

PunterNet UK

Review of Kim of Soho

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Details of Visit:

Author: chessgrandmaster

Type of Visit: Incall

Date and Time of Visit: Sun 11 Sep 2011 15.00

Duration of Visit: 15

Amount Paid: 22

Recommended: Yes

Details of Service Provider:

Phone: 07535479800

The Premises:

A well reported establishment. This was the top-floor abode, where plenty of stairs have to be climbed. Quiet on this Sunday afternoon. Possibly one of the better Soho establishments.

The Lady:

A slim early 20's Romanian, with an appealing physique. Aesthetically, this girl is a pleasure to behold and her trim figure with tight contours is exceptionally delightful. Exasperatingly, she proved to be as monosyllabic as a petulant teenager. However, she pertained an overall neutral, professional facade through, feigning indifference to it's ultimate core.

The Story:

This punt is challenging in itself to rate, as the standard Soho appetites were proffered without demur. This girl is new to Green's Court and it was amusingly droll when I quizzed the maid to the ?new girl?'s name. Apparently, she had forgotten, despite this being mid-afternoon and the two ladies have spent some considerable time together already that day. Having mounted the first set of stairs and on the first treads of the final flight, out pops Kim from the side room and demands ?price?? A few puzzled exchanges later, I inferred she wanted to make the negotiations there, in the stair-well. Once agreed on simple sex, I turned to ascend the flight, to be brought up short by ?money?? Deducing that the girl wanted the cash there, I fumbled out the required settlement and proceeded onwards unhindered.

In the room, I disrobed, and Kim removed her bottom attire, but refused to discard the top-most layers. I have no doubt, a price would have been demanded for this pleasure.

Sex was more than satisfactory thereafter, but I was discombobulated by the girl's utter aura of abject resignation. Although no discomfiture was apparent, the girl portrayed the image of an autonomous self-driven machine, who was contemplating things beyond her nearest environment. She wasn't exactly still and there was no pretence at noise or false pretences, she simply bore a veneer of cold stoicism.

The conclusion to the encounter was the most surreal. Once I climbed off and began dressing, after the cleaning-up process, she stood meekly, docilely, and almost obediently, beside the bed, without movement, without utterance, just like a faithful dog. I attempted to draw her into conversation, but only received simple affirmatives or non-committal sounds.

Therefore, I would recommend for quality of her physical attributes, but would urge caution on attitude, listlessness of approach and the inspirational lack of interaction.