

PunterNet UK

Review of Cynthia of London

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Details of Visit:

Author: the teacher

Location 2: Kensington High St

Type of Visit: Incall

Date and Time of Visit: Wed 19 Aug 2009 2.00pm

Duration of Visit: 1 hour

Amount Paid: 170

Recommended: Yes

Details of Service Provider:

Website: <http://www.cynthia-escort-london.com>

Phone: 07864681716

The Premises:

A nice basement flat in this pleasant part of the West End. It's all hers, so there's no feeling of forbidden zones, and even though it's a basement, it manages to be quite bright and airy (although this might have had something to do with the fact that I was there on one of the very few proper hot, sunny days we've had in this otherwise miserable season). Cynthia keeps the flat pretty clean, but it has (or had, when I was there) a pleasant, slightly untidy, lived in feeling, which I like. There's a nice bathroom, and Cynthia prepares a fragrant bath for you to relax and wash yourself in when you arrive; a lovely oriental touch. The flat is only a couple of minutes walk from the nearest underground, and easy to find.

The Lady:

Cynthia is a gorgeous, very sexy girl from Thailand. She has all the classic fine Asian features, with beautiful, dark eyes, luxuriant glossy black hair and a cute face. She is somewhat larger, and shapelier than your classic Asian babe, with a sexy hourglass figure, nicely enhanced tits and a lovely juicy bottom. Even though she's comparatively well fleshed, she is by no stretch of the imagination fat, or even chubby, and is still petite by Western standards. Her skin, in common with so many Asian girls, is heavenly: smooth and unblemished like satin. She is, in short, a very sexy young babe!

The Story:

The day I went to see Cynthia I was at home, with a day off from work. I was feeling quite tired and rundown, and I was really quite undecided about whether I could be bothered to go all the way up to town, even though I was very keen on a meet with Cynthia. So I almost didn't go. In the end, however, I changed my mind, and it turned out to be one of the better decisions I've made in this life. And some!

From the moment Cynthia greeted me at the door and welcomed me in with a friendly kiss, I knew I was in for a good time. She is one of those girls that I personally feel instantly comfortable with. There was no initial awkwardness, but at the same time she's not all false and gushing; she's a natural, and I felt instantly at ease with her. She didn't offer me everything under the sun from the outset, but at the same time I felt comfortable about asking for things (initially, a glass of water, later, things of a more exciting nature), and she was very obliging. Cynthia seems to specialise a lot in being a wicked little dominatrix, but that's not really my thing. I had asked her over the phone if

she would be happy to go the other way for a change, and let me be the master to her submissive sex slave. She asked a few questions, and when she was sure that I was not some sadistic monster (which I?m not; I?m just into role play, and get no pleasure from really hurting people ? the thought of it makes me sick) she agreed. She had dressed stunningly in a black fishnet crotch less body stocking, sexy spike-heeled, shiny black thigh high boots with a couple of buckles, a black leather basque and a dog collar; it was basically a case of ?instant wood? from the moment I laid eyes on her! After I?d had a quick bath and given her her present, it was into the role. I basically played a person who in real life I would despise: a white slaver making a personal ?inspection? of the ?goods? to see if they were up to scratch for my wealthy clientele. (I?ve played this role a couple of times before and enjoyed it; it just gets things going; once the action starts all the role play bollocks really goes out the window). Cynthia was just brilliant, all meek and submissive, and willingly and wantonly obeying my commands. I had her kneel before me, her hands behind her back, as she delivered a delicious, messy BBBJ to me; quite deep with lots of saliva (horrible word, but can?t think of a sexier one ? spit? Hardly!), and plenty of ball licking. Eventually I pulled her to her feet and we kissed very passionately and wetly, with lots of tongue. I also released her lovely firm tits from the body stocking, and really made the most of them, whilst squeezing her lovely, juicy bottom, giving it the odd light slap for good measure. All the time Cynthia was brilliant, keeping up her mewling and panting superbly. All this had taken place in her front room, but I now picked her up and carried her into her bedroom. I accidentally knocked her arm a bit on the door frame (clumsy oaf!); an action which hurt her more than anything I did in our role play, I should add. I apologised profusely, completely ruining my image as the cruel, sadistic bastard slaver (I told you I was a nice guy, really). It was only a slight knock, and Cynthia laughed it off without any fuss, so it was back to the action. I ordered her to lie back and spread her legs and play with her pussy, which she did happily. It was, as you can imagine, quite a sight! I then knelt between her legs and administered to her orally, and boy was she delicious! After a bit more cock sucking and other intimate adventures I won?t reveal, it was time to ride. She put the condom on and got on top and rode me like she was taming some wild stallion; I don? think her pleasure was faked; mine certainly wasn?t. We moved on to a couple more positions before reaching the finale: anal penetration. Like a lot of girls who offer anal, Cynthia had initially balked when she had seen my girth, but gamely agreed to give it a go (without any pressure from me, I might add). I promised I would stop immediately if it was too much for her, but bless her, she took it like a champ. She knelt on all fours on the bed as I lubed her and myself up, and slowly and carefully eased myself in to her tight little back passage. I always say I?m not an anal fanatic, but I have to say I really enjoyed my backdoor exploits with Cynthia, and worked up a good, smooth rhythm. I?m not going to kid myself that she really loved it, but I don?t think she minded it once we got going. If I?d sensed she was in any real discomfort I would have stopped immediately, and happily gone back to her pussy, which was surely heaven enough for any man. We eventually finished with Cynthia kneeling back on the floor, and her pulling and sucking me to an earth shattering climax, with me, with a prolonged, strangled gasp, releasing my load into her open mouth. If the session had ended there, I would still have given Cynthia a glowing five star review, but after nipping off to the bathroom and cleaning herself up a bit, she came back and asked if I would like a massage. She didn?t need to ask twice, and what followed was quite simply one of the best massages I have ever had, reaching parts I didn?t know I had; almost as good as the sex bit!

After another bath, we chatted in a very relaxed way about Thailand and her home town, and she even gave me a slide show of it on her laptop. (There was no hint of being rushed out the door, and I was well over time before I really had to go, and reluctantly made an unprompted move to leave.) By now she had taken off all the clobber, and I could really see what a lovely, shapely smooth body she has, and I almost regretted having had her wear the gear. Another time!

This girl is a gem! From feeling a bit down and morose in the morning, I was now walking on air, and I left her place with the most stupid, dreamy grin plastered over my face. I have read reports by cynical types who argue there is never any true joy to be had in punting; that you are always ultimately disappointed and left feeling sad. I think that depends on what you are looking for. If you are looking for real affection or connection, or profound understanding of your inner self, or the meaning of life, forget it. But if you can accept that you are what you are, and life is how it is, and you just want to step temporarily out of the everyday, mundane world for an hour or two of unhurried sexual bliss with a friendly cracker of a girl who knows what she?s doing and is quite

happy doing it, without pretending to be your girlfriend or you wanting her to, then you can find it. I certainly found that in Cynthia; I have nothing but pleasant and happy memories from my visit. Next year, Cynthia will go back to Thailand. I think she's going to take a sack load of well earned cash with her and hopefully start up a business. But before she goes, I mean to see this wonderful babe at least one more time.

I think, gentlemen, that that is what you call a recommendation. Respect and enjoy this rare treasure!