

PunterNet UK

Review of Sarah of Luton

Review No. 117522 - Published 23 Jul 2014

Details of Visit:

Author: Don Giovanni

Type of Visit: Incall

Date and Time of Visit: Sat 12 Jul 2014 18:00

Duration of Visit: 15 Minutes

Amount Paid: 50

Recommended: Yes

Details of Service Provider:

Phone: 07823746714

Phone: 07436844908

The Premises:

Victorian house in Luton. Ok, not great, but suitable for the purpose.

The Lady:

Slim 1.7m (5ft 7in) young lady dark hair.

The Story:

I have been very intrigued by some recent posts by Volvic concerning an establishment in Luton that seems to offer very cheap sex. So I tried to find them on Adultwork and failed. I couldn't find any profile with the names that Volvic used but my sixth sense told me that the reviews were genuine and that I should try, after all, a nice fuck with a 21 year old for £30 can't be bad and is certainly worth the 30 minute drive from North London!

I used my phone as a guide and parked not far from the railway station. I called the number and was sent the address by text. It was only a short walk from the location of the now defunct "Dudley Street Sauna" where there was no evidence of a sauna but was run by a charming maid who made you wait in a bathroom while the other punter left; the scene of my first field report in 2005 on Sarah. This time I met a different Sarah.

I arrived at the door of the house; windows closed by dirty white curtains and the look of a neglected place where working girls work so I guessed I was at the right location but as always when at an address for the first time I always phone first to check.

"Hi, hallo, I am the guy who phoned a short time ago, I think I am outside your door"

"Yes [number given] just come in and knock!"

"OK thanks"

I push open the door as it was unlocked and I found myself in a small hallway with three doors; I knocked on the one the maid told me to... nothing... after two minutes I knocked again... nothing... (while I was waiting I could hear the commotion of girls fussing about so I knew this was a working girls flat, I just had to be a bit more patient). Eventually the door opened and the maid gasped in

surprise as if she wasn't expecting me:

"I'm sorry to startle you, I knocked at least twice"

She smiled knowingly and let me through.

"Don't worry. Come in"

And I crossed the threshold of this den of inequity which had before only existed in my most vivid sexual fantasies.

I did not notice the décor, purple or otherwise described by Volvic as I was led directly into into a bedroom to the left of the main door with about six girls in underwear. I say about six because there seemed to be so many of them - this was the cattle market described by Volvic! The first one to my left was very attractive and sultry, I think she knew she was the best looking both in face and body of the others, and was very hot, but she pursed her lips into a sulk and refused to make eye-contact with me, so I thought to myself, "fuck you bitch, I will choose someone else". The others were more polite and friendly, extending a hand shake towards me and giving me there names although I missed what they said, but the last one I remember because she said she was "Lorena", a subject of one of Volvic's previous reviews. It was interesting to see her as I did not find her attractive myself despite the review given by Volvic, but one girl did stand out for me and that was because she was so modest and shy. She stood slightly away from the main group towards the back and very quite. The maid asked:

"Which one"?

"This one" I said, pointing to the shy girl at the back.

Then there followed some instructions in Romanian as the maid explained certain things she should do and then I learned that the Romanian for a condom is "Prezervativ" just like the Italian "Preservativo"

The maid turned to me and asked:

"What do you want?"

"Fifteen minutes, how much?"

"£30"

"And oral without?"

"Extra twenty"

If I remember rightly I think Volvic said OWO was an extra £10, but of course I was negotiating with the maid who spoke good English and knew the score. Next time I will chat with the girl instead, except that this girl spoke no English at all so the maid was the Boss Lady in this situation.

I was thinking with my dick. This girl is nice, not a stunner that turns heads but a girl that you would like to take home with you and look after - I would anyway.

"So fifty pounds sex and OWO?" I said

"Yes, she is worth it" and the maid smiled with a cheeky glint in her eye.

And so, like any hot-blooded Italian heterosexual male I handed over the cash, £50 towards the girl

but she didn't move, the maid took it. I only wanted to spend £30... when, even at my age, will I ever learn?

I tried to talk to her. She looked at me blankly. I had missed her name first time during the introductions so I asked her:

“What is your name?”

No answer, blank look. I tried Italian.

“Come ti chiami? [What is your name?]”

Still a blank look, although I could see she was trying hard to understand.

“Parli italiano? [Do you speak Italian?]”

And then she opened up a bit more

“No”

But at last I had made some verbal contact with her.

I stood in front of her naked and I embraced her, she let me kiss her, and I started to take apart her bra. Her bra was difficult and she turned around for me to unclasp it revealing some slightly sagging breasts which have obviously breastfed children recently. So she has kids in Romania to look after. I was sensitive to this and understood her situation. Her breasts were not in a good shape but the rest of her was excellent. Nice bum and sensitive pussy. I turned her around and started to rub my cock on her pussy from behind, she seemed to like this, I asked her:

Do you like/ ti piace? (in both English and Italian)

She replied “Si”

We did this for about five minutes and then I led her onto the bed. She turned towards me and started kissing me deeply, I loved this and it made me very hard.

“Che bella fica!” [What a beautiful pussy] I said to her as she lay back on the bed and spread her legs, the temptation was too much so I went down on her and she grasped the back of my head gently, urging me on to do more and more to her delicate parts... she was silent but at the same time moaning her encouragement of my efforts...

“Ti piace?/ do you like it?”

“Si/yes”

So she was responding to me in the Italian “Si” not the English “Yes”

After a few minutes I removed myself from this delicious fruit and noticed a circle of dampness on the bedding. This was not my saliva but definitely her secretions as a result of my reactions to my efforts. It has been a very long time since a working girl has reacted in this way to me, mostly they just put it on, but this time she was really turned on, and so was I. She looked at me as if to say “what next” so I made a gesture with my hand to indicate oral sex. She turned around to pick up the condom and I gestured to her to make her understand that I did not want the condom so she put it to one side and then started OWO.

Now, after having read my account so far you are going to think that the OWO was out of this world? WRONG She just sucked to the same rhythm and style without varying the pressure or

using the tip of the tongue, holding my cock without any movement by her hand, pumping away with her mouth in a repetitive fashion - a massive disappointment after such a promising start. So I stopped her and said;

"Sex?"

"Si"

She seemed to understand this word at least! Maybe she was taught this when she arrived.

It is amazing how some words are universal and then she climbed on top of me and started rubbing her pussy on my cock... I said STOP... went to the sideboard and put the condom on me. She was going to do bareback because she believed my request for OWO meant no condom at all! So the maid had not explained properly my request to her. I could have saved myself twenty quid by not saying anything and I believe Sarah would of have obliged with OWO anyway.

While we were having sex, with a condom, at least three or maybe four other girls in the flat just walked in to get something and then walked out. At one point I was outside of Sarah's pussy but when I saw another girl walk in I just penetrated her again in such a way that this intruder could see me enter her, knowing myself she was looking, and started fucking Sarah while at least three other girls were in the room. This was a very horny, sexy, moment and I loved the fact that they could see us. Sarah was docile and subdued but kissed me on the lips while all this was going on. I now understand what Volvic was saying about the eroticism of having people watch you because I enjoyed pumping her hard while these girls were entering and leaving the room. At least four of them came into the room and left for various reasons, a really bizarre state of affairs that I have not experienced before but which I really enjoyed.

At one point Sarah got up to take a shower and then after a couple of minutes returned to me, She came back to the bed and started sucking me again in that mechanical fashion that I am sure most of you don't like. The door opened and she stopped, the maid said something in Romanian and Sarah got up from the bed, I was on my back with my erection in full view. The maid was totally unfazed by this and told me my time was up.

"You have had more than fifteen minutes"

I checked my watch, it was about 18:15, but I didn't check the time until 18:00 at the start of the punt and I had already been in the room a few minutes, so maybe it was true.

"You can stay more if you like?"

"Er, no, I would prefer to go, I don't want to outstay my welcome" I replied, apologetically"

"What's wrong? You don't like her?"

I felt a bit pissed off at this hard sell, after all it was my money and my decision.

"No, the girl is lovely, I enjoyed myself, but I want to go"

"Maybe half an hour more?"

"Thank you, no. It was a privilege, but now I must go, next time I visit I will ask for her, what is her name? I missed it first time around."

"Sarah; she only arrived yesterday, you are her first customer"

As I was led out towards the door the maid and two other girls linked arms to form a kind of human

corridor to let me out. They were obviously shielding me from a punter who was waiting in the adjacent room so that we couldn't see each other. As I stepped out side from the the front door a rat scurried past me in the undergrowth under my feet and then I looked to the right and saw a bare chested obese man walk past me with an England shirt tied around his waist and a can of lager in his hand. How wonderful Luton is!