

# PunterNet UK

## Review of Daniella of North London

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### Details of Visit:

**Author:** WanderlustLondon

**Location 2:** Hampstead Nw3

**Type of Visit:** Incall

**Date and Time of Visit:** Thu 19 Nov 2009 3.30PM

**Duration of Visit:** 1 hour ++

**Amount Paid:** 180

**Recommended:** Yes

### Details of Service Provider:

**Profile Name:** Daniella

**Website:** <http://missdaniella.bellesescorts.biz>

**Phone:** 07979348273

### The Premises:

Minimalist flat among the rooftops of Belsize Park with scented candles burning, and a crimson orchid on the table. It feels very safe. In the event of emergencies the Royal Free Hospital is close by.

### The Lady:

Tall, Latvian blonde in her mid-twenties, with enhanced breasts and toned body and eyes that sparkle. She's been in the UK for several years and her English is near perfect----- but see below!

### The Story:

I saw Daniella several times more than a year ago, then her old website ([www.secretpassionescort.com](http://www.secretpassionescort.com),) disappeared and I thought the lady had gone too. But now she's back with a different site, and I climb familiar stairs to find her holding the door ajar: all welcoming smile and long, long black-stockinged legs, gold kimono opening to expose red bra and panties, crisp and fresh.

?Lovely to see you again? ?How've you been?? ?Where?? It's easy banter with her hair against my cheek, very soft. Our kisses are playful, Daniella's teeth nipping my probing tongue. ?Why don't you rub my back?? she asks, and, clothes discarded, we start with roles reversed, my hands exploring her every taut little muscle and sliding round to reach her breasts. Until she rolls to face me and I let my tongue take over, tracing intricate patterns along moist inner folds. To which she responds, arching and curving, her movements becoming languidly urgent till her thighs close, forcing my head away. And I'm very, very sure that she has enjoyed it too.

?Your turn,? she laughs, regaining control, rolling a condom on and using those little teeth to press and excite, eyes locked on mine; breast smooth against my inner thigh, full of a desire to please. And, what's even more exquisitely artistic is how, once I'm inside, she tightens an internal muscle, which develops a wobbling dancing orbit, until I lose control.

'\*\*\*\*\*' she says, 'Your eyes show when you are really enjoying yourself.' Which, I'm sure, is true.

After a freshen-up she rejoins me, observing 'It's gone black.' before laughing at my look of concern and correcting herself: 'Sorry!! Blonde moment! 'Dark!!' I mean!'

And we talk in the candlelight until the extended hour ends? Talk that convinces me that this delicious blonde is very far from dumb!