a couple of thrusts of entry, she was reminding me again that time was running out.

Wanting to come quickly and under pressure to do so, I started to move into missionary but, to put the icing on the cake, she doesn't do missionary, apparently, because it's too deep. WTF? I don't think my leviathan 6 inches of manhood is in any danger of damaging her cervix in any position in the Khama Sutra, let alone missionary. So, oh well, it was continue in spoons or give up. With a great deal of effort I managed to come, made the bed, and bailed. I will not be back, (but I probably don't need to say that.)

Candy made a remark that amused me on the way out. She suggested that I re-visit for a two girl with her and Daisy. I asked her if she was bi or gay for pay (if you're going to even consider a two-girl, you need to ask the right questions first) and she replied "oh, I've never done a two-girl so I don't know." So much for her and Daisy's dream team (although working with Daisy might be no bad thing. Next to a pro, Candy would at least realise how utterly poor she is at the job.

A really sad, miserable half hour and, I'm afraid, a brutal review. But deservedly so. If MKE was Tesco's frankly I'd have asked for my money back. It really was that bad, if not worse. I'll end where I started. Candy IS a nice girl. She's good company. In light of that, writing this review really gives me no pleasure. But she's in totally the wrong job and frankly, I felt conned. She is there so she can make some money (as are we all in our jobs), but with no effort whatsoever made to earn it or provide an even half decent service. If she's not willing to meet even the minimum requirements for doing the job then she shouldn't be in it.

It's probably no accident that after working for a month, this is her first review. But I had to write it where I suspect others have avoided giving a bad review because if other punters aren't warned, what's the point of this and other sites? With a degree of sadness, this is a strong avoid. I would give Candy an extremely wide berth unless you like wasting money.