

# PunterNet UK

## Review of Amy of London

**Review No. 106244 - Published 22 Oct 2011**

### Details of Visit:

**Author:** Stood up by Becky

**Location 2:** Mayfair

**Type of Visit:** Incall

**Date and Time of Visit:** Tue 18 Oct 2011 3pm

**Duration of Visit:** 1hr

**Amount Paid:** 350

**Recommended:** Yes

### Details of Service Provider:

**Company:** London Pussycats

**Website:** <http://www.londonpussycats.com>

**Phone:** 07404696969

### The Premises:

Very clean, spacious, pleasant area.

### The Lady:

Slim, beautiful, dark hair, lovely eyes, natural breasts.

### The Story:

A chance free afternoon and I realised I had a need. The sort of need that can only be filled by a beautiful woman. I browsed the net, stumbled upon London Pussy Cats and dropped them an email. My initial choice was away, but I was offered the option of two escorts, one on the site, one so new she wasn't pictured. A picture followed in the next email.

It was rather tasty. If you like a darker haired beauty, then this one would get you where you live. The definition of pert. The sort of pic that makes you think this isn't real, she's stolen a model's pics.

I ummed and ahhhd. The other escort was suddenly not available. Another pic of Amy followed. Holy shit. I was convinced she wasn't real. There's so much of it about, eastern Europeans with pics so drop dead gorgeous yet they charge 50 quid. A bit of a disconnect. Would she live up to her billing? I was assured she would.

Problem. She hadn't called in and I was on a tight schedule. I hung around. Email tag with the agency; about to give up when the email came saying she was available. 20 mins. 10 mins says I. 15. Ok. I went the long way.

Pushed the doorbell. "please come up, 5th floor". A very sexy accent. Spanish. New to me.

Stairs or lift? Didn't want to arrive sweatier than I already was having traipsed the streets of London, so I took the lift. Darkness. I hadn't forgotten to remove my sunglasses (I checked) so some sort of light switch was needed. Found it. Made my way round to the right flat. Knocked. The door opened to a vision. This girl needed no airbrush. And the smile! Invited in, seated on the sofa, plied with wine and demurely accompanied. Pleased to say I didn't dribble, drop my jaw or blubber. We

chatted. I mentioned I was short on time and taking the hint was invited to accompany her to the boudoir.

For an hour, I was made to feel like I was worthy of such a girlfriend. Unpackaging this box of delights was the highlight of my day, week, year even. The most perfect body I have had the pleasure to explore in a decade, applied to my pleasure in ways that bring a smile to my face still. And the taste...

Smile you will. For days. Delightful girl, horny as hell, perfectly equipped for your satisfaction.

I'll be back.