

PunterNet UK

Review of Amy of Scarborough

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Details of Visit:

Author: Mr_Pickwick

Type of Visit: Incall

Date and Time of Visit: Tue 11 Nov 2008 11:02 precisely

Duration of Visit: 1hr+

Amount Paid: 130

Recommended: Yes

Details of Service Provider:

Profile Name: Amy Vergnes

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

Phone: 07510575903

The Premises:

Amy?s place is located within easy walking distance of the train station, no more than 5-10 minutes walk in a quiet and safe area. Amy has only recently moved into her present abode and a certain amount of work is underway. Rest assured that the essential elements are complete including good shower facilities and an enchanting candlelit boudoir. The other areas show every indication of being tastefully and imaginatively decorated when completed. Directions to Amy?s place were clear and precise.

The Lady:

Amy?s website has recent photos, and she gives a comprehensive description of her services, all of which insofar as I sampled them, appear to be completely accurate. . She is intelligent with a wide range of interests that extend way beyond the bedroom. For those too lazy to check her website, she is petite with delightful curves, long long dark hair, intoxicatingly expressive eyes, and wonderfully smooth sensitive skin.

The Story:

I should open my remarks by stating that Mr. Pickwick is glad to welcome a new member to the Pickwick Club, no lesser a gentleman than Mr. Phileas Fogg Esq.. What follows is his report.

Assisted by Passepartout we departed from a northern provincial city in the early hours. Our balloon made good progress on a favourable westerly breeze. As we approached the coast Passepartout advised me that we were in need of fresh hot air and that we should replenish our supplies before venturing out to sea. Using his not inconsiderable skill and strength, Passepartout safely brought the balloon down in the open space above Marine Drive.

As I prepared to leave he reached into the carpetbag and produced a couple of items, an envelope bearing a local address, and a small package. ?Here are the requisites for your distraction Sir, I shall re-locate the balloon for our departure during your absence. I have included some fresh cake in the package although I have taken the liberty of retaining the Gentleman?s Relish, I believe that particular item will prove invaluable in assisting our crossing of the Ukraine.?

As I set off on foot my first objective was to give the TV documentary team the slip. My hopes

rested on finding a suitably well stocked hostelry, but my attention was drawn elsewhere by the unmistakable smell of Chinese cuisine. Looking across the street I noticed an establishment offering Chinese comestibles, it went by the name of Sa Fan, though on closer inspection, a letter appeared to be missing. I was distracted by a commotion as a dashing young man came rushing out of the establishment, one or two prawn crackers trailing in his wake. He jumped into his pink ?Deux Chevaux? complete with go-faster stripes, and was soon little more than a blur as he careered round the corner at the end of the street at a quite alarming angle. In all the commotion, and unnoticed by my team, I slipped out of sight.

Having navigated my way close to Amy?s abode, I stood on the street corner in silence for two minutes. My reverie was broken by the sound of a military aircraft passing overhead, I do believe it was a Canberra bomber on flypast duty. With no evidence of the TV crew or detective Fix I made my way down the street to my chosen destination, a distance of precisely 73 paces.

I found Amy waiting for me at the front door. She was dressed much as expected but with the intriguing addition of a pair of glasses and her hair tied back. We went inside, and formalities were soon dealt with. I offered Amy the small gift of cake and biscuits that Passepartout had so kindly prepared for me. There seemed no reason to rush, and Amy?s offer of some tea to accompany the cake and biscuits was much welcomed. We retired to a cosy room decked with books along one wall. We sat and chatted for a little while discussing our shared interest in food, and in particular how to make and serve the perfect slice of toast.

In due course Amy showed me the bathroom complete with large walk in shower and a fresh fluffy towel already warming on the radiator. At this point Amy retired to prepare her boudoir whilst I availed myself of the facilities. Having showered and dried myself I padded across to her boudoir. What an entrancing vision greeted my eyes. Warm colours, a large bed with soft fabrics and cushions, drapes and candlelight, altogether a most inviting ambience.

With Amy?s glasses now set to one side, we sat side by side on the bed and began to gently explore each other. Amy is happy to take the lead, but is equally willing to listen and adapt to any foibles or preferences a gentleman may have. Clothing was progressively discarded with no sense of rush, thus giving ample opportunity to appreciate what was being revealed.

We settled comfortably onto the bed, and proceeded to explore one another with mutual caresses and kisses and other oral pleasures. Amy has wonderfully soft breasts that are perfect for caressing. Passepartout had clearly made an excellent selection, for I duly learned that Amy would willingly let me spank her beautiful bottom.

To avoid any misunderstanding, I should clarify that I am not in any way ungallant, and that this was a mutually pleasurable undertaking. My light spansks were interspersed with teasing gentle caresses, both of which were well received, and as my free hand strayed to explore her intimately, it received an unreservedly aroused welcome. Circumstances being propitious, Amy applied a prophylactic and mounted me. There was no rush, and the pace varied as the mood took us before we switched position. She kisses with enthusiasm, and soon I found myself spent.

Knowing that we were approaching the latter part of the appointment, and feeling no obsession to have a second ?pop?, I was more than content to lie together with Amy, my hand gently caressing her back, and occasionally straying lower. Conversation flowed over a wide range of topics with never a stilted moment. At length, and somewhat unexpectedly, matters turned more intimate, and ?round two? duly ensued. On glancing at my pocket watch I was somewhat alarmed to discover that my reputation for punctilious timekeeping was in some considerable danger. I regrettably had to take my leave of Amy, but promised to return in around 80 days time.

On departing I made my way back to the Council offices on St. Nicholas Street. Passepartout had learnt that councillors would be debating the findings of the investigation into the cost overruns on the Sea Defences. No lesser a personage than the redoubtable Ms. Bosomworth would be holding

forth on the subject. 'Sir, this will offer us a most propitious opportunity to re-fuel the balloon with copious amounts of hot air'. Passepartout had re-located the balloon in my absence, and was quite disconcerted by my wholly uncharacteristic tardiness. 'Sir, we shall only have two or three hours of daylight remaining, I doubt even with this strengthening north westerly wind that we will reach Amsterdam until well after nightfall'.

I found the balloon basket precariously perched on a first floor balcony. French doors leading to the council chamber were open, and the balloon was already inflating. At the doorway stood a very official looking gentleman holding what appeared to be a battery operated fan of the type that might be found in an ambitious Christmas cracker. On noting my quizzical look, Passepartout informed me that he was the 'Carbon Offsetting Officer', and that he was ascertaining our carbon credit rating.

With the TV documentary team now safely ensconced in the basket Passepartout removed the last restraining guy ropes, and we soon rose up and out to sea. Next stop, Amsterdam.