

# PunterNet UK

## Review of Elle of London

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### Details of Visit:

**Author:** EagerGary

**Type of Visit:** Incall

**Date and Time of Visit:** Thu 4 May 2023 3:00

**Duration of Visit:** 1 Hours

**Amount Paid:** 150

**Recommended:** Yes

### Details of Service Provider:

**Profile Name:** House of Divine

**Website:** <http://www.houseofdivine.com>

**Phone:** 02035890126

**Phone:** 07725740234

### The Premises:

Upstairs flat, front room. Described many times before. Recently redecorated, so OK.

### The Lady:

Long-haired, with small pert breasts and long brown hair. Beautiful wide smile.

### The Story:

I'd met Elle once before, albeit briefly, so this was a planned longer visit. She remembered me, and we chatted as we rapidly undressed, and enjoyed deep kissing and excessive amounts of mutual oral. Then she happily climbed on top and rode me very skilfully.

Altogether, Elle was eager, willing and showed significant expertise. Highly recommended. I wasn't seeking anal - which I think Elle also offers.

We also discussed dark modernist poetry (eg Eliot), and I promised a pastiche. So with apologies...

April is the cruellest month, breeding / Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing / Memory and desire,  
stirring / Dull roots with spring rain.

And so I went in May.

Let us go then, you and I  
Let us go and make our visit.  
When the evening is spread out against the sky  
Like a punter, pleasurised until unable;

Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,  
With insidious intent

At Divine the punters come and go  
Musing on Rose and Elle and co.

Let us go and make our visit.

For I have known them all already, known them all  
And I have known the limbs already, known them all—  
Limbs that are braceleted and brown or white and bare.

And indeed there will be time  
To wonder, “Do I dare?” and, “Do I dare?”  
Time to turn back and descend the stair,

I climbed the stair, I went on up.  
The maid was Belladonna, the Lady of the Rocks,  
The lady of situations.

I, the old man carbuncular, arrive,  
Who having paid, enters with one bold stare  
Elle is waiting, no camisole, mere underwear

He endeavours to engage her in caresses  
Which are unproved, and seemed desired.  
Flushed and decided, he assaults at once;  
Exploring hands encounter no defence;  
His vanity pretends belief in her pretence.

At the still point in the turning world.  
Between un-being and being  
I entered her flesh. Flesh become hole.  
And let be the passage which we did not take

I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker,  
Under the tension, slip, slide, burst and perish...

After, she smooths her hair with automatic hand,  
And puts some music on the old i-phone.

The Maid:

HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME

Good night, ladies, good night, sweet ladies, good night, good night.