

PunterNet UK

Review of Debbie of Anerley

Review No. 21624 - Published 22 Jul 2002

Details of Visit:

Author: docker

Location 2: Anerley

Type of Visit: Incall

Date and Time of Visit: 17.7.02 8.00 pm

Duration of Visit: 1 hour

Amount Paid: 70

Recommended: Yes

Details of Service Provider:

Profile Name: Debbies Massage

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

Phone: 02086760043

The Premises:

As in previous reports - nicely decorated, especially the bedroom, friendly and welcoming as ever.

The Lady:

It's all been said before. In her thirties, sexy brunette, beautiful brown eyes, lovely figure... for more, read on.

The Story:

CHAPTER 3 (continued from frs 16937 and 20980)

This time it should have been different.

Relaxation and rest were what he needed. The GP had been very firm about this. In particular, no sexual excitement of any kind. And the best of specialist attention. The hospital to which he had been referred boasted an international expert in psycho-sexual disorders, the eminent Herr E. Kuntz. But on arriving for his appointment the receptionist had explained to him in her attractive, Scottish accent that the unfortunate Herr Doctor had himself been diagnosed as suffering from a severe case of sexual hysteria.

'Shagged himself silly and had to be sectioned,' she commented, wryly. 'Tragic, really. The nursing staff are all shattered, as you can imagine. But a senior nurse will see you instead, Mr Docker. So if you will just wait in the room on the left, Nurse Largebottom will be along shortly.'

As he looked about the room, admiring the quality of decor and enjoying the tastefully sensuous music playing on the hospital radio, he realised that he should have gone to the toilet. Should he slip out now, quickly? Ah, no need, there was just the thing on the table, next to the bed. He'd never seen a pink one before, though, and this funny shaped top was difficult to remove. He was just about to try and unscrew it with his teeth when he heard a noise outside. Quickly, he replaced the oddly shaped bottle on the bedside table and tried to compose himself as the door opened.

Who did this woman remind him of? She had that haughty look of someone confident and in

charge. She was quite tall, but her long, six inch stiletto heels made her appear much taller. Her thick, brown hair was arranged to fall attractively over her shoulders. Her uniform was a tight fit, to say the least, hardly covering her substantial breasts and rather emphasising a very impressive cleavage. And it was very, very short. Was this an example of the NHS cutting its cloth to make savings? Or an attempt at a bolder, more exciting image for its workforce? He could see the suspenders holding up her fishnet stockings and, despite everything his GP had warned him about, his prick began to stiffen as she slowly approached him.

'Nurse Largebottom .. ?' It was impossible to say the name without his eyes flickering down to admire those gorgeously alluring thighs leading up to her ..'

'How dare you even think of such a connection!' she snapped.

She had spotted where his eyes were heading and her own were flashing with anger. Grabbing him sharply by the nipples, she pulled him towards her.

'My name has nothing at all to do with my vital statistics, do you hear? Well, do you??'

He winced and nodded, vigorously.

'I may be voluptuous, I may be rubenesque, I may be perfectly desirable , but' her grip tightened, 'don't even think of looking without my permission. Is that perfectly clear?'

Her intelligent brown eyes penetrated deep into his before she mercifully released her grip and turned briefly to scan her clipboard.

'I see you've been working for Miss Horlick, Mr Docker.' Her lips curled into a cruel smile. 'You won't be the first of her employees we've had to treat before now. What is it, then? Scrotal exhaustion? Penile fatigue? Erosion of the foreskin?'

He was about to answer but she ignored him.

'Ah, something a little more interesting, I see. A blockage of the ducta spermatica!' Her eyes seemed to sparkle for an instant. 'It's a while since I've had the pleasure of treating that one.' She stroked his crutch, slowly, and the swelling inside his pants increased. 'So, we better get undressed then, hadn't we?' she teased.

Self-consciously, he began to take off his clothes.

'Come, come, get a move on, Mr Docker, haven't you heard of NHS waiting lists? There are other patients desperate for my attentions as well as yourself!'

In a matter of seconds, his clothes were strewn about the floor and he stood before her, trying to keep his bulging cock under some sort of control.

'Hmm', she muttered and, grabbing him by the balls, she asked him to cough. A feeble, high-pitched rush of air issued from his lungs. She looked at him coldly. 'I'm not sure about these,' she said, rolling his balls about in the palm of her hand. 'I may have to fit you with a National Health truss.' She paused and then ran a finger up his throbbing shaft. 'But that will be later.'

Then, to his amazement, she began to remove her own scanty uniform, revealing underneath the sexiest underwear he had ever seen. The black, silky knickers were little more than a thong crowned and encircled by her suspenders; the bra supported but exposed her naked breasts, making them appear full and ripe and ready for ...

'Sucking is one way I might remove the blockage', she said, huskily, looking down at her medical

notes and licking her lips. 'Or massage is another,' one hand now slowly caressing her breasts. 'Or perhaps through high level friction,' now fingering her pussy through the gusset of her knickers. 'But first you must do something for me.'

She turned and then thrust the ample cheeks of her arse straight into his groin. 'Remove these knickers ... and don't be so clumsy .. and take them away from your nose! We have tissues for that sort of thing!'

Coolly, she lay on the bed and spread her legs, exposing her shaven pussy, all the time staring into his eyes. He gritted his teeth in an attempt to keep his tongue from darting in its direction.

'Now, Mr Docker, it's time for my smear test.' Her hand reached for and gathered the pink bottle at the side of the bed. Rolling a condom over it, she handed it to him. 'Personally, I prefer to use a large dildo for this kind of examination.'

Ah! So that's what it was! No wonder he hadn't been able to unscrew the top.

She pushed it into her nicely moistened slit and snapped at him. 'Don't leave me to do all the work myself. Come here, that's it, now push ..oooh ..that's nice .. and again ...haaa .. and again. ... hhhhaa'

The image of a tabloid headline 'Job Satisfaction in the NHS' swam insanely around his head as this gorgeous woman bucked, sighed and moaned beneath his thrusts. Finally, he could no longer hold back from plunging his head into her bush and allowing his tongue to flick and lick, this way and that, over her clitoris and deep into her cunt. The dildo was cast aside as he completely lost control. Nurse Largebottom jammed her thighs tightly around his ears and kept him trapped there until she had climaxed and her juices washed their way deliciously over his lips and tongue.

She released him, pushed him to one side and sat up, straightening her hair and quickly composing herself.

'Well, Mr Docker, lie on the bed, we haven't got all day.'

He did as he was told. He was both too scared and too excited to do anything else, and this dual thrill was exacerbated as she began to tie him to the bedposts, first by his wrists, then by his ankles.

'I'm afraid we have had to make economies due to additional labour costs.' She said, in a matter-of-fact manner. 'We've had to cut down on our use of anaesthetic and need to restrain our patients, just in case the pain isn't sufficiently deadened. There!' The final knot was in place. 'Now where did I put my syringe?'

'No, please, no, nurse,' he begged. 'I really can't bear pain. Even the smallest of pricks!'

She stopped. 'Hmm, well I do have some sympathy with that. I'm not too fond of small pricks myself.' She shook her head, crossly. 'Very well, then. I'm just going to have to administer it the other way.'

What was the other way? Why was that cruel smile beginning to play on her lips again? With growing apprehension he watched as she inserted her finger into a condom, walked to the bottom of the bed and spread his legs even wider apart. As he looked on in terror she began to insert her finger into his anus, first gently, then more deeply. 'Ah, that's the spot, I think.' Expertly she began to stroke the gland deep within him. The feeling was at once painful and stimulating, horrifying and thrilling. His body tensed and he thrutched and moaned as she violated him mercilessly. 'Please, please' he begged but she ignored him until she was finally satisfied that the job had been done properly and that he had been well and truly dealt with.

'You see, Mr Docker,' - she was now crawling up his body, teasing his flesh with her fingers and her lips. He thrilled at the whisper of her voice, sinister and sensual at one and the same time - 'You see, my niece knows you ... intimately.'

A sickening sensation hit him in the stomach like a fist. That was it! The family resemblance ..

'Head girl at a local secondary school,' She was tweaking his nipples with one hand and rolling a condom on to his aching cock with the other 'Until she was discovered having sex .. ' her mouth was just inches away from the glans of his prick, the wondrous cheeks of her arse hovering over his face 'with her headmaster. And who was he, I wonder?'

And with that her mouth set about him. Hungrily she sucked at his cock, taking it full into her throat, her tongue playing with its tip and along the length of its shaft. At the same time she caressed and squeezed his balls, giving out moans of pleasure which grew in intensity as, unable to control himself, he strained the rope that was tying his right arm and began to frig her sopping vagina first with one finger, then with two. Then he began to lick her again and, gasping, she commanded him to stick his tongue out as far as he could and to fuck her with it. Her powerful thighs began to thrust back and forth, back and forth ...

But she wasn't quite ready to be fully satisfied yet. Panting, but very much in control, she finally pulled away from him and knelt astride his chest. Gazing down at him, her eyes smouldering with lust, she murmured, hoarsely, 'Was this how you assessed your students? Was this how you chose your 'head' girl?'

He wanted to protest his innocence. He had planned nothing. The girl had seduced him. He was just a weak-willed man who kept running into strong-willed women who seemed hell bent on using him to satisfy their perverse, sexual desires. 'Why me??' he wanted to scream. 'Why me .. again??' But before he could utter any sound whatsoever, she leant further over him and first her lips, then her tongue began to play their way over his, teasing their way around his mouth, both outside and inside. At the same time she was whispering again.

'It's time for your water cure, Mr Docker.' More kisses, more teasing. 'And then we'll see how you handle my, er, special treatment. You see, there is a shortage of beds in the NHS, as I'm sure you know.' Another pause, another kiss. 'And it's my job to empty them. One way,' a lingering kiss that could almost have been tender if it wasn't for the latent menace in her words 'or another.'

The water cure consisted of being squeezed into a shower and forced to rub oil all over Nurse Largebottom's bottom, as well as over her boobs, her belly, her back, her neck and just about every other part of her incredible body. When she returned the favour to him she was vigorous and expert in her application, using her hands, her bottom, her boobs, her belly, just about every part of her incredible body to massage and clean him. He emerged feeling fresh and elated but still worryingly excited. Quietly, he was led back into the bedroom and he thought that perhaps - just perhaps - Nurse Largebottom had finished with him.

He couldn't have been more wrong.

This woman truly was insatiable. She lay on the bed and pulled him down on top of her, guiding his prick effortlessly into her wet pussy, and he fucked her blissfully until she came.

But that wasn't enough for her. She now told him to take her from behind, which he did, thrusting deeply and ever more deeply inside her, gripping the ample cheeks of her backside with his hands, panting, gasping, feeling his heart pummelling inside his chest. His mind was telling him No, no, no!! but his body was screaming Yes, yes, YES!

And still she hadn't finished with him. She turned and lay on her back and raised her legs into the air. She pulled his cock into her once again and rested her legs upon his shoulders. Gripping the bedhead behind her, she commanded him to fuck her hard which he did, then harder, which he did. As he kissed her passionately he could feel himself about to come. She sensed it, too, and told him to shoot his load deep, deep inside of her. It was too late for caution, too late to think of his doctor's warnings. He wondered if it was possible to die of pure bliss and if so, then why not? As he finally gave in and felt his juices spurting and then pumping, endlessly pumping, an inky blackness seemed to descend over him and the last thing he was conscious of was a look of triumph in the eyes of Nurse Largebottom. After that, all was darkness.

Is this the end of Docker's adventures with Debbie? Or does he live on to attempt to survive yet another fantasy?

Sorry for the length of this fr but it still doesn't do the whole experience justice. Once again, Debbie scores a million out of ten.