PunterNet UK

Review of Amy of London

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Details of Visit:

Author: phillipo Location 2: Gloucester Road Type of Visit: Incall Date and Time of Visit: Wed 29 May 2013 5.45 Duration of Visit: 30 mins Amount Paid: 70 Recommended: Yes

Details of Service Provider:

Profile Name: House of Divine Website: http://www.houseofdivine.com Phone: 02035890126 Phone: 07725740234

The Premises:

Ah...Rhianna. It's like Mr Darcy and Elizabeth Bennet. Jay Gatsby and Daisy Buchanan. You know it's going to happen. (Ha Ha! I know you read these reviews. Thanks for looking after me at such short notice)

The Lady:

Slim, tall. lovely little boobs.

The Story:

Amy pretty much greeted me with the phrase 'I want you to come in my mouth', which is always a cracking ice breaker. She is categorically not one of the 'hold the penis in place to make sure the condom doesn't come off, while trying to avoid kissing' brigade. (FYI - it doesn't come off, girls.)

In fact, she's like a taller version of Pixie. Crazy sexy, snogs like a demon, throws her legs over your shoulders and begs you to f**k her brains out.

You can probably picture the scene by the end of this punt. Amy kneeling on the floor at my feet, me frantically rogering her pretty mouth, by dint of placing a hand either side of her head, and going for it. In front of the mirror. And her swallowing the whole ensuing eruption without a second thought. Jesus!

This never happened in my day. "Stop listening to Dark Side of the Moon, and put down your copy of the Daily Sketch. I'm going to vigorously f**k your mouth to completion. And I expect you to swallow every last drop. Then - and only then - I will take you to the Wimpy and buy you a Brown Derby" (that's a sort of weird early 1970's scenario, BTW. which let's be clear is a bit before my time. But i've written it, so it's staying in)

It does intrigue me, all this. How can one girl (see previous review) be such a damp squib, and the next a sexual Exocet? I came away thinking that Amy really rather likes being shagged by randy, red faced, middle aged bald men. Clearly this can't be true, but it's a lovely conceit. Well done!