

PunterNet UK

Review of Dollymopp of London

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Details of Visit:

Author: CanuckPunter

Type of Visit: Incall

Date and Time of Visit: Thu 9 Apr 2009 11:30 p.m.

Duration of Visit: 2+ hours

Amount Paid: 300

Recommended: Yes

Details of Service Provider:

Profile Name: Dollymopp...A Real Lover Experience

Website: <http://www.dollymoppsboudoir.com>

Phone: 07904172001

The Premises:

I had an idea as to what Dolly's flat looked like from her pictures posted on the Internet.

Being a Canadian gent, I don't know London that well, but it seemed to be in a good area of town and I felt safe. My crappy cheap mobile phone didn't help matters though, as poor volume when trying to listen to Dolly's directions to her flat proved to be quite difficult with all the background noise. No worries though. Dolly, being truly hospitable, plucked me quickly from the intersection by the train station, which was quite near her flat.

Her flat was very clean. It was intimate and the boudoir was quite titillating to the senses. I would say that it enhances the overall experience, as the boudoir is merely an extension of Dolly.

The mirror on the headboard was a bonus, as I was then always in a position to see Dolly's beautiful face while we were being intimate.

The Lady:

What can be said about Dolly that other gents have not already said? She is everything I expected and more! She is a raven-haired temptress, with her hair striking a beautiful contrast to her pure white skin (though that's about the only thing pure about Dolly!). ;-) Her Scottish lilt, to a foreigner like me was a complete turn on, especially when the dirty talk commenced.

She is in great shape and her body was a delight to behold . . . and it tasted even better, particularly after we had both worked up a bit of a sweat with our extracurricular activities. I dare say, and I told Dolly this in the throes of passion, that she was even more beautiful when she was a bit unkempt from all the vigorous sexual activity. She was physically stunning with some of her hair sticking to her face, a faraway look in her eyes, and a blissful smirk on her lips that I'm pretty sure wasn't fake. Vulnerable, yet very sexy.

The Story:

A true courtesan like Dolly could make Viagra go out of business! She is sunshine on a cloudy day.

Even though Dolly and I mixed it up pretty well, I am not going to divulge too many of the details. She deserves better than that. Suffice it to say, if you treat her right, she will eagerly and expertly reciprocate. She is great at what she does and she takes it very seriously, as can be evidenced by the thought and detail she puts into her website and the rave reviews she receives.

Her attention to detail and thoughtfulness must be noted as well. Knowing I was Canadian, before our date, Dolly searched around the liquor shops for Canadian beer, to make me feel more at home. She apologized because all she could find was American beer. I didn't have the heart to tell her that I hate beer, but I love Canadian whiskey. But honestly, with a lady like her, I could have been offered swill and it wouldn't have mattered.

She is a fantastic kisser, and this was a sure-fired way to raise my flagging member when exhaustion set in. I could have spent forever just snuggled up to this beauty, kissing her deeply all night long. She is witty and articulate and the conversation was completely natural. Her oral skills are second to none . . . and to toot my own horn, she was satisfied with mine, calling me a cunning linguist. I absolutely loved performing oral on Dolly; her taste was pure nectar of the gods. The sex was amazing, even though I was unable to climax from intercourse (not for lack of trying though; Lord, did we try!). I was daft to book a date with Dolly when suffering from jet lag so badly, but I gave it the "old college try" and didn't do too badly if I do say so myself. We both wound up having a "happy ending."

Dolly is definitely not a clock-watcher; now your mileage may vary, but I honestly feel that Dolly and I clicked so well together that time didn't matter. It seemed as if we were two long lost lovers who had been reunited. At one point, I was sure our date had to have been finished, when during a lull in activity, Dolly asked if I'd like a coffee, as she desired a beverage. I said that I would and as she was in her kitchen, I started to slowly put my clothes back on. As she entered the room and saw what I was doing, she said, "What do you think you're doing? I'm not finished with you yet." She gave me a mischievous smile with a devilish twinkle in her eye and the game was afoot again.

I left Dolly's flat completely exhausted. I made it back to my hotel about 20 minutes before my group was to go into London for sightseeing. Everyone I was with thought that I had gone out with friends that night, and . . . I guess I had. I didn't get any sleep until 11 p.m. that night, but I had a smile on my face all day . . . and nobody knew why.

It's bittersweet that Dolly lives so far away from me, but it's probably a good thing, as she could easily become an addiction. What's that? Do I hear London calling? :-)