

# PunterNet UK

## Review of Jamie Leigh of Loughborough

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### Details of Visit:

**Author:** LBJ4080

**Location 2:** Northenden & Prestwich

**Type of Visit:** Incall

**Date and Time of Visit:** 28 September 2005 3.15

**Duration of Visit:** 45 minutes

**Amount Paid:** 75

**Recommended:** Yes

### Details of Service Provider:

**Profile Name:** Club Classique

**Website:** <http://www.clubclassique.co.uk>

**Phone:** 01509610840

### The Premises:

Sandy's Prestwich branch is warm and clean; and it has excellent facilities. The receptionists are friendly and very helpful.

### The Lady:

How can you describe a woman who has redefined all your criteria for measuring beauty? Let me try. Her face is almost certainly the most radiant I've ever seen. Her natural body scent is more intoxicating than the finest perfume. Her skin is the purest honey. Her body is a perfect combination of firm muscles and feminine curves. Her voice has power to soothe the afflicted. Her manner is warm, responsive and communicative. I adore and respect her. And if you pay her a visit, I want you to adore and respect her too.

### The Story:

As someone who was led to Leah at least partly on the basis of her field reports, I recognise the value of such accounts and understand that the following words will be read as precisely that sort of text.

However, as someone who has now had the pleasure of meeting Leah, I cannot help feeling that there is something ridiculous, or even sacrilegious, about me (or any other man, for that matter) publishing a field report about her. After all, Gods and Goddesses do not need ?field reports? from their mortal worshippers. Rather, what they evoke and fully deserve are hymns of praise. Accordingly, the words below should perhaps be interpreted less as a ?field report? than as a song of thanksgiving in honour of Leah, who is worthy to be praised as nothing less than the Most High Goddess of feminine beauty and sexual magic.

What happened to me during my thirty minutes with Leah can only be described as a divine revelation. When Leah entered the room where I was waiting for her, I was completely unprepared for what I saw: in brief, although many of Leah?s charms are abundantly clear from her pictures on Sandy?s website, she is infinitely more glorious than any picture could ever suggest. Every feature of Leah?s face is beautiful, unique and fascinating. Her body is better than any human form I have ever seen or touched. And her way of dealing with people gives her a brilliant personality that

matches her looks. The experience I had that morning with Leah therefore inspires me to offer the following speculation: at the beginning of time, when the earth and everything in it was being created, Leah served as the blueprint, the prototype, the model of what all women were intended to be.

Indeed, Leah inspires me to take that idea even further: all the other women who have ever existed, even the very beautiful and lovely, were made by high-ranking angels, whereas Leah was fashioned by the hand of God himself. Instead of resting from the work he had done on the previous six days of the world's first week, God uttered on the seventh day the most wondrous of all his creative words: he said, 'Let there be Leah'. And so there was Leah, with whom God was so well-pleased that even he declared her to be 'good'. In fact, Leah was so much better than 'good' that she became a topic of disputation between God and the angels; for when the angels saw Leah and then heard God say that she was merely 'good', they insulted God and said: 'Mother-fucker, are you crazy? 'Good' ain't the word. This babe is UNFUCKINGBELIEVABLY GRRREAT!'

So there you have it. Because I have enormous respect for Leah and am still trying to figure out what she did to me, I cannot describe in detail either the individual features of her fantastic body or what took place physically during our short time together. But nothing I could say about those aspects of the experience could even begin to do justice to the grace and beauty of this divine woman, who on the morning of 10 August performed a mighty miracle in the humble borough of Prestwich: what Leah did to me was less like a healing than like a resurrection from the dead. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, Leah raised my dead ass up out of the grave and sent me back into the world with a smile on my face and a song in my heart.

Thus, while I understand that my song of praise will probably encourage others to consider a visit with Leah, I have written it for an altogether different purpose: namely, as an expression of gratitude to this very wonderful and delicious woman. Leah, baby, I'll never forget what you've done for me.