

PunterNet UK

Review of Debbie of Anerley

Review No. 20980 - Published 2 Jul 2002

Details of Visit:

Author: docker

Location 2: Anerley

Type of Visit: Incall

Date and Time of Visit: 26.6.02 8.00 pm

Duration of Visit: 40 mins? 40 ho

Amount Paid: 70

Recommended: Yes

Details of Service Provider:

Profile Name: Debbies Massage

Website: <http://www.debbiesmassage.net>

Phone: 02086760043

The Premises:

Cosy, safe, newly decorated, very tastefully done - let none say any different!

The Lady:

As lovely as always.

The Story:

CHAPTER 2

(Continued from docker's previous fr on Debbs)

The lovely receptionist left with a smile and closed the door behind her. Anxiously, he began to rehearse his interview. It was vital that he get this job, after being so ignominiously dismissed from his previous post as headmaster of Anerley Park High School for Girls. He shivered as he recalled the chair of governors walking into his office to find him frantically shagging the head girl. Despite the shame and recriminations, his groin still tightened at the memory of their writhing bodies and his blissful orgasm. How the mighty had fallen! Any job would do now, even this, the post of personal assistant to ? what was her name? ? Ms Horlick.

The interview room was, well, interesting, to say the least. Tastefully decorated in yellow and blue, with a wall of tiled mirrors. But, dear me, this was a shoddy job. The mirrors gave off an uneven reflection, making his chest look enormous compared to the rest of his body. Should he get this job, he would immediately recommend that Ms Horlick employ only qualified professionals to do her decorating in the future.

His train of thought was interrupted as an attractive, well-built woman entered the room. She had long, flowing brown hair and dark brown eyes that she fixed on him brazenly. Her smart blouse emphasised the curve of her ample breasts; her short skirt clung to her rounded buttocks; and a promise of stockings and suspenders teased their way into vision as she walked. Without the hint of a smile, she bade him sit in a low chair in the corner of the room. Placing a much taller chair before him, she sat down slowly, still transfixing him with her eyes, her gaze at once haughty and

deliciously sensual. He felt himself succumbing to her strange, erotic power as she gazed down at him. Slowly, she slipped off a shoe and placed her foot on his crotch, pressing it into his now stiffening prick.

'So,' she said at last, 'You want to work for me and you think you are up to the job?'

'Ye-yes, Ms Horlick,' he stammered. 'I'm sure I have the skills you are looking for.'

Her full lips curved into a wry smile and the tip of her tongue teased its way about them.

'And what skills are they, I wonder?'

He was about to answer but she cut him short.

'Mr Docker, you need to understand that most of my clients are successful, professional women. The hot drinks business is cut throat these days and I need assistants who will do anything? - her foot pressed deeper into his balls and she leant closer to him - 'and I mean anything - to secure my contracts.' She paused. 'Are you prepared to do what it takes to please these women?'

His throat was dry. He could do with a hot drink himself. He swallowed and nodded, weakly.

'Good!' she said and stood up, briskly. 'Now let's see if you have the body to match. Come over here and get undressed.' At first he was stunned and didn't move. 'NOW!' she commanded.

Quickly he obeyed. It wasn't just that he needed the job. There was something about this woman and the power she exuded that made him fear her displeasure. As he began to unbutton his shirt, however, she surprised him once again. Slowly, enticingly, she began to caress his naked chest and tease his nipples, first with her fingers, then with her tongue.

'Hmmm,' she murmured with approval, now caressing his groin and the top of his legs. 'I know many of my clients personally and they will certainly approve of this.' And she ran a finger nail along the length of his cock, now rigid, protruding, hungry. Turning away from him with a knowing smile, she pressed her buttocks into his swollen groin, unbuttoned her blouse and began to take off her bra, all the while staring at herself in the mirror tiles. He, too, was transfixed by her reflection. Her already large breasts were transformed by the mirror tiles into two huge mountains of soft, white flesh, capped by two enormous nipples, erect and aroused.

She turned and kissed him full on the lips.

'Well,' she teased, grabbing hold of his shaft, 'Aren't you going to show some initiative? Anyone who works for me must show plenty of initiative. ...' and her eyes guided his towards a large, pink dildo on the desk beside the bed.

Ah! And he'd thought it was a paperweight! Ms Horlick pulled him down on to the bed and commanded him to fuck her with it. He tried, but his rhythm was clumsy and she quickly became impatient with him. Pushing his hand out of the way, she began to masturbate herself with the monstrous thing.

'Those fingers of yours,' she panted, 'Can you only use them for typing?'

Pulling him down further towards her, she gripped his head in her hands and whispered in his ear. 'And what about those highly developed oral skills you wrote about in your application form ???'

Ms Horlick was by this time truly aroused and for the next five minutes she moaned, writhed and screamed as he licked, sucked and teased her clitoris with his tongue and friggd her cunt with one, then two fingers. She orgasmed with a shriek and her juices soaked his lips and chin and, panting,

he sat up for breath.

But she'd only just started on him!

In a dazed state, he was dragged into the middle of the bed and told to lie on his back. Then this amazing woman pinioned his arms to the bed, sat astride his chest and transfixed him once more with her eyes. In a husky voice, thick with lust, she whispered 'Well, are you going to enjoy working under a woman??

Later that night, in a disturbed and fevered state, as he tossed and turned in his bed unable to sleep, he tried to recall the ensuing sequence of events. When was it exactly that she had teased his balls so tantalisingly with her tongue? Was it before or after they had had 69 together? When had she had her second orgasm? Was it in one of the numerous positions she had adopted while he was on his back? No, he remembered at last. It was as he took her from behind. She had screamed at him to pump harder, forbidding him to come without her permission. By the time she lay on her back, her cunt soaking wet and fully satisfied, he was ready, more than ready to shoot his spunk deep within her. Showing the kind of initiative he hoped she would approve of, he threw himself upon her, thrusting his aching prick deeper and deeper inside her. Ms Horlick groaned with pleasure and whispered in his ear about all of the filthy things she was going to make him do for her in the future until, in a nuclear explosion of spunk and sweat, he finally released his load and kept coming and coming until he had discharged enough spunk to fill every waste paper basket in the office.

She left him on the bed and fetched herself a drink. His work wasn't finished yet, she informed him. Yes, he could have the job as her personal assistant but this would also require him to do a number of menial tasks, such as tidying the office at the end of a busy day ? and this had, believe me, been a busy day. Immediately, he began to do as she asked ? and, no, he couldn't get dressed until he had finished. And he mustn't forget to wash up. And clear away the cake. And what about the hoovering? All this time she sat regally on the sofa, smoking and re-applying her make-up. No, no, really, none of this would do at all. Ms Lee would be in the next morning and so would Ms Yasmin. Did he really think they would appreciate the place being left in such a state? There was only one thing for it ? he would have to return the next morning to finish the job off. Now, would he run her to her car, please, where her chauffeur was waiting? The monthly service was due ? no, not the car?s, the chauffeur?s. And then she was expecting Lord Ovaltine to come later on (probably all over her sofa ? as usual!). For her, the night was only just beginning ?

Ms Horlick climbed into her car, gave him a slight peck on the cheek, and was driven off to her penthouse flat in Mayfair.

Well, it might be a job that didn't pay well, and he might die of exhaustion before the year was out, but something deep within his trousers told him that, yes, he was going to enjoy working under Ms Horlick.

(to be continued)

As with the previous fr, this is a largely factual account. OK, so I lied about the clearing up - Debbs did help - well, a little bit, anyway. In case you're wondering whether her role plays are really this good, well, if anything, they're better.

Why does Debbs remind me of Carlsberg?

Cos she's probably the greatest shagger in the world.

