

## Review of Lucy of Soho

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### Details of Visit:

**Author:** ralhar

**Type of Visit:** Incall

**Date and Time of Visit:** Mon 29 Aug 2011 9:30pm

**Duration of Visit:** 10 min

**Amount Paid:** 42

**Recommended:** No

### Details of Service Provider:

### The Premises:

A well known satanic hovel of a basement on the corner of Greek Street and Bateman Street. Filthy and disgusting, loads of people see you go in and come out, lots of clip artists and crackheads around in the early hours. Apart from that, fine.

### The Lady:

Blonde russian, early to mid twenties, mini skirt, heels, not unpleasant to look at but not a stunner but I had been drinking.

### The Story:

Spent the afternoon at the carnival getting drunk and dancing, ended up by myself at piccadilly circus feeling nostalgic for my younger days when I would spend many a happy night on the streets of the west end getting up to no good.

Despite my maturity and wisdom and not enjoying sex when i'm drunk, like an idiot I headed up to Soho. I had a quick look in that Romilly street place that has orientals in the day and EE's in the night and had to do a runner from Maggie... she's been around for ages always changing her name... she's not my type at all and it's always embarrassing with me making some lame excuse to get out and her blocking my way, grabbing my cock, offering great prices and promising all kind of delights. I walked up Greek street, passed those two black crackhead girls clipping a German tourist and descended into the cesspit.

A knarly faced maid with obligitory fag in hand let me in and told me to sit down because the girl was in the toilet (I should have left then but I had drunk too much for common sense) the fog of cigarette smoke was like something out of a Dickens novel, I half expected Jack the Ripper to be in there waiting his turn. The door swung open and Lucy called me in. She was kind of humourless and business like. I paid for french, sex, positions.

On to the bed, no small talk, condom on a limp dick and a hurried woodpecker blowjob not enjoyed by neither party which somehow got me erect. Missionary. The most battered and beaten, gaping hole in Soho. I'm reasonably well endowed (7 - 7.5" depending on the girl, weather or mood) but I could hardly touch the sides. The only way to get any friction was to push high up against her clit. This poor girl needs a break, a new profession and possibly an operation. And she's not even 25

years old. She was groaning in discomfort and I asked for doggy... she refused because i'm too big (lots of girls say this, but I was surprised because she's like the channel tunnel down there, she wasn't just being lazy either). I decide to give up, say OK and start to take the condom off. "No..." she says all worried. Oh god, she's scared in case I complain so now I have to wank it just to reassure her. I somehow manage a pathetic orgasm while she lies there tugging at my balls in a very urgent and unsexy way.

I go to the washroom to clean up and notice there is piss unflushed in the toilet. The whole time I was there the door kept going and there was lots of commotion, ethnic voices and people coming in and out. While I was getting dressed I could hear a young black street dude talking in heavy urban London twang to the maid... "see I di'nt go down there to cause no trouble or nuttin... ah jus' wanted to see wha' gwan... I wasn't doin' nah lootin' nah riotin' nah nuttin... I GOT GIVEN DEM TINGS! BUT DA POLICE AH CALLIN' ME A T'IEF!" The travesty and outrage of the situation went right over the maids head and she was just saying "oh yeah?... oh yeah?" in barely feigned interest.

Before I left Lucy tried to flush the toilet by washing water down it using the shower head. She let me out with sombre indifference. Another ?40 for her pimp.

I really should have known better. That place has been a dive for a very long time. It was good when it first opened (anyone remember Jessica? She started there, then moved on to Market Mews in Sheperds Market - now those were the days.) But it soon went down hill. It's no wonder the council and Anne Widdicombe etc are on the warpath. I can't imagine how horrendous it must be for those girls to have to work down there. It's not often these days that I get myself into a punt like that but sure enough, it's happened again and I have to question myself and this whole game. Soho is in decline, I can't see it coming back.

Really, don't degrade yourself, don't encourage them, give Lucy's pussy a break, avoid.