

Review of Lilly of Soho

Review No. 107502 - Published 26 Jan 2012

Details of Visit:

Author: chessgrandmaster

Type of Visit: Incall

Date and Time of Visit: Sun 22 Jan 2012 13.15

Duration of Visit: 10

Amount Paid: 32

Recommended: No

Details of Service Provider:

The Premises:

A well reported establishment. A bit busy at this time of day. Lots of folk outside and the doorbell rang at least twice whilst I was there.

The Lady:

Busty Spanish lady, although I doubt the Spanish part. Would have been nice if she had been more accommodating. In other circumstances, I would admire her chutzpah, but this encounter fell short in so many ways.

The Story:

The effrontery of this lady was astounding and I am still bemused by the whole engagement. Having entered into the room, I went to give the lady an introductory hug, only to be pushed away rather brusquely and informed that 'paper' had to be seen first. Somewhat surprised, I departed with '30 requesting normal service of oral and sex.

I unclothed and lay obediently down. Lilly then climbed onto the bed and immediately placed the condom on, without making any effort to arouse me.

I then placed my hand on her thigh and she physically flinched away from me. There is no obvious explanation for this, but I now presume that my hands may have been slightly cold. I maintain myself immaculately, dress well, clean and shave diligently before a meet, sprucing up no more than 30 minutes beforehand.

This lady then peeled my hand off her thigh and returned it to my own chest, with a 'oooh' in accompaniment.

Beginning to feel slightly perturbed, I requested the commencement of the oral service. At which, she shook her head and said 'you pay?'. Such impertinence when I had already conducted the financial proceedings.

Some disgruntlement must have flashed across my countenance, as she then laughed at me. In all honesty, she had the hardihood to laugh at me.

So amazed was I, that I lay there utterly perplexed and ired for a few moments. During which time, she clambered on top of me, despite my obvious lack of interest, arousal and immobile state.

I beat down my emotions and focussed on attempting to make the best of a bad job. I once again, placed my hands on her breasts and this time, I was greeted with 'what have you found there?'

She then wriggled, sat up and leant backwards, well out of reach.

And astonishingly, she had the utmost audaciousness to laugh again.

I ceased proceedings, quietly dressed and took my leave. She asked me as I left ?not my fault??. I agreed, as the gent that I am, that it was certainly not her fault, and departed.