

# PunterNet UK

## Review of Ariel of London

**Review No. 111268 - Published 4 Nov 2012**

### Details of Visit:

**Author:** phillipo

**Location 2:** Trafalgar Square

**Type of Visit:** Incall

**Date and Time of Visit:** Wed 24 Oct 2012 2.00

**Duration of Visit:** 1 hour

**Amount Paid:** 120

**Recommended:** Yes

### Details of Service Provider:

**Phone:** 07906644792

### The Premises:

When I saw her last week she was in an extraordinary flat overlooking Admiralty Arch, but she has since moved. I think she said that they were paying ?1400 a week for this place, which is quite a lot of randy old blokes spunking over your tits before you make a profit. On balance I?m happy to do the decent thing and commit to covering the equivalent of the Council Tax. Covering in the sense of covering Ariel?s tits with my spunk. (does that last line actually make sense?) (re: randy old blokes. if you do the maths, i guess it doesn't require that many. Two/three girls working from here, maybe three punters a day each? Ah-ha! That?s why they do it. The scales have fallen from my eyes)

### The Lady:

To put it in the vernacular - Ariel is smokin? hot. When she opened the door of the flat, I wondered for a minute if she might not be the girl I had booked to see ? as I walked up the stairs behind her, and realized it was she, my cock nearly burst out of my trousers. She?s got those razor sharp Polish cheekbones, and eyes like lasers that look deep into your soul.

### The Story:

I reckon she?s a pretty chilled young lady all round. A single pierced nipple, and a dress with a zip right up the front. I love those sorts of dresses, as I don?t hang about these days. Invariably the exchange goes like this:

Her - ?Would you like a massage to start with??

Me - ?No thanks?

?ziiiiiippp?.

That?s my first and last attempt at onomatopoeia in a PN review. Actually ? no it?s not. (see previous)

She is one of those ever-so-slightly disconnected shags, but I can work with that when a girl looks like this. And I might have that wrong ? she might just be the sort of WG who requires a return visit or two.

She shares the flat with at least one other WG. She said they were getting grief from the neighbours and were moving to Bond Street area. 'They won't look us in the eyes when we meet them on the stairs?', says Ariel. I tell you what, if she were my neighbour, I'd happily look her in the eyes all day long. Preferably while both her legs were in regulation position next to my ears.

She is pretty prominent on the other site with one of those weird monikers that seem to be the vogue: Your Little Princess.