

# PunterNet UK

## Review of Riyana of Leicester

**Review No. 27435 - Published 20 Jan 2003**

### Details of Visit:

**Author:** loudestmouth

**Type of Visit:** Outcall

**Date and Time of Visit:** 15/11/02 20.00

**Duration of Visit:** about 3 hours

**Amount Paid:** 600

**Recommended:** No

### Details of Service Provider:

**Profile Name:** Riyana

**Website:** <http://www.riyanaleicester.co.uk>

**Phone:** 07792384934

### The Premises:

Ibis Hotel, Leicester (recommended by Riyana).

### The Lady:

Slim Indian lady, about 5'3", long dark hair, nice figure. Very attractive.

### The Story:

I had originally booked to see Riyana at the same hotel on 26 October. She said she couldn't give me a phone number as she was about to get a new mobile, but she would be in touch again by E-mail, nearer the actual date.

More than a week passed and, by the day before the appointment, I had still heard nothing. I E-mailed her again and told her that if I had not heard from her by the time I was due to leave home (about 11 a.m. the following morning), I would have to assume our appointment was off, as I had no wish to make a long journey for no reason.

I eventually had a phone call from Riyana at about 1.30 p.m., by which time, I had unpacked my bags, cancelled the hotel and made alternative plans for the weekend. Her excuse was that, having no computer of her own, she had to wait until her brother was out of the way until she could use his. Looking back, I should have asked her why she could not have phoned me or at least provided me with a number where I could contact her.

Despite the implausibility of her excuses, I failed to heed the alarm bells and being a mere male who lets his dick do his thinking for him, I re-scheduled our meeting for Friday 15 November.

Riyana again failed to keep her promise of contacting me nearer the date, so I phoned her before leaving home and she assured me that our meeting was still on and that she was looking forward to meeting me.

Riyana arrived nearer to 8 p.m. than the agreed time of 7.30 p.m., offering the unlikely story that she had got lost in the hotel. What made it unbelievable was that she said she had used the hotel before and, in any case, I had given her clear directions to the room, which was on the ground floor close to reception.

When she entered the room, I attempted to give her a welcoming peck on the cheek, but she shied away from even this minimal contact. Almost immediately, spotting the bottle of wine I had on ice, she said: "Let's open that!"

Now, call me old-fashioned, but, in my experience, most ladies wait to be offered a drink. Normally,

I find that a leisurely drink helps relax the situation when meeting someone in such intimate circumstances for the first time, but what followed defied belief.

I won't claim that Riyana drank all the wine, but, outdrinking me by a ratio of at least 2 to 1, she made sure we polished the bottle off well inside half an hour. When that was gone, she produced from her bag an almost full bottle of vodka. When I suggested that it might last a little longer if we had some mixers to go with it, she went to the bar and brought back two pint glasses of Coke. Riyana continued to drink at an incredible pace, comfortably outdistancing me once more. All this time, while I was sitting in an armchair, she sat, looking very tense, on the edge of the bed. About every ten minutes, she got up and dashed into the bathroom where she remained for five minutes or more.

I usually have no problems making conversation with strangers, but as Riyana seemed determined to turn every topic I brought up into an argument, I was finding this increasingly difficult. The whole situation was spinning out of control and I have to admit, I just didn't know how to retrieve it.

As I always do, I had put the envelope with Riyana's fee on a side table, for her to pick up at her leisure. During one of her numerous trips to the bathroom, it occurred to me that she had not noticed it and that this was causing the tension between us. I therefore took advantage of one of her toilet breaks to place the envelope on the bed near where she had been sitting. I did not see her pick it up, but she clearly did so at some point and presumably put it in her handbag.

Eventually, when all the vodka had gone (this was maybe 2 1/2 hours after her arrival), Riyana suddenly said: "Get stripped and I'll give you a massage". Foolishly believing the action was about to begin (up to this point, there had still been NO physical contact between us), I obeyed.

Meanwhile, Riyana found it necessary to visit the bathroom yet again (God, I wish I'd kept count!). She returned dressed only in bra and panties and proceeded to give me exactly TWO strokes of a BBBJ. She then lay alongside me on the bed. Figuring the next move to be mine, I began to fumble with her bra strap, whereupon she rolled away from me, falling off the bed and hitting the floor with a fearful thump.

I was concerned that she might have hurt herself, but she quickly got up and, surprise, surprise, dashed into the bathroom once more. When she returned about ten minutes later, she was fully dressed and gave me a cock-and-bull story about having received a phone call from her brother to tell her that her mother had discovered what she was doing and that she had to return home immediately.

As I lay, still naked, on the bed, trying to take in this latest turn of events, she gathered up most of her belongings and was gone. I say "most of her belongings", because, such was her hurry to get away, she left behind a skirt, a large bath towel of her own, a bottle of baby lotion and four condoms.

In view of accusations that have since been made, I must emphasise that I searched the room thoroughly and she did NOT leave behind the envelope containing my ?600.

The following day, on my way home, I received the most bizarre of text messages, which I reproduce here in full, exactly as received:

"God ur gonna regret wot uv done. Uv messed with the wrong person this time u freak. I sugest u cal me a. s. a. p. or i tel the cops u robbed me, with ur room no"

A couple of days later, I received an E-mail from an associate of Riyana's, informing me that she was accusing me not only of 'stealing' money that rightfully belonged to me but of taking her wallet and credit cards as well.

The most charitable interpretation that can be put on this episode is that, in her haste to get away, she scattered my money and her wallet behind her somewhere, either in the hotel, in the street or in

her taxi. That, however, does not alter the fact that she left with my money, money that she took on a promise of delivering a service which she never delivered.

I have since learned, from a reliable source, that this lady has used the tale about her mother finding out about her activities before, so I am NOT inclined to take the charitable view. I believe this was no more or less than a carefully planned scam from start to finish.

Shortly after the incidents I have described, Riyana pulled her three (very good) Field Reports and announced that she would be taking a break from escorting. If that had remained the case, I would not have published this FR. However, she has now reinstated her FRs, so I must assume she is back in business.

Be warned. This lady is a liar and a thief. Avoid at all costs.

### Service Provider's Rebuttal

Riyana writes, "I arrived at the hotel on time, but had it in my head the room was on the first floor so took the lift, realising as soon as I stepped out that he had meant the ground floor, maybe he had indeed said that, I can't really remember, but I had to go back down. This resulted in my being about 5

minutes late at the most, so much nearer 7.30pm than 8pm as stated in this review.

When I entered the room I was taken by surprise as LM is disabled and I wasn't expecting that. To be fair to LM, he did ask during our initial email correspondence whether I remembered a brief chat we had at a PunterNet party some weeks before. I remembered meeting several people at the party but in reality could not remember all names against faces (it was 'some' party) so I responded 'yes' to be polite. I had not realised the relevance of what he was asking, I wish now I had asked him to expand and remind me exactly but it didn't seem to be important at the time, just email chit chat to introduce himself.

He was also much older than I had thought, being only 25, I am not that used to seeing clients much over 40 (although I have before) and this combined with his physical appearance made me nervous. I suggested a drink as none was forthcoming and I needed one to try and compose myself.

I am not saying LM is a horrible man at all, I can imagine him getting on with a lot of people, but he is a little aggressive and opinionated during conversation and when I did manage to get a word in I felt I was being cut down to size on everything. It was clear we weren't going to agree on anything, or have much in common to talk about full stop. He also spent over an hour telling me about all the other escorts he had seen which was off-putting, some were absolutely fantastic and some were atrocious, where was he going to put me?

As we hadn't gone out to dinner, it seemed OK to chat for a couple of hours as this is what you would normally do on an overnight, but it was clear from early on that he was getting impatient and wanted to have sex so I decided to try and drink myself into 'the mood'. I was certainly drinking two glasses to his one glass but I do not consider it excessive for two people to get through 1 bottle of wine and a half (yes half, not full) bottle of vodka in around 2 and a half hours. It is common practice for escorts to take their own drink with them on overnights in the event that a client doesn't drink and doesn't have any.

I admit to being very, very tipsy (that was the whole point) but I wouldn't say excessively drunk. In fact if anything I couldn't get drunk enough, perhaps the stress of the situation was having a negative effect on the alcohol? I also don't think I visited the loo half as much as he states, but I didn't keep count so will have to let him have that one!

In retrospect I really should have made my excuses and left an hour before but I have never been in a situation like this before and really didn't know how to handle it. It is fine for other people to say "just say you are not clicking, and say you'd like to leave" or some such line, but when you are facing someone like LM, it is going to be obvious to both that what you are really saying is that you cannot face getting intimate with them on a physical level. This really is not an easy thing to do,

even when you don't particularly like someone.

So I decided (foolishly) to just go for it. This must have been nearer eleven though I think as it was about 11.30 when I left. Time isn't really relevant however but LM has distorted the facts somewhat as follows:

When LM undid my bra strap I did not roll away from him, I was turning over to help him, but this was a single bed and he is a big guy and so I fell off! Had it been a double bed this would not have happened. Rather than show 'concern' as he states, he angrily accused me of being drunk. I fled to the bathroom knowing this wasn't going to work and had to end now, but was still unsure how to do it so I returned from the bathroom and made up something which we both knew was a complete lie, but what did he want me to say? It took a lot to get that much out.

At this stage he flipped his lid and shouted accusations at me being a con artist, lying bitch, time waster and a drunk. He stomped around the room grabbing all my things together and literally threw them into my bag on the floor, including a CD player that has never worked since. I went into the bathroom to get dressed and when I came out he had thrown my bags out of the room into the hotel corridor. I was now bordering on tears and just wanted to get out and go home so I grabbed the bag and went down to reception, as soon as I was clear of reception I burst into tears and fumbled about for my wallet to get a cab, but couldn't find it, nor the fee (which to be honest hadn't crossed my mind till then).

I called a friend who told me to sit down and she'd pick me up. When she arrived she went right through my things because I was rambling on that I needed my wallet as it had my store cards in (store card and student card, not credit cards). She went through everything, even shaking out tops etc but there was no wallet and definitely no fee. I also noted some other items missing but I was told to leave it and we'd come back to the hotel in the morning.

As regards the money, I definitely remember putting it in my bag, I am even sure I offered a refund at the time I made my excuse to go but when I got dressed and came out to the scene before me, nothing was on my mind other than getting out of there. To be honest I can't remember 100% whether we talked of refunds or not.

When I got home, I had another couple of drinks (not recommended) and was thinking everything over and got madder and madder, In fact I was now furious with the way he behaved and so I called him, I'm not sure what I was going to say even. I then texted him (about 3am) accusing him of taking my wallet, the context of the text he published is correct, the wording is not though.

What I did do however, which is possibly the worst mistake I have ever made in my life, is to call him a freak. This, in light of his disabilities, was totally out of order, and totally uncalled for. This I really do regret and would like to apologize to LM unreservedly for that. Having had this kind of abuse hurled at me all my life I am usually the last person to resort to name calling.

#### THE MONEY:

I assumed that LM had taken the fee out when he packed my bags up, taking the wallet out first thinking the money would be in there. I assumed he would have chucked the wallet in the room after I had left, but it wasn't there when I returned. What really happened to the money I do not know, what I do know though is that I had put it in a side pocket so it was unlikely to have fallen out, but possible I guess. What I know for sure however is that I did NOT have it. If I had, then in the cold light of day the following morning I would have offered a full refund, I may not be the brightest match in the box but I wouldn't be so stupid as to rip off a client that has around 20 glowing reviews and is moderator of a board that I get most of my work from!"