Moscow Stories #6

Krauser PUA | 11 August, 2017 | by krauserpua

Mid-way through last September's trip to Moscow, I'm wandering through Red Square when I see a mixed-race girl with massive hooters, massive ass and.... probably.... a pretty face. But I didn't really notice anything except the hooters and ass [1]. She exudes voluptuous fertility. I open. Something about her looking very rock'n'roll in her fashion.

It's a normal number. Absolutely middle of the range, where she seems a bit into me and presumably available but it's not tripping any SDL alarms nor am I wading knee-deep through pussy juice. I give her five minutes then go on my merry way. The subsequent texting goes nowhere, as you can see below.



Dripping wet

Almost a year passes then I'm back in Moscow. I've hit the mid-way point of that trip and am somewhat frustrated by the trouble in getting girls onto dates. I'd gotten one notch and had two long game girls give LMR in the bedroom and force me to bin them (got boyfriends). I felt these results hardly befitting my stature in the community. A couple other sets were going well but frustratingly sex didn't seem on the immediate horizon. I decide to ping every lead from last year which had at least given me a few replies. This mixed-race girl, let's call her **Vera**, replies pretty well.



What does it mean when a girl replies with a ton of smileys and a blatantly sexual photo inviting you to check out her ass?

I'll tell you what it means: **you invite her out as soon as you can**. In my case, same day. She ended up not coming but we rescheduled for early the next evening. I haven't bothered screen-capping those texts as they are pure logistics. As it happened, at this point I actually got my sets confused and *thought Vera was a different girl*. In the previous trip I'd opened another girl who'd looked a bit rock n roll and I'd thought it was her who I'd been messaging the whole time [2]

"I can't remember what this girl looks like" I say to <u>Roy</u> and <u>GG</u> as we are standing outside The Four Seasons hotel at Red Square. "If a hot girl with a big ass walks past in the next ten minutes let me have a look at her before you open."

Not many girls walk by but in the distance I see a silhouette that trips my RAS. A girl in a figure-hugging dress with her tits almost falling out of the low-cut neckline, gliding across the cobblestones with her hips shucking side to side. GG is about to race off to open but then I realise it's Vera. I stress the clinginess of this dress. It was like it had been spray-painted on.

I was expecting a slim white girl and instead got a buxom half-black girl. Okay. She gives me a big smile and pushes her tits up into me as I greet her with a peck on the cheek. I'd rate her a high 6. She's oozing sex appeal but just isn't, on a fundamental level, especially pretty. Think of a curvy stripper gyrating in a seedy bar that you very much want to fuck even though you know she ain't all that.

Imagine this, basically..... [3]

We walk up the bank towards Kamergirsky. Everyone is eyeballing her. The men are thinking "cor blimey, her tits and ass!" while the women are probably thinking "what a slut! but I wish I got that much attention" [4] It turns out her mother is from Burundi and her father Russian. She was born in Burundi before moving to Moscow as an infant, so technically the rare Burundi flag is at stake here [5]. I take her to **Let's Rock** bar and we sit on stools at the corner of the bar.

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Stools at the bar are excellent for rapid escalation. Way better than tables and chairs.

Throughout the first beer I can't believe how easy it is. Before she'd arrived I was expecting some difficulty due to her apparent lack of interest the prior year. I thus conclude she'd always fancied me but her circumstances had changed in the interim. Most likely she had a boyfriend last September and was single now. That's the most likely explanation for any girl doing a U-turn in interest and availability. Vera kept staring into my eyes, smiling insanely, and telling me everything I said was "cool"

I decide to move fast. It seemed the window of opportunity is open.

I prod her thighs, grab her arms to "check her gym progress", play with her hair and all the usual stuff. She reciprocates. So then I start talking about sex, which she loves.

"I'm going to kiss you later" I say. "Not now"

She almost explodes at that, her whole body rattling around like a kettle on the boil. I walk her around the corner to the **Tap & Barrel** pub. She seems to keep bumping into me as we walk. I sit her down next to me in a booth and we get another beer. I tell her my DHV story about fucking a porno star in Prague last spring. She loves it.

"When I was younger, I wanted to be a porno star" she says. "I wasn't interested in the money or the fame. I just love the idea of having sex in front of people"

I tell her about my Argentinian ex-GF's sexual fantasty of being tied with rope, hung from the ceiling, and then licked-out by a girl while a hundred men watch and masturbate.

"Oh, that sounds amazing" she coos.

I kiss-close her then and she's pushing right into me, moaning. Out the corner of my eye I check our drinks, which are now half empty. Okay, should try to extract in ten minutes or so.

What do you think my next move was?

Go on, hazard a guess.



I pull over a menu as if to peruse it and then under that concealment I..... **get my dick out**. She stares wide-eyed. I put her hand on it and she brief wanks me off a bit but a minute later I put it away, just before the waitress comes over thinking I'm ready to order [6]

"Oh god, I'm so horny now" whimpers Vera. I can see her cheeks flush, her eyes sparkling, and her brain has clearly switched off. I down what's left of both beers and leave cash on the table.

"Let's go"

I walk her through the long winding corridor to the stairs up and out of the bar. Around the first corner I push her against the wall and kiss her. She's literally weak at the knees, sagging. I put my hand down her shirt and mash her tits. She's whimpering and moaning.

"No. Not today. I can't!"

I put a hand on her throat to pin her to the wall, stare into her eyes, and rub her pussy with my free hand. Her eyes roll and she'd have sunk to the floor if I wasn't pinning her. Then we walk out. I start walking her to my front door which is literally across the road but she won't come.

"Not today"

"Next time I see you, I'm going to rip off your clothes, carry you to my room, throw you on the bed, and fuck you so hard you forget your name" I say.

"I want to suck your dick and swallow your cum" she says, then waves goodbye and trots off in a hurry. That's the last I see of her and she doesn't reply to my next three pings. Then I fly home.

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If you like stories riddled with confusion, errors of judgement, squalor, big tits, and the *getting out of the dick* you may just enjoy my memoirs <u>Balls Deep</u>, <u>Deplorable Cad</u>, and <u>Adventure Sex</u>.

- [1] Oh yeah, she had on a black leather biker jacket. I noticed that.
- [2] She was white and less buxom, but Vera's profile photo didn't show her face and nor did the bikini shot. I assumed the darker skin was a sun tan and the big ass was just an artefact of the photo pose and angle. Silly me.
- [3] But half black, obviously. And if you think "wow, Overkill is amazing" well yes it is and for only \$199 you can buy it here.
- [4] And likely many of them also thought "build the wall"
- [5] The rare non-HIV Burundi flag, that is. I'm sure a trip to Africa would net me that flag (and several communicable diseases) in no time at all
- [6] Hence why I chose a newspaper rather than menu next time I pulled this stunt. There's a learning curve

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