

PunterNet UK

Review of Charlotte of London

Review No. 119133 - Published 31 Jan 2015

Details of Visit:

Author: Aliengreg

Type of Visit: Incall

Date and Time of Visit: Sat 17 Jan 2015 17:00

Duration of Visit: 1 Hours

Amount Paid: 120

Recommended: Yes

Details of Service Provider:

Profile Name: Miss French Delight

Phone: 07908880756

The Premises:

The flat is in a complex on Edgware Road within easy walking distance of the two Underground stations. The entrance to her block is set back from the road, so there's no risk of awkwardness and I felt perfectly safe. Charlotte said she shares the flat with another escort but she wasn't in at the time. There was certainly no sense of urgency to get me out before she returned.

The Lady:

Yep, Charlotte is gorgeous. She's a grown-up woman and not a skinny malnourished overgrown schoolgirl. Her profile and pics are accurate. The feedback doesn't lie, a rare thing for A/W. Charlotte is French and speaks excellent English, and could certainly put many of the natives of this island to shame in ordinary conversation. She wore smart heels (and proper heels, not those lumpy platform heels which, in my opinion, look like semi-Doc Martens and take so much from shapely legs and trim ankles) and was about the same height as me (I'm 5'10"). For me, she was just the right height for a lovely snog. Charlotte is curvaceous with full firm breasts, a gorgeous bottom I had to fondle whenever I had a chance, and long slender shapely legs. She has a very attractive smiley face and fair hair.

Despite the appalling reliability of feedback on A/W I took a chance because of the repeat visits shown. I think that repeat visits are one of the ways of sifting the wheat from the chaff there.

The Story:

As directed, I rang discreetly from the street and was sent to the door of her block, pressed the appropriate bell and Charlotte let me through the main door quite promptly. I wasn't left hanging around. There is a lift but I chose to walk to her floor and she opened the door before I could press the bell, a nice touch.

Charlotte was dressed in a one of those short lacy things held together at the top with an easily opened knot (I haven't a clue what they're called!) over undies, stockings and heels, all black.

She has a lovely face and a good sense of humour; there was a lot of laughter. At one stage she bent down to pick something from the floor and I had to grab her lovely bottom for a kiss and fondle and we ended up rolling on the bed with kisses and chuckles. Very nice!

We sat on the bed and chatted while sharing her wine. She's the sort of woman I could've sat and chatted with for hours but I had more urgent priorities! Then we helped each other out of our clothes with lots of kissing and fondling. I'd had a shower just before leaving home an hour previously and had some chewing-gum en route to ensure my mouth was fresh. At one stage while we rolled on the bed exploring one another I got my head between Charlotte's long thighs and I think she enjoyed my tongue playing with her tight pink clean-tasting honey-pot. Unfortunately for me, it was one of those occasions when my little friend refused to play ball. We managed to get him rubbered-up but the little bugger refused to remain stiff enough to be inserted where he should have gone. Despite Charlotte's valiant efforts with mouth and hands the little bugger then even refused to part with the tadpoles. How bloody frustrating!

As I later wandered along Edgware Road to the nearby station Charlotte sent a couple of complimentary text messages which was a nice touch. A return match is definitely recommended.