

Review of Dollymopp of London

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Details of Visit:

Author: Mac of Africa

Type of Visit: Incall

Date and Time of Visit: Sun 17 Feb 2013 1400

Duration of Visit: 120 mins

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:

Discreet and safe, a short walk from London Bridge underground

The Lady:

Pretty and arty, just as I had hoped and expected from her online presence.

The Story:

Dolly literally invites you into her home and that creates an intimacy and comfort that can't be easily recreated. Stepping into her apartment is a bit surreal. If you've traipsed around her website you'll know that she has an artistic flair and a very definite sense of style. Think Mardi Gras. Think bohemian. Think Gustav Klimt's The Kiss on the wall. Think purples and reds and soft lighting. And think of a mirror over her bed. Who knew?

My experience with Dolly was one of being totally cared for and taken care of. It's the first time we'd met and within a few minutes I was totally at ease and sharing some wine while lying casually clothed on her bed. This was no rushed experience. It's an easing into intimacy. A wonderfully natural progression ? no rush ? no pressure ? just a natural situation. Lying on her bed, still clothed, and kissing her, while holding a glass of wine, brought me so many natural feelings. The sense of being totally looked after continues into the intimacy. And she's beautiful to look at. A beautiful complexion. Alabaster. Ivory. Untouched by the sun. Breasts to die for. Natural and sensitive. Jet black hair which, contrasting with her skin, gives range to all sorts of role-play possibilities. We agreed that a Japanese kimono wearing Goth girl playing guitar in a Robert Palmer video would be quite fetching.

Dolly is very sensual. She loves kissing, as do I, and this consumed much of our time. I had an out of body experience too. Lying back, looking through the soft light at my reflection in the ceiling mirror above. Seeing myself lying there looking very content. Seeing Dolly being very focused and loving on me. I felt like I was in an adult art movie. It's a memory that stays with me. It makes me happy. It made me satisfied. I was satisfied.

And then, relaxing later, we started talking about food. It turns out we share a love of foodie stuff. With that she disappeared into the kitchen and came back with bowls of various olive oils, some

balsamic vinegar, and some bread (lovingly and rustically torn into mouthy chunks) and we feasted on this for a while. There was no rush for time. When it was time to shower I was given a fresh towel and invited to use any one of the multitude of upmarket gels, lotions, scents and unguents.

On the way out we spent a few minutes with her sweet calico cat that had been napping in the corner.

I had a great time. Thank you Dolly.