

# PunterNet UK

## Review of Alina of Soho

**Review No. 99086 - Published 30 Jul 2010**

### Details of Visit:

**Author:** chessgrandmaster

**Type of Visit:** Incall

**Date and Time of Visit:** Wed 28 Jul 2010 12.30

**Duration of Visit:** 10

**Amount Paid:** 32

**Recommended:** No

### Details of Service Provider:

### The Premises:

A well reported Soho Walk-up. When walking down Compton Street, turn left onto Frith Street and it's immediately on the right-hand side.

### The Lady:

Romanian girl, with a well-proportioned figure. She was clean and was physically very attractive. Perfectly presentable and I found her very alluring. Very monosyllabic though.

### The Story:

This was one of the most lugubrious punts I have ever encountered, and yet, I am still undecided to whether I am the cause, or to whether I misinterpreted the whole occasion. I arrived and was shown straight in and the girl entered and negotiations were accomplished. Alina then returned and conducted an expert if somewhat perfunctory CBJ.

During this, I began to feel slightly disquietened, for as good as the service was, the girl seemed distinctly contemplative, almost with a resigned aura.

I moved things onto the main event and again, whilst performing, I attempted to engage her and bring her attention around. Varying speeds, depths or techniques had no influence and although not complaining in the slightest, it felt palpably like a violation rather than a service. This distressed me enough to cease proceedings. The girl, dare I say shamefacedly or perhaps guiltily, offered to finish things by hand. At this stage though, I felt so melancholic, that I dressed slowly and quizzed her gently about herself and her circumstances. She is not linguistically proficient and I shared no foreign language in which I could converse with her.

I may well have misread the girl or perhaps she is being forced into this prestigious industry by outside agencies. I saw no physical signs of enforcement or abuse. I am, however, very naive about such events and would be unsure to comprehend any signs, if I were to be confronted by them.

The discombobulating milieu was just too oppressive for me. I left to seek out the nearest pub.

I sincerely hope I misread things and that other punters can assure us that all seems well, but I am not being a contributing factor into somebody's unhappiness, if that is the case. Maybe it is arrogance or pomposity on my part and I pray it is, but that skepticism was sufficient for me.