

PunterNet UK

Review of Sakai of Central London

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Details of Visit:

Author: ojiisan

Type of Visit: Incall

Date and Time of Visit: 10.3.07 4.30pm

Duration of Visit: 1 hour +

Amount Paid: 150

Recommended: Yes

Details of Service Provider:

Profile Name: Sexy Escorts London

Website: <http://www.sexy-escorts-london.co.uk>

Phone: 07733477367

The Premises:

Basement of an imposing Edwardian mansion block near Baker Street tube station. Good area. Felt perfectly safe

The Lady:

I am a fan of oriental ladies, particularly Japanese girls. Usually slight in stature with cute little boobs and the narrowest of eyes, possibly they don't conform to the average European man in the street's taste. This is unfortunate for me because they are few and far between on the escort scene here. However, Sexy-Escorts-London bill Yoko as Japanese. Since two of her stable mates, Sakura who I've seen a couple of times definitely is, and Yuki who has positive reports on this site most probably is as well, I had little reason to doubt her ethnicity. However, this Yoko was of Malaysian/Chinese extraction, yet another in the long list of girls with Japanese names without a drop of Japanese blood. One should ask the question 'Why??' Mind you, this 'Yoko' had a fair smattering of the Japanese language and the most beautiful eyes. However, there were other ladies available that Saturday afternoon?

I had to wait for a while in the kitchen which was a riot of activity with girls dropping in and changing into their glad rags to earn a little cash to supplement their college educations combining business with pleasure in a way that oriental girls know how.

'Sakai is ready now?', said the lady who was attempting to maintain some semblance of order amid these frenetic activities. I was shown to a darkened room along the corridor. There before me stood before me stood a Japanese girl by my estimation at least 5' 9" tall.

The Story:

Formalities done with, she invited me to strip off, doing so herself. Sakai was born in Yokohama and has just come to London from Australia after working 'down under'. She says she just loves sex and can't get enough. Sakai gave me a towel and wrapped one around her body to shield our modesty from any prying eyes that might catch a glimpse of us heading for the bathroom. Climbing into the tub we began to soap one another down. While I showed off my rudimentary Japanese small talk she concentrated on my genitals which soon had the obvious effect. I paid attention to her

tits, which were by no means plump but had the most wonderfully long pliant nipples that reminded me of Sakura who is in fact her friend. Small world.

Back in the bedroom she offered an explanation for her unusual height. 'It's the Mongolian blood in me'. (The Mongolians invaded Japan in the late 13th century!) She lay back and I lifted her legs to get at her very neat pussy which I began to lick. She interrupted to offer me mouthwash taking a swig from the bottle herself. I forced her knees back farther over her shoulders to stick my tongue up her arsehole which had the effect of doubling the volume of her moans. By now I needed some owo. Sakai gave the head of my cock a quick going over with an ice cold wet wipe which almost finished me off even before the sucking began. Slipping on a condom she climbed on top for some cowgirl but because of our similar height it was far more comfortable for us both to adopt the sort of sitting position you see depicted in Japanese shunga woodcuts. The height thing meant it would have been wonderful for us both to be standing up, me fucking her from behind but she insisted kneeling on the bed while I took her from the rear that way. Finally, I asked her to remove the rubber and wank me off.

Another trip to the bathroom for a mutual soaping ensued which was followed by the offer of a massage which I gladly accepted. Although this was so-so it was an opportunity to chat. She told me that I had been 'very strong' although I know for sure that I'm no donkey dick. Curling her little finger Sakai whispered to me that Japanese men are 'like that' which probable accounts not only for her misconception about my size but also for her preference for anal sex. 'It's so tight!', she sighed. Definitely no clock watcher and a lot of fun. But would I see her again ?? I think I'll go on searching for my holy grail.