

# PunterNet UK

## Review of Rachael of London

**Review No. 113556 - Published 22 May 2013**

### Details of Visit:

**Author:** phillipo

**Location 2:** Wimbledon

**Type of Visit:** Incall

**Date and Time of Visit:** Fri 17 May 2013 7.45

**Duration of Visit:** 45

**Amount Paid:** 100

**Recommended:** No

### Details of Service Provider:

**Company:** Lollipop Girls

**Phone:** 07845454901

### The Premises:

Easy to find. Went past Wimbledon Lawn Tennis Club for the first time in my life. Looks gorgeous. Then through the hilly bit of Wimbledon town, which is clearly very posh. Flat fine and easily accessible. Good parking. Rubbish shower. Something called 'Lollipop Girls' is based in this flat, I think.

### The Lady:

Toothy. Verging on the plump. Not – IMHO – put together for sex working, although I would acknowledge that this is very subjective.

### The Story:

Let's be honest, this punt was a waste of several things.

These things include:

1. My time. This is made up of all the advanced planning prior to the punt, the A3 traffic on a Friday night, and then the actual deed which was entirely dull – a complete waste of my time.
2. My money. Cheaper and sexier to have a wank while throwing £20 notes onto a bonfire. "Ah, the old £20 notes on the bonfire wank. Classic". No. I've never actually done this. This is a metaphor. Or an idiom. Or something.
3. Rachael's time. "Do nothing which you don't either enjoy or are good at". To paraphrase William Morris.
4. My 'essence'. Which ended up dumped all over Rachael's boobs. Should have kept it for someone who gives a fuck.
5. Resources - towels, power, water, lube etc . What was the carbon footprint of this punt? For god sake. A very small polar bear probably died because of this punt. And it died in vain.

6.And also a waste of petrol, good sleeping time, my rampant sex drive, TV watching on the sofa time...all wasted, never to be reclaimed. (yes...yes...I know petrol is a 'resource' and should come under '5.resources'. And...yes...yes...'sleeping time' should come under '1.My Time'. Who are you? The syntax police?)

You can see where this review is going.

Nice girl, decent massage, and she livened up a bit after I'd climaxed. But totally unsuited to being a professional sex worker. Rachael - go and work for a public utility. On the front desk. Wearing a name badge and a pussy bow. Watch the Hungarian equivalent of BGT in the evening. Cook meals from the Hairy Bikers cookbook. Take a holiday once a year in Tenerife. Join the local library. Don't fuck blokes for money. At that, my sweet, you are utterly without talent, craft or guile.

And also - the bed was totally fucked. (What is the point of having a totally fucked bed, ladies? Come on. Order one from Ikea. They are as cheap as chips. Or maybe the mattresses are totally fucked, because they are being fucked (on) totally?)

And also wear some deodorant. Fucks sake.

God. Grumpy. Waste of time and money. Lots of use of the word 'Fuck'. Sorry. Over and out.