

PunterNet UK

Review of Dollymopp of London

Review No. 91847 - Published 16 Jul 2009

Details of Visit:

Author: Aliengreg

Location 2: Borough High Street

Type of Visit: Incall

Date and Time of Visit: Tue 14 Jul 2009 8.00pm

Duration of Visit: 2 hrs

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:

Dollymopp's little pad is only a few minutes walk from Borough underground station, quite safe.

The Lady:

Lady Mopp is gorgeous looking; the contrast between the porcelain skin and the dark hair being very attractive.

The Story:

I had previously been to Lady Mopp's snuggle-pad so, after a quick phone-call to ensure she was ready, I went straight to her front door. The door opened to reveal an innocent-looking smiley-faced pixie in a nice summer dress, looking like the sort of woman any man could take home to his parents (but don't let Dad get too close)!

After she'd closed the door and I'd taken my jacket off we had a leisurely chat over a glass or two of very nice white wine (Dollymopp's ? my lucky day). The biggest difficulty with that stage of the proceedings was the growing bulge in my trousers ? very distracting when trying to chat somewhat intelligently. Then she decided it was time (as another recent visitor quoted her) to ?seduce? me. Seduce me? Bloody hell, I could hardly wait to get my kit off, or hers!

She commented that she'd put on a few pounds since I'd last seen her. If she had, no red-blooded man would notice, or waste his time checking for something to complain about. Her boobs did seem to be fuller; I enjoyed checking that detail. When our kit came off, Lady Mopp changed into a mistress of her art, an expert in the realm of the sensual and the erotic. The rest of the time was lost in a haze of wonderful lust. I wish I enjoyed my ?daily grind? as much as Dollymopp clearly enjoys hers, the obvious orgasmic spasms and the very wet honey pot being clear proof of her enjoyment. I defy any man to walk (or crawl!) away from Lady Mopp's snuggle-pad without a huge grin on his face.