

I bang my first 24 year old Brazilian law student

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I'll admit I've been having a tough time of it in Brazil. English men my age grew up with images of beautiful women on carnival floats, amazing asses hanging out of thongs on the beach, and the magic of the Socrates-Falco-Zico class of '82. Brazil is an iconic country for us, one long beach where everyone plays volleyball and sips caipirinhas.



Scored more world cup goals than
Plato and Aristotle combined

So I've been thoroughly disappointed by the women. Something went wrong between my idealised teenage vision and the actual boots-on-the-floor reality of fat grotty women. Perhaps my tastes have changed cos the hostel chodes here swear there's lots of hotties. Just this afternoon I bumped into a US pickup coach (I spotted him taking a number of some bird in Starbucks so I said hello afterwards) and he was telling me all the hot girls are on Ipanema beach 9. Ummmmm..... not while I was there. I didn't see *anything* worth talking to in two full afternoons of looking. They all had huge asses (in the wrong sense) and big flabby guts.

I've been looking, really I have. I spent two hours walking up Ipanema high street today and only opened six girls. That's without weaseling a single set. Only one of them gave me the DNA-tug. Most other days I've seen even less.



About as representative as Austin Powers is of London

So I'm pissing and moaning, blaming the world for my ills. My state is flat. Despite all this I get a stroke of luck. Often you just don't know which girls will turn out well. As of this afternoon I'd only gotten three good leads in Rio.

Girl 1 – While up at Botafogo shopping mall (don't bother) I do two sets. One is a super hot dancer who from her facebook appears to be quite famous. We spent twenty minutes chatting, her touching my arm alot and good eye contact but then she doesn't reply to my texts. Second girl is a young student who is clad in lycra and about to start her daily run. A good set and I meet her the next night for a date where I kiss close. If I'd had better logistics I'd have pulled the trigger but I didn't (long boring story).

Girl 2 – I'm sitting at a fruit juice stand mid-afternoon with Suave when an 18 year old buxom chick strolls past and gives me a long look. She's a solid eight. I give chase and do a strong eye-fucking open. She speaks zero English. So I used non-verbals and the Google Translate app on my phone. It's tortuous but her interest is so strong it works. After taking her number and facebook, I kiss close her on the street. Lots of people are watching. As I walk back to Suave some street performer who has been doing tricks with a mini-football, a middle-aged crusty black dude, comes over and shakes my hand, babbling congratulations in a toothless Portuguese.

Girl 3 – On Saturday night in Lapa I'm pretty drunk. Suave points out a curvy black girl he thinks I'll like so I give chase. Its an easy stop and she has faltering English. I'm full of ballsy insolence and soon mini-bounce her to the kerb. Ten minutes chat and I take a number and bounce again to a nearby bar then soon kiss close. The party is winding down by 3am, an hour or so later, so I suggest a motel. She says no. I lead her to a cab and try to bundle her in. She runs away.

So which girls seems most solid?

- **Girl 1** invites me to a Sunday night full moon party on Ipanema rocks. I show up and she's lost in the crowd and makes no effort to find me, apologising three hours later by text to say she was meditating and didn't want to check her phone. Stupid cunt.
- **Girl 2** chats to me plenty on Facebook over the following day (using Google Translate) and enthusiastically agrees to a date. Then she doesn't show. No texts to cancel. Stupid cunt.
- **Girl 3** swaps occasional texts over the following few days and seems unenthusiastic. And then tonight she agrees to come out. She tries to cancel claiming no money but I tell her she must have enough for the bus and I'll get the drinks. She texts back "OK, what is your address?" That's the extraction handled, then.

As soon as I see her I know its on, token resistance aside. She's dolled up nice and has tight figure-hugging clothes on. My big issue is logistics – I'm staying in a busy hostel sharing a room for eight. I decide to brass-neck it. I walk her into the lounge area where a chode-party is already in full swing (it's past 9pm) and I'm scanning for the reception and door guys to see if they disapprove. They don't seem to notice. Halfway into the first drink I walk her directly upstairs on the thin pretext of checking out my Facebook photos. Two lads are lying on their bunks but know not to interrupt. I've got my big towel hanging like a curtain over the bunk so its pretty much private. Everything following is standard escalation until half an hour later I'm fucking her.



Younger, high-6 version, sans manjaw

For lulz I tell her not to make a sound. We can hear people coming in and out of the room. She's loving the danger of it, possible to get caught at any moment. Good sex. She tells me I'm her first gringo and it was "different" to Brazilians.

So that's three locals in a bit under three weeks here. Pretty good score considering the scraps I'm working with. I put her as a high six. No shame but I doubt I'll call her up for seconds.

Learning points

- Even when you are struggling to find targets and leads, things turn up
- Some thought, and balls, can solve shitty logistics
- When you know a girl has come to fuck don't waste time running a long-winded date model
- Even though I pulled the trigger too fast on the idate, it didn't wreck the set

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