

PunterNet UK

Review of Suelee of London

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Details of Visit:

Author: gonzothegreat

Location 2: Croydon

Type of Visit: Incall

Date and Time of Visit: Sat 8 Sep 2012 11.30

Duration of Visit: 30

Amount Paid: 60

Recommended: Yes

Details of Service Provider:

Company: New Exotic Oriental Massage

Website: <http://www.acemassage.net/newexoticoriental/newexoticoriental.htm>

Phone: 07833624409

The Premises:

Safe in town centre, flat over a shop.

The Lady:

see below

The Story:

Croydon has some history. A hundred years ago it was one of Surrey's four largest towns. If you can name the other three and feel a compulsion to share this information PM me. Before the war it had one moment of excitement. Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain flew into the "aerodrome", then London's airport, and on the tarmac addressed the world's press. He waved his piece of paper: "Peace in our time". Next thing you know the Luftwaffe was flying over to bomb the capital.

Come the 'sixties it had become a London borough and the tower blocks were going up - the town of the future, a concrete jungle. Then last August the Luftwaffe was back and the town burned. Sorry, can't keep blaming them, this time it was the locals.

Croydon has benefitted from the best of town planning so has a maze of one-way streets. I checked the map and drove in by the burnt out Reeves Corner. It looked smaller than I imagined it. There are parking meters on the street but all are usually occupied so I parked in the car park at House of Fraser. Driving up the spiral I almost blacked out with dizziness. With time in hand I walked through the store and in the kitchen department spied a fine range of knives. This reminded me of the old Jimmy Carr joke. "You're going to Croydon? Have a knife crime. Sorry, I meant a nice time". With time in hand on this sunny summer Saturday I strolled into the old town. The street market was in full swing and a tram snaked down the hill in Church Street bound for the exotic-sounding Therapia Lane.

But it was time for my appointment and I headed for the venue. The passageway was guarded by a heavy steel mesh gate. I pressed the button for the flat. The gate lock buzzed and I pushed. Nothing happened. Then I realised I had to pull. Doh! The door opened on my approach and I entered. It closed to reveal the object of my quest - the renowned Suelee.

She lead me up the stairs to the room which was larger than I expected. With soft lights and pastel colours I felt right at home. Not one but two side chairs awaited my clothes. In the corner one of those light things, like a couple of branches with small white bulbs added to the ambience. I paid the price of admission and Sulee withdrew. She is Chinese and by her own admission a mature woman. I wouldn't like to guess her age - late thirties. Even if she was north of forty she certainly doesn't look it.

I disrobed, socks 'n' all as it was a warm day. She returned and we snogged. She went down on her knees- "let me wake this up" which she soon did with her lips. My turn to kneel and I sucked her nipples which I could see she was enjoying. She motioned me to the bed but I had her sit on it while I kneeled to continue to pleasure her breasts. She offered me a cushion for my knees, such a thoughtful woman, but the carpet was fine.

She lay back so I could tongue her pussy and after a few minutes she came. She suggested 69 which I love but after a few minutes I requested to condom and had her in mish. I was surprised by her vice like grip. After a few minutes I withdrew, removed the condom and came in her mouth. She went off to the bathroom, returned and cleaned me up and we had a little chat as her English is good. Before leaving I was offered a selection of Quality Street and Heroes - chocolate goes so well with fornication.

I'd wanted to meet Suelee for some time but didn't fancy the trek to Croydon. I was also a bit apprehensive. I had high expectations. Were they too high, would I be disappointed? But disappointed I most certainly was not and I shall return. Next time I'll look for the one with the nut. You know the one I mean, the triangular shaped one in the purple wrapper.