

Pleasure-giving Letitcia spills the lurid beans but names no naughty names

HIGH-class sex goddess Letitcia has something she wants to share: “I’d like to dispel the myth that I’m just a dominatrix.

“I’m only five foot one, for God’s sake. I used to wear leather and rubber all the time when I worked in the tax office. Now I wear classy stuff and I still get the scaffolders calling me ‘Whiplash’. What I’m about is body worship – everything from fantasies to fetishes.”

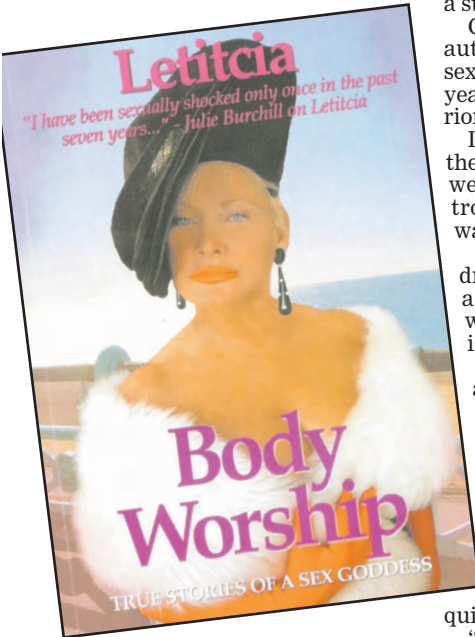
But she is, in fact, an erotic service provider, a totally legal profession.

As she is a designer-clad, champagne-sipping, veteran temptress, having exclusive access to Letitcia’s boudoir was always going to be an experience.

When I call to say I’m on my way, she warns she’s having her bathroom re-painted and not to be alarmed if there are three Polish boys stripped to the waist waiting to greet me.

As it happens, they haven’t turned up when I arrive so she ushers me into her seafront balcony flat, keen to start the interview.

The lounge is taken up by red leather chairs and an L-shaped black leather sofa, covered in leopard-print cushions



TRICKS OF THE TRADE?: Letitcia’s autobiography came out last year



FEATHER dusters, suspenders, City stockbrokers, celebrities and even a vicar – high-class sex goddess Letitcia has seen it all. In the first of a two-part interview, RUTH ADDICOTT is given an exclusive glimpse into the world of an ‘erotic service provider’ as Letitcia reveals the secrets of what goes on inside her boudoir...

and a fluffy bearskin throw. The floor is covered in shagpile rugs and the walls are full of paintings, including one of a lady in a sailor hat wearing nothing but braces, with her hands covering her breasts.

In the corner, there is a pair of mannequin legs with a plant sticking out of the top. They are bound together by feather-shaped lights, which Letitcia later explains are a present from a friend. Another pair of legs – this time made from wicker, are parked at the opposite side of the room. They have a black lacy G-string dangling from the top. A scary-looking leather contraption is sitting on a stool to my left.

Given that Julie Burchill wrote in her autobiography that she has only been sexually shocked once in the last seven years – and that was by Letitcia, the interior decor is the last thing on my mind.

Letitcia has barely settled herself on the sofa when the doorbell rings. A man wearing a smart white shirt, black trousers, denim jacket and shades walks in, sweating profusely.

He looks decidedly shifty and nearly drops his rucksack when he spots a third person in the room, especially when Letitcia explains I’m a journalist from The Argus.

I give him a sympathetic nod, assuming from his shades and smart attire he’s a customer.

The next minute, Letitcia ushers him into the bathroom and, after five minutes of banging about and demands such as ‘I want every bit filled’ and ‘I need a box to stand on’, it finally becomes clear he is the painter.

“Where are your helpers?” she quizzes, leading him back in the lounge. “They no find a job and go back to Poland,” he says, eyeing up the scary contraption on the stool,

obviously aware this is no normal abode. “Right,” motions Letitcia. “Now take your clothes off.”

As the colour quickly drains from his cheeks, Letitcia can hardly contain herself. “I’m only joking! His face...”

The painter disappears back into the bathroom with a face like a beetroot and we’re left to start the interview.

It was in Australia where Letitcia got her first taste of massage parlours. Having had a reasonably quiet job working for the tax office in Britain, she left, at 29, to go to Sydney with her Kiwi boyfriend. They set up home and everything went smoothly until he announced he was going to visit his parents and wouldn’t be taking Letitcia with him.

Their house in Sydney was located behind a massage parlour and so, to seek revenge, Letitcia decided to enrol and entertain a few clients in his absence.

“It was terribly childish, an incredibly childish thing to do. I just did it to get revenge,” she says.

Having previously worked as a promotions girl at trade shows in Brighton, she was used to being seen as “a bit of unpaid titillation”. She knew she was being used, entertaining clients after hours and, in her mind, turning professional was a way of taking control. All she can remember about her first client was her knees were knocking and he paid up.

As soon as her boyfriend came back to Sydney she left her job but, as their relationship broke down, Letitcia realised there was a lot more fun to be had next door. She regained her job at the parlour and hasn’t looked back since.

“I realised I liked having sex with different men,” she says simply.

“When you’re having short schedules of time with people, you’re actually getting the best out of them. It can get a bit monotonous living with someone

for a long time, arguing over who’s going to take the rubbish out. I get sex, money and no ties. What else is there? Except a glass of champagne.”

Letitcia has since toured the world as a professional sex goddess and now makes a killing in Brighton as an “erotic service provider”.

She quickly points out that what she is doing is perfectly legal. She entertains her clients at home and working indoors – be it alone, for an agency or for a brothel – all remain legal, providing the worker is 18 or over. She does get visits from the police – but not in their professional capacity.

Letitcia views her body more as an “amusement park than a temple” and describes the highs and lows of her career in great depth in her book Body Worship, which was published last year.

It is quite an eye-opener and definitely not for the faint-hearted (especially page 82, if anyone’s interested). Men and their “inherent disloyalty”, the hypocrisy of sex and religion and the debate over whether men prefer big women are among the subjects covered – alongside a series of light-hearted anecdotes about the clients she has had en route.

Letitcia gave up “sleeping” with men a few years ago. There are too many women offering sex now, apparently, and as Letitcia herself puts it: “If there are 100 fish and chip shops in a row, you’re going to offer pizza.”

Instead she offers a variety of other services, promising to cover all bases, except kissing. (“Apart from anything else, it would take me too long to get my lippy back on again.”)

So what are these “services” exactly?

“What I offer is touch and that touch can be with the hands, body or hair. You just have to be inventive,” she says.

“My clients just lie back and allow me to take them on a journey of unhurried sensual pleasure. They can lie back and luxuriate and let their senses be elevated in a slow...erotic...bliss.”

Pointing to the thick fur throw I am currently sitting on, she says: “They love the feeling of fur, silk and feathers – I can turn my hand to most things.”

There is suddenly a large clatter at the door and we turn around to find the painter, who has dropped his bucket and all his utensils.

“You all right there?” Letitcia asks.

“Me? Yes. Yes,” he replies, shuffling back into the bathroom. “I search for, the, er, white spirit.”

Drinking coffee from a cup which is covered in hearts and pound signs and

PICTURE: DARREN COOL



BRIGHTON’S RESIDENT SEX GODDESS: Letitcia has been in the trade for more than 20 years but no longer ‘sleeps’ with clients, instead she offers ‘erotic services’

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“I get up in the morning, look in the paper and think ‘I’ve had him’, I look on TV or walk down the street and think ‘I’ve had him’”

the words “so many men, so few who can afford me”, Letitcia continues:

“What is so fascinating about this job is you never know what the next request is going to be. It’s like going to a sandwich shop, knowing you’re going to get a filling but also knowing you can ask for whatever kind of sandwich you want. I feel quietly confident I can cover most bases.”

As far as fetishes go, Letitcia has seen it all. Whether it’s standing in a cold bath wearing nothing but a pair of green wellies (all she had to do was stand guard and turn on the cold tap) or wrapping someone in industrial strength clingfilm. There is no stone – or fur cushion – left unturned in this apartment.

Not to mention the episode of the City stockbroker, a regular on the 7.17 Brighton-to-London commuter train, who turned up in an immaculate bespoke suit, diamond cufflinks and exquisite hand-made shoes – complete with a stainless-steel, custom-made contraption in his pants.

Letitcia says her customers cover a real cross-section of society from councillors to politicians, TV presenters, sports personalities, vicars and policemen.

Ask her to be specific and she says: “I’ve had everyone from a hod carrier to the head honcho of a multi-national corporation. I get up in the morning, I look in the newspaper and think ‘I’ve had him’. I look on TV and think ‘I’ve had him’ and I walk down the street and think ‘I’ve had him’.”

I ask her to spill a few of the names but, in contrast to her uninhibited approach to work, she remains tight-lipped. Do her regulars include any Cabinet members, for example?

Almost beaming with pride, Letitcia replies: “One would assume most men do go to see

a working lady at some point in time so it would be fair to assume a politician would go down that route too. There is no way I am ever giving names.

There are people who rock up all the time, I see them on TV five times a week and I can’t believe they are that stupid. I really can’t.”

We are suddenly interrupted as Letitcia’s mobile phone goes off and she apologises as she answers it.

Dropping her voice several octaves to the sort of husky tone you’d normally associate with 0898 numbers, she purrs:

“Letitcia speaking, how can I help? Yes... Yes... It’s £150 for an hour, £80 for half an hour and £600 for an overnight. That covers your full body worship and a variety of services. Have you seen my web site? (Short pause.)

“Not right now, I have a journalist here and am in the middle of an interview... (raising voice) I don’t think you heard me. I said: Not. Now... I am being interviewed. Good-bye.” She hangs up.

“Now where were we? Oh, yes, celebrities. I don’t understand them. I’d rather somebody give their real name outright than say they’re John or Peter and then turn up and it’s clear they’re not. The money someone gives you is a tacit understanding they can walk away and have

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UNUSUALLY SHOCKED:

Even Julie Burchill was left speechless by Letitcia’s graphic tales





FULLY-EQUIPPED FOR ANYTHING: Letitia's Brighton flat (above and bottom of page) is overflowing with the accoutrements of her pleasuring trade – including her highly-popular feather duster

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nothing else to do with you. I feel elevated from the tart who beds footballers and crows about it the next day. What right do I have to ruin someone's life?

"It makes me ashamed to be a woman to see these kiss and tell girls. I may be involved in this industry but I do have a code of conduct and I'm quite straight and old-fashioned when it comes to integrity."

So what happens if the caller on the other end of the phone turns out to be someone she knows? Or she bumps into a punter unexpectedly at a later date?

It happened just the other week when she queued up at the supermarket till and came face to face with someone she'd "serviced".

"It also feels strange if it's one of the neighbours," she observes.

"It alters the dynamics, especially if they're excited about coming and expecting to meet someone they have never seen."

Given her unique standing, Letitia is in a better place than most to explain why married men, doting fathers and sexy footballers feel the need to stray. She believes a large part of it is linked to what she calls the "Madonna/whore syndrome".

"When it comes to their wives, they think 'I don't want her to do this because that's the mouth that kisses my kids good night,'" she claims.

"Their wives and girlfriends would

have no idea in the world what they get up to. They wouldn't have a clue and there is nothing they can do to weld their men to them."

Not if they're within a ten-mile radius of Letitia, anyway.

So, given she's got the "inside track" on the male psyche, what can women do to stop their other halves wandering?

"Unless you're really lucky, most men are faithless dogs," she says brazenly.

"At some point in time, they'll either betray you with another woman or a working woman and often a working woman is a softer option. You can be the best lover, the best mother, a cordon bleu cook, the best homemaker and the most beautiful woman in the world. Men won't think 'I shouldn't do it because she's so fabulous'. They just want to be naughty little boys."

Where's her sense of sisterhood in all this? Doesn't she feel even a twinge of sympathy for these women?

"I don't feel any sympathy for the wives because if the men didn't come to see me, they'd go to someone else. There's no point me saying I'm going to bond with the sisterhood and make a stand. I'd be cutting my nose off to spite my face."

Despite having had her lips plumped a couple of times, Letitia scoffs at women who resort to plastic surgery and proudly declares her own 38E chest is "all home-grown".

"Men love to look at Pammy Anderson with her big boobs and small waist but at the end of the day they want to feel a real woman."

"They like the look of implants but they don't want to touch them. I get

concerned. "That's not what men want," she says, exasperated.

"They just want to spread their seed as far and as wide as possible and making a vow in front of their family doesn't thwart them in their endeavour to do so."

"Women delude themselves into thinking 'as long as I diet and keep a perfect size 6/8/10 body and look like a supermodel, I'll keep my man'."

"When women find out they have been cheated on, the first thing they ask is 'what does she look like?' because in their mind, a man would only go with someone who is a threat to them looks wise."

"Whereas often, men just want something different. There are times when men come up the stairs and they are stunning, stunning – stunning! And I think 'f*****g hell! They could have a supermodel!' But they just want something a bit more earthy."

Brought up in a close-knit Catholic family in a small village in the depths of Nottinghamshire, you can't help but wonder what Letitia's parents would make of all this.

Her sister is a housewife and her brother works with disabled people.

"I am what I am in spite of my family and friends," she says.

"It's not like I'm a mass murderer or anything. There was never any pressure on me from my parents to get married and provide grandkids. I was given carte blanche to do whatever I wanted."

Letitia's family remained in the dark until she was "outed" by The Sun a few years ago. The Press caught wind of the fact she was renting a flat from a liberal-minded vicar and ran a story headlined "Kinky Tart Sells Body Worship at Vicar's Posh Flat".

She sent the newspaper clipping to her parents before they found out via someone else which, she says, turned out to be one of the most liberating things she has ever done.

Her family were given a further eye-opener at Christmas when she gave them each a gift-wrapped copy of her book. She says that, despite this, her mother chooses either not to believe it or not to dwell on it.

Letitia does her bit in turn by ensuring she only does interviews with magazines or newspapers she knows her mother doesn't subscribe to.

■ To read the concluding part of this interview, see *Woman in The Argus* on Monday.



the medic

Sussex-based writer and broadcaster Dr David Delvin answers your questions

Wrong pill

SEVERAL things have gone badly wrong in my love-life recently and, as a result, I have become really depressed. So I went to my GP, and he put me on diazepam tablets. But now I've talked to a friend who is a nurse – and she says this is the wrong treatment for depression. Is she right?

YES, she is. If you are genuinely suffering from depression, then it makes no sense to treat you with diazepam. This drug (also known as Valium) is a tranquilliser – not an anti-depressant. Also, it's liable to make you hooked. Your best move is to go and see one of the other doctors at the general practice, and ask her if you should be switched to some other medication.

All change?

I PASSED through the menopause five years ago. But this week, my periods have suddenly started again. Is that OK?

NO, IT certainly isn't. I really would like all female readers of The Argus to appreciate that, once the menopause is over, bleeding should NOT re-start. What is happening to you is not a period. The bleeding must be due to something wrong – which could be quite minor or could be very serious. So please see a doctor this week, in order to have a full internal check-up.

Verging on seduction

I AM 16 and seriously considering giving my virginity to my boyfriend. I plan to go on the Pill first, however. But – if I ask our GP for a prescription, is there any danger he would tell my mother – or even my father, who he plays golf with?

IT WOULD be totally unethical for your doctor to tell either of your parents – even on the golf course. However, I do hope you'll think very carefully before deciding to have sex. Make sure you know exactly how to use the Pill. And if your boy friend has slept around a bit, then consider the possibility of insisting he has a check-up for any sexually-transmitted infections.

Fat chance

I'M 32 and I am getting really worried by those TV and radio commercials which suggest I probably have a high cholesterol level. Is this true?

THE likelihood of a British woman of 32 having high cholesterol is not very great. Unfortunately, these fears are being fostered by large companies which make cholesterol-lowering products. If you're very concerned your cholesterol might be raised, just ask your GP to check it for you.

Can't go

ALL my life (I'm 49) I have never had the slightest trouble with my bowels. However, in the past few weeks I have suddenly become awfully constipated – day after day, in fact. Does this matter?

YES! Sudden and persistent constipation in someone over about 40 should never be ignored – because this can sometimes be a warning sign of bowel cancer. See your doctor and she'll examine you and do some tests.

This mortal coil

MY PARTNER says sex with me has started to hurt him. I had one of those IUD things fitted last week and ever since then he's been complaining. Why?

THE likelihood is that the end of the thread of the IUD is hitting the tip of his penis. This is common and can generally be sorted by a nurse or doctor who knows how to "trim" the thread. However, you urgently need to go back for a check at the clinic or surgery who fitted you with the coil, just in case the device is slipping out – and is therefore bashing your boyfriend's organ.

The mouths of babes

MY TWIN babies both have thrush in their mouths. I'm terribly embarrassed by this because I have always understood that thrush is a vaginal infection. So have I done anything wrong? And is it my fault that they've got this?

NO, YOU haven't done anything wrong. And it's not anybody's fault. Thrush is a white fungus, which causes soreness, redness and itching. It is extremely common in young babies – because the warm, moist conditions in their mouths are ideal for fungi. Fortunately, it's usually easy to wipe out, using the anti-fungus drops which I'm sure your doctor has prescribed.

● WRITE to Dr Delvin with your questions at: The Medic, Argus House, Crowhurst Road, Brighton BN1 8AR Email: features@theargus.co.uk Dr Delvin regrets he cannot enter into personal correspondence.

Putting the sex into Sussex

Feather dusters, suspender belts, celebrities and even a vicar – sex goddess Letitia has seen it all. Following the feature in Argus Weekend, Ruth Addicott discovers the secrets of her high-class boudoir

AS A designer-clad, champagne-sipping "erotic service provider" who has made it her mission to bed most of Brighton – and quite possibly Britain for that matter – Letitia's daily job is not for the faint-hearted.

Her clients represent a cross-section of society, from city stockbrokers to high-profile sports personalities and the occasional vicar. Although she doesn't sleep with her clients, they travel far and wide to her luxury balcony seafront pad in Brighton for alternative "services".

She has a mixed response from locals. Some of them respect her for unashamedly speaking her mind, while others cross the road to avoid her.

"I've walked passed ladies in the street and when I've drawn level they've gone 'whore!' but that's because I represent to them something they can never be," she says.

"It's the fact that I'm well presented, I'm unafraid and I am out there."

Letitia has similar difficulties when she's invited to a dinner party and someone enquires what her line of work is.

"Most people don't expect me to say I'm a whore, she says. "They expect me to say I'm either an actress or a hat designer. I say I may have faked a few orgasms in my time but I'm no actress and as far as hat making goes, I prefer to turn my hand to other things."

Ironically, even when she says it outright, people still assume she is joking. "They can't believe I could possibly be a down-at-heel, downtrodden, poor prostitute. I challenge their sensibilities. It's almost like I am the acceptable face of sex workers," she says proudly.

Letitia's book Body Worship mentions the kind of contraptions that would make even hardened viewers of Eurotrash blush, yet she is reluctant to line them up on the kitchen table for display. "What I'm about is body worship, which has nothing whatsoever to do with using artefacts of pain," she says firmly.

"I have got every accoutrement known to man stuffed away, but I rarely have to use them. I have to improvise. If you go to a barber, he doesn't give the same haircut to everyone."

She has given up spending money on elaborate, expensive props too, as experience has taught her: "You can spend a fortune on kids toys at Christmas and they'll spend all day playing with the box or something that cost tuppence".

That said, she can't go to the local hardware shop to buy sandpaper without the bloke at the till asking what she's going to use it for.

The most popular accoutrement with Letitia's men, it turns out, are feathers. Unbeknownst to their other halves, who spend copious amounts on make-up and M&S dinners, it is being tickled with a feather which, according to Letitia, is the key to getting a man's blood racing.

So has she had any really strange requests? To anyone unfamiliar with the world she inhabits, she's had plenty – most of which are documented in her book. But Letitia has to rack her brain to remember.

"I haven't had any terrible surprises so far. Customers don't expect you to swing from the chandeliers. They'd have to be strong chandeliers to hold my weight anyway!"

Has she ever put anyone in hospital? Letitia feigns mock horror.

"Have I ever put anyone in hospital? You are disturbed."

Being called 'disturbed' by someone who has seen what Letitia has seen is quite something, so I repeat the question.

Has she ever put anyone in hospital?

"Only once," she says, doing her best to suppress a smile.

"It was all my fault. I wasn't paying due care and attention. In a lapse of concentration, I relinquished control of the sex toy I was using on a certain gentleman and it disappeared from view so to speak. He was pacing up and down the parlour in a dressing gown, buzzing, whilst waiting for the ambulance to arrive."

"He took it all in good fun though and it earned him the nickname of the Ever Ready Bunny."

While the job has inevitably had its moments, it's also proved quite lucrative. You only have to set foot in Letitia's luxurious seafront pad to realise there is enough demand for her services in Brighton to keep her in hats and shoes. The most she has ever made was in Sydney, when she picked up a cool £2,500 for a 36 hour shift. Letitia claims she was among the top three 'performers' in Sydney and wiped the floor with her competitors.

Her colleagues at the massage parlours had a name for men who left their credit cards at reception until the cards ran out. The client would be known as a 'live one' and there was always great excitement if one arrived at the door.

Letitia recalls one man spending his entire inheritance (£300,000) and staying for six weeks. "He wasn't alone for any one hour, sometimes he'd have one girl with him, sometimes there would be six," she says. "Half the time he just wanted to talk. I didn't have time for that. It was too much like hard work."

Letitia worked at three upmarket massage parlours while she was in Sydney, each built

So how many men has she 'serviced' so far? "How many men have I...? Oh, it's far too crass to put a number on it. I've had as many boyfriends as I have had customers. You can do the maths."

As far as her personal life goes, Letitia is still searching for a soulmate and even resorted to using dating sites in a bid to find romance. Surprisingly, given her day job, she found the 'so called reputable' sites so shocking she has never gone back.

"I've never encountered so much crassness in all my life," she says in horrified tones. "The language and pictures they post of their private parts is just awful. One would imagine a single man trying to find a partner would want to show his face, but no. And that's supposed to make me want to date them?"

"I realised I'm treated with ten million times more respect by my clients than what's out there. It's dreadful."

Letitia says she is treated like a lady by her punters, many of whom have been known to sprint up the stairs brandishing gifts and large bouquets of flowers. "I have been treated like a queen and when I met someone from a dating site, the guy just rocked up empty handed."

"I'm afraid I'm of the old school – you treat a lady like a lady."

It almost sounds too good to be true, but surely there's a darker more dangerous side to the business. Asked if she ever has concerns about her own safety, Letitia is amazed and almost insulted that anyone could even contemplate such an issue.

"In all my years working in massage parlours and the sex industry, there has never been a case of a man acting in a bad or violent manner," she says.

But surely, by the very nature of the business, there is going to be an element of deviants with a psycho rather than sexual nature?

Letitia gets annoyed at this, claiming it's an old cliché put about by people who have 'no idea what they're talking about'.

"The Yorkshire Ripper went for vulnerable women who were walking the streets," she argues. "The people in Threshers down the road have had more guns held to their heads

than I have, and you think I work in a dangerous profession?"

"A rapist thrives on power not sex. We are never going to dispel these myths."

Racking her brain, Letitia claims there is only one client who has ever made her feel uncomfortable, and that was in Australia. He came into her parlour and with a maniacal expression in his eyes and wouldn't stop staring. She asked him if there was anything wrong and he still didn't answer, he just kept staring.

She discovered he worked on a sheep station in the outback and didn't have any contact with the outside world. He hadn't seen a soul for four months and had lost all power of communication, and turned out to be a perfectly nice bloke.

Despite her job description, Letitia actually comes across as one of the most level-headed people you could meet. She is incredibly self aware and gets immensely irritated by anyone who tries to dissect her past in a bid to try and 'understand' what she does.

On the one hand, she is a professional business woman, adopting a no-nonsense approach to punters she feels may be wasting her time. On the other, she has a wicked sense of fun, revelling in her role as a rescuer of men from the restrictions of married life with quiet resignation and recognition that most of them are beyond repair.

So, what with the hassle of being called 'whiplash' by the scaffolders and her view that all men are 'faithless dogs' who'd prefer to forget about massage oils and get out the feathers, what keeps her going?

Letitia takes a deep breath. "How many jobs can you have which allow you to pay your bills, have a fabulous sea view and rack up a brace of orgasms every so often?" (The most orgasms she has had in a ten hour stretch is eight – which isn't bad going by anyone's standards.)

"I'm not on a crusade to make it glamorous or acceptable, but it really is galling to have to continually rise above the ignorance people show about me or my profession. I need my energy for other things."

"I just want to say to people: 'Deal with it. Deal with the fact that some people are having fabulous body worship and you're not.'"

As I leave, Letitia shouts after me: "Got everything? Spectacles? Testicles...?" I can't help but wonder if that's her parting shot to all her clients.

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BORN TO DO IT:
Letitia adopts various erotic guises and images to provide her services

