

PunterNet UK

Review of Keysha of London

Review No. 89659 - Published 13 Apr 2009

Details of Visit:

Author: Tiggy7

Location 2: Vauxhall

Type of Visit: Incall

Date and Time of Visit: Wed 8 Apr 2009 1200

Duration of Visit: 40 minutes

Amount Paid: 150

Recommended: No

Details of Service Provider:

Phone: 07052103315

The Premises:

Beautiful new building adjacent to the Thames and within 3 minutes walk of Vauxhall tube and rail stations, in a seemingly very safe area though limited on-street parking could be a problem at night if a walk of any distance is required. Her flat is furnished with all mod cons.

The Lady:

Gorgeous black escort from Senegal, by way of Paris, with excellent English fluency though French is her mother tongue. Very nice face with gleaming teeth (could pose for a Colgate advert), shapely 5'9" body with slender waist and ample B-cup breasts.

The Story:

Left bereft by the sudden disappearance of the brilliant Naomi at the end of January, I have been scouring the London classifieds and other indie sources for a reasonable facsimile of my lost love for the past several months. Having compiled a list of about a dozen 'possibles', I made the mistake of booking Keysha first. Like Naomi, she is relatively well-educated and articulate; she has a lovely figure, though one hardly comparable to Naomi's incredible physique; and she professes a fondness for the 'mature punter' and a preference for the GFE. My logic was impeccable, my results were disastrous.

Keysha is totally miscast as an 'escort'. She really hasn't a clue what to do and we'd still be sitting on her sofa semi-clad and chatting if I hadn't taken the initiative - in fact, my efforts to get her to remove her bra and panties after what must have been more than ten minutes seemed to surprise her! Despite being 'French' and confessing to a love of white wine, she passed up the glass of Pouilly Fume I offered her (certain that this would send her libido into overdrive). Her efforts at 'small talk' confirmed my impression that she was bright, but also painfully reserved about offering anything remotely like an intimate GFE. Her commendable concern for personal hygiene (though I had showered just before leaving home and again at her flat) would have led me to don a white coat, face mask and rubber gloves if I hadn't finally drawn a line. She actually started to perk up a bit once I had nuzzled her lovely breasts for awhile and then furtively worked my way down for a bit of DATY, but then her warning system went off and she decided that perhaps she could manage a bit of idle chatter after all. I sensitively suggested that perhaps she might consider other career possibilities (she claims she has only been escorting for three months but seems to have learned little) and her reply was 'well, I'm not sure what else I could do at this time'. I was stumped for an

answer but tenderly brushed her lips, got dressed and left with a smile on my face. I hadn't had a really bad punt in ages but this one was so disastrous that all I could do is laugh - at myself - and hope that she comes up with her Plan B soon.