

PunterNet UK

Review of Olivia of London

Review No. 107067 - Published 26 Dec 2011

Details of Visit:

Author: worldpunter

Location 2: Queensway W2

Type of Visit: Incall

Date and Time of Visit: Mon 19 Dec 2011 6 pm

Duration of Visit: 1 hour

Amount Paid: 135

Recommended: Yes

Details of Service Provider:

Profile Name: Invasian Asian Escorts London

Website: <https://invasianescorts.co.uk>

Phone: 07920156455

The Premises:

A familiar flat, all too familiar, a flat of memories of spiritual movements. In this same flat I have seen two other Thai girls on many occasions, Maylo and Cherry worked from this flat in the past and in the present.

Soft lighting in the room, some music playing but I couldn't hear it, my ears were tuned in to other sounds, a bottle hitting the floor without anyone touching it, a flicker of the curtain that protected us all from the cruel night.

The Lady:

A very pretty Thai girl, looking much younger than her years, a good likeness to her pics on Aishas' website. A full body, big boobies, [natural ? I honestly couldn't tell, I asked her but she dodged the question] no tattoos, lovely eye make up. She looked a treat. Perfect spoken English. I told her how beautiful she is ,

" now you start to notice" , she said, for I had been looking around the flat for other things.

She wore a soft figure hugging dress, brown hair , curly at the ends . White bra and matching panties, white with a red trimming, a touch of Christmas colour.

Her comfortable soft slippers were tucked under her sofa , out of the way, but I spotted them . I saw everything, I saw things she didn't see or didn't want to see.....

The Story:

A Christmas Carol.....1843

The players,

ghost of Christmas Past > Cherry, dressed in white, carrying a candle.

ghost of Christmas Present > Maylo, dressed entirely in green.

ghost of Christmas Future > Olivia, dressed in black.

Ebenezer Scrooge > myself.

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It was a bitch of a night. A cold black night. The rain doing its best to lift the chewing gum stuck to the pavements of Queensway. I was glad to get into the building.

Out of the lift onto the 3rd floor, looking into the dim corridor, a glimpse of the ghost of Christmas Present, smiling her welcome, her lights glowing. I moved forward, she faded away. The door to the flat was open, unusual, I tapped the wooden panel, the ghost of Christmas Future welcomed me in. She gave me a glass of white wine and I looked around the room. Olivia was very friendly, she made the conversation. She spoke of her love of movies, and what kind of films I liked.

" I like ghost movies, do you ? , I asked her.

" Oh yes, like the film 2012 , where the..... " , I stopped her short.

" Do you think there are any ghosts here ? , " I ask

" Oh, in this building ? well it's an old building, I guess there could have been . My friend, upstairs, she saw a lady one night, dressed all in white and "

I interrupted her again.

" There are ghosts in this flat " , I said , without smiling .

" Don't say that . Are you serious ? How do you know ? Do you work in the church ? "

I looked around the room. " can you see any ? , " Olivia asked , nervously,

" I can't always see them" , I replied " sometimes you can smell their presence, their aura "

" you are scaring me now , I won't sleep tonight, can you , can you smell anything ? "

I stood up and took a deep breath through my nostrils, taking in the air from her bedroom. " Not in here, there's none in this room but there are two in the flat " I opened the bedroom door, glanced into the hallway, down by the hinged side of the entrance door.

" there's one in here, come and look " , the ghost of Christmas Present, dressed in her favourite colour green, crouched in the corner by the door, smiling back at me, that seductive smile, she gave off a warm glow, lights around her figure.

" No , I don't want to look , I have my Buddha to protect me over the door " , Olivia answered, unsure even herself of the power of her Buddha.

We took a bath together. Olivias' head bobbing up and down above the water, her finger going in and out of my bum. OWO in a hot bath on a cold , dreary night with a beautiful Thai girl.

" No ghosts in here then " Olivia says, " you get drunk , only one glass of wine, you start seeing ghosts " , she was smiling .

I said nothing, I laid back in the bath, fixed my stare on the face of the ghost of Christmas Past [Cherry] . Her face in the fanlight above the bathroom door, smiling, looking down on us, she glided across the ceiling and settled on top of the bathroom cabinet, resting between two warm lit candles .

Olivia said lets go to bed now . " Do you want me to suck you ? "

I got down to her and explored her sex with my tongue. She moaned and tossed her head from side to side on her bed. She got very wet, cleaned herself with tissues and asked me to get on top. We had covered sex with her legs over my arms,first with her legs wide open,then closed tightly together. She moved on from this to OWO again [it must be her favourite action] and I pulled her round into 69. She swung around on the bed and continued sucking,my fingers went into her now. She is wet and has a big pussy,naturally wet, a nice feeling for me. I finished with CIM, time was running away from us.

" No ghosts now " , she said happy that I had come.

" we are Thai, the two ghosts are Thai,they are your lady friends,don't be concerned " , I told her.

When dressed, I asked her to step into the hallway ,
" come to meet the ghost of Christmas Present " , still crouching in the corner , laughing , her lights shining .

Olivia was too afraid to look down into the corner. I kissed her cheek and left the three of them together. I took the lift down alone. Head bowed, I stepped into the street ,thinking to myself.....
quoting from Dickens pages,

" I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I must have been but for this intercourse. Why show me this,if I am past all hope ! I will honour Christmas in my heart,and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past the Present and the Future. The spirits of all Three shall strive within me . I will not shut out the lessons that they teach. Oh, tell me I may sponge away the writing on this stone ! "

I will be back, but will bring my friend next time . The Exorcist.