

PunterNet UK

Review of Salma of Heathrow

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Details of Visit:

Author: VidiVeni

Location 2: London

Type of Visit: Outcall

Date and Time of Visit: 29 Oct 02 1600

Duration of Visit: 90 minutes

Amount Paid: 450

Recommended: No

Details of Service Provider:

Website: <http://www.select1.co.uk>

The Premises:

My hotel.

The Lady:

Salma is a very pretty, petite Pakistani girl with soft skin and large natural breasts for such a small body. However, once naked you see that she is not quite as firm or toned as you would expect from her picture or stated age.

The Story:

Salma is a very nice, personable, and pretty girl, but sadly she does not seem to enjoy this line of work, and it shows. I had originally made an appointment a week before with Prelude, but for the second time this year the girl I wanted to see was not able to make the appointment. This left me scrambling to find an equally attractive girl to spend time with, since I had arranged my business trip so that I would be able to have some fun time in London. I chose Salma from her pictures, and was quite pleased to see how pretty she was. We chatted for a while, and then at a pause I asked what we should do next. "Well, first you have to pay me?" she replied. That is often a bad sign, and it turned out to be in the case as well. She actually counted the money in front of me, something I have never had a girl do, and I started to get a little concerned. She then made a short trip to the bathroom, and started to unceremoniously strip off when she returned. She got down to her underwear and started slowly playing with herself while I stripped down to my shorts as well. I began stroking her thighs and eventually moved my hand to her pussy. She held her panties to the side with one hand and put her other hand on mine to guide me. Based on her guidance and the noises she was making, I thought she was actually getting into this, and I eventually slid down to perform oral on her, somewhat disappointed to find she was shaven (not my favourite style), though not recently, so she was actually kind of stubbly. I licked her for a while, eventually squeezing a finger inside her tight sex, and she continued to guide me and make all the right noises, so I thought I was getting somewhere. Imagine my surprise when she looked down at me and quite detachedly said, "Are you trying to make me come?" Um, no, I was trying to calculate how many pecks are in a bushel.

I figured it was a lost cause, so I asked if she wanted to do something else, and she asked what I liked. I asked for oral, and she informed me she does not do OWO. Well, as far as I'm concerned, if oral isn't bareback, it might as well be nothing for all that I can feel, so I asked her to stroke me

instead. She did so, but with no hint of expertise; luckily playing with her big breasts provided the stimulus her technique lacked. (By the way, aside from a brief, cursory fondling through my shorts, this was the first time she had actually touched anything but my hand.) I asked if I could come on her breasts, and she said yes, but didn't lean forward to put my target(s) in range, so I suggested she lie on her back. For some reason she looked mystified at this suggestion for a moment. Then she complied, and I tried putting my cock between her breasts, but the way she held them didn't work right, so I decided to just wank over them. She seemed rather self-conscious about the effect gravity had on her breasts in this position, and she kept playing with her breasts and pushing them up, but also covering them with her hands, which cancelled the visual part of this act. I asked her to stretch her arms above her head (for some reason, that really does something for me), but again she looked mystified, and did as I asked for only about 3 seconds. Somehow I got close anyway, but she almost messed the climax up also by being really obvious about how concerned she was that I might get some on her face, despite my reassurances that I would aim carefully. Eventually I came, and she just laid there stiffly, though she did comment on how much I produced.

I got her a towel to clean up, and she went back into the bathroom for a little while. When she came back out, I suggested she lie back down with me, since we still had about 40 minutes left of the 90. All she did was kneel next to me in bed, and we started chatting again. I assumed we would do this for a few minutes while I "recharged" and then go for round two. (I can accept that a 60-minute appointment may be seen as a one-shot opportunity by some girls, but I think it's pretty clear that a guy booking 90 minutes or more should be able to expect at least 2 rounds.) Well, she proceeded to talk on and on about dating and how men in her private life just want to see her for sex, and soon it became evident that she considered the physical part of our appointment to be complete, despite the amount of time left. Besides, how do you ask for more sex after she says she hates the fact that that's all men want from her? Eventually she said it was time to go, and although I was annoyed at being ripped off and let down, I remained polite. When she saw I was not getting dressed, she asked if I was going to accompany her to the door, but I had no intention of doing so, since I wanted to take a shower and get some dinner. She seemed a bit miffed at this, and proceeded to play around with her mobile phone for about 5 minutes. Eventually she went back into the bathroom, where she remained for what seemed like an eternity. (I don't know what she was doing in there, but one of the activities apparently involved some sort of white cream which got on my good trousers when I leaned against the sink later after my shower-the final insult.)

All I can figure is that she really doesn't like her job and drags out the appointments to keep from having to go to the next one. Well, if she keeps up her current level of service, she won't have to worry about doing too many more jobs, I think. She is a nice girl, but I am not accustomed to paying around 300 quid an hour to listen to someone talk about her dating experiences. All in all, I finished the evening feeling quite ripped off, having paid a lot of money for a so-so wank that I had to do most of myself. A copy of Mayfair would probably have been more satisfying and a hell of a lot cheaper.