

This is an excerpt from the Bogota Brothel Tours e-book. To receive these kinds of extras in advance, subscribe to the [Expat Chronicles newsletter](#).

Doctors' Wild Weekend and a New Type of Client

Soon after the influx of experienced Mongers, I got this email from an American med student:

Colin:

Counting down the days till my first year of medical school is over.

I just read the [scopolamine article](#) on your blog. My buddy and I take security very seriously and, as he put it, it would be hard to look the medical directors of the mission in the eye and explain to them why we're each missing a kidney and have no teeth. Waking up naked, broke, and beaten half to death on a park bench would really put a damper on things.

Whether we are going on a tour or not, we will gladly pay cover, buy bottles, cover dinners and other expenses such as taxi rides to and from the hotel, whores should you be so inclined, etc. when you hang with us in addition to the \$80. We do not want to party or go out at night without you with us, regardless of whether or not we'll just be grabbing a beer in the safer parts of town... Just to give you an idea, our hotel and flights are booked and I'm thinking we'll be going out at least 3-4 nights, including a tour or two, so we'll pay you \$80/night and cover everything else. I remember you said you'd throw in another night or two if we do at least two tours; if you'll join us for dinner the first night (on us of course) and maybe show us around town during the day on another occasion, this would be much appreciated.

Thanks again for all your help,

Doc

Imagine you earn a middle class salary in Colombia. I'd never eaten at Colombia's most famous restaurant, Andres Carne de Res, because it was too expensive. This email made my heart leap.

The point here is not what happened with those guys, but the trend this email illustrates. I started recognizing certain clients who would book brothel tours. But when I arrived to pick them up, I'd ask things like, "What kind of girls do you like?" or "What's your budget?" The guy would clam up for a minute, but eventually tell me outright. He's not interested in having sex with hookers or even seeing the whorehouses. He found my blog and read my stories. He wants to party while he's in Bogota, and he wants to party with me.

With these types, I'd be out drinking on Monday or Tuesday nights when I wouldn't be otherwise, drinking and snorting for free. I'd be working for clients from the Bogota Brothel Tours website, but we'd never go to a brothel or [Santa Fe](#). We'd just drink in the [Zona Rosa](#), or if they wanted to see where I go, [Chapinero](#) and [La Candelaria](#). I was getting paid to party.

But I didn't want to be drinking and snorting on Mondays or Tuesdays. To maintain moderation, I have a strict rule to party only on Fridays and Saturdays. But this was money – \$80 on top of all the drinking and drugging. There are surely gringos out there reading this, shocked and screaming that I would be annoyed with this arrangement. Maybe they could do such a job, but I didn't like it.

A Weekend Finca Orgy

I got this email from Scandinavians:

First of all we are looking for a nice apartment in Bogota from the 19th to the 21st (6 bedrooms with big fuckable beds, swimming pool, etc.) then we're off to spend a couple days at our friend's countryhouse in Villa de Leyva. We want to bring about five girls with us for the weekend before coming back to Bogota, when we fuck off back home.

One of us speaks fluid Spanish but we would love a tour guide that is on board with whatever deviant sports we would like to do whilst in Colombia. We're loud, tattooed, lovable bears who wanna fuck and drink our way through Bogota without any hastse, problems or frowns :)

The more you can help us out, the more we will smile, pay and have fun. Thanx for answering so quick, let's go ape in Colombia!

Now despite not wanting to go partying on weeknights, any guy would be tempted by this offer – a weekend-long finca orgy, and you're invited for free.

I was actually in the States when I got this email, and wouldn't be back in Bogota until they were already gone. I tried to set it up from St. Louis, but it fell through.

This email always stuck out in my mind because it seemed like such a fun idea. Imagine, five gorgeous whores and a few of your buddies alone at a country house with a pool, getting drunk and fucking as many of them as much as you can. Drugs, booze, safe countryside with no urban dangers, gorgeous women who never say no. Pure hedonism. It would cost a pretty penny, but you'd never forget it.

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Thanks for reading!

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