

BradP

Diary  
of  
A Pickup Artist



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**TABLE OF CONTENTS**

Chapter 1: Pimpin' Brazilians in South Florida.....	1
Chapter 2: Three Hot Babes and a Pissed Boyfriend!.....	4
Chapter 3: Two In One Night.....	8
Chapter 4: She Sells Dildos.....	12
Chapter 5: Threesome on video.....	15
Chapter 7: High Compliance Threesome Method.....	25
Chapter 8: Flake out, drawing a crowd, 2 hr seduction.....	28
Chapter 9: Pinup Girl / Hustler Honey.....	34
Chapter 10: Makeout in McDonalds.....	38
Chapter 11: Power-Dating Tourist and Runway Model.....	43
Chapter 12: Caught Gaming, Got Laid Anyway.....	47
Chapter 13: Porno / Threesome Offer.....	53
Chapter 14: Brad P. vs. Virgin.....	55
Chapter 15: Second Meeting with Hot Nervous Blond.....	58
Chapter 16: Vibe, Wait, Seduce.....	60
Chapter 17: Accidentally Seduced Model.....	64
Chapter 18: Three in One Day.....	66
Chapter 19: Banged Model in Club Bathroom.....	68
Chapter 20: Streak Continues! 5 in a Row!.....	76
Chapter 21: Gone in 60 Seconds!.....	80
Chapter 22: Four Makeouts – Girls are Voyeurs.....	85
Chapter 23: Seducing Stealth Hottie with the Quickness.....	90
Chapter 24: WARNING! - Hardcore Stuff!.....	96
Chapter 25: This girl is a SEX MANIAC!.....	102
Chapter 26: I am the VIRGIN SURGEON!.....	106
Chapter 27: Virgin Surgeon Technique.....	110
Chapter 28: Promoter Girl – Difficult Pull.....	113
Chapter 29: Banged a Blond in like 14 Seconds.....	118
Chapter 30: Little Rich Girl 15 minute Pull.....	124
Chapter 31: 18 Year Old Russian Girl at Grandma's.....	130
Chapter 32: Cold Approaches in South Florida.....	135
Chapter 33: Threesome Girls Whooped my Ass.....	147
Chapter 34: Penis Implant Scores Again.....	151
Chapter 35: Jizz Shoe Brad.....	156
Chapter 36: Bad Handjob.....	159
Chapter 37: Chili's Hostess.....	161
Chapter 38: Yay for Boobies!.....	163
Chapter 39: Sex in a moving Cab.....	173
Chapter 40: Women Use Me For Sex.....	176

Chapter 41: Video Vixen Loves that I'm a Guru.....180  
Chapter 42: 5 minute Seduction + LA Super Hottie.....187  
Chapter 43: Brad P.'s Final Report??.....194  
Chapter 44: BONUS! The Lost Threesome Report..... 202  
For Further Study..... 210

## INTRODUCTION

Dear Readers,

I remember it like it was yesterday. The year was 2004, and I had just emerged from a messy breakup with my girlfriend in Queens, New York City. Confronted with my own loneliness and the fear that I'd never get a woman like her again, I began my quest to become successful with women.

I was 26 years old. It seemed like as good a time as any. I had succeeded with women in the past, but only sporadically. There were streaks where I'd "get lucky," but that was just the problem. It seemed like the occasional stroke of luck was the only thing saving me from a life of sexual starvation. It was time to face the fact that I actually had very little control over my love life.

My ineptitude with women is something that began in my adolescence. While some of the cooler kids in school were getting started on their sexual experimentation at around age 15, I was painfully shy and socially awkward. Combine that with a high sex drive, and you've got a recipe for frustration and negativity.

My solution to the problem at that time was to become an overachiever. Surely, if I was able to succeed at things like sports and academics, women would naturally become interested in me. So I became the captain of the basketball team and joined a rock band. It all looked great on paper, but without the social skills to talk to girls, all of that overachieving got me nowhere. Throughout my entire high school career, I never had one single date with a girl from my school.

In college, things got a bit better, as I attended a college that was 75% women. With this ratio on my side, I finally managed to get a few girlfriends and get some experience. When I moved to New York City after graduating, I was in for a rude awakening. It was back to 50/50, and women seemed more intimidating than ever.

I spent the next 4 years working as a social worker, basketball coach, street musician, and mental health counselor. My interest in psychology and philosophy eventually led me to the self-help corner of the bookstore, where I began to read up on attraction and the sociology of dating. It was a body of literature that was just starting to develop into something useful.

After the shock and pain of that final breakup, I enlisted the help of a few good

books and a rowdy gang of "natural" lady killers. My journey had begun. I spent the next twelve months going out and meeting women every single day. I traveled all over the country, meeting all types of women, and learning all types of new skills.

In the beginning, there was only fear: the fear of rejection, the fear of embarrassment, the fear of criticism. These fears plagued and paralyzed me. In order to defeat my fear of talking to strangers in public, I took a job handing out fliers on the streets of NYC. This compressed so many rejections into such a short period of time, that my fear of strangers quickly disappeared.

I soon learned that it wasn't as hard as people thought to get women to stop and talk, it wasn't even that hard to get phone numbers. In the coming months, I learned how to get phone numbers, dates, and sex on the first date. I was flying high and loving life. All the hard work and rejection had paid off.

I began teaching others how to meet women, and my students introduced me to an online community of men who studied dating and attraction.

I had come so far so fast, but there was still more to learn. In the coming months, I would learn amazing things that I never before thought possible, such as:

- How to get one night stands.
- How to get threesomes.
- How to juggle multiple girls who I was seeing regularly.
- How to give women mind blowing orgasms.
- How to meet and seduce women in dance clubs.

During this time, I kept a diary chronicling my development and the amazing things I was learning. I'd post some of the entries online, and men from all over the world would follow my adventures and apply these same lessons to their own lives.

I've gotten emails from hundreds of men saying that my journal entries from 2005 and 2006 helped them succeed more than any book, DVD, CD, or seminar. Now that it's a few years later and I've stopped keeping an online journal, most of the entries have been lost in to the abyss of the Internet.

This book is a collection of my most insightful and helpful journal entries from 2005 and 2006. I've scoured my notebooks and hard drives to bring them to you

in one easy to read document that you can always access and share with your friends. I've left them raw and uncensored, even unedited in some cases. Sure, I could have had some dorky copy editor go through and clean them up, but I think people would prefer to get the original reports, in their realest and rawest form.

These stories are 100% true, and many of the events have been witnessed by students and coaches from the dating science world.

I've included the good, the bad, the amazing moments, and the amazing failures.

So without further delay, I bring you, "Diary of A Pickup Artist."

## CHAPTER 1: PIMPIN' BRAZILIANS IN SOUTH FLORIDA

A little background since many of you haven't read my journal before. I've been learning to pick up girls for about 1.5 years. I learned very fast due to the fact that I gamed 7 days a week 5 hours a day the first year of it. I went out with no wingman 80% of the Time I was learning. I've become proficient to the point where I can get same day lays, bang models/dancers sometimes, juggle multiple girls when I'm home, and teach a seminar in dating and attraction.

Right now I'm operating under some different circumstances than most guys. I am currently traveling with some friends who have a rock band and are great at picking up chicks. This is an advantage because it gives me social status. However, it presents challenges because there is usually no chance for a second meeting, and I must work very quickly - usually less than 2 hours, and there is sometimes no place to take the girls after I get them interested. Many time I have to pump the attraction levels super high to get them to be physical in an unusual or public place.

OK on the the report. I'm gaming at a metal concert which is 90% guys. Not a lot of hot girls there, most girls are with their boyfriends. On the surface, you'd think it's a completely hopeless situation. Me, I say there's always a way if you know how to be smart about things. I've found that at these metal shows, the best thing to do is catch them on the way the ladies room when the guys aren't around. So there I am, standing around at the picnic area near the ladies room.

I see 2 hot babes, Brazilian girls, a blond and a brunette. I go up and ask them if they know anyplace nearby where I can find cotton candy at this time of night. They love it, laugh, etc. All is going well when this tall girl busts in and starts hitting on the 2 hot Brazilians.

The tall chick: "Sorry to interrupt but my brother dared me to come over here cause you two are so beautiful, and I just wanted to meet you..."

So for a moment I got screwed up cause I thought I was getting out-gamed by a girl, but then I realized this was presenting some great opportunities.

Me: "Oh I get it, you really thought I was hot, so you decided to compliment these 2 girls so maybe I would talk to you."

Brazilians laugh.

The tall chick: "Well yeah you're hot too, but my brother really dared me..."

Me: (cutting her off) "... Yeah I know. I think it's cute that you came up with that whole plan just to get my attention, but these girls are my bodyguards, and if you try to make a move on me, they'll tied you up and throw you in the pile with all the other girls who tried to fondle me today, so be a good girl."



The tall chick: "Ok and if I'm not?"

Me: "Then you get a spanking. (SPANK!)"

Now her brother comes in and he's this dorky guy staring in awe at the 2 Brazilian girls. At this point I felt it was a strong possibility I could fuck the tall girl pretty quickly (which is what I'm looking for since there's no chance for a second meeting). I could have maybe tried for a threesome with the Brazilian girls, but I'd need time and a private space to do it in, so I elected to go for the tall girl.

The Brazilians are pawns in this game. They're super hot, so I seem very desirable after having attracted them so quickly. Now I just needed to get rid of the tall girl's brother, which can be really hard to do at these concerts. What I decided to do was take on the persona of a pimp who's trying to sell this guy an hour with the two Brazilian sisters.

Me: "Hey man, you dig these girls? For \$500 you get an hour with both of them."

He looks at me confused.

Me: "Ok \$450 but that's the best I can do. I'm gonna give you a discount cause I think they like you."

He's stunned; the girls all laugh and Brazilians walk off to the bathroom. The interesting thing here is that the girls all get the joke, but this guy is totally confused. When you start going out and doing this all the time, you'll see that men and women have a very different sense of humor, and if you learn to use female-friendly humor, guys will be less of a problem for you. They will get out of your way when they see that you are the dominant male and they are left out of the joke.

How is female-humor different than male-humor? Well, female style humor is more related to social hierarchies and contains more role playing.

Social Hierarchies- In any group situation, there are some people who are cooler than others. The cooler people are at the top of the hierarchy. The less cool people are at the bottom. Women have an acute awareness of social hierarchies, while men like to pretend they don't exist in order to sooth their ego, since men are usually at the bottom and women are usually at the top.

Role Playing- This is simple. You take on some role or character and give the woman some other role. Then you start acting it out. But you don't stop to explain "Hey I'm gonna be the pimp and these two are the prostitutes." That would totally kill the joke and it wouldn't be funny at all. Humor is about speed, pacing, and timing. So don't slow things down, just go right into the role play. Women will usually intuitively understand what you're doing and play along. Men don't understand role playing as well, so this allows you to have a clear channel

of communication with the women of the group, while the men won't actually know what's going on. OK, back to the action now....

Me (to brother): "OK dude I was just kidding about all that, but seriously I think you have a good chance at nailing both those chicks. They're fucking hot right? OK wait right here, they should be out of the bathroom in like 5 minutes. I'm gonna entertain your sister while you take care of that and we'll catch up with you guys in 20 minutes."

And I walk off with the tall chick, fucked her 3 times, show her advanced stuff like deep-spot and the welcomed method, which blows her mind. She comes 6 times. At one point I'm fucking her in her car, her brother comes back and starts banging on the window saying "police! police!" She says "Shut the fuck up Matt, come back later." HA! First insight is that if you are really giving a girl a lot of pleasure she will defy some social pressures, like her brother watching her getting plowed in a bouncing SUV.

Second thing, those 4 people barely said a word, I ran the show, which helped a lot. I controlled the frame well and cut off all annoying conversational threads. I only had to control it for about 3-5 minutes and it was game over, so it wasn't a struggle or a mental marathon. In fact, I almost feel like I wasn't even thinking much except at the beginning when I first recognized that this tall chick was trying to game my 2 Brazilian girls. Once I flipped into that leadership mode it was autopilot.

Third, I think the guy knew he had no chance with the Brazilian girls, but he was doing the typical "Fake Player Routine" that most guys will do in this situation. Admitting that he doesn't have the skills to nail the Brazilians is not an option, so he just pretends he's gonna go for it. I framed it like I was doing him a favor running wing man so he could nail the 2 hotties. Like his sister was in the way or something. It's always very easy to get a guy out of your way if he's doing the fake player routine.

Forth, perhaps this girl was in "critical slut mode." That's when a woman is just looking for someone to have sex with, and being approached in the right way pretty much seals the deal without any further interaction. She was highly sexual, super slutty (in a good way). One of the most talented girls I've ever met. The escalation was mostly me just spanking her and being totally dominant. No small talk, no "where are you from?" BS. I just assumed rapport by roughing her up a bit. Wish it was that easy all the time. It's not... but you have to be ready for situations like that. When the sexual energy is high you can deflate things easily if you do any pussyish stuff. You can't slow down the interaction with too much talking or the girl will think you're not the right kind of guy for some quick sex.

I find that every once in a while, I'm just in the right place at the right time and I seem to get laid with very little effort. All I have to do is "not blow it." A few months back this hot playboy-wannabe chick fucked me because I looked kinda like the guy who blew her off that night. All I had to do was live up to the alpha status these girls were already assuming.

## CHAPTER 2: THREE HOT BABES AND A PISSED BOYFRIEND!

Tonight was another crazy adventure. I have a few things I was working on and a few things everyone might be able to learn from. In my quest to improve my game every day, one thing that I'm working on is not being intimidated by the really hot 10+ girls. 8s and 9s are routine and easy by now, but the super duper hot ones still get me a little nervous. Maybe some of you can relate. The girl I was planning to hang out with was off the scale hot 20 year old from Louisiana. She looked just like Alyssa Milano... we'll call her "Alyssa" but anyway...

I'd consider this our second time meeting. The first day we met she was in NY on vacation, I taught a seminar that day and was out on a field mission with my students. A student wanted to approach her friend. I sent him in, I could see he was about to get rejected so I entered the group. I chatted up the friend for a minute with my standard rap. Alyssa is looking bitchy. I say "Hi, I'm Brad" and offer her my handshake. She goes for my hand, I take my hand away 4th grader style and say "Oh, got you!" The bitchy vibe melted away instantly. We talked for a while. My social value with the friend helped my student get a better reaction on his end and he ended up getting a phone number. I got a number too cause she is from a state that I knew I'd get to eventually.

Fast forward 3 months, here I am in her hometown. I had spoken to her 4 or so times on the phone. We ended up talking about my dating guru job because her friend was creeped out by my student calling and e mailing her. I think I'm mixing business with pleasure here, but I tried to continue putting in a good word for my student. On the phone I would often run the "Sven" routine, this is where I put on a German accent and claim to be Sven, Brad P's personal assistant. The chicks always know its BS but they love it. I was getting major flake vibe so I knew I'd have to use tons of good material. I think I may have used every technique in the arsenal.

To get her to call back I used the old "Yeah I'm here and ran into someone who knows you already and they said something so funny (phone cuts off)." It was my first time using that, it worked, except I kinda forgot to formulate the rest of the story, so when she called back I said some weak ass shit about a guy in a deli claiming to know her. There's no deli's anywhere near here, but she didn't call me on it. On the phone I'm telling her to come meet me at this rock show, she's afraid to come, she hates loud rock music. I also think she's one of those girls who are afraid to go out because she's getting hit on 99 times a night. She's all talking about staying home to do homework, shit like that. I say "Figure it out, we'll talk later."

I call her later and I tell her that she has to tell me whether she's coming or not cause 10 strippers just pulled up and they want me to leave with them. She actually believed me, and then I told her she failed her first smart test. I think this got her worked up enough to get motivated about meeting up with me. Whenever she started getting flaky I'd just bring up the 10 strippers again. Even though it wasn't real, there was something about it that got her back into an excited state and ultimately the flakiness went away. I also started telling her what to

wear and that I hate it when people wear blue with black. I was being really picky and weird about details. Then I'm like "I don't wanna twist your arm just decide, it's really no big deal to me" and she agreed to come meet me.

Damn that was a lot of tactical shit just to get a girl to meet up! But fuck it; this is some important practice for me. So she calls when she's leaving, I'm not willing to talk too long. She shows up 5 minutes later, we head off to Chili's for dessert. I run 8 girlfriends routine (where I tell the chick I have 8 girlfriends, they all know about each other and it's a cool deal). She says "yeah I went through a phase like that where I dated 4 people at a time and would just randomly dump them or treat them like shit. But I've only really liked someone like once or twice in my life." This was an interesting look into the reality of a hot chick. They go through life frustrated that there's no one for them to be into. She also mentioned how she's aware that she likes guys who are assholes. I talked about that a few times and also had demonstrated asshole qualities, so she knows I'm an insider.

I run sexy knees routine, more smart tests, keep up the obvious BS stuff, read the palm, run some psychic stuff, Tom Hanks story, tell her how girls want me everywhere I go, analyze her dream, play into her insecurity about breast size and nose shape (hot girls get obsessed about their small imperfections). I thought I went overboard on that but it didn't present any problems.

I start talking about sexual topics. I tell her a story about how I boned a girl who looks just like her but only once. When she asks: "Why only once?" I hint that my cock was too big for the girl.

We get back in the car, drive through college campus. I try to isolate, no dice. She takes me back to the rock show, I up the kino-escalation (touching) a bit touching, smelling. Some car drives up and catches me with this girl's ankle in my hand cause she claimed to have fat knees and hot ankles. I stroke her hair. Touch the neck, almost couldn't bring myself to kiss her. So I tell her I'm leaving to watch the show and she should go home and study. I went for the kiss which went surprisingly well. She giggled, then another one. Just goes to show that you have to not talk yourself out of this stuff. I know damn well that nothing bad can come of being rejected on a kiss, but we all have that little bit of a chump left in us, even me.

Logistics prevented me from escalating further. Too many people are in the parking lot. But I felt good about that one. This is the hottest chick I ever kissed, and I stalled out a bunch of times, almost got flaked on a bunch of times, and persevered. I think she'll be wanting more.

People say the super hot girls are easier to game, but I don't think that will help you too much until you really go and experience it. Maybe a few months from now I'll think the super hot girls are easier to game, but I'm not there yet.

Ok now onto the action packed sex fest. After the show, 3 girls (who don't know each other) start talking to me. One is talking; I put my arm around the other before even looking at her. I say to "girl 1" "I hope this girl I have my arm around is cute cause I didn't even look at her."

So I'm sitting there with a 6, a 7, and an 8 and like 5 dudes. The 7 and the 8 have a dude with them, but I play with their boobs a little anyway. The 8 is quizzing me on microbiology in response to my smart tests. I tell the 8 girlfriends story again. I asked the girl who was a 6 if she wants to be my girlfriend. She says yeah. The girl who is a 7 is holding my hand in front of her boyfriend... (maybe not her boyfriend?)

The 6 looks good to go and time is ticking fast. "Wanna take a walk?". Isolated her behind the dumpster at IHOP. Kiss, tits, rubbed pussy. Then she's all "I don't know I just met you..." (Last minute resistance). I'm so not in the mood to hear that from this chick, I could have had much hotter girls, I was just was in a hurry. Keep going, start sucking titties and whacking it. I will do that sometimes if time is limited and the last minute resistance is fierce, just to get a nut off. She's fine with it; I change my mind and decide I don't like this girl... too ugly and annoying. I stop everything. I take her back. She's hinting for my phone number, I'm changing the subject. I level with her and tell her I do not have time to be getting to know you for 3 dates before sex. She says come back to this town to see her. I'm thinking: WTF I'd never fly across the country to fuck a pudgy 6 who's already annoyed me by roadblocking me behind the IHOP dumpster. That's absolutely ludicrous. I'm trying to drop this chick PRONTO! She's all annoying about the phone number thing; I take her number to shut her up.

One of the hotter girls is waiting to chat with me. She and her man chat with me for about 15 minutes. They're real cool. He goes inside the club. I'm left outside with her and I really had no intention of gaming this girl, but she started escalating. She's says "Why did you walk off with that other girl?" I said cause you other two had a boyfriend, and I was in a hurry. Then I told her that I decided I didn't like the other girl and brought her back. She's says "What like bringing something back to the store?" I say "Yeah exactly." She says that's not her BF. I say well he's your orbiter. She's says "Huh?"

I go into a discussion of orbiters and the world of picking up girls, and how I teach it. I tell her an orbiter is a guy who hangs around and acts really nice, hoping to get sex from you, but never actually trying anything. I still have no intention of gaming her. She's getting HOT from the discussion of pickup. Weird. Her eyes are getting all big as I talk about how guys will stick around for years as a friend, then try to pounce when you're lonely. She's holding my hand again. How did that happen?? I start making out with her. "Wanna go for a walk?" I say.

We start making out in the parking lot. I tell her I'm worried that her orbiter will get his feelings hurt. "And he's such a nice guy."

When you want a girl to realize that you are more dominant than the other men in her life, it's a good idea to refer to them as a "nice guy" because women are not sexually attracted to nice guys, they are sexually attracted to dominant guys.

In this case, I was using the "let's not hurt his feelings" vibe to get her to walk further away from the bar with me. We end up in an empty parking lot across the street. She's good to go!! We make out, fuck from behind. Pretty decent fuck.

While walking back I'm still concerned about the orbiter, so I have her walk back 2 minutes ahead of me while I do a big loop. Note: She made no statement that we should be careful, gave no indication that the guy might be upset, she played dumb 100%. She didn't even think of an excuse to tell the guy. I was getting a funny feeling that there was gonna be problems, so I hatched the 2 minutes apart plan and spoon fed her an excuse that she went to pee in the woods.

I'm walking back and I hear her orbiter cursing and screaming. I guess that WAS her boyfriend! He knew exactly what was going on. My friends said he was looking for me the entire time. I get into my friends van. The guy is stalking around the parking lot screaming and cursing at the sky! Ha ha ha. It was like some thing out of Braveheart. He was screaming like some evil villain, "I'LL KILL YOU MOTHERFFUCKER!!! I'LL GET YOU NEXT TIME BRAD P.!!!"

He told all my boys that it was his girlfriend. This type of stuff doesn't happen to me often, but everyone should keep in mind that it is one of the dangers of the pickup lifestyle. I really would not have fucked her if I knew her BF was there, I think she escalated the whole thing, I was just smart enough to read the signs.

So now I have a new policy. If it's unclear whether there's a boyfriend, I'm not going to ask the girl, I'm going to ask the guy if this is his girlfriend. Safety first, ya know.

What did we learn today kiddies? 1. Don't psych yourself out about super hot girls (Easy to write here, hard to do it in real life) 2. If a girl is super attracted to you, she will do anything to get you and fuck you right in front of her boyfriend's face, putting her ass on the line and yours too. Whoa, scary huh?

### CHAPTER 3: TWO IN ONE NIGHT

Two in one night is always a good night. I'm gonna call these both second dates, since it wasn't my first time meeting them.

#### Background on the first girl

We'll call her "GreatTits," age 20. Met her on MySpace.com, and I usually never ever bother with online stuff. This girl's body was just so sick in the picture that I had to make an exception. So here's how I worked the MySpace thing... I think this technique is repeatable, but I have not thoroughly tested it yet, so I'll tell you what it is, but don't blame me if it doesn't work.

First, I added her as a friend. She accepted. Then I waited a few weeks, since it wasn't a priority. After the few weeks, I sent her a message telling her "Hi, nice to meet you, but I don't know how you ended up on my friend list cause I never add anyone, especially people I've never met." She said she didn't know either. So we go back and forth once more, then I tell her, "Whoa... what a coincidence, I'm coming to your town in a few weeks. Give me your phone number." She gives me the number. I waited a week, then called. I ended up staying on the phone way too long, for like 45 minutes. We talked like one or two more times after for 10 minutes or so.

She came out to meet me at a bar. I saw her with a bunch of her friends, I'm thinking this is bad cause now because I have to meet all these other girls and win them over, etc, etc, etc and that shit is a pain. She ended up saying she didn't even come with them so I'm able to isolate the girl in about 20 minutes.

We're chatting, I do my standard palm reading, I go in for the kiss, but she refuses. I stuck to my game, continue running good conversation, and she kissed me later. I got pretty far with her but could not get sex on the first day despite having put in a good 5 hours of work. She just really stuck to her guns, but she didn't freak on my advances and I didn't freak on her refusals. I stayed super persistent, and talked dirty to her a lot (that made her horny), but to no avail. We made it back to her place, but still no score. In the end she ended up telling me we'd do it next time for sure.

#### Background on the second girl

The second girl was also really hot... We'll call her "PurpleHair," age 20. I was hanging out in a rocker bar with no hot girls except her, only a bunch of ugly girls. She's there to see some band, taking pictures like crazy which tells me she's into one of the guys in that band. It's the end of the night so I start gaming her just for sport, not even that interested cause I think she's with one of those band guys. She's with an ugly girl, we'll call her "linebacker." I always wonder what's up when a really cute girl is with a really ugly girl.

I start telling my usual stories, and I'm getting an amazing response. I run the "horse girl" routine, the "Brad Pitt" routine, smart tests, the "8 girlfriends" routine, whatever song,

reckon/yonder, etc. That stuff works great. Then I go into psychic routines, mind reading and palm reading. That stuff was so dead on I really don't know how I did it. I think they just WANTED to believe because I already had attraction very high. I had to read the linebacker's palm, and even read a DUDE'S palm because they loved it so much. That sucked cause I didn't want to touch them, but also cause I only have 1 palm reading routine! I use the same reading for EVERY GIRL! I ended up telling the guy he had a sex change in a previous life and will again in this life just to make fun. Also said he was virgin too, he later told me in private that he had slept with over 200 women but didn't want to make me look bad. HAHHAHA! Not sure if I buy that one. Sounds like the old fake player routine.

These girls are giggling like crazy, the band guys they came to see are nearby and they can see that I have these girls in the palm of my hand. They try to fuck me up but I ignore them. I know these guys are gonna have their chance as I'm leaving town and they're staying with the chicks. Logistically, I knew the whole thing was a no-go. Just staying sharp. I took off at 2am and thought nothing of it. Little did I know that the PurpleHair girl would show up without linebacker a few days later.

The killer on the psychic routine was me talking about MySpace. This is not hard to use, and I have tested it quite a bit. Almost every girl under 25 is on MySpace. Girls LOVE MySpace. If the girl has purple hair or is trendy or emo looking, chances are she spends HOURS on MySpace every day. So I say "first of all, you're both on MySpace all the time. You have like 800 virtual friends and like 2 friends in real life." They're like OMG he guessed the exact number of friends I have! That's just dumb luck as the ugly girl had 800 and some odd friends and the hot girl had over 2000, but like I said, they WANTED to believe I was some kind of swami cause I created high attraction.

A few more notes on MySpace just cause I think it's killer stuff. For the same reasons why most dating experts would recommend that you talk about gossip columns with chicks, you should talk about MySpace. First off, you'll look very hip with younger chicks if you know about it. It is a culturally loaded topic. Girls are social creatures, and MySpace is pure candy to them because it contains social competition, ass-kissing chumps, social voyeurism, many potential orbiters, and also offers increased social connections with little danger of repercussions. What I mean by that is that girls like to have a ton of friends, but they don't actually want to hang out with all of them. They want to have lots of orbiters, but they don't want to actually meet these dorks. Girls receive massive amounts of validation from MySpace, without the "danger" of possibly making out with anyone or, GOD HELP US, sleeping with anyone.

Anyway, when you discuss it you should always be giving them backhand compliments about it- like they have no real friends, they have no life, they're a computer geek, etc. Never act like it's a super cool thing, even if you're on it, which I am... and actually it is kind of a cool thing, but I'd never say that to a chick. The hot girl and ugly girl both tried to add me as a friend on MySpace and I told them no way cause they have 800 friends They have to make me feel special, and they should send flowers and then maybe I'll be your friend.



Fast forward a few days: both girls show up

Second date with both: This day was all planned out to bang the first hot girl, GreatTits, but PurpleHair showed up unannounced. GreatTits showed up the bar in a tiny skirt, pigtails, fishnets. I had told her to dress slutty cause she kinda looked like a dyke last time. She sure did dress slutty. I know time is limited this time so I try to hit it right away. Take her to my van, throw her into the back. Nothin doin'.

She wants to go back in. We hang out with her friend. PurpleHair kept coming up to us. GreatTits runs away every time PurpleHair comes to flirt with me. I flirt a few times with PurpleHair while GreatTits watches from a distance. Then I bail on PurpleHair abruptly every time. As soon as she turns her head, I'm gone. No "be right back" or anything... just gone.

I go back to GreatTits saying "Man! girls just will not leave me alone tonight!" Fat girls are trying to chat me too; I'm slightly flirty with them. Interestingly, GreatTits does not run away from the gangs of fat girls, only from PurpleHair. That's the only one who she finds threatening I guess. I say to her "dude you gotta get me away from these weird girls."

We go back outside and fucked GreatTits in the van. All the sudden there's no resistance. She just had it in her head that we would wait until a certain time, and she would not budge on that.

This happens all the time. A girl will make this rule in her head that she won't have sex until a certain amount of time has passed. For some it's a "3 date rule." For others it's a certain number of hours spent together in a night. It's a weird thing. But sometimes you just have to wait it out until the "countdown to sex" clock has run out of time.

I took her back inside. We hung out at the bar. I'm wondering, maybe PurpleHair is good to go too. I fake a cell phone call "Hey sorry, let me run out and take this call." I go outside to see if she's out there. She had yelled at me every time I walked through the parking lot, even when I was walking with GreatTits she's all "HEY BRAD P!" I just ignored her and pretended I didn't hear it.

Finally I found her and her two friends standing in an alleyway behind the bar. We're all talking and she says "give me a piggy back ride." I said "Yeah you wish. Maybe later if you play your cards right." She says "No one will have sex with me." I say "I won't have sex with you either, you never sent the flowers."

This is crucial; she's looking for that validation I have withheld all night long. If I give her the validation and say "I'LL HAVE SEX WITH YOU!" it's game over. No sex. I'm never gonna give it. Don't give girls validation; give them cock. That's my thinking on it.

The linebacker friend starts talking about how she has really big tits. I play with the tits and say "Yeah, they're pretty big." PurpleHair says yeah mine aren't as big. I grab them and say "Yeah, not as big." She says "Come on! Give me a piggy back ride!" I say ok. Now I know I'm

about to fuck her.

We start walking through the parking lot, but I run into the band that she loves. They're all sitting there staring at me, YIKES! Backing up, I head into the alleyway. Make out, tits, pants off, hittin' it from behind. We're right outside somebody's front door and she's moaning. I tell her keep it down! The band dudes walk right by the alley, causing a brief pause in the action. I think she might be banging their singer later in the night, so no need to cause trouble. Still not sure. Bust a nut on her ass, rub her clit till she comes. Then I tell her "Guaranteed to make you come every time. Now run out like nothing happens so no one thinks you're sleeping with random guys, then next time you come see me we'll do it again. Our little secret." She pulls her pants up without even wiping the cum off her ass, hahaha!

A girl like that wants everyone to think that she's "friends with a lot of cool guys" and that she would never bang any of them, but come on now. We all know that's not the case. In this case it works great for me since GreatTits is still out and about. I get a call from her like a minute later asking where I was and to say goodbye.

What a night!

Recap:

- Always kick game to hot chicks, even just to keep sharp. It generates random lays.
- You can blatantly reject a girl all night long and then just bang her up against a wall somewhere at the end of the night. Just gotta stay strong and keep attraction high.
- No attachment to outcome!
- Always withhold last minute validation. It's key and giving the validation will screw up this type of game, which my friend and fellow coach Gabriel has been referring to as "High Value Game." High value game is a fragile game, you've gotta live it, breath it and never bend on it.
- Both these chicks are hot, and I would love to have them as fuck buddies if they lived closer. GreatTits is quality from personality to the body to the face. Pretty much across the board I like her a lot. PurpleHair will be a nice pickup whenever I go through her area, but I wouldn't go out of my way for her, as she seems to be kinda psycho.

## CHAPTER 4: SHE SELLS DILDOS

This one went from meeting to sex in about 3½ hours. Here's how it went down.

I Went out to get some shopping done and stop by a friend's concert. Small show, damn there was only 10 people there so I said ok I'm gonna have to approach in a different venue after this is over. WRONG! You can get laid when the bar is almost empty. I should know that cause I've done it before. It's like the girls are kinda bored and disappointed with their night, so you roll in with decent energy and it's like you're saving the day.

They play the show, my friend smacks the guitarist in the forehead with the headstock of his bass and the kid starts bleeding down his face like he's in an 80s wrestling magazine. Out of nowhere some girl gets up and she's in a nurse's uniform. She gets napkins from the bar and wipes the blood off the kid. So I go open them after the show. "Wow, it's a good thing this band always keeps medical staff on hand, are you the EMT at all their shows?" So that went over well, turns out they know my friend who played, so I have a little advantage in the game because now it's like a social circle that I'm in, which always makes everything easier.

So we go outside and we're all yapping. There's one guy and 2 girls. I find out the EMT chick is married to this guy, so her friend is now the target girl. This guy says he knows me. I think he knows my old band from a few years back. So he's pretty beta to me cause I'm saying I don't remember him (which I don't). He's cool, but he's dominating the conversation talking really loud and obnoxious, funny and friendly, but just kinda corny. The target is standing right there and no interaction yet.

Finally we introduce and shake hands. Nice big green eyes, nice rack (C cup). 22 year old, braces, turns out she works in a sex shop. She sells dildos all day long. So we flowed naturally on that for a while. The rest of the group floated away and it was effortless isolation. She had a good sense of humor and was giving indicators of interest so I'm thinking it's on and I try to escalate. She looks like her hands are cold, and mine are warm in my pockets. So I grab her hands and start warming them up. That changed the whole vibe. She's like "your hands are so warm, can I keep you." Now something like "Can I keep you?" is a huge indicator of interest. Normally I go cocky on that, but this time I'm trying to be careful about calibration. The social circle has given me very high value, so I gotta be careful not to be arrogant, not to make her feel under qualified. On the other hand I can't show too much interest either or the high value will topple like a house of cards. I've said it before and I'll say it again, high value is VERY fragile. It only takes ONE slip up to make it seem like the whole thing was an act and you are not the real deal. So I say "maybe." Maybe is something I really like, it keeps a lot of mystery going and makes you hard to get.

So the whole thing with talking about sex shops is keep the conversation very vibrant. I take her hands and look at them and say "Yeah I was just looking at your hands because I'm a palm reader." I recently wrote something called "the hazards of palm reading" and if you haven't read it, it's basically about how chicks take that stuff so seriously even though I

deliver the same retarded palm reading to every girl.

So I decide there's no need to unleash that kind of powerful stuff at this time, I decide instead to use it as bait. I tell her "I'll read it later" even though there is not plan to hang out later. Then I ask her what she's doing tonight, she says not sure, but she can stay out late, doesn't have to get up till 11 tomorrow. BINGO; instant date. I tell her OK I'll take you to the special coffee shop where I do all my readings. She says ok, we leave shortly thereafter.

Now I decide to do lots and lots of venue changes very rapidly and ultimately end up at an Arabic coffee shop 4 blocks from my house. That place is all mystical with Hookah smoking guys all over the place, so perfect for a palm reading which is now starting to seem very built up. Before the Arabic place, I remember I have to go shopping anyway, so I take her shopping with me. It's only 9:30pm, and in NYC, you can walk down St. Marks Place and buy all kinds of wacky shit till like 3am.

So I tell her "I gotta get some stuff on St. Marks, come along with me before we go to the coffee shop." She say OK, then I tell her, "Listen I'm just gonna take you all over tonight, just follow me, don't ask too many questions, I'm sure you'll have fun.." Taking the lead, alpha frame, you guys get the idea...

We go around, I buy t-shirts and a spiky wristband (which I was gonna go get anyway). I tell her crazy stories about how I lost all my t-shirts cause bums stole them while they were drying outside, and that I lost my wristband cause I was playing a practical joke on my friends' band and it fell off when I ran on stage naked during their song. All true stuff. I didn't use any structured material till later. I make fun of strippers and how they all tell me that their "waitresses" but I know they secretly suck cock for money on the side.

I tell her my conversion chart:

Actress = waitress

waitress = stripper

stripper = sucks cock for cash on the side

model = did hair modeling when she was 13, got free haircut as payment.

She's gotta pee, I tell her I'll take her to pee (treating her like a little kid). Take her to pizza place. We eat pizza, now I've venue changed 5 times in less than an hour. We talk about traveling, which works well for me since I've been all around the world. She says "You're a very accomplished person." I say "You're not so bad yourself, you sell dildos."

Now we get in a cab to my neighborhood, which is in the general direction of her place anyway. I swear everything was just falling into place. In the cab I get FURTHER high value, as if I needed any more. She realized she had a short lived crush on me during high school. A long ass time ago, I used to be a social worker in a junior high school, they assigned me to do a 3 day outreach project in a high school. I was like 22 at the time and I guess she saw me and dug me but I never saw her, nor did I pay attention to any of these high school girls. It was at that point I knew the gods of gaming were handing me this girl on a silver platter.

So I kiss her, I usually kiss at least once in the MIDDLE of the date, even if I know I can do it later. It sets the right mood and creates tension. I tell her "I don't know about you, but I think kissing in a taxi is one of the most romantic things." That's kinda money for a one nighter, I'm gonna remember that one.

Get to the coffee shop, the Arabic vibe is reminding her of Israeli food, she says she feels like she's home. This girl is super Jewish, which is fine with me, I dig those girls, they're usually fairly intellectual and decent in the sack. I was a little concerned about the location, cause there's political tension between Arabs and Jews, and my Jewish step-dad gets weirded out in this Arab neighborhood. Plus there's no women in the place, it's almost like they don't allow women or something, but I bring chicks there all the time. So I was relieved it worked out. Still didn't read her palm. I started building the context for bringing her to my place. In this case it was "I gotta play you some CDs."

We get up to leave, she's like "Hey, you still didn't read my palm." I say "Come on, I'll read it at my house, I gotta play you those CDs anyway." She knew what was in store, but I don't wanna get sloppy and let on that I'm bring her back to fuck, that could create some anti slut defense and all sorts of problems. The only structured thing I used was my Tom Hanks story on the way to my place cause conversation was getting bland.

We get back to my place, put on the music, and I ran into pretty much zero resistance. I attribute it to perfect execution throughout the night. Again, I don't want to get sloppy, so I build sexual tension using a non-linear physical escalation. When she finally got naked, I gave her the massive deep spot orgasm. She looked like her head was gonna shoot right off her body and across the room. Her pussy was CLAMPING DOWN on my finger. It was like I had a piranha on my finger. She started giving me head but she was tothing it. Me no likey. I told her "You better open up wide... watch those teeth" but it was no help. So I went and found a condom and got it on, then I got it on.

Some nice pillow talk, I explained the deep spot thing to her cause she had never heard of it. Walk her to the subway and off she goes. She was totally grateful for the good sex, and very complimentary on everything. Almost didn't get her number at the subway. She's like "How you wanna leave this" and I'm like "oh... um... I guess I should get your number, huh?" Not sure if I can call her cause I got a chick lined up every single night for the next 5 nights.

Some nights everything just goes perfect. This was one of those nights. Another satisfied customer.

## CHAPTER 5: THREESOME ON VIDEO

Hey guys. I've been setting up this foursome, I posted info on it a few days ago. Well it turned into a threesome cause 1 of the girls couldn't make it, but the whole thing was totally amazing.

Highlights:

- I got it all on videotape and tons of pictures!
- Looks like these chicks want to get together and do this once a week, so I'm gonna make it a regular thing.
- They dyked out like crazy for me to watch.
- I blew a load on both their faces...twice...damn!

So here's all the details on the setup, the execution, the action, everything-

The Setup – The way I set this up was basically to take a few of the one night stand girls I wasn't gonna turn into regular fuck buddies and send them to threesome-land. If a girl is in threesome-land, it means she's not getting another meet-up with me unless it's a threesome or foursome. So they have to agree to bring a friend, or let me bring a friend. I play super hard to get with these girls. They offer to meet up, take me out, pay for stuff all the time, and I just kind of blow them off politely. I just say I'm busy, or if they want to go for a movie I say I don't watch movies. You get the idea. So these girls eventually get the idea that the only way they'll get to meet up with me is in a threesome, but I don't really come right out and say that. "Threesome-land" is my internal way of looking at it.

Why send a girl to threesome-land? Well usually it's cause they're a bit low caliber in looks. These girls are not ugly, but they're not super hot like the girls I choose for more regular activities. Threesome-land girls are like a 7 with a great personality.

The Girls – Girl #1 is a thin little petite girl with long red hair. We'll call her Redhead. Small boobs (A cup), curvy waist, kinda thick in the legs, okay face. She a NYC party girl, goes to all the coolest parties but doesn't really drink or do drugs. 23 years old, college student, still lives at home with parents. I met her a few months back, she was staring really hard so I approached her, kissed her in like 3 minutes, then had 3way make out with her and the girl I had brought with me (this hot Asian babe I used to do). Next time I saw her I made out with her and her friend in a club, another 3 way make out. Fucked her in the club stairwell, then agreed to have her over one night. That all happened months ago. So I've set a frame up from the beginning where almost every time there is another girl involved. The one time we did it alone it was on videotape and I blew a load all over her face. So a kinky frame was set as well.

Girl #2 is a taller girl, more curvy, brunette, 34D boobs, she's kinda stacked actually. She not super in shape, but she has a natural hourglass thing going on like 34D-27-36. She's intensely bisexual. This girl is super horny, she works in a sex shop, and she has the most

wonderful attitude about sex. Everything is so healthy and natural to her. She has multiple, intense orgasms from the deep spot or G-spot. 22 year old, also lives with parents. She's not a cultured city girl like Redhead, more of a bad ass white trash Brooklyn type. I took her home from a rock concert a few weeks ago, there's a report on it. I didn't set a multiple girl frame with her. I set a frame like I'm this sexual expert and I read books and know all these techniques that I'm constantly experimenting with. She's been begging for it and I've been playing hard to get for about 2 weeks. We'll call her BiGirl.

More setup – This whole thing was worked out mostly with BiGirl. She was so down for it. I said "can you come by one night for a threesome? My friend Redhead is working on having deep-spot orgasms and I need you to help me teach her." She was totally into it; she even offered to bring another girl, a 30 year old blond. I said "Great, we'll make it a foursome." We scheduled the whole thing sending e-mails on MySpace. As far as Redhead, I told her "I have an intense training sessions scheduled for you. You're going to learn to have amazing deep spot orgasms. I have a special surprise for you." She said sounds great. She liked the idea that it was a surprise so I didn't tell her about the 2 other girls. She said can we hang out this weekend, I said I'm busy. Then I saw her Saturday night, she just happened to be at the place I was hanging out. She says "Yeah I knew you were gonna be here, you were just saying you're staying in" and I almost lost congruency on the "hard to get" thing, but it ended up working out fine. I said "Dude wait till Monday night you're gonna go crazy, do you want to know what the surprise is?"

I felt like not telling her about the other girls was a risky maneuver. She might get freaked. She ended up wanting to keep it a surprise so that's what we did.

Preparation – I setup the video camera on a tripod in my room, cleared out my digital camera, went out and got condoms and Gatorade. I put out a roll of paper towels and put some music on. People on the Internet were saying take a Viagra. I wouldn't know where to get one, but I thought about trying to find it. Ended up deciding it's just not a good idea health wise. People have died from it in rare cases. And, a nurse fuck-buddy of mine had told me a bad story about a guy who had a 3 day erection and they had to cut his dick off because all the tissue died. YIKES! I decided to go all natural but I decided to take a little ginseng and some horny goat weed. That stuff is supposed to be good for you anyway. Not sure if it did anything actually. I don't have trouble getting hard, but sometimes a condom will make me lose sensation and lose the boner. Also my dick is pretty big so it takes a minute to fill up with blood and get hard. I figured maybe these herbal things would make that stuff easier since I'd be going all night with 3 girls. Everything went fine on that front, no idea if the herbs helped.

The night arrives – Blondie was having scheduling issues, so I didn't know if she was coming until the very last second. Redhead arrived, I went to meet her at the subways station. On the way back I started a game of "Have you ever?" with her.

This is when you take turns asking a girl "Have you ever ...." You use stuff like "Have you ever been with another girl....have you ever been with two guys..." She was less experienced

in group stuff than I thought. Had never been with a girl. Only doofy ass kissing with her friends. Never been in a threesome, never had been watched. She thought it would be hot to watch people have sex, but had never done it. I was thinking "Uh-oh." I decided to bring her to my place and get her really turned on before the other girls arrived. Then if she got freaked I'd tell to just watch while I do the other 2 (still was expecting Blondie to show up at this point).

We get back, I start getting her all hot eating her pussy. I roll the videotape. I'm waiting for BiGirl to show, she shows about 20 minutes in. PERFECT! I go get her from downstairs. Blondie couldn't make it. I tell BiGirl "Redhead is upstairs, she doesn't know you're coming. Just be cool, let me introduce." I ask her if the video camera is okay, she says yes. She's so cool about everything.

So we walk in, I say to Redhead "This is my friend BiGirl, she's an expert in deep-spot orgasms. We're gonna teach you how to have them tonight." She's pretty surprised and a little uncomfortable, so I go right back into eating her pussy while the other girl watches. BiGirl is kinda small talking with Redhead while I eat the pussy. After 5 minutes, redhead seems totally comfortable. So I bring over BiGirl and start making out with her and taking off her clothes while fingering Redhead. BiGirl has a tight black shirt, and her tits look awesome. I say to redhead "Wow she has great tits, huh." She says yeah. So now I know the girls are attracted to each other. BiGirl was so smooth and relaxed; it was all about just getting Redhead on board with everything.

From there I set stuff up like this-

1. feel out if they want something (maybe if you're lucky I'll let BiGirl lick your pussy, would you like that?)
2. refuse to allow it (well be a good girl and maybe I'll let her do that. But not yet.)
3. wait a few minutes, then order them to do it. (Ok BiGirl, lick Redhead's pussy. Do it now)

There's a reason I phrased things this way. First off, to make sure everyone is comfortable... but not in a pussy kind of way like "would you be comfortable if.." because just raising the issue of being uncomfortable and using the word "comfortable" makes girls really start to examine things. That leads to them being more likely to feel uncomfortable. It should just happen for them without being examined too much. If something is not cool they'll say so. Again, it doesn't need to be examined much even if they choose to not participate in something. They just say no in a really simple quick way. This is a good way to make girls comfortable without them having to think too hard.

Second, phrasing it that way makes it seem like I'm in charge of everything. I'm controlling the sexual activity. All pleasure is a direct result of my decision to allow or disallow something. All pleasure results from my directing someone or demanding something. This plays into a womans natural submissive nature. The way it ends up playing out, things are all about them, they get lots of attention and orgasms. However, the attention and orgasms are more interesting and pleasurable to the women if they occur in the context of pleasing me and responding to my leadership.



Third, it delays their gratification. This produces sexual tension and buildup.

So onward we go – BiGirl eats Redhead's pussy. I finger her some more, but she won't come. I tell them to make out while I watch. I have them both give me head for a bit, then send them back on the bed to make out. I get on a condom and jump on top of the 2 of them while they make out. I start fucking Redhead from behind while BiGirl touches both of us from underneath. After fucking her for a while, I have them both lay on their backs and I blow a load all over both girls faces. They opened their mouths and took the cum like pros. It was a Peter North moment. Wow. That's all I can say. Wow. There I said it again. Redhead kept sucking after I blew the load. DAMN!!!

I cleaned up a bit and we all talked for a while. BiGirl is a chatty girl and she told all these funny stories about working in a sex shop. That was great since I wasn't in the mood to carry on 90% of the conversation myself. I was all zoned out. I just lay down in between them for a while and sucked on some boobies... 4 boobies to be exact.

Now it was BiGirl's turn. I ate her pussy a bit then went in for the deep-spot. She went berserk. She was making out with Redhead, but she had to break off saying "I'm gonna hurt her!" So I started fingering Redhead with my other hand. Now I really had my hands full! BiGirl started coming like crazy. Her pussy was clamping down on my finger really hard. She was screaming and writhing around. Redhead was totally taken aback by the power of BiGirl's orgasms. So I said, come here, you gotta feel the way her pussy clamps down on my finger. I made BiGirl come again, but this time I had Redhead put her finger in too above mine while she was coming. Redhead was amazed by the sensation of BiGirl orgasmic pussy. Wow, another powerful moment.

I had Redhead get between BiGirl's legs and start fingering her while I watched and directed. I'd say "okay no hit her G-spot hard, you're gonna make her come... etc." I got on a condom and told her "step aside." I started pounding on BiGirl. No need to start slow in this situation. She was freaking out and screaming and so was I. Redhead sat and watched for a while. Then I turned BiGirl over and started hitting it doggy style. Redhead took out her camera and started snapping pictures. I said "take some with my camera too" and she did. I was smacking BiGirl's ass hard. I had Redhead come over and start smacking it too. After a while BiGirl looked like she was dying so I gave her a break. She needs water immediately after she comes. She came so hard one time she shot my cock right out when her pussy contracted. DAMN! This girl is a live one!! She is HIGH OCTANE!

Then we all laid down on the bed and cuddled for a while. BiGirl gave a beautiful talk about being comfortable with your sexuality and how to experiment and find out how to please yourself. This girl is absolutely inspirational. I told her I may have her come speak to my students sometime. She said cool cause that's pretty much what she does all day working in a sex shop. Actually I'm glad I have her on videotape talking about that stuff, cause I've never before encountered a women with such a great attitude about sex.

After a while we all started going at it again. It was just a mess of arms and legs everywhere in my little twin size bed. I ate Redhead's pussy again and fingered her g-spot hard. I was working my ass off on this one for a while. She ended up having a huge orgasm and she squirted for the first time ever. It was hot, and I can tell you it's definitely not pee. It was kinda sticky and clear. Similar to male ejaculate. Then I decided to have them both blow me again and blow one more load on them before calling it a night. This time I adjusted the tripod to get a great view of the money shot. They got down on their knees and started sucking me off. It was great. After a few minutes they started asking "how big is your dick" and going into a full on conversation about penis size. It was cool and all, but I was thinking "Hello! Get back to blowing me!" So they did, and I told them both to play with their pussies while they blow me. These girls were so cooperative. They did everything I said. Then I had them make out some more and I blew the wad all over them while the kissed. Damn I thought that would never happen in real life, only in porno movies! Dreams do come true!

We talked for a while longer. I was telling them all about teaching men how to approaching women and dating, etc. They loved it. I was telling them all about women and men and how it's an evolutionary arms race between commitment and sexual variety, etc. This was an intellectual experience as well as a sexual one. These were some smart, sexy women. How's that for pillow talk?

Then we all went out to eat at a diner at 2am. The girls got along great. They had a lot in common. They were both Jewish and into animal rights. I didn't set it up that way, I didn't even know Redhead was Jewish, but I guess it was lucky for me they got along cause now they wanna do this all the time.

I kept telling them about next time. "Next time I'll teach you to squirt... next time we'll bring the other girl....next time I'll have copies of the video ready for both of you..." They're into it. I have them scheduled to get together for another threesome or foursome this coming Saturday night. I'm hoping it will be an every week thing. Either way BiGirl is going to be my wingman from now on. She's fucking awesome. Me and her could pull so many chicks!

This one really worked out great. I had a few good strokes of luck I think. There were some weird x-factors that could've messes things up but didn't. After it was over, Redhead told me straight up that she loved it, but she would not have come over if she knew the surprise was a threesome or foursome. So it's good I didn't tell her. It's also good the blond didn't show cause Redhead said that would've been a bit much for her....on the other hand it still would've been a threesome if she had shown up, just different girls.

## Chapter 6: Threesome with hot girls

Just got done with another threesome last night. This time the girls were hotter than my threesome from a few weeks ago.

Background on the girls – First girl is this hot ballerina girl and one of the most gorgeous girls I've ever been with. She's 20 years old but looks younger. She's a pro ballet dancer, I've known her about a year but we live far from each other so we only hang out occasionally. When we do, we usually get together for a week or so or she comes by for a night when I'm coming through her area traveling. It's all out sexcapades with her all the time. Phone sex, rough stuff, public sex. Ballerina's are really into being bad girls, that's why I sorta specialize in them. I planted the seed a while ago on the threesome, telling her an erotic story about 3somes and getting her excited about it

Second girl is this crazy chick who's a party girl. She's a cutie, but I had trouble banging her a while back cause she's always drunk and crazy. First night we met she wanted to fuck for sure, but logistics were a problem - getting home on time etc.

The second time we went and partied really crazy in a bar but some gay guy tripped me up right at the end of the night. His female friend was into me. He said "What are you doing with this bitch, didn't I just hook you up with a different bitch last week?" Well she was wasted and got freaked out. When we went to get our coats she grabbed hers and made a quick getaway while I was putting mine on. She literally escaped. So I had to deal with that drama. Waited till she called and told her stuff like "I don't know if we can hang out again... I deleted your number... you're kinda psycho..." I ended up telling her I refuse to hang if she's drinking, I want to do a mellow night out and that worked. We chilled with her 2 friends then went home and fucked.

It's a good thing I stuck with it cause it turns out she is seriously bisexual. Not just trendy bisexual. She's had a girlfriend and everything. She's also highly compliant and will do anything for me at this point. Only drawback is she's a bit psycho/nervous/dramatic. So I'm thinking I'll keep her low in the rotation for now since she's bi and compliant.

I told the crazy chick I do threesomes all the time and she should do one with me. She said cool but she wanted to have a few more sessions of 1 on 1 first so she could get comfortable. I said fair enough and we've had a total of 2 nights together. Both were excellent sex.

So now the ballerina chick is in NY visiting me for a week. I'm actually really into this girl. I would never let a girl stay with me for a week straight normally, but this one is cool. I think it's the closest thing I have to a serious relationship, it's almost like having a live-in girlfriend for a week. I don't think I can take it for longer than that. Haha. I mentioned to her yesterday that I've been trying out some girls to have a threesome with and I'm not sure which one I'm gonna pick. There's a cute blond girl (the crazy chick), a sex expert who's not as hot (bi-girl from my last threesome report), and a redhead. The ballerina chick is kinda giving a little bit of input. Then I tell her "Well I'll make the decision here, you just do what I

say." She loves to be dominated and she trusts me to do stuff like this. But I secretly did take her input into consideration.

With the bi-girl I'm worried cause the ballerina chick is so much hotter than her. I'm worried there'd be no attraction. Same with Redhead. So I opt for the crazy chick. She's the cutest one. The ballerina chick says later she's intimidated by the potential that the bi-girl is a sex expert so she'd rather have a different girl. I was really straight up with her. I told her this girl is cute but kinda psycho and nervous.

I wasn't gonna hook this up spur of the moment, but the pieces just seemed to be falling into place so I went with it. I said "Ok I gotta make a call." Then I called the crazy chick while me and the ballerina chick were laying in bed. I told her "Clear your schedule for tonight, I have a surprise for you." She said "Ok... will call back." The ballerina chick got horny and I teased her and then denied her sex to get her heated up for later. Then the ballerina chick and I went about our day. Walked around town etc. I decided not to really talk about the threesome much or make a big deal. Didn't want to look like a kid in a candy store.

The crazy chick called back. She said "I know what this is." So I told her "I have a really hot girl for you. She's not here long so you don't want to miss this one, etc." I usually don't go this direct about things, but she already knew and I was talking up the ballerina chick right in front of her so it was kind of fun. I was also gaming the crazy chick pretty hard while the ballerina chick listened, which is something I'm getting into these days. If you game a girl hard on the phone while another girl watches, sometimes they really dig it. Still testing the limits on that one.

The crazy chick eventually agreed to come, then was gonna call back for directions. She calls back again starts giving token resistance. "Gotta get home on time...etc." So I put the other girl on the phone and tell her to promise we'll get her home on time. I know the ballerina chick has a sexy little voice and it would get rid of resistance. That worked. The crazy chick says she'll be over in an hour and a half so we can all get some dinner. I say cool. We plan to go out to eat.

On the way home I decide to make dinner at my place, that way I don't need to create some pretense to get the girls back to my place. Gotta think a few steps ahead. So I start making steak, salad, couscous, and garbanzo beans. It's kinda risky cause my place is small and really slummy. Got a slight roach problem too, but I decide to go with a home dinner.

The crazy chick arrives and comes up to my place. The girls are getting along fine. I put out dinner. The crazy chick is all impressed I can cook... then sure enough she says "Oh there a giant roach over there on your counter." I try to kill it but it gets away, I breeze to a new topic. That sucked. But the girls play it cool, no one freaks out.

After dinner the girls go into my room to smoke by the window, which was the ballerina chick's idea. She's luring the girl into my room. I know it sounds like it was a done deal on the phone, but it really wasn't especially when dealing with a nervous girl. Everything still had

to seem like it "just happened."

I gave the ballerina chick 2 rules for seducing girls earlier. Rule 1 - Everything must seem like it just happened. Rule 2 - The girl must always be a bit confused. I explained how girls don't like to feel like a slut and being confused helps for this. She's a really confident girl so she didn't really get the slut thing, but she seemed to know what to do when the time was right.

After they smoke I decide to be on the safe side and run that whole "1000 hands massage" thing that's we've all read about in Neil Straus's book (check that book out if you haven't yet). I've never run it before, but it seems fairly straight forward. We get the crazy chick on the bed, start rubbing. It's all good. I kiss the ballerina chick and then start kissing the crazy chick on the neck. She's ok with it but I can tell she's still nervous. I take off shirts. I take off bras. I flip the crazy chick over and start kissing her. I tell the ballerina chick to kiss her too, but the crazy chick is looking like the end of the world is coming. So that kiss doesn't fly. She asks if the ballerina chick is OK with this, who answers, "Yes, tonight I've decided I'm ok with anything that happens." Nice!

So I end up telling the crazy chick that she can just watch for a while and maybe work the video camera. She says ok and relaxes. Then I switch it up and start lavishing attention and kissing on her so she'll get horny. That's working. I was planning on getting to the ballerina chick first since I see her as the primary girl in this situation, but this was working better. The ballerina chick knew exactly what was going on. She did not get jealous or anything. This girl is great!

Whenever you do a threesome, it's always important to have a clearly defined order of who's in charge. I'm first in charge, Ballerina girl is 2nd in charge, and Crazy girl is 3rd.

So we finally have her pretty hot, I get both girls up on the bed in their panties. I take them off and start fingering both girls. They're both starting to go nuts so I start eating pussy and switching off. The crazy chick says "Wow I'm so impressed at how you handle 2 girls." I'm like "Yeah no big thing." Now the girls still have not kissed yet so I'm thinking it might not happen. So I say "Ok this might be one of those things where I'm gonna take care of both of you and you're not going to get at each other at all." The girls say "Hey why? No way!" They kiss shortly after that. I'm getting them both hot. They're talking about how they never know what the hell I'm doing to their pussies. I've slept with both of them before, so they're sort of comparing notes.

I tell the crazy chick to get on the ballerina chick to play with her pussy since she's never had a girl before. All good. She goes right into eating it with no direction. Nice! They're having fun so I decide to sit back and watch. Then I bring them both down to blow me. Nice job was done by all. A good 15 minutes of that and I took a bunch of pictures. Then I send them back onto the bed for more pussy eating. I get on a condom and start fucking the crazy chick from behind while the ballerina chick is laying underneath her. Bang her for 15-20 minutes. Then she's looking worked out so we take a break. They smoke more cigarettes. I eat some food and have water to stay fresh.

After the break I lay with them for a while and play with boobs. That's just great to lie in a bed with 2 girls all over you. They take turns blowing me while the other one kisses my neck and chest. I'm thinking about fucking the ballerina chick but I decide to blow a load on them first. Get them back on the floor kneeling down. They blow me for a while then I blow a load on their faces while they make out. Nice! I take another picture cause that's a Kodak moment.

The crazy chick says "Why did you come now? She didn't get fucked yet?" I'm like "Damn girl you underestimate me. I'm gonna fuck her then fuck you again still." We hang for a while. They take another cigarette break. I eat more cookies and have water. You gotta stay hydrated and nourished for a long session like this.

I re-escalate them again and tell the crazy chick to get the video camera. I eat the ballerina chick's pussy for 15 minutes till she comes. I'm about to pound the ballerina chick. They're both talking about how my cock is big and they're scared of it going in too deep. The crazy chick does not want to be in the video, but she'll run the camera (she ends up being in it anyway). I start going all ape shit on the ballerina chick, fucking her hard and deep from behind. The crazy chick is looking on is shocked by the action. She's got the camera rolling. I bring her up on the bed with the camera. She's getting all close-ups. I take the camera and send her to make out with the ballerina chick. They're making out and not she's on video too. I fuck away for a good 20 minutes then take a break. The girls sit down and chit chat for a while. All good.

It's almost time to get the crazy chick home, so I fuck her again from on top. I bring the ballerina chick over to watch. I'm sucking on her tits while I fuck the other one. Fuck for awhile, take a break, fuck the crazy chick some more, let her get on top of me. She's trying to come from on top but she can't cause she can't sit down all the way or it hurts. She's telling the ballerina chick all about it while I lie there with her bouncing on me.

We call her a cab and she's on her way. She wants to do it again New Year's Eve. I tell her maybe (cause I gotta make sure all was good with the ballerina chick). What a night! I end up fucking the ballerina chick once more. She's so sore I end up having to just jerk off on her tits.

The ballerina chick was all good with everything. I talked to her to make sure she wasn't uncomfortable with anything, etc. Looks like she's open to doing this more often. Too bad she lives so far, would be a great primary or girlfriend. All together it was 3 ½ hours of sex! We're gonna watch the tape later.

In retrospect here some insights on how this worked out so well-

- Running solid game from top to bottom. Taking nothing for granted ever. Always being 2 steps ahead. It's like sports; you have to try to have your best game on every day. Eventually, the cumulative effects of that result in things like this.
- Beating key obstacles like token resistance, the roach, the crazy chick's initial nervousness.
- Sexual performance in these situations is not as hard as it may seem. Just gotta take it slow,

not put pressure on yourself. Take breaks if you need to. You can always eat pussy or have the girls service each other if you're getting tired.

- I took some ginseng and horny goat weed like I did for last threesome. Again I can't really tell if it did anything. Looking back maybe it did, I fucked each girl a total of 3 times throughout the day. That's a lot of fucking, 6 times in a day. 3 times I blew a load.

I'll be back later to post a picture or something. I had to write this quick cause the ballerina chick is here. She's in the kitchen doing the dishes right now!!

## CHAPTER 7: HIGH COMPLIANCE THREESOME METHOD

Passing on some new insights on threesomes. The more you do them, the more you learn. I did another one 2 nights ago and it's been illuminating.

Just for background info, let me tell you I've been trying to "crack the code" on threesomes for quite some time. Long before I was reading anything related to dating I was trying to figure it out. I got as far as having a super hot bisexual girl as my girlfriend and having her and another girl blow me in a club years back. That girl was always saying she wanted to have threesomes, but that's the closest we ever came. I just left it up to her too much. I didn't control the situations myself and that's why I never got too far. Typical chump attitude. I have a number of friends whose girlfriends say they want threesomes. The girls never go through with it. They just use the idea of it to get power in the relationship. One of my female friends told me straight out she just teases her boyfriend with it and would never do it. So take heed of this warning: if you let your girlfriend control the threesome, there won't be a threesome.

Then I tried for a while seducing 2 girls at once who are friends. I have a technique for that which works pretty reliably, but only gets you to the point of making out and grabbing tits. It fails every time after that and the girls say "oh we have to go have a quick talk in the hallway." Every time!

The technique works like this: You approach two girls and flirt with them for a while, but never seem to settle on one girl. Then you get them both together and begin building sexual tension as much as possible. Then you tell them "Ok we're gonna play a game, but you have to promise not to cheat. This is how it works, you have to close your eyes and promise not to peak while I whisper something in her ear." Then while one girl has her eyes closed, you make out with the other girl. You stop intermittently and say "No peaking, you!" They always peak, and they know what's coming next, but having their eyes closes allows the girls to pretend they had no idea what was happening. Then you tell the girl you just finished making out with to close her eyes while you whisper something in the other girls' ear. When she closes her eyes, you start making out with the second girl. Again, you stop here and there and say "No peaking!" After about 3 or 4 minutes, both girls have their eyes open and are making out with you. I've been able to get makeouts and shirts off reliably with this technique, but it's really hard to seal the deal.

Anyway, back to the threesomes. When I finally figured out how to do it I realized it was really something that was dependent on so many factors and you have to manage all of them yourself. My first solid threesome a few weeks ago was 2 girls who were just so into me that they'd do anything I say. I had high compliance with those girls. But they weren't super hot, just 7s. It was easier for me to get 7s to comply. I had so much more value than them. And the threesome was fun, but I knew I could keep improving on this area.

This week I've had 2 threesomes, both with the same 2 girls. Now I have it going with some



really hot girls. Here's what's working:

-Being totally in control of every aspect of things. I did not let the girl choose who we'd have a threesome with; I bounced a few ideas off her and made the decision myself.

-Having many girls around who give me high compliance. The primary (the ballerina chick) was giving me high compliance, and there were 3 other possible girls who I could call and they'd come over almost immediately.

-Improved sexual performance. Every time I have a threesome my sexual performance improves. First time I was a little nervous. This last time I was like a fucking maniac, pounding these girls for 30 minutes at a time over and over, girls screaming, jizz flying everywhere, girls cumming a few times each.

Let me write a bit of field report type stuff for this last one so you can see where the insights are coming from.

New Year's Eve, I went out with the ballerina chick and as it turns out, 2 of my other threesome girls were at the place we went to. The redhead from my first threesome a few weeks back, and the crazy chick from a few days ago. We never found the crazy chick cause the place was so crowded, but the redhead and the ballerina chick were attracted to each other. That was surprising to me since the ballerina chick is so much hotter. The redhead is like a 7. Just goes to show you that sometimes women see things differently than men. I think she just digs redheads. We all talked pretty openly about the threesomes and they were saying "How come neither of us got to pick out the girl. We both weren't all that attracted to the other girl." Moral of the story- if I would have let these chicks be choosy, I would have had zero threesomes. I did the choosing myself and I got 3 threesomes. Better to get a bunch of high compliance chicks and then do the choosing yourself. I'd rather just endure the complaints after the fact than let the girls take over choosing.

I could have maybe had those 2 girls that night but there was a 3rd girl and she was drunk and obnoxious. She gave me this long player hating speech, "You better not hurt my friend's feelings, I will come find you and kick your fucking ass. Seriously I will. Be nice to her. I know your type, you think you can just do whatever the hell you want and not care about anyone else, blah blah blah." I told her "I'm nicer to your friend than anyone. I give her great sex and cute girls. (turn to redhead) Right?" She says "Yeah, he's really nice." But she kept going so I said, "Ok let me know if I ever make her sad. Cause sometimes girls like to suffer in silence. I have lots and lots of girls and I leave them all better than I found them. You'll see." That shut her up. I knew I could just call Redhead the next day and have her come over so I decided not to deal with this angry asshole. I will give redhead a note next time I see her that she should be careful because if she ever gets a high quality guy interested in her the friend will ruin it. The angry friend makes Redhead look like a low-self-esteem victimized woman when she's actually not. If I were actually serious about Redhead and I found out she had low self esteem, I would probably ditch her after something like this. Redhead called me later to complain about how her friend was up till 7am puking and whining about how her life is so

empty. No surprises there.

So new years day I call the redhead up and invite her over but she's tired/busy/whatever. So I go ahead and call the crazy chick. I tell her we're just mellowing out. She says she has plans, but calls back 30 minutes later cause plans fell through. I tell her come over, we're watching a movie. Not sure if we'll fuck you that much if at all, just come by. So she does. Watch the movie then I start escalating both girls. The ballerina chick is such a great teammate. She escalated the other girl for me. We end up fucking like crazy for a few hours. There were some highlights:

-Ballerina chick ate pussy for the first time ever and made the other girl cum. I could not get her to cum myself, I tried everything. Crazy chick said it was "cause she had such a nice small mouth." OK, whatever works.

-We ate the ballerina chick's pussy for about 45 minutes and just switched off whenever we got tired. It's nice to have a helper. She came like crazy!

- We did freaky positions like one girl is eating another girl and getting fucked at the same time, etc.

- I fucked the ballerina chick till she was sore and couldn't take anymore. No problem.

SWITCH!

-Busted a nut all over both chicks!

-I gave the crazy chick such a deep fucking that she was turning red from the pain. Me and the ballerina chick were both getting off on her yelping and crying. It was some sadistic shit. We just looked at each other and smiled while the crazy chick writhed and looked all scared and freaked out. We are evil fuckers! My quote of the day: "Ok,you'll be like the nurse who holds her hand to take away the pain. I'll be like the doctor who rips her insides open." A bit over the top? You think? Don't try that one at home, I'm a professional.

## CHAPTER 8: FLAKE OUT, DRAWING A CROWD, 2 HR SEDUCTION

Got off work around 8 and went down to a bar in NYC to meet up with a girl I met on HotorNot. She's 18, looks really hot from the pictures, kinda like an Olsen twin. Online dating is like a treat for me cause I never get to do it while traveling, so I was looking forward to this one. She didn't show up, which is not really that disappointing, because I specifically chose a place to meet her where there are other women to meet.

10 minutes after meet time I was thinking she's late and possibly not coming, so I get a number from this insanely hot girl who's waiting on the corner, meeting someone on the way to the Bauhaus concert. She's SMOKING HOT, so I open her with my "Do you like horses?" opener. That goes well. Bauhaus is kinda obscure but I know them so she's asking me if I'm a musician, what band I'm in etc. I refuse to tell her. I tell her she might be a stalker, etc. She's gotta go so I take the number. Kind of a soft close but we'll see, I think I built some mystery and value by refusing to give info on myself.

Now I go in and get a soda, I conclude the Olsen chick is not coming so I start having a look around the place. If she walks in on me gaming that's even better cause half the girls in the place will be attracted to me by that point. I'm ONLY opening girls who are mega hot I decide, cause I don't need practice opening; I need quality first and foremost. I open a 3 set, also with Horse Girl opener, then go into Tom Hanks story, Brad Pitt routine, Reckon/Yonder routine, some natural conversation, then get e-mails from all 3 girls and a number from the target, a hot blond. Their table was ready and they were leaving the bar. I'm thinking I probably could have had dinner with them, as they were all attracted and then tried to seduce the blond, but I was just getting started. I'd rather game more, maybe find a hotter girl or something where there aren't so many friends to deal with. I go check out the dance floor downstairs, nothing good. I'm done with this place. I head out to discover what else is going on. It's Saturday night and the fish are jumping.

I go out to the park and open a brunette on the bench. She's not so cute close up as she was from further away. Eject. There's so much going on that I decide to just take it in and not concentrate on gaming. You can miss a lot of cool stuff in life if you just think about gaming all the time. There's a bunch of dancing orthodox Jews having some sort of crazy celebration with music and dancing. They're waving flags that say "Messiah" and drawing a crowd with their crazy antics. Across the street is a 6 piece brass band playing funky jazz songs, and some pissed off Nation of Islam guys 20 feet away preaching angrily at passer bys. What a site! The music and the preaching blended together to create a unique sensory experience.

I look around, no girls I'm interested in. Then I spot a blond with a great ass. She's dressed shabby with 3 friends. I go after her. Sometimes you can tell a girl is hot, but she's not well dressed, it's kinda cool, like finding a diamond in the rough. I can see she's got the body of a hottie so I follow them. They stop in the park, I open with cotton candy opener. They are totally vibrant people. Turns out they're actors here for a workshop, but they're too young. The girl I liked is 16, so I've lost interest. Her friends are 19 and 21, so I stick around. I'm

vibing with them and it's amazing. I run smart tests to make them seek approval, they take every story I tell and make it even better. Natural flow was super fun too. All the sudden they say "we've been spotted" and I'm surrounded by 15 acting students, their teacher, and someone's mom. They come up and ask me "Are you a celebrity? Who are you?" I tell them I'm Dave Chapelle (obviously not, I'm a rocker looking tall skinny white guy). That gets a laugh and then it's like I'm on stage. I start doing all sorts of group dynamic material. No scripted routines here, just stuff you can improv if you have good knowledge of group dynamics. "Ok you're the smart one, you're the observant one, you're the crazy one." People are piping in "Which one am I?"

I assume the role of film director.

"You! Be a tree... and... go... good job, now you, you're 16, you just broke up with your boyfriend. You're at grandma's, she's making oatmeal, she's so insensitive, go!"

The girl acts it out, I go on to the next "Ok you're Jim Morrison, you're high as a kite, you're in an elevator, a hot chick come in, you want to rail her... and... go"

The kid starts acting. I cut him off "great job!"

He says his last name really is Morrison. I say yeah I know, cause I'm psychic. I run psychic routines. Guess number from 1 to 10, then from 1 to 5. This time I was right both times! That trick never works for me, but this time it did. I'm not abandoning it cause when it does work it's amazing, even though it flops a lot. Now these kids are enthralled. The mom is giving me major indicators of interest. The teacher is standing 10 feet back. Along the way I have determined which ones are old enough to be game-able. I have selected a 21 year old who's the teacher assistant. They're asking me to guess more numbers, I tell them no way, but I'll read someone's palm. I grab the teacher assistant and deliver my standard Brad P. palm reading. Great response. She's playing it kinda cool considering the circumstances. I tell them I gotta go.

The teacher's assistant has floated to the back talking to the teacher. The teacher is into her, possible orbiter. I say bye, start hugging people. I give a fake hug to the mom. Open my arms, she starts walking with her arms open, then when she's about to hug me I back up 5 feet and say "OH YOU WISH!!!" I do this to one more girl, "OH YOU FELL FOR IT TOO!!!" Then I give a real hug to someone else just to be unpredictable. I gotta get a number from the teacher's assistant. I decide to go super direct right in front of the teacher. "Hey, give me your e-mail, I want to talk to you sometime." The teacher walks away instantly. She writes it. I tell her to write her number too, she won't. I say "Look at you playing hard to get, and I walk away." I should have persisted, but it doesn't seem like it's gonna matter. If I email that girl she will write back for sure. She's probably wet thinking about me right now.

Mental note – a lot of guys will just walk away and let you game the girl their interested in if you go really direct like that sometimes.

I head up to a goth party. I see an old fuck buddy on line with her new boyfriend. She's all hugging me. She gets me in on the discount list. I called her recently, she didn't call back. She says sorry I didn't call back, I say its ok you don't have to call me back. I think that's a fuck-up. I meant to let her know that I don't care, I have plenty of girls, but it came out needy like "I still like you even if you don't call me back." Oh well screw it. I bail on them soon as we get in. The place is packed, I'm looking for 10s. I find one. She's dressed all in rubber and stuff, body and face both so fucking hot! I open with horse girl. That's working well. She's smart, so we start just vibing. This dude is there. I say "Are you guys best friends from way back." They look at each other and he say "I guess you could say we're best friends." That's her boyfriend. He's a club promoter. He's a total dork otherwise. Short, kinda ugly, long messy green hair. He's a mess, but he's very confident. He is not threatened by me talking to his girl. I stay and talk a while, like 20 minutes, just cause she's interesting. I have no intention of going further with the boyfriend there, I've had enough of that shit. I prowls the club. Goth girls dress really hot, but up close they're not always that great. I get a call from friends at another bar. They're at a great party. I decide to go there. I find ex-fuck buddy, say goodbye, flirt with her, smack her ass a few times. She hugs me 3 times, promises to call me. I tell her whatever. She's from a while back, before I was that good with women. She's got an amazing body and huge tits but the grill is bustuficated and her teeth are totally shovel-beaten. So glad I put in the work to get better at this and get hot girls all the time.

I'm kinda thinking about going home. It's getting late and speaking at the seminar had taking a lot out of me. Then I remember a note that I wrote to myself on my cheat sheet: "Be around." The premise is this: When you've already develop your personality, your conversational repertoire, and your alpha frame, the lays will just happen for you if you make sure you're around women. Just go out and be accessible, it will happen. So I decide to go meet my friends at the downtown bar. I wanted to see my friends anyway.

Just as background for how I'm presenting myself and keeping in state. I'm 6'5 180 lbs. Kinda skinny, wearing tight faded black jeans, a tight t shirt that says "WHATEVER," combat boots, and huge D+G womens sunglasses, carrying a skateboard and a backpack. Accessories are studded belt, spiky bracelets, and small rubber bracelets. My state is improved by skateboarding between venues. Traffic is bad, I'm flying past all the cars at 1am on my skateboard with the huge glasses on. Getting looks from women all over as I cruise down the street.

I get there and talk with friends. They have girls there already, I flirt with them. I read one girls palm. I think it came off weird to do that at a bar where there's dancing and all that. Some chump comes in and puts his arm around her while I'm reading. I ignore him. I flirt with all these different girls and then I get approached by a girl and guy across the room. One of them says hi, can't remember which one. I come in and start chatting. Talk to the guy first. Compliment his outfit, it really was cool. I'm into using sincere compliments on the peer group right now. I also liked the loving vibe from UDS coach Gabriel's recent field report. I don't use it on the girl I want, I use it on the peer group or obstacles. So I'm totally hitting it off with the guy first then I start talking to the girl.

She looks just like Uma Thurman. She's cultured, European, artsy, and intellectual. The accent was hot. She wants to take her coat off and I say come with me. We push through a packed dance floor and a gaggle of guys and girls in their underwear (for the "Hot Body Contest"). We get into a back room, put down her coat, I pull her onto my lap and start making out with her. She's getting horny I can tell. We try to go back out, but we're blocked in by naked people.

Background on the venue – this is a bar in the East Village where they turn it into an 80's dance music night and have a "hot body contest" where people get naked on stage for the chance to win a \$100 prize. It's about half gay people and half straight people. It's a sexually liberated environment.

Anyway, we were stuck in a back room, so I pull her back into the darkness and we go at it a little more. I turn her around and bite the back of her neck. She eventually says "Oh no, stop, you're getting me so horny." Then I knew it was on. So I stopped and started again 3 minutes later. So I'm cruising along quite nicely for only knowing her 15 minutes. I say let's go back out and find your friends. She says OK and can you buy me a shot at least. I say sure.

I don't usually buy drinks for women, but in this case I deem it necessary. This girl had gone really far with me very quickly, and she needed to feel like I was giving her some form of compliance. This allows me to be "attainable" in her eyes, and it keeps her from feeling like a slut.

She wants me to do a shot with her, but I don't drink. So I give her my typical response: "No, you're just trying to get me drunk to get in my pants". By the time we get to the bar she is harping on me to get a drink, telling me it's weird that I don't. She's testing me hard, and I'm trying to keep my composure. She mellows out and asks seriously why I don't. I tell her its cause my family is all alcoholics so I've never had one single drink (which is true). She says "You're getting hotter by the minute." Now I'm leery of being overqualified so I say, "Thank you, you really think so?" to take myself down a notch.

Remember, if you are way too cool for the girl, you will lose the lay because she will feel that she is over-matched and has no chance at winning you over and getting you into a relationship. That's why sometimes you have to take it down a few notches and show some vulnerability.

I have the bartender get her a tequila shot and me a shot of water. We do the shot. I take her to a dark corner, fluff talk a bit, then sit her in front of me and start the dirty talking right into her ear.

I've wrote about this technique a few times before. It's great to talk dirty in public, whispering into a girls ear even though there are so many other people around. It shows that you are extremely sexual, and that you are immune to social pressure.

She stops me after 3 or 4 minutes. I say "Don't you want to know how the story ends?" She says "I already know how it ends, and I want you to come home with me now." While it may seem that this means she's in the bag, I know that's not the case. This is where high level game begins. This is the challenge that separates the men from the boys:

Can you get the horny girl home before you get fucked up by logistics, cockblockers, peer group, or her losing her sexual arousal?

So I tell her "OK let's get out of here and we'll see what happens. No guarantees." I'm withholding the validation, just in case she is the type of girl who would use my agreeing to sex as validation instead of actually taking me home. It is not uncommon for a girl to just try to get a guy to agree to have sex, then decide seconds later that she's not going to go through with it. You must withhold the validation in a situation like this.

So we're looking for her friends. She wants to leave now, stop by another bar really quick, then go home. Sounds easy, but it's not. There are many obstacles still to overcome, and I must think 3 steps ahead. I tell her "OK we'll get out of here, but you'd better be careful not to let your friends cock block you." She says "I never get cock blocked."

Perhaps this sounds a bit direct, and it is more direct than how I would usually play things. In this case, she was ready for it. I took a risk on that one, and it worked like a charm.

Now she's a bit more determined. Girls know very well that just because they invite you back, that doesn't mean they have to stick to it, and it might not happen. We go to get her coat, get tripped up crossing the crowded dance floor. I'm trying to rush her cause she's talking to some chump for a long time. I decide it's a bad idea to rush. Rushing shows sexual neediness. We get her coat, we both smalltalk with people on the way. Get tripped up again by the same chump on the way back. Again she's taking forever. I talk to other people so I don't look like a needy guy just standing there waiting.

We get out, walk to the other place, she wants to dance cause she's a pro swing dancer. I'm thinking WTF because dancing is not my strong suit, but now I know I gotta deal with a pop quiz on dancing. We go in, chit chat, we dance. I'm getting by on confidence on the dance floor, not skill. We're the only ones dancing. I put her in a chair and give her a half-teasing lap dance, then I make her give me one. She wusses out cause of her shoes, then starts testing me on my shirt. "I don't like that whatever shirt, I don't like that whole whatever attitude." I say "Whatever" and make a W with my fingers. She starts again a few minutes later "You should turn that shirt inside out." I say "I don't care if you like my shirt. I like my shirt." OK maybe it's not the best response to a test, but I only have so many witty comebacks in my brain ya know!

We get out of there to cab it back to her place. We talk about the Uma Thurman resemblance, she gets that all the time. As we're walking to a corner to get a cab, the Olsen chick calls me up. It's almost 4am, and she stood me up around 9pm. So I don't pick it up.

The Uma looking chick is like "Oh getting booty calls, huh?" I'm like yeah. She says "Me too." I say "Well looks like those poor people who booty called us are both very unlucky that we met each other tonight." We get in the cab and make out, I say how romantic it is to kiss in a cab. She says yeah. She starts talking to the driver in German, and then in French. The driver says that me and her look so European, with our clothes and hair. I'm fairly impressed by this girl so far.

Get back to her place, and I'm realizing I have to take a huge dump. Like if I don't I'm gonna fart real bad during sex. That's never good. So I drop a bomb in her bathroom. It's like a David Sedaris book. I'm looking for air freshener, no luck. It REEKS in there! I'm trying to make sure I don't clog the toilet. I hope she doesn't wanna go in after me! I come out and she's like "Thank god, now I can use my own bathroom." Oh fuck! I distract for 5 minutes by slow dancing with her to the music she put on. Then I gotta let her go. I think it dissipated cause there were no complaints. That was like a sitcom moment.

She comes back, we get naked. No last minute resistance whatsoever. Make her come using deep-spot method. She gives me lousy head. I can't find any chicks that know how to suck dick lately but that's another story. I grab a condom and go in. She's super tight, I'm killing it. Rail her for a while and spooge. I gave her nasty dirty talk like "yeah you think you can take that big cock in your pussy, etc." Later, we're almost asleep and her whole body freaks out and she's like "OW my pussy!!" I think I hit it too hard. Oh well, at least she'll remember me. I get her number the next morning and tell her "Maybe I'll give you a call at 3am sometime."

Another well executed night. Some good lessons learned, much fun was had by all. Only 2 days after my last same day lay on Thursday, and I had one of my relationship girls in between and another on Sunday. Wow we're on a roll here! I think I wanna stay home and jerk off sometime soon to change up the pace!

I'm not that experienced with how to handle the flake out chick. I listened to the message and it was "oh I just woke up, I'm so fucking sorry, call me back." Not sure I buy it. My instinct is telling me to never call or e-mail her again. But she is smoking hot and has been pretty cool in phone conversations. I guess we'll see.



## CHAPTER 9: PINUP GIRL /HUSTLER HONEY

I'm gonna try to wrap 3 nights all together here cause there's a lot of stuff that worked well but I haven't had much time to write this stuff up.

### ***Last Friday***

I took a phone number from an insanely hot girl with a super bitchy friend. Delivered the horsegirl opener, the girl I wanted and 1 friend loved it. Then the super bitchy friend heard the end and got totally hostile. "What! You're calling my friend horse girl?!" But the other 2 bailed me out. That one super bitchy friend proceeded to bust my balls with or 10-15 tests before I could really get to the girl I liked. Finally I got to the her, did some standard vibing and a palm reading. I took her number quickly and left without saying goodbye. Have gotten a few emails back and forth with that one. Also took numbers from 2 Russian girls in the park.

The best pickup of that night was a blond who I pulled out of a different bar. She was drunk and silly and I kissed her within 3 minutes by giving her total playful alpha vibe. Very few words were spoken. She had a long scarf on, I blindfolded her with it, grabbed her by the back of the hair and kissed her right there. Could not get her to settle down to do anything more seductive. She was too silly to run dirty talk on, I tried. I did a few venue changes with her and her friend with my student as a wing man. We went out to another bar, out to eat, then made out in a cab. I'm running this taxi thing all the time that's like "Yeah I think making out in a taxi is the most romantic thing..." It works great. She was past the point of drunk and so tired I didn't try to go to her place, which maybe I could have, but that really tired drunk thing is unappealing to me. I can't get a call back from this one.

### ***Saturday - Pinup girl***

This was a crazy night. I was doing approaches on videotape in the park and in bars. Also, doing street approaches. The thing that's really working well with my street approaches right now is that I step right into their way. While I deliver my openers I trap the girl with my body. If she tries to walk around me I move to the side. Kinda like playing defense in basketball. It's kinda subtle, girls sorta don't notice it, but it really gets them to stop and it conveys power.

I number closed or better on all 3 approaches Friday and all 3 approaches on Saturday. I don't usually have a string of days when I'm batting a thousand like that. Usually at least one girl will blow me off, but not this weekend. I know 6 approaches is not a lot for a weekend, but I was coaching and there was work to be done with the students.

Anyway, back to the videotaped approaches. I approached 2 half Asian girls. Stopped them in their tracks then delivered my high five opener. Luke warm response. Then they walked away. I walked right back in front of them and stopped them with my Rodman-like defense technique. I delivered some more improvised stuff, they walk away again. I start walking with them. Finally they start with "I think it's really weird that you stopped us on the street to talk

to us." So I say "I think it's weird that you think it's weird that I like to talk to people." They kept testing me so I had to retort to a lot of things like that. Then when they started asking about the camera I said "Yeah channel 13 is doing a special all about me." They ask why. I say "Cause I'm just a really interesting person." I try for email and number. No dice. They're like "I think you're doing this for something, like a competition or something. What are you gonna e-mail me and say hi or something." I say "actually yea, I'm gonna e-mail you and say hi." I totally ignore the part about why I'm videotaping. Everyone was asking me how this videotaping thing would actually fly, and I have to say, that kind of stuff is just a matter of having frame control and being able to make stuff up on the spot. I eventually told them "Our friend moved to Japan and we miss him. We all used to hang out Saturday nights and so we're gonna send him this videotape." That was cool but they asked me his name and I almost blanked on that, then I told them his name was Ben. Finally she wants to take my email. I say "awesome, we'll trade." Pretty soft close, didn't think I'll hear back from her.

Surprisingly, I did trade emails back and forth with this girl 3 times. She actually got really interested because of being approached so boldly. She moved to Michigan before I got a chance to meet up with her. Just goes to show even a soft close can lead to something at times.

Eventually we get to a bar. I do one more approach on video tape, a hot turban wearing babe that I'll call "Turban" and her friend. I delivered my trusty horsegirl line and they liked it but they gave very little back for me to riff on. So I had to keep pumping out funny stories. They never even noticed the camera, so I eventually pointed it out and had them wave. They had no problem with the camera. This girl was hot and interested, but I had to attend to other business so I took the number and was off. After coaching was over at 1am, I went back to them and worked some great stuff that eventually resulted in me taking Turban home. Here's what worked really well:

Slow Dancing – ask a girl if she knows how to slow dance, then take her slow dancing right there wherever you are. It's an "our world" scenario and shows you're alpha because people will be looking and you are immune to social pressure. There's always pressure on all of us to "act normal" and "blend in." When you can defy that pressure and do something that's abnormal, but also romantic at the same time, it makes for a great vibe.

Long cube reading – I did "the cube" with the Turban girl and her friend. If you don't know what it is, you should check out this website: <http://personal.ansir.com/cube.htm>. My cube readings were long and detailed. About 15 minutes of reading for each of them. I was spouting a never ending stream of psychic sounding stuff. One of the key points to this is "You have this dark side. Like a bad part of you wants to get out, but everyone wants you to be respectable all the time..." It's the whole dichotomy of women thing- good girl/bad girl. Every woman has a good side and a dark side, so if you talk about this in your cube reading, it will always work. For this girl it was so dead on cause she's a 2nd grade teacher by day, but on the weekend she's a pinup model and burlesque dancer.

Palm reading as bait – I tell them I can read palms but not here, it's too loud, then bring the

girl to my place.

Long impassioned speech about sexual arousal – I rified for about 20 minutes on how women get aroused differently than men, and how I teach this class about advanced sexual techniques, then go into long drawn out explanation some of the techniques I teach in [Seminar 4](#). It works well because most men don't know any of this stuff. However, I presented it all as factual stuff, kinda like I don't actually know how to implement it, I am just theoretical. I intionally "slipped up" once and implied I can make girls come like crazy and this girl caught it. They are always reading into subtle points. That was the turning point where I know she decided to want to fuck me ASAP. I was totally reluctant to give them information every step of the way, which made them want to hear it more. Also, it wasn't dirty, just passionate and factual. But they had to drag it out of me, and by doing so they played right into my hands. So the friend splits out and I'm left with the target. They did have a quick "girl conference," which goes like this: "Are you ok with this guy?... Yeah I'm fine go ahead home, blah blah blah" They sneak away for that like I don't know the deal. So she comes back and asks me "Do you still want hang out?" That was cool cause it was like she was chasing me. So I'm like "hmm.... yeah let's go get some food."

Down at the cafe, I'm just calibrating down like crazy. I'm calibrating down all the time now. Seems like every time I get into that I get laid. Maybe lowering my value is a better way of putting it. Cocky/funny is backfiring all the time these days and lowering my value is working much better. I'm not sure why, but I will do what works first and foremost. I made myself into a totally normal guy at the cafe, almost like a chump. I kinda knew it was a done deal. Chump behavior which comes from a place of high social value is very powerful. It's hard to explain. Like if a celebrity was really nice to you, you'd relax and not be nervous around them. I baited her with palm reading and listening to CDs at my house. I say "yeah let's go do that, I'll get us a cab." She says "OK," kinda stutters it. The girl was kinda surprised for a second that I was taking her home. She tried to play it smooth. It was like I could her inner thoughts saying "YES!" And off we go. On the way she fesses up that she's a pinup girl/burlesque dancer and the cube reading was so on.

We get back to my place, listen to CDs, then get to it. I took off the turban and long curly hair dropped all the way down to her ass. Amazing. Wow what a body too! Full Cs, tiny waist, big hips and ass. UNREAL!!! This is the stuff dreams are made of! No wonder she's doing pinup modeling!

I made her come and she's a squirter but it took like 45 minutes. Sex was subpar; she can't get that wet with a condom. We'll have to lube up more or something next time. She's all telling me that it was the horse line that did it. I took a little video on my digital camera where she's naked in bed saying "That horse line was KILLER!" HAHAHA! Took some naked pictures too. I knew she'd be down for that cause she's got that exhibitionist side. She left her earrings, I think so she could be assured we'd meet up again, and I've already set that up.

### ***Tuesday Night - Hustler Honey***

Went out with friends, not really looking to meet women, but after a while the game just becomes part of you. This one chick was really full of herself, so I started teasing her a bit just for the hell of it. She had that thing with her eyes always darting around the room, so I said to her friend "Yeah she's got a really short attention span" loud enough so she could hear it. That worked nice. Also caught her being on the phone with her mom, which is pretty funny considering she's walking around like she's the coolest ever, then her mom is giving her shit like she's 15. I say can I talk to your mom? Get on the phone with the mom and start running game, but could not hear what she was saying back. Then I give the phone back and say "Is your mom hot?" She says yeah, but you have to take that up with my dad. I say "cool, is your dad hot?" Also sang her the whatever song, which is a 7th grader thing they use to make fun of each other:

"Loser, whatever  
Fly away forever  
Fly away to loserville  
population one  
you"

There's all these hand gestures that go with it, it drives girls absolutely nuts. By then she wanted to prove herself to me. She's like "I'm a hustler honey, I'm a porn star." So I say "What the hell are you talking about?" She says "Have you ever heard of Hustler magazine? I'm in it." I say "No I never heard of that, what kind of magazine is it?" So she takes out her trio cell phone thing and shows me all these hardcore porno pictures of her sucking some guy's dick. If I could find it on the net I'd put a link here, but I can't find it. But yea, they were really pro looking pics, so I'd say she definitely was a Hustler girl. She's bragging about how well she could deep throat, etc. So I say "Let's go."

I drag her downstairs onto a couch. She's all like "What's going on?" I say "Ok fine, I'm gonna try you out." And I start making out with her. Short little session then she says "I can't be doing this, my friend really likes you, she's a porno model too. If anyone sees us that would be really bad." So I brought her back up and checked out the friend. One of my friends liked her so I backed off after flirting with her a little bit. OK so now that I've made out with a Hustler honey I can tell you guys, it wasn't that big a deal. These girls were NOT that hot. Like an 8 or so. I'd never bang a porn star anyway cause they tend to have diseases I think... but I figured what the hell let me make out with this Hustler chick. It was not that hard to do. Acting like I never heard of Hustler was key I think. I could have banged her possibly if I had taken her to the bathroom, but that wasn't really the objective in this case. It all happened so fast anyway.

## CHAPTER 10: MAKEOUT IN MCDONALDS

Tonight my state was really bad and it's a Monday night. So I had some problems getting started, but it got good later.

Where I'm at right now is I have 6 fuck buddy/relationship girls in my area and many more from traveling, but I'm getting a bit bored with them. I'm experimenting with various aspects of pickup. I tried stealing away girls that have boyfriends a while back, decided it's not for me. I just did a few threesomes, I feel like I conquered that one and I'm not that fixated on it. I'm having fleeting thoughts of maybe getting a girlfriend soon. I have one multiple long term relationship who I dig a lot in NY and another in KY, but not necessarily girlfriend material. I may start working soon on a new part of my game- consistently pulling 10s. I've done it here and there, but I don't find that I'm consistent with it and my game is not built for it, it's built for 8s and 9s I think. With a few small adjustments it can be built for 10s. So it's something to tinker with.

Bad State – I didn't leave the house all weekend. Stayed in working on music, which is great and all, just no social contact so that results in poor state after a while I think. By Monday I was getting cabin fever and just felt blah. I meant to go to my first ever "lair" meeting today, but I fucked up and it was yesterday. I was dressed and out the door to go to that. So when I realized it was the wrong day I decided to go game since I looked too good to sit home.

8pm Monday Night, Street Gaming in Queens – It was desolate. I checked 3 bar/lounges. All were empty or closed. I decided to do street approaches. First approach the chick was not even cute, I was just trying to get through my 3 warm up approaches cause that's a rule for me. I delivered a half ass opener and she looked at me confused. I looked closer at her and I said "uhhh, you ugly!" in my head. So I had to eject. Then I saw a young girl staring at me as I skateboarded by in the other direction. I looped around and delivered horse girl opener. I triggered an automatic rejection with my body language and bad state. She got skeeved and would not talk to me. Eject. I approached 2 girls speaking Russian. Another automatic rejection. This time I got frustrated with them and said "You guys suuuuck!" as I ejected. They walked into a bar, I could've followed them in and saved the set I think in retrospect, but they weren't worth it and it was just a warm up set. I'm so not interested in 7s and 8s at the moment after spending all last week having threesomes with one of my relationship girls. Ok so now I see the streets are desolate and I decide to game the supermarket. Nothing. No girls to be found. I chalked up the night as a loss and decided to call a few fuck buddies and try to salvage something.

As far as fuck buddies go, I have a few of them that I'm outgrowing right now. I'm not that into them, but it just hasn't made sense to actually cut them loose, so I just have been ignoring their calls. I mean these girls have been in fuck buddy-land a LONG time. I wondered how long you can keep a fuck buddy. I guess as a game-less chump I used to think it was just a few months then the girl demands a relationship. Hell no! I've had this one girl as a fuck buddy for about 16 months! She's hot, too. She's a 9 and her ass the most amazing

I've ever seen cause she's a ballet dancer and runs track. She does like a 5:09 mile, which is like 40 seconds faster than I could do in my prime as a college basketball player. That ass just propels her through space I guess, but anyway... I've been thinking of ditching her cause she's all unstable. So she's at #6 in the rotation right now, on the brink of falling off. I meet up with her and she's completely sucking the life out of me. We both can sense it so we agree to not hang out anymore. Kinda sad, but it had to be that way. Actually I feel better off without her, I just hope she doesn't off herself or something. She's in bad shape. I tell her "let's just be friends." She wants to walk me to the train, but I say I'm not going to the train, I'm gonna go out and have a good time by myself, and I wish her well. I have a moment of silence for a really sweet girl and then move on to see what the night holds for me.

11:30pm, Times Square, Manhattan – One of my favorite places to meet women is the McDonald's in Times Square. It's open late. Girls are coming in there from all kinds of places. Drunk club girls, tourists; you name it. This time there was nothing. So out I go and this guy is yelling on the street about a comedy club where ladies get in free. I chat with him and he agrees to let me in free too, so it's off to the comedy club. I wasn't planning any of this, but that's part of the beauty of gaming alone, spontaneity. I'm thinking if ladies get in free it will be good for gaming... and it's always good to see comedy. Especially if you are in a low state like I was.

I get to the place. Really funny comedians! Lots of hot girls! This is the spot I've been needing to get to all night. The comedy was raising my state and I got a chance to size up some of the girls. One girl screamed really loudly for "anyone in here ever ride a motorcycle?" and so I knew she was into bad boys. I kinda look like a motorcycle guy (never rode one, hehe) so I had a feeling she'd be a good approach. Sure enough she started to give me eye contact. Some was really blatant then I saw her whispering to her friend, so I knew it was on. Can't make a move till the comedians are done cause of the way the place is set up. So after they're done I go into the next room and wait.

A gay comedian is trying to chat me up. Then I see the target girl so I get rid of him. She's coming toward me, and wow what a hottie. I'm gonna tentatively say a 10. 5'9 blond California girl. Looks kinda like a white Mariah Carey, if you can imagine that. She had a winter coat on, so couldn't get a really good look at the body, that's why it's tentative. It was 2 girls. The friend was ok too. Jennifer Aniston as a 7. They are good-girl types. Nice clothes, well put together. I opened Mariah without saying a single word. I just sat on the barstool and put out my hand. When she reached for it, I grabbed her hand and started to thumb wrestle. We thumb wrestled and I still did not speak. I gave her the "so-so" hand waver because she wasn't a good thumb wrestler. Then she says "Oh ok, how about sign language, do you know it?" And she starts signing. This girl thought I was deaf. So that game is over, I say "no, I'm not deaf." It seemed to give me some advantage that she mistook me for deaf. I don't know why. Then we start talking about sign language. Her friend is waiting by the door so we call her back. Now I've got them. Bling bling, they're looking like deer in headlights. I start to spit all kinds of tight game. Some natural conversation, some routines (horse girl, Brad Pitt routine, smart tests). They say wow you're so funny, are you a stand up comedian? I say no, they say you should be. So I say "You think? Let's go try it out." And we walk back

into the empty room, I walk onto the stage, grab the microphone and start making stuff up. Jokes about California since that's where they're from. This is where I shined, grabbing all the advantages of being on stage. All those good feelings they had about comedy were now transferred onto me. 100% attraction. I get off stage and ask them if they want to try, I feed them bad knock-knock jokes they can do on stage. No one who works there is really bothering us and everyone is gone, so I really had a nice opportunity. Just needed to grab it. But they won't get on stage so I do my Asian Girl routine.

This is where you say "Hey let me draw your picture" to a white girl. Then you draw an Asian girl with a kimono and braids and the cone shaped hat. Then present it to the girl with much pride and dignity. When she says she's not Asian, you say "Oh really? I'm so sorry, I thought you were." This routine is an attraction builder because it is random and confusing. Many parts of my game actually are intended to get the girl as confused as possible, in a fun way of course.

Now one of the comedians comes and sits down to kick it to these girls. He's kinda famous, his name is Rich Aronovitch. Been on MTV and comedy central and all that so I said "hmmm, gotta keep this guy in check." I did love his comedy, but now he's in my world so gotta let him know. So I give him this little speech:

"Dude I loved your show, but you gotta take that joke about the psychedelic drugs and the Asian girl a little further. It was gonna be a great bit but you cut it off early. I'm thinking you gotta really drive that one into the ground. I loved it, but I couldn't get enough out of it. It's like a girl who gives you blue balls. That's how I felt about your act. You know when a girl gives you blue balls, you still like her anyway? You feel like the next time you're gonna blow a big load and it's gonna be great. That's how I felt about you. Dude I'd check out your act a few more times even if I got that feeling again. That's how much I liked it."

The guy was staying cool, but I could tell he was like "WTF?" The girls were watching, I think they could tell I just dominated the whole thing. Dominating a high status dude is always helpful I think. Now on the other hand it was a 2 set, so I could have used this guy's help. Now that he was in check I invited him to come along with us when we left, but he said he had to do another show.

He and the girls were also bonding about being Jewish, which was all good. I'm not Jewish, but it turns out that I was just reading Douglas Rushkoff on the shitter today. So I went into another long story about a 17th century Jew who people thought was the messiah, but then he converted to Islam when threatened with death by the Ottoman Empire. Once again that shut down the comedian's thread about building commonalities. He was attempting an interview style game of these girls "Where you from? What college you go to, blah, blah, blah." So that's pretty easy to shut down I think. Famous guy neutralized.

Mental Note – Comedians are beta most of the time. Even the way they interact with the audience they often have approval seeking behaviors and nice guy vibe.

So I extract the 2 girls back to McDonald's. Hip hop dudes on the corner social proof me "You just walked in alone, now you're back with 2 beautiful girls." Yup, that's how I roll. I get a shake and we sit and chill. Just vibing. Mariah tries to go to bathroom but can't find it, then it's too dirty, so I tell her "Come here little girl, I'm taking you to the bathroom." I grab her by the hand and off we go. We walk right past the manager into a closed off section and I send her into the men's room. I wait outside, I take a second to think through how I'm gonna hook up with this girl in the bathroom. I go in with her, I say "Gotta pee, but stay in here and watch the door, I have a bathroom phobia. No peeking ok?" All good. I pee, wash, and this manager guy keeps knocking on the door. That's a cock block for sure! I've had serious problems in the past with being caught banging girls in public restrooms. So I know I'm not gonna be able to bang this girl cause 1. The manager is onto us and 2. Her friend is waiting. We make out for a minute. Then I end it first and we go back. Funniest part was this: we're walking back up the stairs and all these people are looking. Mostly a bunch of black dudes staring blatantly. You know that everyone in the place wants this chick. She wipes her lips off, makes a sucking sound and says out loud "Mmm that was good." Basically signaling to all the guys that she just swallowed my load. Hahaha!

So we rejoin the friend. I run the cube after a while and they're loving it SO much. My cube readings are really super long. It takes me about 30 minutes to read 2 girls cubes. We leave and I have to out-game another player at 2am on a Monday night. He's a Spanish guy giving the little player bounce/dance and he's like "what's up." I butt in all loud "What's up ESE!?" The girls laugh and we split. Poor guy had no chance; all he did was help me out by sacrificing himself.

We're on the train and they gotta get off, they're like "Oh we wanna take you home" at the last minute, but I know the logistics are fucked and they're just yapping. I'd give away all chance for a second meeting if I got all "Oh really? Can I come? Pretty please?" They're only in town one more day. I wanna fuck this super hot blond tomorrow, but it's logistically looking really bad. I can't get rid of the friend. It's gonna be hard. And the friend has a boyfriend, so I can't even try to get a wing. AND I have another second meeting lined up with a black chick tomorrow. I can cancel that but I don't know what I'm gonna do. Figure it out in the morning I guess. I'm pretty sure she wants to fuck me. The decision has been made. I will probably just try to get into their place and figure it out from there. They're staying with a friend so I can maybe have her occupy Aniston for me.

Kinda slow night, cause I only got to do 4 approaches and no sex. But not bad for it being Monday and me starting with such poor state.

#### Lessons

- Everything is very state dependent. With poor state I was getting blown out by ugly girls. With good state I was making out with a 10 in under an hour in a public restroom.
- McDonald's would not let me have it my way.
- Seize opportunities to go into places where you're not really allowed. This is something I learned from a 50 year old motivational speaker years ago. People usually won't call you on it. You can walk right up on stage and tell jokes after a comedy show. You can walk right past



the manager into the roped off area of McDonald's. You just have to BELIEVE you can do it. No one will question you and girls dig that shit a lot!

- Comedians are beta. So is almost everyone in the fucking world. Never assume that just cause someone is kinda famous/rich/whatever they can dominate anything.
- Shitty nights can still yield results. Think Monday nights are bad? That's a self limiting belief.
- There are tremendous advantages to enriching your identity, i.e.: having random knowledge available, traveling, etc. You'll be ready for anything that way.
- Started in low state, but now I feel great.

I'll be putting some thought into making adjustments to my game so it's more 10 oriented. I think it's just a matter of doing the same shit I'm doing but putting more thought into venues or doing a little networking.

## CHAPTER 11: POWER-DATING TOURIST AND RUNWAY MODEL

So I ended up setting up meetings with both girls. First off the black girl, who turned out to be a runway model (I had no idea). Background on this one is I met her in a hipster bar in Manhattan a month back. She was with a friend and they were the hottest 2 girls in the place, so of course I had to hit it up. I chose her friend as my target, really gorgeous white girl. I gamed her for about 30 minutes with standard stuff. In the end I found out she was a virgin. Virgin is a no-go. I don't care how hot she is I'm not dealing with that headache. So I took both their numbers even though I barely talked to the black chick. We had some stuff in common I found out, and we decided to go to the movies sometime. After I left I decided the white girl was a no-go and I would just call the black girl. So I put her on slow track- texted her occasionally, made soft plans and flaked on her one time. Talked on the phone once in a while. She was always very responsive. She eventually texted me "Did you know this is (runway chick) not (virgin chick), I'm the black girl, not the white girl." I told her yea I know that, but she still told me it a few more times. I think these girls have no clue what I'm doing. They really want to know why I switched targets. They can't figure it out and it's killing them. I'm sure this "target switching" could probably be used a technique, just not sure it would always work reliably. I may test it and work it out some more, not sure.

So we finally end up meeting up for the movie. I show up and see her at the theater. OMG this girl is amazing. 5'10, killer body, great face, great energy. She's a 10 for sure. It was so dark when I met then I did not notice how slamming this girl was. Her friend was hot too, I think I was gaming a pair of 10s and did not even know it. I clown around with her for a while before the movie starts. I steal her sidekick and start randomly calling her friends asking them if they wanna smoke some weed later. Then I start asking them "Hey is (runway chick) smart, etc." Hard qualifying via the friends. "Does she hang out with drug addicts?" We thumb wrestle and her hands are really big, so I'm making fun of that. So we watch Hostel, which is just a gross movie and I don't recommend it. I start escalating and she is returning nothing. So I stopped all the touching. Since we're in a movie and the movie is gross, I can't build the necessary attraction and don't want her thinking I dig her. I thought this was gonna be an average looking girl. I said WTF I'll go to a movie before meeting that other girl, maybe a quick make out and just run some warm up game. Did not expect she would be this hot or this non-responsive. But it's ok. I can fix that.

After the movie I tell her, I gotta meet my friends from Cali but we can have a quick drink. We grab a drink and I put some hard game on her. It was fun. That "Roses really smell like poo-poo" Outkast song came on and I sang her "(Runway chick) really smells like poo-poo." Thumb wrestled some more. Told some traveling stories. She got into the "my agent, blah blah" modeling talk and I said "Oh you're one of those models with the huge hands, awesome, just like the Steve Madden ads with the big head girls." So she says she never does print, always runway, and we moved on to another topic. The "I'm a model" thing is like a bomb you have to get out of the way of. You can never show interest in it at all.

I run "Whatever Song" and that was the breaking point. She freaked out laughing, wanted me to teach her. She says "You're really something else." She's finally getting interested. Now I got her but I'm still not gonna escalate physically. Attraction needs to be higher. I want massive attraction before I make moves on a girl like this. Anything less would be "creepy."

We chat about show biz, I show value with some insider knowledge of the entertainment business. I tell her "I bet you're wondering why you're the lucky girl who gets to hang out with me, not your friend." She says "Yeah, I have to know, tell me now." I refuse to tell her and I just tease her with it for a bit. Now I tell her I gotta go, I'll walk ya to the train. The only physical escalation I'm gonna do is alpha physical escalations, so I slap her in the ass hard. She says "Oh no you didn't!" By the way WOW what an ASS! I leave her at the train. I say "Maybe I'll call you, if you're lucky, squeeze her ass, and walk away with the super confident walk. I know she's like who the fuck does he think he is, but I'm already gone. No kiss for her, just an ass squeeze. That's more fun for me anyway.

Now I'm off to finish the job with the girl from last night, Mariah. I know this is gonna be a tough one. Bad logistics and all. I get to the bar they're at, it's Tuesday night, 1am. They're the only 2 single girls, everyone is buying them drinks and kissing their asses. It's really funny shit. I roll in and immediately start heavy physical escalation with both girls. Everyone HATES ME!! haha. They've been working on these girls all night. The girls are now tipsy thanks to free drinks from these dorks. Now I'm coming in to scoop them up. Thanks guys!

It turns out the girls had created this whole free drink scenario. They told everyone "We just moved here. We like this bar, I think we'll be here every week." They're actually tourists leaving the next day. But all the guys said "hmm, long range project" and kept bringing the drinks. Yes, 22 year old college girls will play you for a sucker... if you're a sucker that is.

Make a mental note of this – Women will lie all day long in order to get free drinks, social value, and preferential treatment. Especially when it involves low-value guys like these suckers. When it comes to low-value guys, there is NO REMORSE. There is no morality. There is nothing in the brain that says "Lying is wrong." It seriously doesn't even count as lying to a woman if she is lying to a low value guy. Why? Because they generally consider these guys to be a lower life form, they are less than human. These girls wouldn't piss on you if you were on fire. I'm not telling you this to criticize women. I'm not passing judgment on anyone. I'm just giving you the facts so you are well prepared for being out there in the field.

So there are 4 main dorks for me to blowout. Mostly they just stand aside. Occasionally I blow them out. Really easy frame control stuff. They are super gameless so I'm not looking to drop some a-bomb out-alpha techniques. I play connect 4 with the girls. Mariah draws me a picture like I did last night. I bet on connect 4 with Mariah - if I win we make out in the mens room. If she wins we make out in the ladies room. She loves it.

I bring her into a secluded bathroom. One of the dorks tries to cock bock me by yelling through the door - "Brad P! Brad P!" But he's yelling through the wrong door cause I found a

hidden bathroom. Inside, I have the boobs out and I'm going for the pussy in like 3 seconds. She says "You're so crazy." I say "I know." I say "We gotta do this quick." But she still giving resistance, so I tell her we'll finish later. Already assuming we're gonna fuck. I'm letting her know there's no question about it. We go back, I tell them "Let's get out of here." I try to bring them to a place I know is 3 blocks from where they're staying. We stop at McDonald's for the friend. Inside, I let Mariah know she needs to handle some logistics. I tell her "I don't know if you're gonna get any. Your friend is here and you guys are staying someplace where you have to be quiet." We agree to go back to the place and have a quiet style slumber party. Later she's talking about watching the sunrise by the river, I know she is planting the seed for fuck-logistics.

We're walking towards the new place. Friend is all drunk and happy. Me and her are bonding. I have her on my side. Mariah is grabbing my dick on the street. I tell her she's a bad girl. Next bar is closed. We go to their place. The friend is saying "oh I'm getting tired." The other one is "Oh I still have energy." Translation, the friend is about to leave us alone.

You know that part of the lead up to the lay where it's in the bag but it can still go wrong? Oh god I hate that! That's where I was for like 2 hours last night. I call it "Purgatory."

We go in the building, make out in bathroom. She wants to go to the river. She tells the friend we're leaving. Friend is OK with it, but gives the whole "Don't get murdered, call me, you better be home, etc." I've seen that talk many, many times. I stay out of it at first, then I come in halfway through like "Bye sweetie, we'll be back soon." Just in case they start to get too logical. I also try to cut off all the talk of being raped and murdered before it gets to a really stupid level.

I end up bringing the girl on the roof. Another forbidden area. Hot! After 5 minutes she asks if she can come to my place. Even better cause I'd like to take my time and fuck her 2 or 3 times. We go get a cab. She blows me in the cab, wow she give s great head. I always bitch cause girls do not know how to give head yet I'm on websites for hours figuring out how make their snatch explode while their inner child swoons with joy. Girls have the unmitigated temerity to not know how to give head, and it just upsets me, but not this girl. It was righteous head! In a cab no less!

We go fuck a few times. I take a bunch of pictures of her giving me head. She saying the old "OMG I've never done anything like this before, this is so random." And asking me if I do this all the time. I give a different answer every time she asks. "I'm really picky, I passed up a runway model for you tonight." "No I don't do tourists, they always have a cock blocking friend." "Yeah, I have sex every day with a different girl." Blah blah. It was fun.

We talked about all the people who tried to cock block us- the McDonald's manager, etc. She was still concerned about looking like a slut so I told her I respect women that go after what they want, which is true. Brought her back, we decided to meet up again when they're on the way back to California from vacation in a few weeks. NY is their overnight stopover spot. All good.

Now I just gotta get my shit back together cause this has all been time consuming and I end up sleeping till 2pm.

Lessons-

Attraction can cause the girl to fix logistics.

Gotta keep in the game right to the last second. Friend could've cock blocked if I hadn't.

I don't often do any direct cock blocking of other guys but the subtle stuff I do has been working.

Play the game every day and you will get presents, like unexpected dates with runway models

## CHAPTER 12: CAUGHT GAMING, GOT LAID ANYWAY

2 nights out, interesting results. Some of this stuff will be particularly interesting to those who are concerned about the stigma of being part of the community of pickup artists. Some of this stuff happened while I was training students.

Friday Night – Out with a group of 5 guys, including my assistant, a former student who's got pretty good game now. My first set blew me out so fucking hard! A pair of 10s walking down the street. Moving targets. They walked with purpose and they were in a hurry. I jump right in front of them: "Do you like horses?" The chicks: "Fuck you. Get the hell away from us." I follow and plow for a minute, but no luck. Usually I do 3 swarm up sets, but after that one I felt loosened up a lot. Something about a hard blowout really is liberating to me.

We hit a hotel bar with a lot of hotties. I open a 3 set with my Carson Daly opener, which goes like this: "Ok let me ask you guys a question. It's a really serious question. (wait for anticipation). What the HELL is up with Carson Daly? That guy is NOT funny, but he has his own show. How did this happen? I watched it last night for the first time. Not funny. How did he do it?" They said it's cause he's on MTV. All 3 started leaning in. We yapped a bit more and I used some attract material, then they went to other end of the bar to meet friends, which was fine cause I had to help some people out anyway. Hit them up one more time before I left to close. There was a hot blond I wanted to vibe with some more and possibly take a number from or something. It turns out she was from far away. 2nd was not interested, but they kept directing me to this 3rd girl. It was like they already had it planned out that she was the one I would take a number from. They totally steered me towards her for her phone number. I am so not into number closing right now. It's almost like I'm completely against it these days, hehe. It's just so fucking erratic, and why bother when you can get the sex on the first night on the regular. But I take her info, what the hell.

The general vibe for me tonight is to teach first and foremost, take #s if the situation dictates, and tone down my aggressive vibe a bit. Just vibe with girls and let things unfold naturally. My game has been getting over-aggressive lately. It's a result of getting too cocky. If girls do not get attracted to me in 30 seconds and want to get busy with me very quickly, I take the attitude like "WTF is wrong with you, don't you know who the hell I am?! Don't you know I get more ass than a toilet seat?!" Truth of the matter is it does not matter who the hell I am. These girls see me as a total stranger, they don't know or care how many fuck buddies or threesomes I have. So it's retarded for me to think that way and I know it, I just have to remind myself sometimes. Everyone's game has to continually evolve, and for me right now it's about staying humble, not taking things for granted, and just acting normal. Gotta keep it fun.

Next place is a dance spot. Whenever in that kind of place I always proceed the same way. Walk straight to the dance floor, find a group of 4-5 girls dancing in a circle on that "girls night out" vibe. Jump right in the middle of all of them, dance high energy style, then get freaky deeky with each one individually. Sure enough there's 4 girls dancing in a circle, Asian

girls. I jump in the middle, dance with each one, spin them individually and say "you're eliminated." These girls are stiff as fuck. But that's OK they are social proof for me, I'm not even interested in them, it's just a show for the other girls nearby.

Random dorks hover on the edge of the dance floor watching this go down. They nervously clutch their drinks.

Now I approach 2 girls with a student. He opened; I kept the friends at bay. 5 minutes later I look over and he's blown out, the girl is pissed off at something he said. I figure time to move on but I email close one of them. Not that I think it's going anywhere, I just figure why waste the approach and attraction I have going, and she's fucking hot, a 9.5 speech therapy ivy league grad student with a spray tan. Also managed to vibe with them enough for them to give me a bit of good advice on what the other dude was doing wrong. All you guys can always help your wingman at the same time you build rapport by asking the girls what they did and didn't like about the guy. Say you're trying to help him and they are usually pretty into that. It helps both of you, and you don't have to be an instructor to do that, you just have to be the guy who didn't get blown out.

Back to the dance floor. More stiff Asians. But I attract and isolate one of them with my "dance sexy routine." Here's how it goes: dance with slightly more energy than the girl. Tell her "you dance pretty good, but do you know how to dance sexy?" Then offer to teach her. Sit her down in the nearest chair and give her a teasing quasi lap dance. Then have her give you one. In this case she didn't cause she was a stiff Asian chick, but it's always nice when you can isolate away from the friends that quickly and the lap dance builds more social proof.

Another approach of 2 girls with a student. Librarian looking girl with an ass is getting really flirty with me. I tell her I know that she tries to seem like she's a nice girl, but she has dirty thoughts all the time. She agrees and we start naughty flirting. Then her boyfriend comes back, he's kinda pissed, and rightly so, haha. But he doesn't confront me. He waits for me to finish. Typical for a boyfriend. He doesn't want to have to fight with his chick later about confronting me. No need for me to start trouble here, everyone wants to move on anyway. I'm trying to be nicer tonight so I'm not gonna compete with some poor schlep for a girl I don't really want that bad.

We move on to another place that's kinda shitty. Me and a approach a group of 7 people. They are all closed in at a table; it's tough to get in there. I open with Carson Daly opener again. Seems to work, we all start vibing. They aren't staying around long, but one of them offers to be my co-host on our own TV show so we can knock Carson outta the ratings. She gives me her email but says she has a boyfriend and I should go hit on her friend, a tall redhead. I just walk up to her, call her by her name, and say "hmmm, I'm not so sure. You're friend told me to hit on you, but I gotta get to know you first. I don't hit on girls I don't know." She's OK but I can tell she's slightly creeped out. Once you are creepy it's game over. There's no coming back from creepyville so I eject. Her friends re-open me at the next venue with "weren't you the guy who was harassing our friends." I say no, they were after me. They

start to touch me, but they're ugly. I'm not sure what's up with this one, I think they were joking about the harassing, but what a thing to say. Especially since I already had picked up on a creeped out vibe. I'm outta there. They were touching me like crazy right in front of the blond I ended up going home with, so good social proof.

Next venue is a dark hipster type place. It's very loud, you can't talk at all. So I have people doing physical openers and I'm doing the same. I open a girl by unraveling her scarf, making fun, then wrapping half around me and half around her. I tell her we're Siamese twins, etc. It's a cool vibe. I give her the Sudden Fashion Evaluation- "OK let's see here the shirt is kinda like Madonna, post-like a virgin, but pre-like a prayer. The skirt is kinda athletic like you're gonna go play field hockey, but the hair is too trendy. I like trendy and you're a pretty girl, but that's too trendy even for you." Of course this kind of nonsense makes her confused and submissive. I dance with her and her friends.

Now this is where things get weird. In the prior venue, my assistant had been opened by a woman who was onto us and our seductive ways. She asked if she could come along and be our helper. I think she even may have used the word "pivot." She said she knows The Asian Playboy. She's hip to all the lingo, older blond chick, Her name is Dolly. I say sure you can come along.

Then in the next venue, these other girls come up to my assistant and directly open him with "Are you peacocking?" One of them insists on making out with him. I look over and they're making out like crazy

How's that for irony? People ask me all the time, what if we get caught using lines, etc. I always say you're not doing anything wrong and you have nothing to worry about. This time it really happened. We are literally in the middle of a training and people know it.

I'm done with scarf girl cause the mission is almost over and I need to get the guys some loud venue techniques. I want one dude to do thumb wrestling opener on a 2 set, but he's scared, no faith that it will work. So I end up having to open them myself with him in tow. It's a blond and an Asian.

Thumb wrestle opens well for me, and the girl is quickly telling me she's so glad I came over cause she noticed my Guns n Roses shirt and she was wanting to hang with me. A few feet away, little did I know, my student (who is very very new) is dropping all kinds of techniques he learned on the Internet. The Cube, strawberry fields, etc. This guy is a madman, I didn't even know he had that stuff cause I sure as hell didn't teach it to him. It was his first time in the field ever, haha.

With the blond, I am vibing and building commonalities. We both have striped suit pants on, she's a social worker, I used to be one. It's a super warm approach, and I am so warmed up from so many sets. I'm radiating so much positive energy I don't really need much attract material or anything. We walk to the bar, and I drop an abbreviated sexual predator's routine cause she's asking why I don't drink. Dolly is standing right there and hears the whole thing.



She laughs knowingly and gives me that look, like "oh I know that one." It was fucking cool. It was like having my own cheerleader.

We sit back down and there a girl with low jeans and a thong sitting in front of us with 2 guys. We're making fun of her cause we can see so much thong and ass. I take the straw out of my drink and slip it right into the girls pants. She does not even notice. The 2 guys didn't see me do it. It was fucking hilarious! She sat there for a good 15 minutes with this little red straw sticking out of her jeans. It would wiggle when she shifted around. I think another girl sitting nearby saw me do it, but she didn't rat me out. That was a risky move, the 2 guys would have got pissed and maybe made a scene, but I just felt like doing it, it was irresistible to me.

I start to do some more routines, but we had to leave, so I say we'll finish it in the next place. The routine was getting fucked up cause my student had run the same one poorly on the friend and as soon as they walked out she told my girl that it was a really stupid game. My target sprung that one me "Oh god is that cube thing something you guys do to girls all the time? A horse comes next right?" I say I didn't even know he could do the cube. But I dropped that thread and never went back to it. Honestly I'm glad he ran it, cause he's so new, it's cool he even got that far with a chick in his first night out.

1am hits, the mission is over, students drift out of the place and I'm left with these 2 girls. A while later, this drunken finance type guy joins us. He's looking to hook up with the Asian girl. Since my student already left, I'm happy to see him. I'm pretty sure I'm going home with this blond and I can use an instant wing for her friend.

The girls take me to another place. We dance. My girl is doing the kind of stuff that indicates we are gonna be together tonight. She's telling me where she's going, what she's doing, we talk about the drunk finance guy. I'm doing some heavy touching, I make out with her for a few minutes then tell her "that's all you get." She says no, that's all YOU get. I say "No you can't just steal my thing. I just said it first. You're so obvious." The DJ puts on 2 seconds of GnR. The intro to Mr. Brownstone. We both get excited, but then he cuts it off into some other song. So I tell her "We need to hear Mr. Brownstone tonight, ASAP." She agrees. I say "Do you have it?" She says yes. I say "OK we'll listen to it later." Then I quickly move on. The pretense for going back to her place has been set....but it's no big deal, and there's no lingering on the topic to let chick logic prevail.

She invites me back to her place but of course says "Oh but nothing is gonna happen, so that's the disclaimer. I don't have a door on my room anyway." YEAH RIGHT!!!! You don't know who you're dealing with, hahahahaha! I tell her we can go to my place, make up some pretense about listening to some song or something. She wants to go to her place, tells me next time at my place. OK sounds good to me.

Now here's a little story about how you can lose a lay that seems to be in the bag. Fortunately it didn't happen to me, it happened to Finance Guy. The girl didn't really want to take him home. They hooked up once before, he left his watch, and used it as a pretense to

meet up with her again. But he did enough good stuff during this particular night to get her to agree to take him home. I'm not sure what he did, but he was doing OK. She verbalized the agreement. Then when we were leaving he stopped to talk to another girl. While his back was turned, she jumped in cab with us and drove off without him. It was funny actually. I didn't help him cause he was sloppy drunk and really the girl didn't like him. He was not an asset to the situation. I sold his ass out and took it as an opportunity to bond with the friend. I hadn't bonded with her quite enough, and I needed her on my side to get this done. I played it more like I was on the inside and I knew he was a dork, etc. Then the guy calls her up and says he's in a cab coming to her house. She resists at first, then he manages to push through and she agrees. 5 minutes later she gets a booty call from this English guy. She drops finance guy like a bad habit. I watched the whole thing go down. She's calling Finance Guy over and over trying to cancel, but he won't pick up. Hehe, smart guy, he knew she was backing out. Finance Guy picks up the phone when we are back at their place, saying he's outside the building. She says "No I can't do this tonight. I am throwing up all over the place!" It was such obvious BS. He got really angry and called her a cunt. HAHA! So much drama.

Women really don't mind lying and ditching you if you're creating an awkward situation. So don't go around expecting everyone to be honest with you all the time, that's just not the way it works with women. Once you do some creepy stuff, you are not worthy of honesty ever again in her mind. As I've said before, women consider low value guys to be a lower life form.

I vibed with the friend through the whole thing. Then I did a palm reading on her to lighten the mood and win her over further. I dropped a female truism from Christian Carter's "Catch Him and Keep Him" book for women trying to get a boyfriend. I said "When you're with a guy, you have this idea of an ideal relationship in your head, and you compare everything that happens to that ideal relationship. But the reality of situation seldom has any resemblance to the idea relationship in your head." She said "Holy shit, you're right." It led to a discussion of relationships where I was able to convey my positive opinion on sexually liberated women in an indirect way to my girl. This is an important part of preventing that slutty feeling before it starts. The friend says "What if you were with a girl and she had slept with more people than you?" I said "Well, to be honest with you, I have a lot of respect for women who make their own decisions about how they live their life. Our culture tries to put a lot of bad rules on women and it prevents them from developing into the person they want to be. So if a girl has a healthy view on sex and sleeps with people because she wants to, I think it's admirable because she is not letting our society turn her into a robot." Notice I did not say this directly to the girl I was interested in, I said it to her friend, but I KNEW she was listening, and she was trying to act like she wasn't paying attention.

15 minutes later the British guy shows up. Such a better wingman for me. He sat by and chilled while I took the lead in everything in the situation. The friend is totally into me, and says stuff like "I'm impressed, you're so interesting" etc. Now all the pieces were in place. My girl's bed was in the living room. That's the reason why she said "I have no door to my

room." But I know it's gonna be fine cause those 2 will be getting busy in the next room. Sweet!

The 4 of us are chilling and I am not trying to rush it. It is so critical in this final phase that you do not rush things! Do not act like you can't wait to fuck. Don't rush to isolate. Just sit back. If you rush the girl will catch on. She will see that you don't believe you deserve to isolate and fuck. You must believe that it's gonna happen, that you deserve it, that you earned it. It's not a lucky break. It's not random. Internalize that and you will not lose those lays in the final countdown, like Finance Guy did. He didn't deserve the sex and he knew it.

Eventually they go into the next room and I start to work the magic. This girl is so cute. Short blond hair, curvy hourglass shape. Big ass, nice size boobs, and the face is her best feature. Smart, professional type girl, but with a fun party side and an artistic side as well. Just the type I like. She's self conscious, which is not ideal, but I can work through it. She ends up cumming from being fingered and giving me some head. She swallows the load. Nice! I'll get the lay on the second meeting for sure, but the blowjob was fine with me. Good candidate for staying in the rotation cause I did find her interesting as a person.

After quite a few unproductive approaches, I ended up with a high quality girl. A lot of those approaches I didn't even like the girl much or was just demonstrating or winging. That's what's nice about this game. You don't have to kill it all night long; you don't have to succeed in every approach. If you can go 1 for 10 every night, you'll get laid 100% of the time. You just have to view each approach as part of the journey. Getting those first girls telling me "Fuck you" could have probably ruined some people's night. For me it's just a building block in my unstoppable success. Thank you to the fuck you girls! And thank you to Carson Daly for not being funny.

Second night to come... Gotta write it up cause there were some high points- getting opened and number closed by a 10, number closing another 10... real deal crazy hot 10s, and one of my fuck buddies asked me to do porn movies with her and split the money... crazy weekend!

### CHAPTER 13: PORNO /THREESOME OFFER

I was out with students last night. I had a booty call set up for later with this crazy chick so I'm not looking to pull tonight. We go run some really solid game. I vibe with a bunch of girls, get the guys in with a bunch of girls, end up number closing a 10. I just walk up and start talking in a completely gay character: "Me and Gary and Barry and Larry went to the kit kat club the other night and let me tell you girlfriend, I saw Jerry and Perry making out, and you know they just broke up and Jerry was just with Larry the other night, so I was like so WHATEVER (made a "W" with fingers). He's such a bitch. The whole thing is so cunt." Then they're making the whatever sign back at me so I go into whatever song of course. That's killing as usual and the girls are totally attracted. They give me some tips that one of my guys has bad breath. I say, I dunno, looks like he's getting the digits over there right now, and he was. These girls are cool. But they're tourists. In NYC I think tourists are kinda deceptive. They're more into being gamed than hardcore NYC girls, so you're getting big attraction off a 10 and it can make you all happy. But it's hard to make it go anywhere. It's damn near impossible to get rid of the friends and they're only in town for a little while. So the only thing to do is go for broke, in my opinion. I'm not having this girl waste my time. I attract some more then attempt to take her into the bathroom. No dice. But she's still cool, not creeped out at all. So I attempt to make out with her, no dice again. Still not creeped out, still totally into me. I'm not acting weird about it and neither is she. We vibe some more. I tell the girl "You're a tourist, so it's kinda like you're a waste of time." She says maybe she can come dancing with us later, so I take her number. I call her later, no answer so that's done. Could call her next time I'm in North Carolina but who knows. Probably done with her.

We run a ton more game, I number close a few more times for the fuck of it, then when the night is over I head over to meet one of my regular fuck buddies at her birthday party. It's at a crowded hipster bar. There's people dancing in their underwear everywhere. She's got some orbiter dork hanging around but he won't come near me.

Then I get a retro cock blocker fuckhead chick. This girl is like "(crazy8) is one of my best friends, and if you fuck her over I'm coming for you." I have no patience for this shit. It's one thing to get cock blocked by a girl on a first meeting, but after I've already fucked a girl 5 times, I don't have to deal with this shit. The girl wants me to be submissive to her and that's not gonna happen. I tell her to come back when she can learn how to be nice to people. I give her a back turn. I hold all the cards cause her friend is into me and if she messes it up she's in trouble. She comes back and says really sorry, and tries kissing my ass. I tell her she owes me one big time, and I act cold to her. She kisses my ass some more and that's the end of that. It's fucking sweet to have a victory over a cock blocking friend! After always having to do all kinds of shit to get their approval, it feels good to just send a cock blocker packing once in a while.

We make out all over the place. The chick has on fishnets with striped underwear over them. People are all taking our picture while we make out. I start sucking on her tit in front of the

cameras. It was a wild night. I get the girl home and we fuck like crazy. Then she tells me she'd been thinking about it and she wants to have some more threesomes and she wants to do a few porno movies together if possible to make some money. She tells me she used to be so self conscious, but she feels so sexy with me that she wants to experiment more. Sounds good to me. I don't know if anything will come of all that, but I think it shows that this chick is high compliance and I need to keep doing what I'm doing with her- seeing her once a week. Not taking shit from people. Having fun and projecting high value in every situation. Projecting comfort and building up her confidence in bed.

## CHAPTER 14: BRAD P. VS. VIRGIN

### Brad P. vs. Virgin volumes 1-3

Met a girl in San Diego last year. Blond with perky double D boobs. Boobs like that are hard to come by, that's for sure. Took her to the beach at night with her cock blocking friend and my drunken wing, couldn't get anywhere. She's religious and a virgin at age 20. But she stayed in touch and showed a lot of interest, so I saw her again when I went to San Jose a few months back. This time totally different story. We went to the water park right before it was closing. Walked right past the ticket takers, ignored them, and got in free. We snuck around the place making out and she ended up jerkin me off in the public restroom. I spread this girl naked on the concrete behind a tree and ate her pussy. We had been sneaking around the place for a while, and the park was closed by that point. I could tell that the danger of being in the park when it was closed was exciting for this repressed Christian girl. We got caught by the guy who cleans the bathroom and had to make a break for it. We climbed a fence and got the hell out of that place before they could call the cops on us. This hot Spanish chick who worked at the park scolded us on the way out "We don't do that here." Hahaha, well we do. Hehe. So we ended up going back to the place I was staying and she wrapped those huge ass titties around my cock and gave me the tit fucking of my life! I usually avoid virgins at all costs, but this time it was worth it.

Fast forward to January '06. She's living in NY for a few months and I'm here too. So I get in touch, we hang out and I bring her to my place. This whole interaction becomes a battle of wills, a test of my persistence, and a test of skill. I fuck those huge tits again. And this time she blows me too, but I couldn't her to take out the pussy. No matter. This girl blew me and took a big load on the face. It was about 30 minutes of head and tit fucking. Sweet! It's almost better than normal, cause I fuck girls all the time, but rarely do I tit fuck a set like that.

This is where the skill comes in. I tried to get the pussy, then she stopped me. I'd get her horny and re-escalate again, then try again 10-15 minutes later. I never get slowed down by this small rejection. She does want me to, but she's got all kinds of issues about it so in a way it just makes it hotter cause it's a battle in her head. After the 9th time being persistent she let me get my fingers in. Actually that was the next morning. The last straw was when I put her on her belly and pulled her hair, biting the shit out of her neck. That shit is so dominating that the girl just wanted to submit as much as possible. She refused to come. This girl puts a moral dilemma on anything that results in pleasure. So she will only come in a relationship, as I found out later. In the next meet up I will use that to my advantage further.

The following week she calls me to get together. She and a friend are coming to my part of town for a haircut appointment. Now ya know I don't wanna deal with the friend. So I don't hang with them. Why take a step back? I'm advancing so nicely with this girl. She invites me out to her place cause the roommate is gonna be away. That sounds better. I get there and we hang for a bit. She cooks dinner. We watch TV. One of my boys drops off the DVDs of my

seminar and she is begging me to see it. I tried to avoid it but I didn't want to seem like I had something to hide so I put on the part about how to act on a date, where to take a girl, etc. That stuff is not all hardcore like some parts of my seminar. We get into a talk where she's telling me about her trip to England. She went on a sugar-daddy dating auction. A bunch of rich guys in their 50s show up and bid on these girls. She said she really wanted to have a rich guy to take her to plays but she just couldn't get attracted to them so she never returned their emails.

Typical stuff. Girl tries to logically convince herself to be attracted and cannot do it. She's talking about how she knows bad boys like me are a terrible idea, but she just can't help herself. I'm going along with it all. I tell her to be careful of guys like me.

Into the bedroom to get down to business. More of the same: a battle of wills. This time I know even better what will work with her. But she knows even better how to resist. The game is even harder now, this girl is smart and thoroughly indoctrinated by the church. I get her all hot, then try to get her to blow me, she's got some comeback about "only with someone who loves me." So I go into freeze out mode. I lie next to her and don't touch her. She says she's been thinking about it a while and she just wants to be friends. Now keep in mind we're both naked and horny. She caught me off guard with that one, but I always handle that the same. "I was just about to ask you the same thing."

It's always a good idea to mirror what the girl is doing when she tries to take a step back. This keeps you from looking needy. This is true in cold approach, when a girl turns her back on you, you turn yours too. It's also true in relationships, which is the case with this girl. Anytime you hear "Let's just be friends" or "We're not having sex tonight" or anything where the girl is trying to draw the line or shut you down using words, a great response is "I was just about to tell you the same thing."

Now the whole interaction becomes largely intellectual. I tell her "I was thinking we should just be friends cause I don't think you're gonna be able to handle this, etc."

Her point is: "I've been thinking that for a while, I just keep putting it off and saying one more time, and then we'll be friends." She talks about past relationships and how she has never had a happy one because she moves around for college and stuff. She keeps saying "I feel like a whore." I ask "In a good way or in a bad way?" She says in a bad way. So I'm done with her for now, and she needs a good talking to.

I tell her she's got issues and that's why I had the feeling we shouldn't be involved. Her issues are #1 that she has a narrow minded view of relationships. There are many forms of success in relationships. If you think that the only successful relationship is one that leads to marriage then you are shutting yourself out to a great deal of happiness and setting yourself up for disappointments in life. #2 That she lives in the future or the past but does not experience the present in a whole-hearted way. #3 She has an unrealistic ideal relationship in her head, and comparing that to relationships in the real world is a source of pain and disappointment for her.

I tell her all of this in a patient caring way of course, but the frame is that since she does not have her shit together, she is not good enough for me. I'm spewing non-stop philosophical wisdom at the same time, so the girl is impressed at the depth of my knowledge and is still attracted to me.

Then we move on to some sex talk. I tell her: "I know that you have all these issues, but at the same time you are a highly charged, sexual kind of person. You probably think about me all the time and the way I make you totally horny. You feel so dirty but you love it. That's why when I pull your hair and hold you down you can't resist it. You know you'd never be able to take my big cock in your pussy but you still like to think about it sometimes." She's agreeing with everything. So I keep going. "The fact that you know you're doing something so wrong just makes this hotter for both of us. You can't stop yourself, and that's an amazing feeling, etc." She says how she loves the fact that I'm so rough with her.

Now of course the girl is raging horny so I'm gonna take this opportunity to drop a load before it's too late. I lay her on her belly again and start roughing her up. Biting, pulling hair, pushing her around. She loves it. She's saying "yes! more!" So I flip her over and put my dick back between those huge tits. I fuck her tits hard and blow a huge load all over her. She's got it in her hair and everything. Poor little virgin did not know who the fuck she was playing with here. This girl is a happy camper. But of course we had already agreed to just be friends, so I go to sleep and next morning she's asking if I will call, etc, do I call my friends. I haven't called yet and it's been a week. But I think I will and it will be more of the same: sexual tension, battle of wills, and a load in the face. LOOKOUT, VIRGIN!



## CHAPTER 15: SECOND MEETING WITH HOT NERVOUS BLOND

The cute blond who blew me last weekend was ripe for a second meeting. This girl is pretty hot, so I want to get her into the rotation. I set up a "mystery" style date. Not "mystery" as in the VH1 guy Mystery, "mystery" as in she doesn't know what's gonna happen. I tell her meet me in midtown, bring a change of clothes in case we get dirty. Bring a few spices from her spice rack, and wear some nice shoes, no sneakers. I refuse to tell her where we're going.

I don't tell her this, but the change of clothing is because I'm taking her home and she needs clothes to go to work the next day. The spices are just to be confusing. The nice shoes are so she doesn't think we're doing something outdoors- more confusion since I mentioned getting dirty.

I go meet her and she still doesn't know where we're going. I take her to the arcade/laser tag place to play video games. That's something different and I don't want to go to a bar since I don't drink and I'm in bars all the damn time. We go in and walk around a bit. I get some quarters, we play Dance Dance Revolution. That's a good game because the girl gets all hot from the physical activity while I sit on the side and watch her jiggle and shake her tits and ass around. Also, I'm pretty good at that game and she'll watch me dancing around and beating her at the game. We play air hockey, I confess I was on the air hockey Olympic team. We watch these Orthodox Jewish guys play laser tag from the observation deck. There's another one of their friends watching with us so I lightly tool him a few times. The guys says "I don't do this thing with the guns and running around." I say sarcastically "yeah what the hell is this about, a bunch of grown men playing with guns? What a bunch of weirdos." The girl digs this. We watch this crazy guy play D.D.R.. He's an expert; he's all sweaty from dancing. Then I tell her I'm taking her back to Queens for my favorite Middle Eastern dessert.

Most of the conversation in the arcade revolves around her being nervous and me telling her don't worry about it. She's self conscious over every little thing.

On the train back we get into normal rapport stuff and building commonalities. We mostly talk about being a social worker since she is one and I used to be one. The whole time this girl is totally self conscious and nervous about everything that's going on. I'm having to reassure her all over the place, which is kind of annoying, but whatever. I make a quick move into a diner. We eat, she pays half. I turn the check sideways so she knows she's gotta pay half. She paid for part of the arcade too. I had her pay for my 1st drink and I got her 2nd when we first met. It's important that the girl makes a psychological investment in things, even if it's only \$4 worth of quarters for video games. In the diner she's nervous some more, so I decide I'll take over the conversation so she can just relax. Up until then there were lots of interesting topics- social work, Italian immigrants and how they're trying to escape Indian and Russian immigrants in NYC neighborhoods, spaghetti sauce, rock music, etc. So I go ahead and tell her this long ass story about how when I used to be a social worker I was in charge

of an OCD guy who had an obsession with children's shoes. That story is like 30 minutes. She's finally relaxing cause she doesn't have to say much.

We go to the dessert place and I have the guy give a long shpeal about Middle Eastern desserts and what countries they originated in. The guy is totally passionate about desserts and cooking, so it's a great way to have an interesting experience while spending only \$3 on dessert. We take it to go. His long talk and my long talk finally have this girl relaxing.

With this girl I'm giving no routines, just natural conversation. She's too fragile for cocky and funny stuff, so I'm not using that much either. This girl was very happy about not having to make any decisions about what we're doing and she mentioned that several times. So it's all about leading and being alpha, but also being subtle and gentle. This is not my normal style, but sometimes you have to be versatile.

I take her to my place, I try to make tea with the dessert but it goes awry. I'm out of tea, sugar, and I try to make this jasmine tea, it tastes like crap. We go into the room, I escalate and fuck her. It was pretty easy since she already gave me a blow job last time. She had like 3 orgasms, multi-orgasmic girl. It had a bit of a slow start cause she was nervous and that was making me nervous too, but once we got rolling everything was great. What a beautiful girl! I think she'll be great once she chills out a bit. She goes off to work the next day and I sleep until noon.

All girls are nervous, but this was a little much. I'm iffy on keeping her around because of it, but I'm gonna wait and see.

## CHAPTER 16: VIBE, WAIT, SEDUCE

I'm pulling a girl home almost every night these days and it's falling into the same pattern every time right now. In terms of pattern, I'm talking about the pattern of my state, not the pattern of interactions with the girl.

3 warm up approaches. Medium state

5 to 8 approaches where I just vibe with girls and groups of girls - state getting pretty hot. Then I find a super warm approach and take her home within 2-3 hours. A result of super high state.

I am not looking to number close, that shit is so annoying to me these days. I will number close maybe if it's a 10 or something.

So the other night I'm out with students. We get into a place and I can't even get into anything before 2 girls I know approach me at the same time. These are girls I know a little bit, and they are both 10s for sure. First one is with her TV producer; she's a model actress type. SOOO hot, but I know her boyfriend so I'm not gaming her. But it makes me look cooler to everyone to be standing next to her. It's always nice to run into people you know. Then the hostess who I took a number from a few weeks ago and never got a call back from approaches me with some story about how she wants to hang out but she lost her phone. I am not trying to hear that shit. I flirt with her but I am not going to take her number again cause she's gonna have to come to me. I think she was just saying that stuff to prevent awkwardness. She's very touchy/feely with me so I hint that I might come meet her after work at 4am, but I'm thinking forget this chick. Better to tease her.

Next approach I do is with the Carson Daly opener. 2 girls. Looked better from far away, but one of them is certainly passable. I do Brad Pitt routine, smart tests, teach them to break dance. These girls are lame-o for sure. So I eject. My student re-opens them, chills for 30 minutes and takes a number. A very nice job of rapport game. They're asking "Who the hell is that guy? Is he famous?" he fesses up "You guys just met one of the world's greatest pickup artists." His words, not mine. After that they wanted to talk to me some more, but I was already moved on and too busy. Hehe, girls love that shit.

I send a few of the dudes to sit with the hottie 10 actress/model in order to build up a tolerance to beauty. If you spend a lot of time around hot chicks, it makes the fear go away and you will communicate comfort to all women. This will help them for the rest of the night. She is a super fun chick and is willing to sit there and vibe with anyone I put in front of her.

Next I walked a few students into approaches and kinda hung out for a while. Vibed with a bunch of different girls. Same old stuff, then we gotta move on cause we've hit on every chick in the place. Haha!

Then to the next place. I attack the dance floor and dance with a bunch of chicks to build social proof. I have no interest in them, so I tell each one "You're eliminated."

There's a lot of large groups so I approach a 4girl/1guy group. I open with Carson Daly again. With a large group I run it a bit different. I walk up and sit down at their table and just look at them first. This builds social tension. Then I say "I have to ask you a question, but it's a really important question" They say ok, and then one of them says "This better be good." I love that cause it raises the stakes. It makes things more dramatic. I already know it's gonna be good, but the fact that they are skeptical is great. Then I go into it, my tonality totally changes from the deep commanding voice, to the friendly faster talking voice "What the hell is up with Carson Daly? He's not even funny, but he has his own show!" They give theories, I vibe on the feedback. Then the same girl says "Ok that was pretty good. I'm impressed."

I did this new thing where I tell them all what they were in a former life. I take a quick look at their palms, but I don't do a full on reading. This one girls was a super bitch so I managed to diffuse her by telling her she was a ladybug in a previous life. I leave a few times but come back to them cause there is one that is really hot. Eventually I see her at the bar talking to a dork. I wanna at least get her number before I leave. So I gotta get rid of this guy. I see him leaning in, head tilt, he's so happy he's talking to this hot girl. I am usually gentle at first when I have to remove a guy like this. I don't want to drop some crazy cock block destroyer H-bomb on some poor unsuspecting soul. Most guys are total pussies, so all you gotta do is walk in and dominate them in some small way, then they leave. In this case I couldn't think of how to re-approach, just kind of blanked, so I walked up and said to the girl "I'm gonna teach you a song" and started teaching her the whatever song.

Here's a link to the song. <http://www.zippyvideos.com/6468377483031186/mov01676/>

But before I can get too into it she pulls me down and starts whispering in my ear "This isn't what it looks like, I don't even like this guy. I just talked to him cause he has a British accent and my mom is from there." OK that's cool, it's a huge sign of interest. She's making excuses for herself so I don't lose interest. But I play it off like "OK fine." and move off that topic quickly. I knew it was on for sure. She can't seem to process the whatever song, so I end up teaching it to the guy. I'm teaching it to him, he's doing everything I say. In the beginning I ignored him, then I controlled him. He's done. He says he's going to the bathroom and never comes back.

Now that he's gone, the chick is free to express her interest in me. We're all touchy, we do a bit of interview style stuff. Let me say this about interview style interactions: people say it's a bad idea, and that's because a lot of chumps try to open with it. I don't open with that stuff ever. But once I'm in and the girl is attracted, it doesn't hurt. You just gotta make it fun. Now for me, I have a really exciting life, so when a girl goes interview style on me, the answers are so awesome it gets her even more interested. Also, you can do interview style if it comes from the frame of qualifying the girl. I don't do that, but I've seen it work. It can also work if you're good at being direct. Back to the action - this girl is telling me she has a boyfriend. No prob. I talk a little longer and it turns out he's in Boston. That's far, so she's fair game. I take her number and email. This girls is super hot so I'll number close her even though I despise phone game these days.

On to the next place. We're walking in and a hot blond asks a group of us for directions. I tell her "Aw so cute, you think I'm hot and you made up something for us to talk about." She's like "yeah right, do you know where it is or not." I say "Sweetie, I know I'm intimidating, but I'm really a nice person. Don't be afraid, you can drop this facade and talk to me normally." She's getting attracted. She flirts back with me a bit, then she wants the directions again. I say "Oh, did you really want me to tell you how to get there?" She says yes. I say "I have no idea." And continue kicking game to her. She's gotta go, so I get her email and number. She busts out with some random interview style rapport seeking "What kind of music do you like?" That was out of nowhere. We talk for a second, then she's off.

Now here's a technique for you guys before I go on. When I get these girls emails and numbers, I sometimes just call. But with this one I decided to email first. I want to be sure she'll pick up the phone. Then I searched her email on Myspace. Got some info on her - she's into dogs. She's from Maryland. So I thought maybe she was a tourist but I emailed anyway. I did more straight up cocky/funny but then asked her if she is into animals, "cause I love dogs and cats." Now that got her emailing me back pretty fast. This was a soft close, it took place in under 5 minutes. So a little research helps firm things up. Turns out she is living in NY so this could be a good second meeting for me.

Inside the bar, the mission is almost over so I send the guys on a bunch of girls, I lay back and just coach them. But it is getting late, so I may pull a chick soon. We go downstairs to the dancing area and as soon as we walk in I'm getting hard eye contact from a girl sitting at a table. I go direct with her. I walk up and say hi. She shakes my hand and won't let go. I tell her that her she's got a hand like a vice grip. I go natural/direct with her because the approach is so warm and she's a talker. Sometimes if a girl is really talking a lot I just sit back and let her spill her guts. I 90/10ed myself. I only did 10% of the talking. She was a tall girl with red hair. She had on stockings, garters, high heels, miniskirt. She was 22, 5'10, very interesting, intellectual girls. She kept speaking in all these different languages so I figured she was trying to impress me. I escalated her and her friend in the first 5 minutes, put my arm around both of them. The friend is into this dude. They're about to go home and fuck. I know that this set is perfect from a logistical point of view. The friend and guy will leave and I'll be left alone with this chick. She knows her friend is getting sex, so she'll want sex too. The guy was doing everything right, I had total faith in him taking the friend home.

So this girl is sitting there talking. She's kicking anti-slut game, saying stuff like "Yeah most of the time I just want to talk to someone or maybe cuddle... I only sleep with guys I'm going out with." Stuff like that is interesting because you have to judge it according to the context. From some girls I'll take it somewhat seriously and I'll let them escape with their eye makeup intact. From a drunk girl in a miniskirt who stared me down like I was an ice cream cone, it just tells me that she's planning on fucking me ASAP and she wants me to save her from her own sexual desires by either ejecting or being non-sexual with her- like taking her home and cuddling her while talking about post-modern art. It should come as no surprise to my readers that I'm not the guy who's gonna save a girl from herself. You're on your own with that! In the end, I just lose a bit of respect for girls who verbalize over and over how they're

not a slut because I respect sexually liberated women who go for what they want. But that's just me.

Venue change to a burger place. She's talking about her art projects, traveling, ex boyfriends, etc. I engage in empathetic listening. I walk with her through all these journeys and emotions in her mind. I go ahead and create a pretense for taking her home. She's into Greek culture and was talking all about her trips to Greece. I live in a Greek area and I tell her all about this place that has mint tea and is open all night. That was all it took. When we got out of the burger place and she offers to come with me to the tea place. She says it before I can even pose the question "OK, I'll come back to Queens with you." Then she hails a cab and gets in. I'm sitting there like "damn, that was easy."

We chill and drink a cup of tea, then it's only 4 blocks to my apartment. We get in and she sets down a bottle of vodka on the nightstand, and takes periodic swigs while I escalate. The girl is an insomniac and she's all about staying up all night. I'm not. But we proceed to fuck 3 times and I go to sleep at 7am. She sucks cock pretty good. She tried to put my dick in with no condom, but I'm not down for that. She's chain smoking and swigging vodka, so I go ahead and go to sleep. The next day I take down her number and give her \$2 for the subway cause she has no money. And off she goes.

That one was all about being a passenger. The girl wanted to fuck me, I just had to not screw it up. That's a good time to use direct/natural styles. So it's good to have those in the skill set. When you vibe with girls all night long, your state will be high enough to support natural and direct styles. Conversely, I will use routines on day4 after I've already fucked a girl if I feel it's necessary. Scripted game, natural game, direct game, confusion game, it's all good stuff and you should be open to all of it. Use whatever works. Confusion game is my #1 option and I know it the best, but I can role with other styles here and there as well.

## CHAPTER 17: ACCIDENTALLY SEDUCED MODEL

I was having a really bad day yesterday. My friends kinda forced me to go out cause something bad happened to me. Get to the club, not vibing. Low state. I get opened by a girl standing in the middle of 3 cock blocks. She's like "oh god, look how cool he is" and putting her hands all over me. I say "hey hands off the merchandise honey." Chat for 2 seconds, then leave. I tell her "I'll be back if you're lucky." Can't get interested.

I go upstairs with my friends. There's 2 chicks who I saw on line with huge tits and funny faces. All my friends are these rocker punk type dudes and the girls who follow those guys around. So one of those girls is a hustler honey or something and does various nude modeling. I don't know what magazines she's in. But I've seen her around for the past few months here and there. Made out with her roommate the other hustler girl a few months back. This girl is pretty cute, and mad tall. Like 6 feet tall. Models aren't always as super hot in person as they are in magazines, but they are always fucking tall.

Anyway, the big tit chicks are club chicks with tube tops and stuff. I don't get into those chicks that much and since they had funny faces of course I had to make fun of them. So I told this model punky girl that one of them looked like Alf. The club chicks are all trying to get in on our punk rock crew, and so of course our girls hate them. Trendy NYC girls hate clubby Staten Island girls. So a few of my boys were making moves on them, but I was all about standing back and dissing on them, I had a lot of negative energy anyway so it was fun. I decide what the hell I'll run a few routines on this model chick. I do thumb wrestle, sexual predators. Actually I beat the sexual predators thing to death, went like 15 minutes on it. I tell the girl forget it, I'm a virgin. Then I tell her I'm actually a born again virgin, since this afternoon. She likes that one, she says I can pick up a lot of girls with it. I tell her I'm a master of pickup lines. I use the horse girl line. She doesn't like it. I tell her, dude, it works, it's the best pickup line in the history of pickup lines, watch. I turn directly to my left and redeliver the line to the girl sitting there, who falls for it hook, line, and sinker. She is hugging me in 30 seconds. I turn back to the right "See I told you so." I show her another one: text message opener. She likes that one too. I go to touch her, rub her legs and stuff. She has a hole in her stocking, I put my finger in and say "you don't mind if I play with your hole, right?" She is not responding back at all. But I already know this girl is into me, her roommate told me a while back. And that's about it. No more escalating, just hanging in there. Not intending to bang this girl at all. Just wanted to go home and go back to being bummed out.

They close the club. Everyone is getting cabs. I wander around a bit. She's out there. She says "you can come hang out at my place if you want." Now of course I can't make it that easy or act like I know it's in the bag, so I say "Hmm, where it it?" She says where, I say "ok that's close by. I'll come."

We go back. Hang for a little while. I play her guitar. She plays too. I go ahead and kiss her. Escalate. Get the panties off and she says she's on the rag. Wow she really waited till the last

minute to tell me that. But she didn't freak, and I like that she showed so much sexual comfort. I diddled the clit till she came. Now here's where things got outta hand. This girl decided to blow me. No surprise there. But she proceeds to deep throat the whole thing. I haven't seen that many times and I've gotten head from a lot of girls. Fellatio is such a lost art these days. This girl had it so down. Deep throated, put the head inside her cheek a lot, then stared longingly into my eyes as I dropped a load right into her mouth. Damn!!!! That's what I'm talking about! Most girls are so shy, they don't look up, they don't try hard enough. This girl was really refreshing in that way. I think perhaps there are threesomes to come with this one so I will get her into the rotation I think. The rotation is getting crowded, it's gotta be up around 10 now, and that's too much. Gonna have to cut it down soon.



## CHAPTER 18: THREE IN ONE DAY

Once in a while I'll do 3 in one day. It's a long day, but I've been meaning to do this more. This day I didn't plan it that way, it just worked out.

First girl was this virgin girl with the double d boobs. She's getting really into all this sexual tension and I'll write up the previous nights LR later, it's complete psychological warfare. I ended up tying her up and roughing her up quite a bit this time, which made her come finally.

So my day starts at 7am with a tit-fuck from that virgin girl. We'll call her "Virgin." I rolled her right on top of me and jiggled those big knockers on my dick till I blew a load. Then showered, got dressed, and headed out.

Did my errands, went to the bookstore, chiropractor, then had a meeting in NJ but I kinda had time to kill and no ride to where I was going. So I called up my NJ girl and woke her up at 2pm. This girl has been in my rotation so long, like over a year, but I never really see her more than once or twice a month. Really cute girl. She's one of those really skinny girls with the big boobs. Love those girls! Super shy girl, barely talks at all. Highly compliant. I think she just doesn't have a lot of options cause she's so silent, guys are just scared of her. I meet up with her, go to her house and bang the crap out of her. She's always good to go. But damn, this girl has the smallest vagina I've ever seen in my life. Seriously I can barely get halfway in. It's ridiculous. It was a problem at first, but now she's into the pain, so we have fun with that. Wrap that up and we head out for pancakes and then she drops me off at my meeting. She sorta like "Hey wait a minute, did you just come out here to get a ride?" I tell her "Dude you're so lucky I came to NJ to see you. It's pretty far. Next time I'm making you come to my place." Frame control. So she says "Ok well just call me next time you need someone to drive you around." Kinda sarcastic, but she knows she can't fuck with me. "I say, oh yea, thanks for the ride." and get out of the car.

Let me get into a side note here about chumps that I think you will find both funny and motivating. This girl goes out a lot and gets hit on a lot. Like most good looking girls, she is all self conscious and stiff. She's cold and sometimes rude and sarcastic when approached, so she scares guys off pretty quick, and is unable to feel attraction for these pussy guys. So she has no choice but to become fixated on a a guy like me who is usually unavailable and obviously a player. But she'll tell me about these chumps who try to get with her all the time. She knows I do this dating guru gig so it's funny for us to talk about guys who approach her, and I just make fun of them. I show no signs of being threatened no matter how many guys are calling her. But this one guy is so persistent, some Indian guy. She was telling me all about it yesterday. He calls her 3 times a day. He says stuff like "I'll never give up, no matter what" and he shows up anywhere she's going. He finds out from her friends where she's gonna be. Then he shows up and buys her drinks and tries to kiss her. So funny. She will sometimes pick up his calls, she's not the assertive type, maybe feels guilty or needs an ego boost. So this guy takes that as interest, and it fuels his fire. It's the typical chump pattern that I always tell new guys to look out for. This guy was probably browsing 1-800-flowers

online at the exact same time I was busy giving her the pain-fuck she loves so much.

So let that be a motivator to anyone who may still have chump tendencies and is reading this.

In retrospect, it's possible she was telling me all this just to test my nerve but that's like a joke. She does test me from time to time, but they're such easy ones. I've been tested really hard by girls at times, so hearing about some guy who calls a lot is really not gonna affect me.

On to the 3rd girl – I was planning to meet this hot girl, who we'll call "NervousBlonde" and her friends at night. By the end of my meeting I was so damn tired. I almost didn't go, but then I thought to myself that I should push myself and go for the hat trick. 3 in one day doesn't happen all the time, and it was already 2 down and 1 to go. I get to the bar and meet her. The friends are cool. There's a dude with them too, he's cool. We change venues and go dancing. I bust right into some dance moves and she says "Oh that's so cool that you dance." Point here is that most guys need to be prodded and pulled on to the dance floor. Girls hate that. I don't dance well, but I'm willing to get out there and have fun. These days I see dancing as being something that's all about projecting comfort with your body and groping the girls so she starts getting horny. And so that's what I did. I danced a bit then just started feeling this chick up. I was so sleepy on the dance floor, only slept like 4.5 hours cause Virgin kept me up. I know these girls like to stay out till 5am, so I thought I'd never make it. I was gonna just tell her to come home with me early and see if it works, but the pieces fell into place. One by one her friends started dropping off, and around 1:30 she says, "let's dance one more song and get out of here, we're the only ones left." I said "thank god cause I'm so tired." She wanted to stop for food, then we went home and had great sex. This girl is nervous, and I remember someone telling me "nervous girls look at you like you're about to perform life saving surgery." And yea, that was the look for sure.. But I just kinda got aggressive with her and got myself into a very sexual state. Then it was great. She has orgasms pretty easy, so that was nice too. I hit it one more time before she left in the morning. I think banging 3 girls in one day must have some kind of effect on your hormonal state or something, cause I was having no trouble at all performing even though I was sleepy, dead tired, mentally out of it, and had already blown 2 loads that day. I'm a little tired today, but I feel good. These are 3 hot young chicks, how can you not feel good after a day like that? Not bad for a Wednesday.

## CHAPTER 19: BANGED MODEL IN CLUB BATHROOM

I went out in low state again last night. Some nights I sit in my house procrastinating. I wanna go out but I don't wanna go out. It's really cold and windy in NY. I maybe think I'll call a fuck buddy and have her come over. Or I need a night off cause I've had sex every night this week. All kinds of non-productive self talk. Blah blah blah. Then I go on fastseduction.com and that's cool but you can sit there all day and get nothing else done if you're not careful.

So I decide I will go out and do some networking. Not out to game really, but in the back of my mind I KNOW I'm gonna. How can I not? It's just in me now.

So I leave the house around 1am. It is freezing ass cold and super windy as I ride my skateboard 15 blocks to the subway. And I wait, and wait, and wait for the train. I text a fuck buddy on the train, she can't hang, she's out on a date. I get to the city at like 2am. There are party people everywhere. I see all the drunk club girls. They're all happy and silly, and the guys are vibing with them. I'm so not in that world right now.

I find the rock venue I was on the way to, go in and just kinda stand there. I go out alone all the time, so even in low state I have absolutely no qualms about standing by myself at a bar. I will stand tall and emanate utter coolness at all times. This time I stood in the middle of the dance floor and just looked around. People are dancing all around me and I'm just standing there. I know it sounds weird but it wasn't. Nothing is ever weird if you're comfortable with yourself. Then I see people I know. Kids I used to work with when I was a social worker are all grown up now and they're out drinking. So I hang with them, why the hell not. Then I see this chick my friend used to date, and it's weird cause my ex-girlfriends always dig him and his ex-girlfriends always dig me. But we don't give a fuck, we don't bang each other's exes, but we're both aware the chicks want to. So this girl is all flirty with me and I tell her a story of how I was banging one of her friends and the girl started bleeding all over and got embarrassed and never talked to me again. She says "You must have a huge dick, can I see it? I've heard about it." So I'm like sure, we're friends why not. But she wants to see it hard, so I end up in a dark corner of this place, whacking off and playing with her tits a little bit. It sounds weird I know, but like I said not many things are really weird to me anymore. It was almost not sexual cause we both knew we could never ever fuck. So we carried on a totally normal conversation while I whacked it. Then she took a look, made a few comments, and that was that. We went back to whatever else we were talking about. It was no big deal. Then I noticed I was fucking horny from that. I told her and she said maybe I can fuck one of her friends. I told her maybe, we'll see. But I had little interest cause I hate that whole thing where someone is trying to hook you up. It's so awkward. I can hook myself up much better. But I have to say that whacking off and playing with boobs was a huge state builder for me. Seeing some friends was nice too, got me feeling more social.

So I decide to move on to a dance party. I go to this party a few times a month where everyone dances in their underwear. It's kinda like a theme party I guess. It a very sexually

free environment, that's for sure. It's hard to game for outsiders cause it's so loud. I see dudes trying to game there and they get shut down like crazy. But I have some status there cause I know the DJ. So girls will open me and I get some peer group advantage as well cause I know some people there.

In this case I was still looking to just hang with friends and not game. So that's what I did. But I did get introduced to this tall model chick. I'm not talking model like runway/cosmo, I'm talking about suicide girl naked model type. I didn't know who she was, I just kind of talked to her for a few minutes. I was a bit cocky with her and she got creeped out. This dork was getting all protective of her too, I think he was part of her close peer group. I saw she was creeped and I just stopped talking to her. But I didn't walk away, I stood right there and just turned away a little. Again, no loss of comfort for me. If she's creeped out that's her problem not mine. I'm not even all that interested in her anyway.

I go about my business. This blond is touching me really sexually. She's leading me towards the bathroom. She asks if I gotta go too. I say yeah, she says let's wait on line together so we can get to know each other better. Now I know this could easily be her way of saying "come into the bathroom and fuck me please." On line she starts asking interview style questions like where I'm from etc. I was kinda thrown by that actually, but I went with it. I thought at the time it was some kind of anti-slut rationalization like "if I know where he's from then it's ok to fuck him in the bathroom." So I just acted normal. Then the bathroom became available and I said "Hey did you ever dance in the bathroom?" cause we were dancing on line. She said "No, you stay out." So I misread that one, but its ok there was no fallout from it. Dancing in the bathroom sounded innocent enough. I'd rather misread it that way than the opposite- which would be me not picking up on her wanting to fuck me then losing out. This blond was not worth any more effort. Her face was gorgeous, but she had a gut. And I'm more into body than face most of the time anyway.

So I ditched that chick. But I think the model girl may have been watching it all go down, how the blond was all over me. It may have de-creepified her. Social proof is a wonderful thing.

OK a little background here, a bunch of these girls are all on this porno website. It's basically a knock off of suicide girls. Tattoos, piercings, hair dye, you get the picture. The way they market this site is to send these chicks out to party in bars and clubs. They want all the dudes to get crushes and pay to see these chicks get naked on the Internet. So these chicks all end up being party girlfriends with each other. The ringleader is this obnoxious chick. This girl is seriously not even that hot and she acts like she's the coolest ever cause she's a hustler model. She's kinda short and squat, but she's got a certain energy and confidence. She masters every social situation, a true alpha female. Some people just buy into her so much. Since she's in Hustler magazine she always shows me the pictures (validation seeking). I made out with her months ago in like 10 minutes just to prove a point that I was way cooler than her. Now I'm in the process of banging all of her friends one by one. The model chick I picked up last week was her roommate. The obnoxious chick walked in on me eating this girl's pussy a few days ago, but she was so cool about it. She yelled "Thank you for going

down on my roommate!!" So now me and her kind of like each other. I think we've reached an understanding. I think she can see I have a talent and she wants to see how well I do.

So anyway, the obnoxious chick walks into the place and she's standing on a bench of course surveying and being the coolest in the place. She sees me and starts waving. I go talk to her. All of these girls are huge suckers for the whatever song. They cannot get enough of it. They're all trying to learn it, learning it wrong, I have to correct them, then shoot them down again with a new whatever song. They keep rehashing the first time I did. They're like "OMG, remember when we met and you sang the song... (all these small details)." Little did I know the model chick and the obnoxious chick are best friends. They're both in the porno site and they're strippers at the same place too. But they just got fired tonight cause of some wacky stripper drama that I won't get into here. Now I have more social proof cause all the chicks are doing whatever songs with me. My shirt says "Whatever." I am like MR. WHATEVER 2006. Now all the sudden the model chick wants to talk to me again. She comes over and shows me some cool new handshakes.

We start vibing and I start using the attract material.

Female truism/cold read:

I can tell just by the way you're standing there that you are the kind of girl who goes on a lot of dates but has trouble finding someone you actually are interested in. Then when you do find that person, you usually lose interest very quickly.

Of course she says, "yeah how'd you know, that's amazing."

I drop a bunch of shocker lines and cocky/funny stuff. Then she's telling me she's a model and I go into a routine I call "Conversion chart." I leads into a whole stack of model related material. I have a specific attraction stack for ballet dancers, and I'm putting one together for models right now.

Brad P: "Oh you are a model? Awesome – I have this whole conversion chart that I came up with for girls that are actresses and stuff like that - so here's the deal. Girls who say they are an actress are usually waitresses. Girls who say they're a model are usually a hostess. A girl who claims to be a waitress is usually a stripper. Girls who say they are a stripper are usually a prostitute. So that's my chart. Cool huh?

Actress = waitress

Model = Hostess

Waitress = stripper

Stripper = prostitute

What restaurant did you say you work at?"

I had to change it a bit cause I didn't want her to say she's a stripper and then I have to tell her she's a prostitute. That would NOT work. So I took that part out.

The conversion chart was the clincher. It led into this exchange.

Girl: "No I'm not a waitress, I'm on this website [www.blahblah.com](http://www.blahblah.com)"

Brad P: "I've never heard of that website in my life."

Girl: "yeah, I really am. And I was a stripper too until tonight."

Brad P: "C'mon just tell what restaurant you work at."

Girl: (after much resistance and insisting she's a model) OK I was working at Bennigans until just last month.

Brad P: "Aha! I knew it!"

Now things are heating up, physical escalation is going like crazy, and she's got that crazy attracted look in her eye. But I keep using attract routines on her anyway. I drop my secret sex toys routine, obvious BS routines, tons of cocky stuff.

Then she tells me she thinks I'm full of shit. Now I've retrained so much self talk that my mind automatically changes things like that into a compliment sometimes in loud environments like this one. I thought she said "You're the shit." So I told her yeah, I know I'm the shit. She says NO YOU'RE FULL OF SHIT! I tell her you can say that all you want but you fucking love it. You are so into me.

Now we start making out, but I really don't even care how far it goes. I keep stopping her and telling her BAD GIRL! NAUGHTY GIRL! Then I pump with more attraction stuff. I know it sounds like there's no reason to be running attraction routines here, but just stay with me here. This is not a girl who needs comfort to fuck someone. She needs attraction and confusion.

She asks me what the Whatever shirt is about. I tell her it's a really deep concept and maybe if we get to know each other someday I'll tell you the whole thing. If you're smart. She's badgering me about it. I tell her it's probably over her head, but just don't worry about it. More making out.

She sees a guy walking through the club with a skateboard. She says "What kind of a moron brings a skateboard to a club." I say "Yeah, what a fucking asshole!" More making out.

Then I say "Come here, wanna see my skateboard." It actually came out all porno-style "Wanna see my... uh... skateboard?" She says "NO WAY, you don't actually have one here." I drag her into the back where I had my skateboard. Actually I was trying to isolate further and fuck this girl. But there were too many people back there. She says "No, that's not yours, you just saw it there." We leave and she's still not sure whether it's mine or not. I never want them to be too sure of anything. Anything could be a joke.

She says I'm probably as conceded as she is and I agree. I go serious for a moment and tell her it's good to be confident but it's not trendy cause all these rock bands sing about being a loser and having no clue with girls, like Blink 182. She agrees. I say "Look around. We're the coolest people in here without a doubt. I just get sick of people staring at me sometimes for that. I thought if I sat here with you maybe they'd look at you and not me, but it's not working." More making out.

Then I go into this new thing I'm working on where I speak as if I'm coming from the perspective of a REALLY good looking guy. Like a male model. The theory here is you have to show these really hot girls you're in a similar reality. But it's hard if you're not super good looking. I'd say I'm average or slightly above, but not like a male model. However, being "good looking" is a perception, not a reality. And perceptions can be changed. In this case I'm in a very dark room. I know my body language is super tight. My style and clothing are fucking sexy. This girl is a little drunk. I have status and social proof. She's attracted to me. I can start talking like I'm absolutely gorgeous (sub-communicating of course) and it will probably fly. Not bragging, actually being humble. But being humble the way a great looking guy would be humble. Does that make sense? This technique is still in development, so I can't explain it that well yet. Here's how it took shape in this case-

BradP: "So if a guy on the train says you look like a model and he wants to take your picture, it's not a good move right? It's probably just someone that wants to fuck you or get \$800 for a portfolio shot. Right?"

Girl: "Right, it's a bad move. I have that happen like every day, jackasses on the train all the time. When I was younger it was these guys in the mall. I was #15 finalist on America's top model (or some shit) and all these people wanted to take my picture. But I didn't do it cause you know they always want something in return."

BradP: "Yeah, I think I know what they want in return."

Girl: "See what you should do is go to X modeling agency this Tuesday for the open call, you'll do great."

BradP: "Nah, I don't think I really look like a model."

Girl: "Sure you do. You're tall. You're fucking gorgeous. You should do it."

Brad P: "I don't know, maybe if it was a lot of money I'd do it. I think it might have been just some gay guy who wants to fuck me, ya know."

Notice I did not TELL this girl that a guy on the train came up to me and wanted me to model; she just assumed it because I posed it as a hypothetical question. She filled in the blanks because she was SO attracted to me. Hence I must be SO attractive. I didn't come right out with it, but later in the conversation I did elude to the fact that it actually happened, after she was sold on me being the hottest thing ever. That's sub-communication. It's subtle, and it leads to massive interest in this case. I will explain this one better when I have it worked out more if that's not making sense.

Then we make out some more and I keep stopping her. I get a bit aggressive with her too. Pull her hair, bite her neck. Just to let her know that I'm a crazy fuck and I will tear her up. But I still really don't care if I bang this girl. She decides to go for broke. How do you like this

one???

Girl: "I don't mean for this to sound slutty or anything, but maybe you could come into the bathroom with me, just for like 10 minutes???"

I play it cool and non-judgmental.

BP: "Hmmm. Yeah we can do that."

The key here is to not act like you just won the lottery. Act like its normal!

Then I almost fucked up. I'm thinking I wanna get this girl in the rotation; I'm way ahead of myself.

BP: "Ok just one thing, I wanna take your number down...."

I realize that's a fuck up. She wants to fuck, I'm thinking about a fucking phone number????  
hellooooo?? Earth to Brad P!!!

Without breaking stride I fix the fuck up

BR: "Ok just one thing, I wanna take your number down .....afterwards, if you're any good."

OK almost blew it right there. But I fixed it. Phew!

We start walking upstairs to the bathroom. She asks if I "have something for that" (aka condom). I say yes. I know I have my very last one in my wallet.

Side note on the logistics of bathroom club fucking. In NYC its hard cause there's always a line. In this case, there's 3 bathrooms upstairs and the upstairs room is closed because its 4:15. We can still sneak in though. There's not really anyone in there, no music on, but you have to walk through there to get out. I've been having a lot of problems getting my bathroom fuck on in NY cause of this situation with long lines. Here's the way to do it- wait till the end of the night. I don't know why I didn't think of that earlier. When everyone is almost gone it's the best time. Remaining girls are pretty horny at that time anyway.

Almost everyone is gone. EXCEPT the obnoxious chick and her crew. She CAN cock block me....I did just nail her roommate.....this is her best friend I'm about to plow.....She calls the model chick over and they're talking, but the model chick is in a rush to get with me. They're talking about mundane logistical party girl shit. "Where are my keys? Where's my phone!"  
Shit like that. I'm just waiting in the bathroom hallway. I don't want to end up in a conversation with the obnoxious chick! The model chick breaks free. We get into the bathroom and it's ON!!!

The place is fucking filthy!! That mysterious dirty water is all over the floor. The toilet seat is nasty. We start the RAPID escalation. I have her blow me but she's half assing it. She takes a



good hard look at my cock. You know they train girls to inspect your cock for sores these days? I saw it on Dr. Ruth. That's what she was doing. Hehe. Barely any head, she just kind of spits on it. So I reach for the pussy and whack it to get hard. She wants me to sit on the seat and she'll get on top of me, but I tell her I'm gonna fuck her standing up cause she's tall enough. I get behind her and start fucking away. I'm like 4 minutes in when there's a loud knock on the door. It's the obnoxious chick. She's yelling and trying to have a full on conversation while we fuck about where's the keys and purses and shit. I can't believe this. It's the 2nd time this week she interrupted me!! But I locked the door. The obnoxious chick: "I don't care what's going on in there; just give me your keys!" She pushes the door so hard it flies open. I pull out and this girl is grabbing the purse and she takes a quick glance at my cock. Condom is all half slid off cause in the commotion I blew a load!

Isn't it interesting that whenever you're getting interrupted, your body responds by blowing a load? That's what happens to me anyway. The interruption gets me slightly nervous and freaked out. And I bust right away. I guess its nature's way of making sure fertilization occurs.

The obnoxious chick leaves us alone and the girl wants to get back to it. I tell her I blew a load but to just hang out another minute and I'll make her come for sure. I start fingering. She has her back up against the wall and she is playing with her own clit like crazy. She says "can you use another finger?" So I put in my ring finger instead of the middle (duh). She says, "No, 2 fingers." Hahaha! So I have 2 fingers in and she's asking for another. So I put my pinky in. I have a cut/hangnail thing going on with my index finger so I can't use that. This girls is asking for more and more fingers, I'm thinking she might ask to be fisted, but she doesn't. My friend who's a sick natural (The Pheromone Kid) fists girls all the time. He's in my head saying 'FIST HER!' Haha, like Mortal Combat, "Finish her!" But I just stay with 3 fingers and she comes after a few minutes.

Now for the wrap up, I have to say this girl is well versed in the protocols of one night stand and bathroom fucking. She's kinda surprised I even bother talking to her afterwards. She says that it was nice that I made her come too. It was "gentleman-like." I say "Hey, that's just about having morals. You gotta make the girl come, even if it is a bathroom." I hang with her for a few minutes. I take her number. She says "You don't have to if you don't want to." She says "You don't have to be nice to me, you can go if you want." I tell her I'm not in a rush. I was being nice to her at that point cause I just felt like it. I get in a really good mood after sex. And she was too. We high fived. She can't find her friends so I stayed with her to look. She's totally getting turned off by me being gentleman-like. But I really don't care. I just fucked this girl, why do I need to pump attraction anymore? I'll be nice if I fucking feel like it. I bet she was just scared I would get all needy and act like we're going out. Some guys probably do that after a bathroom fuck. But we found her other friends. These girls are so casual about talking about sex. She says to them "yeah it was really good" as I hover outside their social circle.

Also, the obnoxious chick tells her after the fact that I've been banging the roommate. So the model chick calls me on it. "I just found out you did one of my friends the other day." Now

this is great cause for these kind of girls you need scumbag appeal. I tell her "Yea I did, so what?" I may work a threesome with this crew of girls.

I take off and head home. I'm thinking maybe I really should just bang every chick the obnoxious chick hangs out with. Maybe I should bang all the girls on that website. I looked at it when I got home and there's like 50 girls, that will take a while.

Some analysis- Poor state at the beginning of the night has not been hurting me. My game just carries me as the night goes on. This fuck was kinda easy cause I had peer group and status. I think I've written 20 or so lay reports on here since September and I usually get ass purely off cold approaches cause it's more educational to me. I think maybe I will be more open minded to non-cold-approach stuff cause it is educational in its own way. I did get to work on my new stuff like the good looking guy routine. I guess I just like doing it the old fashion way. Cold approach lays really test your frame and skill set more I think. Peer group/status related lays I think you will generally end up with some easier lays and some more high quality girls.

Going out late has been cool. I've been rolling into parties at 2am all the time and banging a girl usually by 4 or 5am. This girl I'd say it took about an hour or so from meet to fuck. But there was only about 30 minutes of interaction, the rest of the time was when she was creeped and I was flirting with the blond. I'm developing lots of new stuff right now. More to come!

## CHAPTER 20: STREAK CONTINUES! 5 IN A ROW!

I've been pulling home and having sex with a new girl every night for the last 5 nights I've went out. 3 have been cold approaches and 2 have been peer group. I'm gaming about 1-2 times per week right now cause I have a large rotation that I'm trying to keep up with as well. Saturday night's lay was an unlikely one and I have to say I think luck played a part in it. But the turning point was a matter of having what I call "the determining instinct." So let me get right into the story so you can see what I mean.

Saturday night I was planning to not pull home a girl, as I was coaching and there was an evaluation period from 2-3am where I'd have to leave girls behind. First venue was a lounge/bar. My first approach was 4 girls. The girls were warming up for going out dancing. I used Carson Daly opener, they laughed, and one of them immediately invited me to come dancing with them at this 80s club. Couldn't go with them, but I stayed with them for a while and pulled the other guys into it as well. There were 2 hot ones and 2 average looking ones and they had a bunch of guys with no game with them as well who stood about 10 feet away and gave me no trouble. I did palm readings and picked out which girl I wanted. But a bunch of them went out to smoke and left me with an ugly girl, so I had to wait till they came back. The girl I wanted had a boyfriend so I went for the next hottest one and got her number. They live far away so I don't know if I will call her. Next I went downstairs to the loud room and got re-opened by the hottie hostess who flirts with me every time I'm there. 6 foot tall model looking black girl. I took her number once before and her phone was turned off, next time I flirted and played hard to get. This time I re-number closed her and set up a tentative date for Tuesday. I told her I'd have my assistant call her. She always is so touchy/feely with me; I think she'll be a great fuck.

Then I did a few more approaches and talked with all the guys and our wing woman. Our wing woman is super hot, a 10 for sure, and she was social proofing us like crazy just by standing there. On to the next venue. Can't get in. Move down the block to another place. This place is slamming, it's got tons of hot babes in it. We could barely move without talking to girls. Students are approaching, I'm winging and watching. I get stuck talking to a conservative Indian girl. She was hot and all, but I want nothing to do with a conservative Indian girl. So I decide to have her serve a different purpose I tell her I have a rule, I'm only gonna make out with 1 girl per night cause if you make out with 3 or 4 and go out all the time that's too many and you'll catch a cold. So I tell her to pick out a girl for me to make out with. We call over another girl and I tell her the same story. She doesn't wanna make out and I decide to have her pick out a girl. I could've pivoted all night like that, but I decided I don't think this routine is really effective and I'm gonna switch back to my normal game.

I go wing on some more approaches and then I get word that one of our guys is getting in a fight with some girl's boyfriend. So we run outside to look for him but he's gone. We're thinking the worst. We're afraid he got beat up and took a cab home. But it turns out he's fine. He moved out of the way of this charging boyfriend guy and then the bouncers caught the guy and stopped him. Our guy decided to take that as an opportunity to venue change

and he ended up a few doors down gaming models for an hour or so, as I found out later. Now let me make a note here that this dude had choices. He could have fought somebody and had his night ended, or he could sidestep the whole thing and continue gaming. He decided to game on. I think it's commendable and in the end he ended up with better results than he would have if he had decided to fight. Results are what's important.

Anyway, we're outside in the middle of all this drama, and a tall girl is getting very attracted to me. I tell her "Damn, you're staring at me really hard, like I'm a big ice cream cone." She joins our circle and tells me to get over myself. I say some more cocky stuff like "Hey don't be scared, I know I'm really hot, but you can talk to me like a normal person." She tests me some more then turns her attention to the wing woman. The both start flirting and feeling each other's boobs right on the street. I can see this girl is a live one but I try to pass her off to the student who almost got in a fight cause he had now rejoined us. The students always come first.

I head back inside. She follows us in. She comes right up to me and starts busting my balls again about being cocky. I immediately go into a heavy physical escalation. I put my hands inside her coat and around her waist. She says "get your hands off my ass." But my hands weren't on her ass so I tell her "whatever." She's like 2 inches from my face. We've gone from zero to 60 in 5 seconds as far as escalation goes. I can kiss her anytime but I let the tension build. She keeps testing me, I run my 8 girlfriends routine. I ask her to be my girlfriend, she says no way. So I say ok fine, let's get married. She says get on one knee, and I did it. I had passed plenty of tests, I can let her win one. But she just asks for more. She tells me get on my knees and propose again. I tell her shut up, and smack her in the ass. She says "Do it again!" referring to the proposal, but I pretended she was talking about the smack in the ass. So I say "Again? ok." And smacked her ass again. She gets the idea and keep saying "again!" every time I smack her. I grab her by the hair and start making out with her. But then I gotta go, cause it's time to evaluate the students. This girl will not let me go. She keeps figuring a way to keep me there. So every time I make out with her, I stop and tell her I really gotta go, but she has her hands around my waist and won't let go. So I take her number, call her to make sure it's real, and I'm out.

Talking to wing woman, she says this girl is there by herself. So now I'm thinking she's in critical slut mode and maybe I should call later. Pretty decent girl, a 9ish face and she's 6 feet tall and very thin with fake boobs. So she was pretty impressive looking on the surface. I go to the diner with the guys, then when everyone is gone, I decide to call around for fuck buddies but everyone has already gone home. So I call the tall chick from the club. She's on her way home. I fluff talk for a while then tell her I'm coming over. She says "really?" I say yeah, and I get in a cab. She says "Well I have a roommate so I can't let you in, but come talk to me on my stoop." I say, "Hmm, maybe I'll tell this cabdriver to take me home instead of to your place." She says "No! Come over!" OK so I go over. I'm thinking I can escalate this girl anywhere, I don't need to be in her place. I'll escalate her on the fucking stoop if I have to.

I get there and it's cold so I say let's go in the lobby. But then I keep walking and I walk up

one flight of stairs. Then I start making out with her and she's getting horny. I go for the tits and she stops me, we had been talking about whether they are real or not and she was trying to keep the mystery going. So I down shift for a moment then go for the tits again. This time no resistance. She has fake tits, so I tell her it's ok, I have a penis implant. I used to run this penis implant thing on chicks all the time, so glad I remembered it. They always ask to see, then I take out my cock, and they get hornier cause they're staring at a cock. I don't really have a penis implant, but girls really don't understand male anatomy well enough to know what the hell they're looking at, so they just end up confused and horny, which is just the way I like it.

I escalate some more then I tell her let's go up to your roof. In NYC, it's always cool to bang a girl on the roof of a building so they usually go for that. Up we go. On the way up she tells me she doesn't live with roommates, she lives with her ex-boyfriend. Now my female translation machine is telling me that this means "I live with my boyfriend and we had a fight, and now I'm horny/vengeful."

So I say ok, but I keep in mind this guy could bust out of the apartment at any time while I'm fucking his girl in the hallway or on the roof. The hallway is really narrow and so is the stairwell, so I figure if he comes out I'll just run him over like a football player and then run out of the building. Gotta have a plan in a situation like this. We get almost to the roof, and I see a sign that says "if alarm sounds, evacuate as fast as possible." So now I know the roof is alarmed. She starts walking up the stairs and the roof alarm starts going crazy. It's so loud, and it's almost 4 in the morning. Everyone must have been so pissed they got woken up. For me, this alarm thing was a huge advantage. I felt it created enough urgency and drama that I could now bring the girl to my place while her logic was disengaged and her adventurous side was taking over. This is where the "determining instinct" comes in. There's no time to think at a moment like that, you just have to act. I ran down 8 flights of stairs with her at top speed, we ran out the building and we heard the security guy over the intercom "got you on camera!" So now we're running down the street, and I played up the camera thing a bit to add more urgency and drama. I told her "Let's get out of here in case they call the cops." She says they won't, I tell her every time I'm in jail there are people in for trespassing. There happens to be a taxi on the corner and I hail it. She says "Where are we going?" I tell her "We'll go to my house, its right over the bridge." Manhattan girls generally refuse to fucking leave Manhattan even if it's a short ride, so I knew I'd get resistance. She says "No way, I can't go to your house!" But there was just too much forward momentum for her to resist. I already had the cab door open. We had been running down the block. It felt like a getaway car, how could you not get in it? So I said "Just get in." and she did. She's giving me more resistance in the cab, but then I started biting her neck and she got more agreeable.

In the cab we made out and I also made a pretense about showing her my guitar and stuff. We got to my place, I put her in the bed and played guitar for about 5 minutes. This is a great last minute resistance killer that I could be using and I never use it. Turns out this girl was good to go. Escalation was easy from there. She got naked with no hassle, started giving me head, and so on to sex. Mental note, I think these tall girls give better head. Every time I get head from a tall girl it's awesome. I don't know what's up with that but anyone who has

theories pass them on.

In the end, this girl was a pretty good fuck, but I don't think I'm gonna bring her back. I can't deal with the fake boobs. I like curvy girls with real boobs, this girl was really tall and thin with fake ones. She was a cool chick though. Very funny and smart. She never stopped testing me. Even the next morning she was telling me she would never date me, etc. I told her its ok I know she lives with her boyfriend anyway. She denied it. We took the train back to Manhattan and I told her "nice knowing you," which was pretty funny, but then of course she send me 2 text messages within the next few hours.

My analysis on this situation - this girl did not need comfort building or rapport; she just needed an alpha male. The tests were super harsh and I bet most guys would have been scared to death of this girl. She told me later that guys are scared of her. If you know how to disarm the tests sometimes that's all it takes because girls just do not meet guys who have balls very often. Also, this situation was about sensing the opportunities. That whole alarm thing could have killed it if I didn't turn it into something helpful. In the end, it was the alarm that made the difference between getting the laid and making out in a stairwell.

## CHAPTER 21: GONE IN 60 SECONDS!

This one is for those who wanted to hear about my week in LA, some of it is a bit far out, but just suspend disbelief on the 60 second thing. I will explain how it works and some of the factors that come into play.

I took a trip to LA to take care of some business for my non-pickup job, build my social circle, and hang out with some of the naturals who shaped me in the game. They all seem to be out in LA at the moment. I was out there for about a week.

I found LA girls to be pretty aggressive, even though I wasn't doing a whole lot of gaming. I've gamed everywhere, probably about 40 of the 50 states. I spend most of my time in NYC, which seems to be the most difficult place to pickup girls. I hadn't spent a lot of time in LA before last week.

First day I was there, a girl opened me in a parking lot. She stopped her car and everything to comment on my shirt. She was all nervous like someone with no game. Then it happened again a few hours later. I was busy with other shit and did not have time to game these girls, but in my head I was saying "hmm... what's going on here?"

Next day I'm hanging with my natural friends and we chilled with this guy who was in his mid 40s and he bangs actresses and models. He's in their social circle. His girlfriend is an actress and a famous one at that. I mean someone you would have heard of, like you've seen 5 of her movies. This dude was mad cool, but had a full head of gray hair and his clothes really weren't even that cool. He just looked like a normal guy. He told me all about the kind reality these girls live in, it was very enlightening.

Later we go out to a bar, it's pretty crowded. I decide I'm not chasing these girls around. I'm just here to hang with my friends. I can put myself in their path, though. I pull up a barstool and face it away from the bar. I sit down and just make eye contact with the girls that are walking by. I lean back and just chill, super confident. Within 5 minutes a group of girls has come up to me and they are touching me. One is flirting really hard, I tell her I'm out of her league. She goes to the bar to get a drink, I turn my back and ignore her as she's at the bar. She taps me on the shoulder and offers to buy me a drink. I refuse, cause she's just trying to get in my pants. She comes and stands in front of the stool and we start making out. Bam, like 5 minutes in. All her friends come in one by one and start talking to me. The girl I was making out with asks me to come into the back with her. She's trying to isolate. We start walking into the back. I'm thinking she's not hot enough so I want to pawn her for a hotter chick. I see a hotter girl in a hat, grab her hat, we start dancing. The original girl is standing there tooled. This hot hat wearing babe and her friend freeze the tooled girl out with back turns. It was textbook pickup artist moves these girls were putting on me and each other.

The new girls tell me "We saw you sitting there all innocent and these girls were all over you." I tell them yeah, and you can be my new bodyguards. I hang with them for a while.

Then I'm out. I have massive logistical obstacles to laying any girl. No car in LA, no place to take a girl (staying on someone's couch). I really didn't give a fuck, I was not there looking for girls anyway.

Next night I'm out, we get to the bars close to 2am. Can't get in anywhere. My friends have this guy along for the ride and his game is awful. He's too aggressive and says all the wrong things. We're on the street at Hollywood and Highland. He's yapping at passerby girls "Yo yo baby need a ride?" and shit like that. I'm thinking "oh no." I chat up girls in a limo. I chat up a girl waiting for a cab with the horse girl line. I'm basically just testing the attraction levels. Our game-less friend is still doing this "need a ride" shit on these 2 young chicks with huge tits walking by. I tell him to let me handle this, and I chase them down and stop them with Oprah Winfrey opener. They are into me. My friends catch up, things are getting to be a mess. I run a few routines as the girls are ADD. We try to extract them back to the chump's house. They're sisters. One wants to go, one doesn't. They start talking about modeling so I tell them "Take out your sidekick and show me the naked pictures." Sure enough, they have naked pictures on their sidekicks. I know the type. I'm looking and I say "Hmm, not bad." Then chump dude runs up, jumps over my shoulder and yells "HOOLLLY SHIT DAMN! HOW BIG IS YO' CHEST!!!" Ok, that killed it.

I manage to get the attraction back up and the girl is giving me goo-goo eyes, so I kiss her. We're making out in front of everyone including her sister in the middle of the street. This girl would have banged me if I could have had a smoother wing and extracted. She wanted my number. I take hers. We make lunch plans for the next day, which I'm sure I'll flake on. I flake on her the next day. I later found out that one of these girls are porn stars. It was Whitney Stevens and her little sister.

We head to a diner. We meet girls while walking in. They want to sit with us. 3 girls. I'm with my friend Joe, who is a SUPER natural. There's a 7, a 10, and a fat married chick. We sit down to eat. The 10 is drunk and completely retarded. She's into me. But as time goes by, she's getting more and more into Joe of course. Sure enough by the end of the meal she is so into him and will not even look at me. She's engaged and this whole thing was going nowhere, but it was great to see one of my mentors work. He's completely effortless.

Out again, I go to a rock concert. Just hanging watching the bands. Me and my friend see a hot Puerto Rican blond girl with messy messy hair. Her hair was all wrong, like she just woke up, but not that cool style where it's supposed to look like that. I primp her hair a bit. She's into it. I tell her she looks like CC Deville. She's into me. We're touching a lot. It's only 30 seconds in. Her boyfriend comes running in out of nowhere! He's pissed and now he wants to fight me.

This thing with the pissed boyfriend is happening to me more and more. The first time it got me all riled up and freaked out. Now it's so normal, I barely get adrenaline off it anymore. I don't compete with these guys or try to say anything cute. This guy was 100% ready to fight. He was dying to fight. Me, I have zero interest in fighting. If he swings I'll swing back, but I'd rather he just go away so I can go back to what I was doing. Here's what I do with angry



boyfriends.

- Stand my ground. Physically I will not back down a single inch. I stand tall and intimidating.
- Remain completely calm. Don't play into his fighting frame.
- Minimize the whole thing like it's no big deal with my words.

I tell him "Hey man we were just chit chatting. It's no big deal" over and over. He's screaming "Why'd you touch her?... you don't touch a girl you don't know... let's go outside right now... I'll fucking kill you...blah blah blah..." No matter what he says, I say the same thing- "Hey man we were just chit chatting. it's no big deal." Everyone around is looking at us. He walks away. People around are laughing at him. I give a little smirk to the crowd. He comes back and does the same thing 2 more times. The last time his girlfriend gets in the middle and stops the whole thing. Now I've never seen THAT before. The girlfriend give me a wink and mouths "I'm sorry" as they're walking away. I give her a wink back. My friend says he's got my back, I'm not too worried about this guy, then I see him start rounding up his boys and pointing at me, but nothing really ever came of it.

Point of this, as I've talked about many times before, is that the girl will always lead you astray. She will not tell you she has a boyfriend cause she is attracted to you and cannot control herself. So be on the lookout. The only one who's gonna tell you is the boyfriend, and if he comes in later, he's gonna be pissed, especially if he's as drunk as this guy was. Therefore, these confrontations are par for the course. They're going to happen maybe twice a year and I've accepted that. Figuring I do about 1000 approaches a year, that's about a 1 in 500 chance. I'm not gonna waste my night on fighting unless I'm attacked. That's my position on it. I think if they don't swing right away they're usually not gonna swing at all. I'm considering getting pepper spray or something in case I need to stun a guy and then get the hell out and game a different venue. This time I just kept my spiky wristband around my fist for a while, but who knows how much good that would have done. I've been doing the punching bag at the gym as part of my workout and I feel comfortable with potential fights, but I have not had much motivation to actually learn self defense or martial arts. The whole thing is just a drag to me. Sitting around practicing fight moves for the slight chance that you'll get attacked. It just makes no sense. That's like Reynolds wrapping your ice cubes to keep out germs.

Ok on to the next venue. Outdoor/indoor bar. Not too loud, but hopping for sure. I'm socially proofed by my super cool rocker friends, an actress friend who's a 10, and an LA girl who has been my orbiter for months. Totally proofed by my social circle. I'm not doing any approaches, but I am pinging attraction levels on girls here and there. I'm not putting in 2-4 hours to fuck some girl, but I'll take a quickie if it presents itself.

By pinging attraction levels I mean this – I will walk by a table of girls who look horny. I will say something that indicates I know they're horny, then I leave. For example, I walked by one table, said "hi... ooo you guys look frisky... ok see you later frisky girls." It doesn't sound like much, but it's highly flirtatious. They know I'm on the inside.

The other thing is this – I can almost SMELL a horny girl from across the room. I can tell by

the way a girl walks, her body language, the look in her eye how high her buying temperature is. If a girl walks in with high horniness levels, I will know it, even if I'm not facing in her direction. It's fucking weird, I don't know how I got this way. I think it's just massive amount of field experience and total relaxation in social settings.

At one point in the night I sensed it. I turned around and sure enough, there was a girl with huge tits about to stand up. She stood up super fast, causing those tits to shake all over the place. She thrust them into the air a few more times as she started to walk.

I walked up and said "Hey you walk like a chicken." Really sly and flirty style. She hugged me but it was a sneak attack. She put her hand down the back of my pants and tried to put her finger in my butt hole. That's 5 seconds in! Told you I can smell attraction level! I stopped her cause I ain't into that. She goes to kiss me. Then she stops. It was a fake kiss. She was tricking me, testing me. She backs up 2 steps and says "Ohhhh! I got you!!!" I didn't hesitate for an instant, I told her "No, I got you! Ohhhh, you got served!" Now we're 30 seconds in. I high five one of her friends. The big tit chick starts hugging me again. She says "Let's go make out." I tell her OK, she starts to hesitate. So I say "Let's go." I pull her by the arm and we walk right out the door and out to the street. No interference from friends. No cock blocking, that's fucking rare, huh? I think that's because it just happened way too fast and the friends were too stunned to react. We were gone in under 60 seconds.

Now the next part requires quite a bit of skill as well. We walk around back to the parking lot and start making out. I take out those double D's and start sucking them. She's getting turned on, but the setting is bad. Parking lot attendants and whatnot. We're leaning on someone's car and the alarm starts going off. She stumbles into another car; now 2 alarms are going off! Attendants start walking towards us.

As you guys know, I LOVE when alarms starting screeching and shit is really hitting the fan. I use everything to my advantage. The girl got even more hyped up. Now it's an adventure. We're running from parking attendants, we go right past them. They're not really chasing us, but the girl doesn't really know that. I see a cab, we turn left. She pulls me into a doorway. We're making out, more boobs, again, bad setting. Too visible. She says "I'm done." I say OK, but I know it's THINLY veiled half hearted last minute resistance. I'm thinking I'm gonna throw her into the cab and tell him to go around the block over and over till I'm done with her. We start running again. The cab is gone. I pull her up a ramp, around a corner, and into the PERFECT place. It's like an alleyway, but its part of a store or restaurant. Not really visible from the street. Now I can get to work.

More making out, more boobs. She jerking me off, she's talking super dirty like "Oh my god, huge cock!" She can't even form complete sentences, her logic is completely gone. She's jerking me off. I go for the pussy but she's not having it, I sense more last minute resistance setting in, so I tell her to play with her pussy so I can watch. She's going for it. She's jerking me more, then I start tit fucking her. Couple minutes of that and she starts full on blowing me. She still talking all dirty and so am I. I blow a load while she's going crazy saying "OMG! Huge cock cumming all over the place!" it was like a play-by-play.

I'm talking like 10-15 minutes from meeting to blowing a load. That shit was crazy, but that's the way it goes sometimes.

One thing to take note of is that when women get horny and turned on, a lot of the other parts of their brain turn off. They enjoy the intoxicating feeling of sexual arousal. They go into an altered state of consciousness. It's almost like being on drugs. They lose touch with reality. This is normal and necessary for these super fast hook ups (it happens during "normal" sex also). The woman intentionally becomes dissociated from reality in order to achieve her goal of sex. If she were to pay attention to reality too much, her logic would become active and she would start to say "Oh no, if I do this it means I'm a slut." All women enjoy engaging in slutty behavior. Most of them fantasize about it. However, most cannot go through with it unless they become dissociated from reality. That's why women will sometimes pretend to be drunk when they are not. Other times they will intentionally get too drunk, so they can rationalize away the slut factor later by saying "Nah, that didn't count, I was drunk." Then they tell their friends they've only slept with 5 guys, even though they fucked 12 more when drunk. The other 12 "didn't count."

Sounds weird and crazy I know. But you must accept it. Don't question it, don't criticize it. Use it to your advantage. That's just the way women are and there's not a damn thing you can do to change it.

We walk back to the place. I say "What was your name again?" She laughs. She says "That was SO MUCH FUN!" See, girls love this stuff if you can do it under the right conditions. So believe it! It happens! Make it part of your reality.

You gotta have the pieces in place to get this happening. For me there were many important parts-

- Not getting sidetracked by fighting or losing state because of the threat of it.
- Social proof, social circle
- No hesitation
- Pinging attraction levels off a lot of girls
- All the hard work I put into my game and identity over the years.

I've also noticed that in a lot of my recent lay reports I'm writing about how I wasn't even out gaming, I don't even care if I get laid, I'm just hanging with friends, or teaching, or whatever. The "I'm not gaming" mindset is making me even less outcome dependent, which is helping me be more successful. It seems like I'm never gaming these days but the game is in me so this stuff happens automatically. So what am I telling you? Well I'm not telling you to "stop gaming" cause if you do the game won't be in you. What I'm saying is just make all of this a part of you, make permanent changes in yourself and pussy will come to you.

## CHAPTER 22: FOUR MAKEOUTS – GIRLS ARE VOYEURS

Hey I gotta try to write this one up quick cause I'm heading out for a date with a blogger chick. The thing to take note of in this field report is that I made out with 4 girls in the club and each of them had seen me kissing another girl before they decided to kiss me. Moral of the story is girls love players and they follow like sheep once they know you're in demand. In club game that is.

Last night I had an interesting night doing club game. Started when I was sitting alone in a pizza place that was playing dance music. A bunch of super hot college girls walked in and saw me sitting all by myself and just started staring at me. I said "Are you guys here for the WKTU party?" They said huh? I said the dance music party? I'm gonna have to see some ID. They showed me a bag of potato chips as a VIP pass and I let them in. These chicks were in tight short sexy black dresses getting ready to go to some fancy party. I finished my pizza then slowly walked over and sat down. Had a re-opener ready, but I moved so slowly and I just pulled up a chair and sat, so they re-opened me to diffuse the social tension with "I like your jacket." We did some natural flow about my jacket, and fashion in general since they were from the fashion institute. Then I asked them if they were on their way to the prom. They said yes and asked if I was gonna lecture them not to drink. I said "Well I hope you guys have lots of drunk premarital sex." It was a cool vibe but then their dates showed up and called. I got the e-mail from the hottest one and told her we'll get together for pizza. Didn't get a number cause it just felt so smooth to get her e-mail, I didn't wanna seem like I was trying too hard. And off they went. That was probably one of the hottest girls I've ever met in my life. Damn.

Off to the dance club. I got there at 11:30, which is way too early here in NYC. No one was there. I know people who were gonna be there but they weren't there yet. So I ended up standing around for a while and you know how that is standing all alone in a mostly empty club when everyone else is with a friend and the waitresses look at you all snotty. So I did some texting with some my girls for a few minutes to build state, then I went and approached 2 Asian girls. They didn't speak English, so yeah that kinda blows. They were nice to me and all, but I wasn't feeling too interested in kicking non-English game in a room that is so low energy. And I'm not into Asians in general. Not enough ass for me.

I see 2 hotties with their 2 guys. They break away and go to the bar. I go up, deliver horse girl opener. I delivered it so much better than that video I posted I really need to redo that from true life, but anyway, it was a hot, solid 10 model chick and a hot French chick who's an 8.5. I delivered the opener straight on to the model but sort of involved the friend as well cause they were both decent looking girls and it's never too early to win over a cock block. The girls ate the opener up 100%. It was awesome. From there I went into some more high octane stuff and some natural flow as well.

There was a girl dancing really over the top at this point about 30 ft away so I said "dare me to dance with her?" They got all giddy and said yeah. So I went out there and danced like a total retard. The whole club was watching. My girls were cracking up. The weird dancer girl did not want to dance with me. I guess she knew I was making fun of her. I'm so mean, hehe.

So after a while my friends showed up. I took off on those 2 chicks. This made them miss me, and they were only 2 tables away. They were those club tables with the bottle service and all that. My friends had one and so did theirs. I had peer group chicks I was flirting with and I think the girls watched that. Eventually they were waving me to come back. So I'd go back and forth a bit to tease both groups of girls.

The model chick seemed to be pairing up with this dude she knew, so I turned a bit more of my attention to the French chick. I knew I was gonna get both of their numbers, and I would figure out which one to game in a few days. I was vibing with her when these super aggressive European girls came at me full force. This girl put her lips about an inch from mine and started yapping something in a Swedish accent. I don't know what she said but I ended up kissing her about 10 seconds in right in front of the French chick and her friend.

Then the Swedish girl says "If you want something a little hotter I'll be right over there." That sounds like something a prostitute would say, but I took it as a drunk girl who doesn't know English well, and made a mental note she might be up to something weird.

I decided to play it as a girl with high attraction levels. I dragged her off to the bathroom. We made out hardcore while the friend watched. Her friend had tagged along, but she didn't seem cockblockish so I said OK whatever, you can come too. We sit in the lounge area near the bathroom and she starts asking me for drugs. Aha, these girls thought I looked like a druggie so they were gonna try to get free drugs by gaming me. Cool! You picked the wrong guy to play around with, GAME ON! They said let's go into the bathroom and do some drugs, then we'll get to everything else. I figured they had their own drugs. I didn't have drugs, I've never done drugs in my life. But I've done enough druggie girls to know sometimes they like to get high before they fuck. They started asking me if I had drugs, I said I'm not telling.

Men's room was packed so I just started pushing on random doors. One of them opened and we ended up in a kitchen. All good. Made out some more. More drug requests. I decided I'd play it the same way a girl plays it when chumps try to talk them into having sex. I kept saying. "I don't know if I should tell you, I have to get to know you better, can we be friends first?" and crap like that. They were getting really frustrated, hahaha. Staff was in the kitchen, so we moved out into a dark corner of the club. I started kissing both of them. The friend wasn't into it; she only went with it for 10 seconds. These girls were really hot. 9/10 range with big ass titties.

DJ said we had to move so I started pushing on more random doors and we ended up in a secluded hallway. Here they were getting mad and saying in broken English "If you have anything drug, let's do now and then we gonna have sex." But I knew they were trying to

play me and I didn't have drugs anyway, so I said "How do I know you're not cops?" and I started searching them all sexy. I popped one girls tits out and started sucking them. They were ok with that for a sec, kinda like "Maybe if we give him just a little bit more, he'll bust out the drugs." Wow those were some great tits. Then they started saying "I don't think you have anything drugs. I make out with you, you licka my boob, the you have nothing drug." I did more, "I gotta get to know you" stuff. Then I was getting bored of tormenting these girls so I decided to let them continue on their quest to suck dick for coke. The score: BradP 2 makeouts and some titty play. Druggie girls zero. I win.

As I was walking out there was some short bald dude coming in. I was gonna tell him if he has any drugs maybe the girls would blow him, but I didn't want to sound rude if he was their friend already, that's kind of a rude thing to say, even if it is true. He knew them so I said "Ok so you know the deal?" he said yeah. So I got out of there. Not sure if he knew what I was talking about.

Back to my friends table. Flirting with peer group girls. Back to the hot babes from my second approach. This Asian player was doing well with the model. There were some serious Asian players at this place. Best Asian players I've ever seen. So I watched him close to learn from his game. We had been introduced and were friendly at this point, so I was not gonna block him anything. I knew I'd take the girls number and I could kill him in terms of phone game, day 2, etc. so better to learn from him than compete with him. Besides if he takes the model chick home and I take the French chick home, everybody wins.

I sat down at the booth. The French chick ignored me at first. But I didn't care. I was gonna maybe leave cause maybe she was pissed I made out with other chicks in front of her, but she wasn't pissed, she was testing to see if I'd play it like I felt guilty, which I didn't. We started talking and I said those girls were trying to make moves on me and stuff so I left. They were trying use me as a sex object, etc. I went way melodramatic with it.

Now these Swedish girls were sitting at the same table, so they eventually came back. It was a big table, so they weren't that close up. I said "Oh no they're back." You should get all over me so they don't make a move again. The French chick started grinding and giving me a lap dance. I said "Watch me tease them" and gave a little wave to the Swedes. But with a sly smile. The Swedes were burning up. The French chick was getting so excited by the social competition. She started grinding directly on my cock and getting me hard as I leaned against the back of the bench. We did that for a while and I started upping the physical escalation little by little, then extracted her back to the same bathroom lounge area. We were making for a while there and then we went back.

Little did I know there was a third Swedish girl who was watching the whole thing, more on her later.

I went back and chilled with peer group chicks and my male friends too. I've been boning a bunch of the girls from this group; they are from some of my earlier reports. They are the porno girls I was talking about. But none of the porn girls were there, just their friends. The

porno girls did not want to share and got pissy with each other a few months back after word got around that I was fucking a bunch of them, so I think their friends now don't know what to think of me. This peer group is actually people I just know from clubbing and MySpace, expect one guy who's a club promoter. Him and me go way back. The rest of them see me 1-2x per month. I was dancing freaky with a bunch of them. There's this key guy in the group, a gay guy, who came up to me and said "I know you've fucked like almost all of my female friends and I don't know what they think about that but I think you're a cool guy." Nice! I asked him who he knows that I've fucked and he said some girls names who I have never hooked up with. Who knows what exaggerations may be occurring about how many of them I've nailed.

Back to the other table. My model and French girl are leaving. We hung out for another 10 minutes. More heavy physical escalation with the French girl and the third Swedish girl was staring at us. The French girl says "Looks like you have a fan."

I say "Yeah kind of annoying, right?" Then I started pointing out other girls who are giving me the eye. One was with her boyfriend and every time she hugged the boyfriend she would sneak a sexual glance at me over his shoulder. We did it 3 or 4 times so I knew there would be another one and it happened right when I said it would. I guess I created it myself. I was manufacturing social proof all over the room then pointing it out to the French girl. She was pretty floored by the girl with the boyfriend giving me such sexual eye contact. I took both their numbers. I've already texted the model girl "hi horse girl" and she wrote back quickly. We'll see what happens with that.

The night was dying down, so I decided to just station myself in a good position and see what happens. I went to the bathroom area lounge (make out area) and sat with proper alpha sitting posture. Chatted with a few girls. I went and took a leak and opened a girl with the weirdest line on the way back. She was giving away her drink cause she had had enough. I walked up and yelled "ROOFIES, ROOFIES!" while she was trying to give it to some guy. She went into rapport quickly like "Where are you from, etc." It was cool, but would've been a very soft close so I didn't bother taking her number.

Along comes the 3rd Swedish girl. She had stood there staring at me while I was with the French girl. So I waved her over and patted the seat next to me to tell her to sit down. No words. I put my arm around her. She put her arm around me, I said "Do I know you?" I didn't know she was with the Swedes until I heard the accent. But no problem. We did rapport stuff. I usually go natural when it's late in the night. In comes one of the pissed off Swedes from earlier. She's talking angrily in Swedish to her friend. They leave. Cock blocked... or was I?

Five minutes later the third Swedish girl is back again and I have my arm around her. Right back into rapport. You can't cock block me, bitches!!!!!!!

Nothing canned except I used horse girl as a mid game routine. She said she was not a geek and everyone wanted to kiss her in school. I said are you a good kisser? She said yes, I said I'll rate you on a scale of 1 to 10. We made out for a while. It was great. She was an amazing

kisser and she was trying so hard!!! I gave her an 8, haha. She tried again. I gave her an 8.5. All good. She left and I kinda just sat and laughed to myself.

I had kissed 4 girls and each one had seen me with another chick.

The French chick had watched me kissing Swede 1.

Swede 1 stole me from heavy physically escalating with the French chick.

Swede 2 watched me making out with Swede 1.

Swede 3 watched me make out and get a lap dance from the French chick.

Final score - 4 kiss closes, 1 with boobs too, 3 number/email closes, 2 MySpace peer group type things where the girl asked to talk over MySpace soon. And no taking a girl home. Haha. Typical club game. You kiss tons of girls then go home alone, then do phone game and second meetings. As has been stated on by dating experts many times before, you gotta play hard to get and go SUPER indirect to pull out of dance clubs. I've pulled out of clubs before, but tonight was fun just to kick game and make out with girls. Club game is all about social proof and how you use it. I really want the pizza place girl the most anyway!! Yoweee she was fine!!

These club girls are lemmings! They are all wanting to kiss the guy who kissing someone else already! It really makes it more exciting for them. They're probably writing their field reports in their diaries about how they stole me from another girl etc, haha. Just got a text from the model chick: "So how many girls did you hook up with last night?" They love it. Hehe. As a guy, I guess it's better to be considered a slut.

Now don't be mad this is my only field report ever that is not a lay report, I can't write everything up all the time, I just thought this was a fun one and a very educational cause club game is considered difficult by a lot of people. Game on!



## CHAPTER 23: SEDUCING STEALTH HOTTIE WITH THE QUICKNESS

Last night I just had the magic on I guess. Every girl I approached was responding well, and in the end I got a super quick open-->make out-->seduce of this hot babe from Germany. It was a training session for 6 students, but I'll focus this report on my own approaches.

First approach was in a bookstore. Tough looking Latino girl from Brooklyn. Pretty hot, but kinda ghetto. Opened with the Oprah Winfrey routine. She was kinda luke-warm. I had to keep plowing, and I extended the opener to go on for about 5 minutes, even pointing out other chicks in the place who looked like Oprah. I was holding steady, but it wasn't going anywhere until I got into a discussion of having a "bar name" which is when a girl gives a fake name to guys in a bar who hit on her. I was saying how I have a bar name too, etc. That made her light up because she had a bar name too. From there I was able to do some good vibing with her as she knew I was an insider. Getting her number and e-mail was easy from there.

Next approach I did was 5 girls in a medium volume lounge type venue. There were 2 tall model type girls, one fat ugly girl, and 2 average girls. I went with the horse girl opener, directing it to one of the hot ones, a 6 foot tall brunette. The other 4 girls immediately went into spectator mode. They did not block or get too involved, but they all turned their bodies towards me and listened intently. They had been in a circle before, now it was me and the brunette facing each other and the other 4 girls in a line audience style. I delivered the line super slow and made it seem like I was almost feeling stupid for even asking this question. I kept saying stuff like "you're never gonna believe this" or "this is a totally weird story" and "I can't believe I'm telling you this." Well the girl played into the line 100%. She claimed she actually was the weird horse girl. She forgave me for making fun of her all those years, and we hugged. All the friends looked so happy. For a second I thought they were going to clap for us or something. I vibed with this brunette about 5-10 minutes, then I had to leave and get on to coaching so I left her and figured maybe I'd come back later. They were such nice girls, and you know how rare that is that you don't have at least one girl who's testing you or blocking you or something.

Next approach was a challenge one of the guys threw at me. He saw 9 girls all holed up at a table in the back, one of them had a princess crown on. He said "I'd like to see you do that one." My assistant coach Joe Natural said go up to them and say "My mommy always said I was a princess and so now I want to try on your hat." Not bad. But I went with something else. I walked over with a pen and an index card I took out of my pocket, put on a really monotone voice and said "Hi I'm from x-venue quality control I'd like to know if you've found the experience here better than average, average, or worse crappier than average?" I was being completely full of shit and very obvious about it. They started giving actual answers "average." It was 2 women in their 40s, and the rest were 20ish. Cute girls for sure. So I had to make it more silly so they'd know it was a joke if they didn't already. "Do you find your wait staff to be hotter than average, average hotness, or less hot than average?" They said average, and one of the older chicks was spunky, she said "and that's being generous." I

flirted with all of them for a few minutes, then told them I wasn't from quality control, but my mommy always told me I was a princess and I wanted to try her crown. They said I could try it but I gotta leave my credit card. I said yeah sure, I'll bring it back, then I walked around the bar in it for a few minutes in the crown. It was pretty funny. I gave it back and flirted with them some more. I flirted with the older chick super cheesy style like "Heyyyyyy baby... what's your sign?" She was attracted. I always flirt with the older chicks in a group like this cause the younger ones get off big time on it.

Next I went back to the tall brunette. We had a great conversation. She was extremely intelligent and matched wits with me every step of the way. She said she was being "sassy" with me. I said hey I was gonna take it easy on her. But she said don't take it easy. I said "Promise you won't cry? PROMISE???" This is like a snowball fight, you're promising now you won't cry, but later you're gonna cry, I know it." She was laughing and we matched wits a while longer before doing rapport stuff. She's in the entertainment industry, I'm in and out (currently out) of the entertainment industry so we talked about that. Took her number, and the meet up is already set for tomorrow. I'm doing this new phone game thing where I call all the numbers from the night before as soon as I get up so I'm half groggy and I sound like we just woke up together. That's working well, not sure why just yet. Additional testing to come.

Next few interactions were rescue missions, taking out some cock blocks for the students. That always feels good and it did nice things for my state. Joe Natural barges into one of my anti-cock-block maneuvers and starts talking a mile a minute "This is Heather Menderson and we go way back, first time I ever drank was with her. We went to the beach, I drank so much I puked on her and she had to take care of me, she's so nice I can't believe she's here. Then we went out for a while but I fucked her best friend. Sorry Heather." And he walked away. The girls were completely stunned, they loved it. I even thought it was true for a second.

Next was dance floor game demo, another great state builder. Had this cute German girl going for a while, then ejected to do other stuff. The venue was loud as hell. Ran into a girl from the other night. Tried to kiss her but got shut down. Since I've fucked all her friends, she's gonna give me a harder time, but I took her number anyway. 15 minutes later I look over and Joe Natural is making out with her. Must be nice to be a natural, huh? Winged on a few more student approaches. I'm trying this new thing in loud venues where I just point and squint, this builds social tension, then I start dancing with the girl. This works cause the dancing relieves the discomfort of the social tension and there are no words spoken so the club volume isn't a problem. Not completely field tested yet, so don't hold me to that one working. Will report back on it. It's worked well so far.

Next I got re approached by the German girl from the dance floor. Went pretty hard on the touchy feely stuff. I took her email, and had to move on to the next venue. Next venue was not quite as loud, but a little more on the hipster side so those girls are a good challenge. First set in there I was winging and this girl with curly blond hair came tripping into the group. She said hi and started to escalate on me hard. Note to self- if a girl is stumbling and tripping into you, the attraction is usually high. There was a guy in the group too, we all introduced. The guy was cool. The student was doing ok with his girl. I checked if the dude

was a boyfriend, and he wasn't so I extracted her from the group by just grabbing her hand and saying "come over here."

I sat on a couch, she fell into my lap. She was sort resistant, but I was still escalating hard. It was so weird. Finally got her into a good position, she said she wouldn't make out with me, then we made out a little anyway. Then this guy came over and laid down right on her lap. It was totally strange. He was an orbiter. He knew he couldn't fuck with my game too directly, but he did a good job of making his presence known without causing problems. I know this is hard to picture, but he was holding her hand, I was holding her other hand, I had my arm around her, his head was in her lap (kind of submissive so yeah that's bad). She would not look at him, but she didn't tell him to leave, so we kissed some more while he just sat there. Then I had to go so I decided to kinda pass her off to him, but kinda fuck him up all at the same time. I said "I gotta go now, but I think you should make out with THIS GUY." He was facing away, but he heard and he just put his hand back for a low 5, which I gave him. He thought he was in. Then I said "But you should make out with me more first." And I kissed her one more time before I left. Haha. I stood up, turned around, and started making hand motions like "Ok makeout, get together." Almost like an orchestra conductor. He went in like it was a done deal, but she would not kiss him. The guys who were with me were like "What the fuck was that about?" I'm sure it probably looked really weird, but I always tell everyone weird shit is gonna happen so be ready for it.

I go downstairs to try to get everyone out, Joe Natural is talking to 3 German girls. It's so dark down there, I could barely make out if they were hot. One of the girls says she knows me and that my name is Matt. I knew something was up. I smelled high buying temperature. So I said "Do I know you? Did we ever have sex?" She said "Yes, we had sex last week." I said "Hmm, weird, I don't remember having sex with you, but I guess I did... wait...was it you and one other girl?" She said "Yeah, she's right over there." And pointed to her friend. I knew it was ON ON ON and I'd be making out with her soon. So I changed gears into "HEY!!! I remember you now!!! So nice to see you again!" and we hugged like old friends. I quickly transitioned the 'friendly hug' into a sexual hug. It was almost like we were groping each other without touching any private parts. Like the way you hug someone when you're in the middle of fucking them. She smelled really good. She seemed pretty hot, but it was dark. The energy was taking over. It could not be stopped any longer. We started making out like crazy in front of her friends and my students, and I dragged her off to the bathroom about 2 minutes later. She was ready to go.

I could write like 1000 pages on the sexual sub-communication that happens in type of thing, the under 5 minute sort of seduction. The words sort of matter but not really. It has a lot to do with sensing attraction levels. I learned it from a friend who was a natural.

There was a really long line for the bathroom (I hate NY) so I pulled her into the hallway by the stairs. It was high traffic but fuck it. I got under her bra and all that. Rubbed her pussy over the pants. Her body felt pretty tight. She may have been ready to go home with me since the bathroom line was so long, but I still had to do the post-mission evaluations so it was not gonna be possible for me to take her home for another hour. I told her give me your

number, I'll be back for you in an hour. But she had no phone. It's weird, sometimes Europeans come to the USA and they don't bother getting a phone. So she was saying "You promise you'll come back?" I said yeah. But then I tried again to pull her in the bathroom because I KNOW that I had sent her attraction levels through the roof and if there were any other players around with half a clue they'd snap her up. So we end up in the women's bathroom, but it didn't go all that far cause she had her heart set on me coming back in an hour. I got my finger on her clit in the stall, but it was short lived.

Off I go, and when I return in an hour and 15 minutes, I thought she'd be gone. She was still there! Jackpot! So I decided to just extract. She was so happy to see me, so I said "Ready to go?" and we started walking toward the door. Then she said wait. She wanted to make out some more. I took this as meaning her anti-slut defense was kicking in and needed to increase attraction levels to counteract that. But it was cause she couldn't leave her friends. Always always logistics. I say this all the time: Just cause a girl verbalizes wanting to go home with you does not mean shit until you handle the massive logistical challenges that are about to fall on your head. After she says that she wants to go with you, you must keep attraction high in order for her to remain consistent with that statement in the face of social pressure from her friends and social conditioning from her past. This is not easy, and many people blow the one night stands by neglecting this aspect of the game. I've been at this stage many times, I call it "Purgatory." When you're in purgatory, the girl is ready to go, but you still have to work out logistics and it can really go either way.

In this case, it was not too bad. Rounded up her friends, the place closed, and the girls wanted to stand outside for a long time and just smoke cigarettes. 2 friends were fat chicks. There was a dude hanging with them, trying to pick them up. He was ok. He stood silently while I engaged the friends. I mostly acted like a retard. I sang Rammstein songs in all made up German words. This worked fine. The girl said to me "My friends are so jealous, kiss me now" and she'd keep pulling me off to the side to make out. There was no cock block vibe at all. Maybe it's just a cultural difference with Germans or Europeans in general. Or maybe it was just a social value thing. People always ask me about getting blown out by cock blocks and what technique to use to fix that. In my opinion, it has little to do with technique and everything to do with social value, identity, and stereotyping. There's no quick fix. If it happens all the time it indicates you have a lot of work to do on yourself.

Logistics were a nightmare. They were from a place 2 hours away, they had taken the train in. It was really tough. I tried to ditch the 2 friends by having them stay with the other player guy. But his game was so weak, they were not into him. If I had it to do over I would have tried to raise his value somehow instead of ignoring him, but it's always hard to tell how that will play out. It's kinda risky. In the end I decided just take the lead and tell these chicks what to do. I told them they could stay at my place if they don't want to go with the guy and they should talk it over in German. They were in no rush. It seemed like they wanted to sit there and smoke all night on the street. Finally I said "are you guys coming with me?" They said "We think so." I hailed a cab in 2 seconds flat it was pulled over and we were out. The other dude said "fuck." I told him I tried and we bounced.

Now what the hell is up with the fact that I keep bringing chicks friends home with me? The friends hang in my living room while I bang my girl. Well it works I guess. My whole theory on friends of girls you're trying to game is to form a deep, sincere connection with them and let the rest flow from there. Lately the result has been that I have chicks hanging in my living room waiting for me to finish with their friend.

Back at my place in Queens, they still wanted to hang out on the street and smoke cigarettes. So weird. It was 4am, and there were these Arab guys running up and down my block yelling with no shirts on. Welcome to my world.

I finally get them inside and these chicks were really cool. I was trying to think how to isolate the hottie in my room, but she did it herself. She just stood in my doorway and said "wave goodnight" and closed the door so we could be alone.

Now this was the first chance I really had to see this girl in the light. I kinda wasn't paying attention to how hot she was for a while. She was dressed like a dirt bag. Her hair was that whole dirty look, and her jeans were too big so it made her ass look dumpy. When I started getting her clothes off and seeing her face in the light she was actually really amazing. Perfect from head to toe. All over tan, shaved pussy, perfect skin, great face, perfect breasts, perfect ass, hardly any fat on her. This is what I call a stealth hottie. She can't get all dressed up cause she'd get too much attention and it's an inconvenience. I'm always on the lookout for stealth hotties and this time I found one by accident. Put that together with the German accent and it was like WOW! It was like a porno movie happening in your real life.

She gave token resistance. It was really cute. She gave anti slut defense like "I'm not usually like this... I never do this... blah blah." Some girls have annoying ways of resisting. With this girl it was just adorable. Finally got down to business and she was great. Joe Natural was telling me if you've never had sex with a German girl, you gotta do it cause it will be the best sex of your life. Joe knows German girls. She was talking to me in that German accent saying "Fuck me! I need it!" etc. She also wanted me to talk to her, but it was hard to tell if she wanted romantic talk or dirty talk so I did a bit of both.

After we were done, she was telling me about how all NYC guys are the same, and they only want one thing, and German guys are romantic. She said let's just make it a one night thing and never talk again. I was kinda disappointed, but I know better than to take anything any woman says at face value. I said fine, but then later I took her email. She wouldn't give me the number cause she's a nanny for this lesbian couple that adopted and so I can't call there. She was saying how she knows I'd never call anyway, cause NYC guys only want one thing, etc. Very negative, but I don't buy it. I highly doubt there are many guys out there who would sleep with this girls once and then not call her. What I think is that guys are getting all weird on her, getting too into her, etc. and so one night stands are the only ways she can have any fun sexually.

Funny thing about this one is that I think it was really good that I didn't realize she was that

hot early on. Sometimes that can make you put too much value on the girl and then you're fucked. Better that I was oblivious, and she was just another chick to me at first. There's plenty of time to stare and ogle a girl once you get her home.

## CHAPTER 24: WARNING! - HARDCORE STUFF!

The other night I had my best threesome ever. It was super hot, and some parts were insane, downright violent at points. Do not try this at home unless you really know what you're doing, it got me in a bit of trouble, but I'll get to that.

A little background – I've been having quite a few threesomes in the last few months. It was something I was trying to figure out. I did some reading and consulted with Buzzy, a natural who's had lots of threesomes. At this point I've done them in almost every setup. The easiest was to just setup 2 highly compliant fuck buddies. I did that a few times. I did one with 2 girls that are friends last summer. Last month I did one with 2 girls who I hadn't met before, and they hadn't met either. Didn't post a lay report on that one cause one of the girls has a roommate who's a well known instructor. Really well known, like even his cat gets laid. The one scenario I hadn't done yet was tandem hunting. That's when you take your girl along with you and the two of you look for a second girl.

This threesome I did the other night was from tandem hunting. I have favorite ballerina in town for a week. I'm really into this girl. She actually showed up and was pretty cold and bitchy to me in general. She's getting serious with a guy in her hometown and so that was fucking with her head. I had setup a compliant fuck buddy for us to hook up with, but the ballerina chick wanted to pickup the chick herself. She said "getting there is half the fun." I can agree with that, I just didn't know if she'd have the skills to pull it off. She's only 21 and isn't very experienced with women. I offered to teach her some stuff, she just laughed at that.

Like I said she was being a cold bitch the whole week. I tried to be patient with her. She just lost her job and is having a really rough time. But it sucks to be stuck with a girl every day who's got a bad vibe. So I decided I'd just make the best of it and try to have a good time even though she was bitchy. I decided out of the blue to take her out to a club. In the house it's hopeless. She doesn't want to talk about her problems, she just wants to be mopey, and I couldn't figure out a good way to build attraction. Taking her out was the fix. If I get her out, it will be a state breaker. Then she'll drink a bit. Then I can do all sorts of attraction in a club. I can social proof myself when all the other chicks try to flirt with me. I can be the #1 coolest guy there. I can wipe the floor with the other guys who try to kick it to my girl. It would be much easier to rebuild attraction in this environment. It worked like a charm.

We got to the first venue and they wanted \$20 to get in for a Lou Vega show. I was like fuck that. But I sang some Lou Vega songs with the bouncers just to have fun. I had a backup plan: some club I found on the Internet right before I left home. We went there. As I'm walking up I'm thinking I have no idea what I'm walking into. Am I gonna get in? Am I gonna have to pay even more at the door? I see a guy I know a little talking to the bouncer. I say hi to him and shake hands. We walk past the line, right past the bouncers and into the club. No ID, no charge, no line. It was like being a celebrity or something. I found out later this guy I know a little was a club promoter. I had no idea. He was there with a bunch of hot girls. It

was a fashion industry party. His girlfriend is a smoking hot model and the whole peer group is models (various types and levels). Turns out this guy is some kind of mega natural who bangs lots of models. He watched me effortlessly pull this threesome, so he's pretty impressed and I'm gonna roll with this guy more in the future. Nice little bit of peer group building, and I will try to interview him at some point for the community.

We get in and end up sitting at a table with a bunch of girls and guys. Ballerina chick is drinking. Promo guy is giving us some free drinks. This tall girl rolls up and starts hitting on me pretty directly in front of ballerina chick. She says 'what do you do?' I say 'guess.' She says 'you're in fashion.' I say no. She says "is that your girlfriend?" I give a noncommittal confusing answer. She says "are you gay?" I say "I'm not gay, I'm trendy. There's a difference." The girl ends up kinda getting all over me. She gets my number with ballerina chick on my lap. I kept it sounding kinda like she was getting my number just as friends. The other girls in the peer group see what's going on. I know my status is rising.

Me and ballerina chick start vibing with another girl who was a fetish model. She's really cool and I think the girls are getting attracted to each other. I start physically escalating both of them on the legs. They're starting to get physical with each other. At this point I decided to lead things, but not get too involved because it was naturally happening on its own. I did give a little jump start with "What kind of bra is that?" She started talking all about bras and boobs with ballerina chick. Ballerina chick started grabbing her tits and the fetish model was loving it. She stuck them out, and pointed them right at me, but I didn't grab them yet. I was letting my girl do all the work. No sense skeeving this girl if my girl already has her in the bag. I never stopped touching their legs. I was letting this girl know it's a sexual thing. No confusion about that. The tall chick kept trying to flirt with me and get in on the whole thing, but we didn't let her in much. I flirted with her a bit just so the girls could keep feeling each other out. It was all about remaining a presence without becoming an obstruction. After about 15 minutes of this ballerina chick told the girl "We might just have to take you home." That was pretty direct and I wouldn't have done that, but ballerina chick is a really hot chick. So she can get away with that and actually it was a really good move. The fetish model said she'd have to consider that. The fetish model said she was onto us the whole time. I said we hadn't really decided till just now. She said she knows how this works cause she used to do it with her boyfriend. Then she gave me a great tip for tandem hunting that I'd like to pass on to all of you.

Here's what they would do: they'd make out. Then one of them would open their eyes and stare directly at the target girl. Then they'd make out some more and the other one would make eye contact with the target girl. That would warm the target girl a bit so when they approach it would be easier. Sometimes the target girl would even come to them. I gotta try that one.

Then everything kinda floated for a bit. New people were coming into the group. I made a trip to the bar. Some game-less chump was trying to talk to the ballerina chick. I let them talk for a bit then I put the smack down on him. Just dominated the conversation so he couldn't talk anymore. He stuck around and was slightly annoying but he was very low value so it



wasn't much trouble.

Then the girls started making out. I knew that was gonna happen. Everyone was watching. I just laid back and kept up some touching on the legs. The tall chick was talking to me some more. She knew I was gonna bang both girls. She said I was a lucky guy. I said I do this all the time. We talked more and I found out the guy she was with was an orbiter and she was into me. I could definitely bang this girl another night. All this time, the 2 girls are making out still and my hands are on their legs. I was successfully working 3 girls simultaneously in the middle of a club. After a while I ended up in the middle and we 3 were all making out. I decided this was the best time to get them home.

The promo guy was trying to venue change our whole group. We all said we were gonna go with him, but I knew this was the best time to break this girl off from her pack. There would be cabs and all kinds of confusion going on. It would be easier that way.

I've said it before and I will say it again: When it comes to getting a girl back to your place, you can never take anything for granted! There are hefty social contracts in effect. There are cock blocks where you would least expect. It's easy to lose the whole thing if you don't do the extraction just right. This is where your game needs to be super tight. You need to think on your feet. It's gotta have surgical precision, but it's gotta look totally effortless.

I tell the 2 girls "Let's go outside for a sec." We go out. Cabs are waiting. We talk for like 30 seconds, then I say "Let's all go home. There's a cab right here." The girls agree, but it's not that easy. The ballerina chick wants to go buy cigarettes. The fetish model wants to go say goodbye to people. I know I must go with the fetish model cause that's where the cock blocks will be, not in the cigarette store.

We get inside. The fetish model says bye to the promo guy, then to the tall chick. She says she's not going to the next venue, she's coming home with us. The tall chick GOES OFF LIKE A FUCKING CAR ALARM! High shrieky voice "NOOO! YOU CAN'T LEAVE! NO WAY!!!" I jump in immediately and get in her face. I hear the fetish chick behind me say "I want to go with them." She stood up to the cock block, but it wasn't over yet. When I jumped in I faced directly at the cock block and froze out the fetish chick. The fetish chick was now completely out of the interaction, that was my intent. The social pressure could not get through me and get to her. I was like a human shield. But it couldn't be confrontational, that would attract too much attention. I stayed really cool and calmly asked the cock block "Are you trying to cock block my threesome?" She was shrieking some stupid whiny shit, but I just talked over her. I heard someone in the back say "Yeah, are you trying to twat block??" I don't know who it was, but that was hilarious!!! I saw the orbiter guy walking up. YES!! He will save me! I immediately knew it was in his best interest as well to get this girl out of my way, he was trying to extract also- extract the cock block. I put my voice really low and said "Dude, this girl is trying to cock block my threesome, get her out of here quick." The guy really stepped up. He shuffled her off slowly, kinda like they were at a funeral. He's a CBB- cock block blocker!

But she persisted! I tried to get the fetish chick out, but she followed us. I slammed a door in her face and we got into the cab. HAHA, YOU LOSE BITCH! I was gonna fuck the tall chick another night, but now I'm not going near her. The orbiter can have her, I owe him one.

Now for more problems. Ballerina chick was talking to some Jamaican guy. I just straight up dragged her off. Turns out she was scoring some weed.

Then the annoying chump wants to get in the cab with us. He says "Got room for one more?" I say "No." I was blunt. I had just disarmed mad obstacles and I was getting sick of it. I said "You trying to go to Queens?" He said no, and it turns out he was just trying to get a ride to the 2nd venue.

I get into the cab and we drive off. Extracting is no picnic I tell ya!

OK now this shit is gonna get raunchy, so change the channel if you're underage.

The girls are making out like crazy in the cab. There's tits out everywhere. They're trying to eat pussy, which is damn near impossible with this setup. They start blowing me. 2 girls sucking my cock in the back of a cab. I was in heaven! It was crazy!

We get back to my place and have the craziest threesome I've ever had. The fetish chick is deep-throating me, 2 girl sucking me off, then ballerina chick starts eating her out while I tit-fuck the fetish girl. I grab the video camera. After some mild resistance from the fetish girl (which ballerina chick took care of) she agreed to the taping.

They get up on the bed and ballerina chick starts eating pussy while I fuck her from behind. We did like every position in the book. There were always hands all over the place. I just watched the video and some of that shit just looks impossible. I end up blowing a load on both chicks faces. GODDAMN!!!

During halftime, the girls went on the Internet and looked at all the fetish girl's modeling pictures. Some pretty hot pictures. Ballerina chick left a message on some fetish modeling gossip site that we had her in bed and her pussy tastes good. Hahaha.

Then we're all talking. I start talking a little aggressively and both girls are getting turned on. It didn't take much to get these girls turned on. They were so into it! I could see they were into the aggressive dominant stuff, so I went a little over the top. DO NOT TRY THIS AT HOME! I said-

"Yeah, ballerina chick has been a total bitch to me this week so tomorrow I'm gonna beat her like she's Tina Turner."

They kinda laughed, but they were getting really turned on by the violent stuff. So I went further. "Yeah, if you weren't here I'd rough her up right now."

Keep in mind, I'd never hurt a woman for real, but women can sometimes be sexually aroused by that violent vibe, so I was going way overboard since it was turning them on. It was essentially for their amusement. Perhaps someday the media will take it out of context and accuse me of domestic abuse or some other Ike Turnerism. "Tonight on the 6 o'clock news, scum of the earth dating guru threatens to...quote...slap a ho....end quote."

Ballerina chick was totally into getting roughed up in front of another girl so I went for it. I said ok I'm gonna have to rough you up right in front of this girl. She was getting so turned on. I made sure it was ok with both girl and then I hopped on ballerina chick and started doing some crazy shit. I had the other girl hold her arms down while I choked her, then I started talking all kinds of insane shit like "Now you're gonna get it, bitch. If you FUCK WITH ME, I WILL FUCK YOU UP!"

This girl brings out this violent side in me that I can't even describe. I have to reach deep down to find it, and I can't really do it with any other girl. Actually I don't know how many girls would even be into that. I'd have to be thoroughly convinced that she's into it to do that. I have to know a girl really well to get insane like that.

I end up slapping her in the face a bunch while I fucked her hard. I had the other girl slap her one time too. It was totally crazy. I fucked the other chick too, then eventually blew a load.

OK like I said do not try anything like this unless you REALLY know what you are doing. You could go to jail, I'm not kidding! In this case I had a long history of having very aggressive sex with this girl. There are things in her background that make her enjoy it. Not every girl is into this, and if you want to get into it you have to take it very slow at first. There's other stuff you can read on this, like David Shade, so I'm not gonna get too into it here.

When it was over, the fetish girl was saying that she was so impressed by how I handled 2 girls so well. She said a lot of guys say they want to do threesomes, but they can't handle it. It was a very high compliment I thought. She also told me the next day that I gave her the best oral sex she'd ever had in her life. Hehe, and me and ballerina chick were arguing a day before about who eats pussy better.

Now here's where things went wrong. When it was over, I let the 2nd girl stay. This pissed off ballerina chick quite a bit. She had told me months ago not to let girls stay over, but I forgot. In the post orgasmic exhausted state I was in, I was not thinking clearly enough to pick up on the signals she was giving me to send the chick home. I fell asleep. Ballerina chick ended up walking around town pissed off, but she never directly communicated it. When I woke up with the other girl I asked if ballerina chick wanted to go get lunch and she was pretty much irate about the whole thing. She loved the threesome and the rough sex, but was pissed about the other girl staying over. I managed to smooth things over a bit, but I don't know, I might end up losing this girl between this fuck up and the fact that she's seeing that other dude every day back at home. That would suck cause she's my absolute favorite girl and probably the only girl I know who I would consider making my girlfriend. But hey, that's what

happens in this game. You win some, you lose some. I decided long ago that if I have to lose some it'll be from being too aggressive, never from being too pussy, and that's the way I've lived ever since. When you choose to live that way you walk through life with a killer instinct that women can sense.

In the end I think I may have gained a fuck buddy, lost a more serious relationship, got an amazing videotape, and had a score with building peer group which may translate into more knowledge for all of us if I interview this guy.

Things to keep in mind from this report:

- Let your girl do the heavy lifting during tandem hunting. Lead when you have to, but don't get in the way of the girls vibing with each other. You're going to get yours, just be patient.
- Keep your head on straight when extracting. Don't get cock blocked! FIGHT THE POWER!
- If a chick is being bitchy to you, put yourself in a position that works to your strengths. My strengths in this case were night venues, club game, and social dynamics.

## CHAPTER 25: THIS GIRL IS A SEX MANIAC!

Dudes, I gotta write this up kinda fast. It's too good not to write, but I'm on not enough sleep, been fucking like crazy for days, and have possible threesome tonight. I'm not completely with it here, hope I don't write anything dumb.

OK so I did the threesome the other night, and then yesterday the ballerina chick flew out at 9am. She went home early as a result of that whole mess, so I had to take her to the airport, but whatever, she was being no fun the whole week anyway. I'll give that whole situation some time to cool off before I do anything about it. I consulted with my friend Joe Natural and he said just give her a "whatever" attitude and she'll come back in time. That shouldn't be too tough for me, I live the whatever attitude 24/7 and I even sing about it to every girl I meet.

OK so you know I HAD to go out last night. I'm doing this whole peer group thing with this dude I'll call "Promo" and his huge crew of model chicks. He invited me out to a few clubs, the fetish chick from the other night was gonna be there, and a slew of other bisexual hotties.

Now this guy Promo seems to be a mega natural. I'm learning from him and the fetish chick is a good friend of his so she's helping me crack the code. Here's what I've got so far. His girlfriend is a stripper. She insanely hot. Like an 11 on a scale of 1 to 10. She's hot to the point where she's actually socially retarded cause she never had to learn social skills. I saw them on the subway and got to talk to both of them alone for a while before we got to the club. The guy is so normal. Nothing over the top about him. He's got a black suit and eyeliner. Blond streak in his quasi emo hair. Maybe it would be considered over the top by others, but to me it's basic sexy stereotyping. Well done, but nothing crazy. He's not all that funny, or high energy. Just a normal guy who carries himself well. He puts himself into leadership positions and I think that's a lot of what's going on here. He leads this whole crowd of hot chicks around to clubs. He's a promoter, so we all get free drinks. We all get in free. He facilitates everyone having a cool chill time. Last night he leads everyone to another club for after hours. They want to charge us at the door. He steps up and fixes that. Then we get in and everyone has free bottle service as usual. He's got a rich chubby kid that rolls with him too. I'm not sure how that figures in yet. At some point I will discuss game with this guy and see what's going on.

I roll into the place with them. It's kinda dead cause it was a rainy night in NYC. This group of fetish models is coming to meet us after their show. I chill with the chubby rich kid and he's telling me a story about how some girl called him dumb. I decide to go talk to the girl. I infiltrate her group and do a modified horse girl thing on her. Basically just ask if she likes horses and see where it goes. I eventually get her to talk shit about the rich kid, then I go back and tell them everything she said. It was really funny. Promo and the rich kid were laughing that I would just go have random conversations with chicks just to amuse myself.

The idea here is to use what you learn in the game to promote your social advancement in general. Sure, you can just lay up in the cut and be cool, but if the place is dead, it's nice to make a little mischief just to keep stuff interesting.

Then 2 chicks joined us, they were interns from the rich kid's company. I sit down next to them and they immediately start touching me and taking pictures. I didn't do much. They were drunk. I was socially proofed. They responded to sexy stereotyping. That's all it took. I made out with the taller one in about 5 minutes. Not that interested in her. I was just gonna let them fawn over me to make me look cooler cause the fetish chick from the other day was on the way and I wanted her to see me covered in chicks when she walked in. It went picture perfect. She walked in and the other girls both had their legs up on me at the table and their arms around me. I stuck my head out from that and kissed the fetish chick- little peck on the lips. She played it cool and started talking to some of the other people, but I knew I had made an impact. Meanwhile, Promo and the rich kid are like holy shit, what the fuck is with this guy? The intern girls drag me off to the dance floor. This black dude is checking them out, so I take that excuse to ditch them. I tell them "OMG, that's Mos Def! The rapper/actor. Go say hi." They went for it. There were other celebs in the club. I met Julia from Fused, so it wasn't that far fetched I guess. I bounced and got back to the fetish chick and she was all over me. She had rolled in with 6 other girls from the fashion show. They were done up like crazy. Fishnets, push up bras, professional makeup jobs, crazy shit going on. I met a bunch of these other girls, some I already knew. One girl is friends with one of my other girls who lives in New Jersey. I'm gonna catch flak on that but who cares.

We chill for a while. The fetish chick is raring to go. She says she's so happy I called her earlier in the day, she can't wait to fuck me, she's been telling all her friends I give the best head and have a huge dick. Well ok then. No wonder all the girls were being so nice to me. Eventually I tell her I'll take her into the back of the club and fuck her right now. She says lets go. Off we go. I find some back hallway. We fuck like crazy. Then we head back out. Now we gotta play it cool cause of the chick who's friends with my Jersey Girl. Not my idea, the fetish chick was concerned about repercussions. We tried to play it cool but did a terrible job.

We're getting ready to leave. Rich kid is begging me for help cause he's getting cock blocked on one of the interns. I tell him I can only hold the cock block for a few minutes cause I have this other girl, but I'll get them to the next place so he has a fighting chance. I come outside and do various social maneuvers to get them in cab to the next place. I tried to get fake Mos Def in the cab with them but he had his friends there. Rich kid did not understand that Mos Def was his best hope of tying up the cock block. I explained it to him, but he wanted me to jump on the cock block and was too drunk to realize what I was trying to tell him. Plus he had little awareness of game, so he couldn't grasp the subtleties of what was happening.

The whole night I was wearing a tight black t shirt that says "SERIAL ASS GRABBER" in huge block letters. I got a few custom t shirts made like this that say weird shit. The idea with my style is that I want maximum social impact. Maybe I get a few bad reactions here and there, but I know I'm gonna get high impact. I've been a little nervous about wearing this ass

grabber shirt, but I went with it. Dudes this shit was off the chain. Girls were coming up to me asking me to grab their ass. It happened like 5 or 6 times. My analysis on this now is this: It may or may not have worked by itself. But when combined with great style and the huge social proof of rolling with so many models, it amplified things a bit. People just can't believe what they are seeing. Girls want me to grab their ass and men are just completely dumbfounded by the idea of it and the effectiveness. It flies in the face of every piece of nice guy programming in their being. No one can ignore it.

We go to the after party. I cock blocked some douche bag who's hitting on my girl. He was a decent natural player. Tough guy with a bald head. I jumped in and talked all loud. "Hey you're that guy from fashion TV in Toronto, right?" This confused him and took him out of his game. He shook my hand and started seeking rapport. I gave him a little rapport then froze him out by turning my back, creating a closed circle of people that he was not a part of. He kept trying to walk around me from a few feet back. Ha! Ya can't do that, it'll never work! The laws of physics are on my side. As he's making a large circle behind me I just keep rotating my back to keep him froze out. He's talking behind me. He says "Hey can I talk to you a second" I say "Nah, I'm kinda busy here." He's getting confrontational and says "Let's figure out something right now." I ignore him and keep talking to the girl. He's tooled and walks away never to be heard from again. See ya, dork!

I tell the girls "Hey that guy's weird." the girls say "Yea, we think he's a narc." I agree.

I finally get my girl out of there and get her back home. This girl is being super nice to me. Complimenting me every 5 seconds. Telling me I'm so hot, all girls love me. She so impressed that girls are always all over me. She says I should never be ashamed of that, just go for it. I was not used to having a girl worship me like this. I usually have to work pretty hard and always be on point. I realized this is what it must be like for guys who are super good looking or famous. All I had to do was sit there and take it in. Nothing else needed at this point. This girl has not known me long. All she knows is that on Tuesday I rolled in with a super hot ballet dancer and banged the shit out of 2 girls in a completely dominant fashion... I give her the best oral sex she's ever had... then she sees me 2 days later and again chicks are all over me... girls are coming up to me asking me to grab their ass. Of course she's gonna be pretty blown away.

Ok now we go ahead and fuck like crazy. She is dirty talking and it is so hot! She deep throats, does all kinds of positions, has great energy the whole time. It's some really great sex. Completely unbridled passion. This girl may shoot right to #1 with me because she has such a plethora of good qualities, as I started slowly finding out:

She's hot, well spoken, has cool friends, very smart girl. She does fire performances- breathing fire, juggling fire, etc. She's an exhibitionist, loves threesomes. She's offering me a bunch of her hot friends already. She starting work at a porn site billing company on Monday and is gonna send me all the free passwords. She pays for cabs and shit. She's way into me and appreciates all the good shit I do. She does everything I say and is polite about it. She immediately sucks my dick every time it gets hard, even if it's just a random boner. No

questions asked, she just starts sucking. She's great for my ego, she estimated my cock size to be 15 inches, which I think is a bit of an exaggeration, but you get the idea. It's nice when girls stroke your ego. She's cool with my player lifestyle and she's going around telling a bunch of hot girls I'm great in bed. Turns out she's Brazilian; she was speaking Portuguese to her mom on the phone: pretty hot. She has a nice place, great style, and has her shit generally together.

I ended up doing a full on deep-spot/g-spot/squirting thing on this girl. It was the first time she's squirted (or so she says) and she was ecstatic. I may break out the sexual hypnosis on this chick, and I rarely do that. I can't believe how much we fucked. It was a lot and she was still ready for more. DAMN!

It looks good overall; I'm just not rushing to any conclusions just yet. You never know when a girl could seem fine the first few days then turn out to be a psycho. Plus I might be getting too excited too fast as a result of being reactive about the ballerina girl. Is it possible for a guy who bangs 5 girls a week to be on the rebound from a long distance relationship that was never serious in the first place? Who the hell knows. But gotta be careful anyway.

The next day we went out for breakfast and I got even more reactions off the shirt. With me walking in broad daylight looking all rock star like I'm hungover and shit with a hot girl on my arm, people were staring and yelling. I'd just give them a smile and grab her ass. She'd giggle and we'd keep walking. Some black dudes were yelling something about Tommy Lee, but I was so out of it I thought they said Tommy Lee Jones. I just kinda mumbled to the girl: "Who's that? He an actor or something?"

Ok I gotta sign off here, hope that was helpful and inspirational for you all. I gotta shower and change my damn sheets before 9pm!!



## CHAPTER 26: I AM THE VIRGIN SURGEON!

A few weeks back I was on the Internet bitching about how these hot girls I've been doing meet ups with have turned out to be virgins. It's taken some interesting turns and I guess it's not as bad as I thought.

This report will be about the tall girl from Texas. She gave head for the first time in her life the other night and I was the lucky recipient. A few of you who go on missions with me might remember her because I picked up her in a demo, she was with 5 friends at the lounge spot we usually go to.

Anyway, here's how things progressed from opening to the blow job. I'm thinking we might go for the full monty tonight, we'll see.

I opened her with horse girl. She had 5 female friends with her and they stood by and watched the whole thing audience style. I vibed with the friends a bit then went off to handle other stuff. I checked in with her again a bit later, and this girl was unusually witty and interesting. Tall, beautiful girl, works in the movie business, amazing sense of humor, very flirty but a total good girl. I did some heavy sexual sub-communication very early on that went like this.

"Hmm, I think you're not really the type to wear clear high heels and a stripper dress. I think you're more the type for black lingerie. You're a naughty girl with an overactive imagination, but you're also a classy kind of girl."

She liked that. I guess you could call it a sexual cold read. I love to do cold reads that relate to the sexual dichotomy of women. The good girl/bad girl tension.

Here is the theory behind it: All women have a horny pervert inside, but the world tells them to be a "good girl" and so they eventually become consumed by the inner conflict. They want to get fucked and be slutty SO BAD, but they're not allowed. Eventually they become sexually frustrated. You can be the valve that lets that pressure out. These girls are bubbling cauldrons of conflict and sexual energy. They spend a lot of energy trying to just hide how horny they are.

Anyway, I had taken her number and moved on. Called her. We met up. Second meeting was pretty textbook except I accidentally ended up on a dinner date. I don't know how I did that, but we ended up sitting across from each other in a nice restaurant a few blocks from my house. I said to myself "Wow you fucked up somewhere along the line," but the girl doesn't care. Dinner dates are still considered normal by women and if I keep the sexual sub-communication and attraction up, I don't have to worry about her thinking that I am a "courting" type of guy.

Got her back to my place, as it was only a few blocks away. Got her naked in bed. Then she

panicked and wanted to go home. She told me she wanted to go home while I was in the midst of licking her pussy. Last minute resistance I figured. I had no idea she was a virgin. So I did a lot of push pull. "Yes! you've got to go right now!" Then touch her and suck on her titties so she felt too good to leave. I continued the push pull type stuff for about 30 minutes, then I sent her home. It was important that she left on my terms, not hers.

Next time we hung out, it was a very bad day in terms of sloppy planning on my part. I tried to take her to this amazing sculpture park near my house. It was closed. We sat in some ghetto boring park for a while, then got Chinese food and a movie. My DVD player was broken, my laptop was broken too. So we had to go to 3 different stores looking for VHS and we got this terrible 80s B movie called "Rappin'." We watched that and I did some excellent escalation. But again, once she got naked she panicked and wanted to go home. This time I knew something was up. I decided to come straight out with it and ask her "OK are you a virgin, a rape victim, or is something else wrong." (Notice you must never take last minute resistance personally. It never even occurred to me that she might be disinterested in me). She fessed up that she was a virgin. I was pretty floored by that since she's 23 years old. She seemed like a normal kind of girl. Not uptight, not a religious fanatic. Totally normal, nice girl.

So I had a long talk with her to try to figure out why she was a virgin at age 23. Was it by choice? Due to religion? Did her uncle touch her in her spot? What could it be? Turns out that in Texas there's a lot of religious guys. So she ended up dating these really great guys, but they were waiting for marriage. There were times she wanted to have sex but couldn't. She had never even touched a penis. We had a really nice talk about it. I told her I was a bad candidate for losing virginity, and since she was leaving to go back to Texas in a month it probably isn't gonna happen. Of course she agreed and that was that. Then I did some crazy dirty talk to her. I made her close her eyes and imagine a sexual scenario which I described in great detail. This went on for about 20 minutes. She was getting really turned on. I ended up whacking off and blowing a load on her, which was a totally new experience for her. It was very exciting to her I think.

After that I never called her. I meant what I said about not being the right guy for a virgin. But she called me and invited me to hang out. I couldn't make it but said we'd meet up soon. Again I never called her. Then Thursday night, she texted me that I was in her dream. I was in the middle of a lot of other stuff, but I decided to try and go to her place and see what happens.

I had just finished giving a seminar, and I was about to go out to the club and meet this fetish chick and Promo, the natural I've been studying lately. I'll get into that as a side note to this whole thing. I've mentioned Promo and the fetish girl in a bunch of my recent reports. This guy rolls with like 5-10 models everywhere he goes. Now he's hanging with celebs too. He had 2 major celeb party girls at his club a few days back. I mean REALLY big celebs, I won't name names here. Promo ended up in the bathroom with this celeb chick "LL" showing him her tits. I didn't know what was up with it, but the fetish girl hatched a plan to have a threesome with LL and hopefully turn her into our sex slave. She's a far out chick, but I'm all for it. So the plan for the night was to go give the seminar, then show up at the club and

work on that. After I did the seminar and dealt with the virgin girl, I did meet up with them, but LL wasn't there. It turns out she only shows up when this other guy is there. Promo rolls with this guy Jaime who is a MEGA-natural. He's dated famous supermodels and now LL is chasing him. I will be working on studying this guy soon as well. All I know so far is that he's in a band and he has an English accent.

Anyway, back to the virgin girl... I get the text, I call her up. She's in bed. I tell her I'm coming over to tuck her in. She says ok, but she's not sure if I'm serious. I show up at her place and she lets me in. I get into bed with her, we talk, then escalation begins. I get her naked. This time there's nowhere to go, Haha. She can't say "I gotta go home," she is home. It takes very little prodding to get her naked. Something has changed. She has become more open to sex. But she's on the rag, so I leave her panties on. Now I've got a dilemma on my hands. I've already had sex with one girl that morning. I know I might be looking at a threesome later in the night. Should I waste load #2 of the day whacking it on this virgin chick? I'm gonna need that load later with the fetish girl and who knows what else. I decide not to spooge but I'll see how far I can take it otherwise. Sometimes if you get hard and fuck or get a blow job, then stop without coming, it results in you blowing a really big load later on. It sort of builds up. I tell the virgin girl "I gotta teach you one more thing before you go back to Texas." I really didn't think that would work, but it did, haha. She was laying on her back, I stuck my cock in her mouth and she started sucking it. Wow. I could not believe it. She was totally into it. I did the super gentle teacher style: "That's very good, now take it really slow. You're doing great. If you need to stop just let me know. I won't cum in your mouth, so just relax." She did excellent and was really enjoying it. A little toothy here and there, but what do you want from a virgin? It was a special moment. I looked out into the Manhattan skyline through her 20th floor window and just thought about how great life is.

Now I was thinking who cares about threesomes and celebrities, this was a great moment and I'm not gonna stop myself from blowing a load. This girl will always remember it and I want her to feel like she was a success in her first try. So I asked her where I should come, she said "Anywhere you want." I got her on her knees and blew a load in her mouth. She swallowed it all and was beautifully submissive throughout the entire event.

What a night, I sure didn't expect that. We hung out and talked for a while. I got the feeling she's looking to have sex for the first time ASAP, so I told her keep Monday night free. Now I'm feeling like if she calls we're gonna fuck for sure. If she flakes, it will be because she doesn't want to lose her virginity to a guy she doesn't know that well when she's gonna be leaving town very soon. Either way it's fine with me.

I headed out and met up with the fetish girl and Promo at the club. LL didn't show up, which is par for the course. There are so many times when you hear these people are gonna show and they don't. It's one of the ways that promoters create business for themselves. The bottom line is that LL is chasing this Jaime guy. If he's not there, she's not gonna show. She's hanging with my friend just to get to Jaime. It's just like what normal people do, ya know. Celebs think the same way. I had some serious sexual tension with a bunch of the fetish

model chicks at the club. They all started making out and taking pictures with my camera. One chick took out her tits and had me hold them for a picture. Had a serious threesome vibe going on with the fetish girl and her friend, but I didn't pursue it that hard. I had to split early anyway and was kinda drained from the virgin chick. I split out early cause I had to leave town at 7am the next day.

I'm thinking that with this virgin chick there were many factors that led to success. Complete detachment from outcome. Patience. Combine that with massive sexual vibe, dirty talk, adventure, and solid game overall. It was also a matter of having the right instincts in the moment- she texted and I immediately seized on it to go to her place. I just gently pushed when I got there and everything went very smoothly. It's a matter of being open to the opportunities that are right in front of you sometimes.

I had another experience with a virgin like 2 days before that I'm going to post about tomorrow. I came up with a really crazy technique in this one I gotta tell you guys about.

## CHAPTER 27: VIRGIN SURGEON TECHNIQUE

So I've been hanging with this girl for a few months who's a virgin, but she's is very sexual. This is the same girl I wrote about in "Brad P vs. Virgin."

Finally got my cock into this girl, and wow that was a really tough one. I'll tell you how I did it and what the reaction to it was. It's a weird story.

Quick rehash of how I found this girl and a bit about her. Met her 1.5 years ago in California. She has an adventurous lifestyle like me and travels a lot. She is now living in NY not too far from me. The girl is a highly religious virgin. But she has some other characteristics that come into play on this. She's a high value girl. Very intelligent and together. She's 21 and has huge DD tits, so everyone in the world bends over backwards to please her. It's always been that way. She gets by on her looks and huge tits, but she has the intelligence to back it up every step of the way. She has a turbo charged sex drive. It probably has a lot to do with constantly denying herself. She gravitates of course towards dominant high status men. She dates musician types, but let's rich dudes take her out too. These morons spend mad money on dinner then she gives them nothing. She loves to watch me flirt with other chicks and do my high value thing. She told me this once and I told her I'm not trying to intentionally flirt with chicks, they just are always after me. I may be a big player, but I'm a gentleman first. Anyway, there's a whole lot of secret society type stuff that goes on in our communication generally. She tells me about the rich fuckers who take her out sometimes. I tell her about teaching pickup and stuff like that.

She wants to be my girlfriend and I considered it cause she is an amazing girl. But I can't rationalize having a girlfriend who I can't fuck. That's completely ludicrous. We had a talk about it. Like the other virgin from last lay report, I'm not looking to fuck this girl. It's not a goal that I'm working towards. I just think she's a cool chick to hang with. She's high value enough to understand my reality, and we have great sexual adventures. She blows me in public restrooms all the time. I tie her up and videotape her blowing me. She is always wrapping those huge tits around my cock. Life is good. I don't need to be in some weird power struggle with her about sex and her virginity. I really don't give a shit.

Anyway, in the talk I told her that I can't really look at her as girlfriend material because she doesn't have her relationship goals figured out. She has conflicting drives that will never work together. I try not to be judgmental about the religious aspect of it. I don't really even address it cause whatever people want to believe is cool with me. But I gave her a talking to which basically went like this:

"I know you want to have a boyfriend, but it's not gonna work because you're only interested in the top 1% of guys. Musicians and super attractive guys are never gonna take a girl seriously who won't have sex. A guy like me, I can have a different girl every day of the week, and guys like that seem to be the only guys you have any interest in. I know this is not something you logically chose, but that's the reality of the situation. You have an end goal of

marriage, but you will not take any of the preliminary steps to get there. If you trace it backwards step by step it looks like this: Marriage-engagement-serious LTR-dating-choosing guys who are realistic and attainable OR changing yourself to a person who the top 1% would be interested in. You haven't taken any of this into consideration, so your whole take on relationships is not realistic or appealing to me. I do think you're a great person though, and I think it's normal for you to have to go through a period of figuring this out at your age. What I think will eventually happen is this- you will stop being interested in the top 1%. You will lower your standards and meet a guy who is attainable. This probably won't happen until maybe your late 20s/early 30s I think. So it's great for us to hang out and for you to learn about life from me at this stage in your development."

She responded with a cute, whiny "Can't me and you just be together forever?" That was kinda funny cause she already knew the answer and she normally does not do any massive statements of interest like that. Neither of us does. Actually I'm not sure if anyone does stuff like that, hehe. I kinda disregarded it, but I told her you never know what will happen when both of us are at different stages in our life in a few years. I think she just knew I was right and there was no good way to respond to what I was telling her. It was some real deal, honest shit.

So that's the background on the situation. What has ensued in the month since that discussion has been meeting up once a week to hang out and have great oral sex. Massive sexual tension. Great blow jobs and tit-fucking. I've been giving her deep spot orgasms and all kinds of crazy shit. Last week I gave her 3 orgasms- 1 clitoral, 1 deep-spot, and one squirting G-spot (all in the same 30 minutes). She texted me the next day 'thanks for the hat trick.' Now the urge to have sex is getting to UNBEARABLE levels in this girl.

Last Wed. night she told me "Don't let me have sex with you." I said "I won't, only you can make that decision. I don't think we're gonna have sex." She said "yeah you probably think I'm gonna give in to you eventually." I didn't like that frame cause it implies I'm chasing her. So I told her "If you give in, it will be to yourself. I think you are dying to give in to yourself." Great oral sex ensued, and I rubbed my cock on her pussy like I normally do.

Now here's where I get into some technique you can use. With a virgin, a lot of times you can take the head of your cock and rub it all over their clit and pussy. They love this. Not only does it feel good but there is massive sexual tension on a mental and emotional level. It's right there and she wants it but she doesn't want it. Very intense. What I'll do once in a while is just start pushing against the opening, but not enough to make it go in. Repeating it over and over. Thrusting right against the opening. Then I'll stick it in a tiny bit. (I'm sure anyone who's been with a virgin has tried stuff like this). Next she'll say stop. Then you stop. If she says you stuck it in, I usually just say "How can you even tell? You don't know what it feels like even if I did. I'm the expert here." But they know... Hehehe...the "expert" thing just gives them a way to rationalize it away.

Ok in this instance I did something a little different. We had the great oral the night before. I went to catch the train home and I missed it. So we went back to her place and didn't have

much time. But I got her hot and crazy, then bent her over the kitchen counter. Now here's the new technique, new to me at least. I started sliding my cock back and forth on her pussy from behind. Then I'd stick in a little. Then take it out and slide it the whole length through. Then in again. Then out and slide. Over and over rhythmically but slow. So it's like it doesn't count. She wants it in, but she wants it out. She gets both. Can't slide it too far in or the sensation will be too strong and she will not be able to rationalize it away later. It's just a tease, and it has to feel like something that can be rationalized away later so she can think "I'm still a virgin." Virginity is a very subjective thing BTW. There's girls who get fucked in the ass all the time and they consider themselves virgins. I think that's a little crazy, but the point is it's all about what the girl can rationalize.

In this case the in/out thing was working great. There was no resistance to it; she loved it 100%. Then I put it in deep and that's when she said to stop. Feeling a cock way deep inside is too much for a girl to rationalize. So that was the end of that. I threw her on the kitchen floor and made her come and we went to the train station. Bottom line is I got my cock in this girl a good 40 or 50 times before I went too far and she said to stop.

On the way to the station there was a little backlash. She was looking for me to give her some kind of big compliance or interest since she had just gone so far. She was saying stuff like "You're awesome, but I'm never even sure if you like me. You never tell me you like me." I told her she has to read my actions, I don't talk that way. But I threw her a bone too, I'm not gonna be a total dick. I told her I like her and she should know that. After that she kept going with it so I told her I'm not gonna play into the whole female over-analyzing thing, but I hope she's having a good time with me. I was nice, but assertive with her. I generally will not encourage any complaining or whiny stuff like this in women. If you get into a long discussion of it, you're actually encouraging her tendency to complain.

I won't see her again for a few weeks cause she's in CA. So she has plenty of time to think it over and I'm sure it will make her want sex more. It's just a teaser. It doesn't even count. That's the best part. I used to hate this weird thing girls do where certain things "don't count." Now I love it cause it works so well for me.

Final analysis on this one – You have to TRULY BE DISINTERESTED in having intercourse with these types. Just take the blow jobs and if they crack, they crack. Don't worry about it. At the same time, let them know without sex it's kinda hard for you to take them seriously. That kind of a speech is great cause you're leading her in life. It's a little bit of "pimpology" just for virgins. Yes, it can backfire. The girl has to really like you a lot for any of this to work. What you should take from this isn't so much the virgin in/out thing. That's something you can use, but not that often. What can be used more often is the knowledge of sexual tension and how women rationalize things. Female rationalization is a very deep topic and it's best to learn about it through concrete examples like this one.

## CHAPTER 28: PROMOTER GIRL – DIFFICULT PULL

This was a really tough pull. I thought I was gonna lose her a few times. This girl is a club promoter and total party girl here in NYC. She promotes for a very trendy club.

Let me start with a little background on this girl. I have met her one time before, and she is tough as nails, one of the hardest testers I've ever come across. For anyone who has my book, "[Instant Attraction](#)," I describe a scenario in there where I used the horse girl opener, and the girl threatened to knock my teeth out immediately. This is that SAME GIRL! I haven't seen her in 6 months.

The approach from 6 months ago:

BRAD P.: (horse girl line)

GIRL: "What the hell do you mean about me liking horses?? Do you like your teeth where they are? Cause if you don't get the hell away from me right now I'm going to knock your teeth right out of your head!"

BRAD P.: "Listen, I'm just being social and having fun. You DO look like someone I used to know. Anyway, I can tell a lot about you from the way your conducting yourself right now. I bet you act like this all the time, and when you do, a lot of people think you're a real bitch. But I can tell that you're not. I think that deep down, you're as sensitive as a little girl. Sure, a lot of people may think you're stuck up, but you don't have to act like that towards me. You probably just act like that because you get dorks hitting on you all day."

The girl was 100% attracted to me after I showed her I had enough balls to stand up to her. 20 minutes later I was making out with her and her friend.

Her friend was hot too. It was basically just a matter of getting past the roaring tests.

OK fast forward 6 months to yesterday. Here's where my head is at. I came back from Cliff's List in Montreal and a few days in Seattle with one of my girls, I was pretty burnt out from being on no sleep that whole weekend. I didn't even get to game in Montreal; it was all just talking to students, meeting the other teachers and being totally desperate for sleep. Then 10 hours on a greyhound bus home. I've lost a few of my best fuck buddies recently due to various factors. Mostly me just not being willing to deal with their BS. So the rotation is down to 3 in NY, which is very light for me. Usually I'm between 5 and 10. The 3 that are left are beautiful girls, but 1 is a virgin and the other 2 are the types you have to go easy on in the sack. So I was basically looking for a girl so I could just pound the shit out of her pussy, throw her around, pull her hair, spank her, etc.

Wednesday night I ended up going and staying with the virgin chick, getting a great blow job and some great titty fucking. But I still needed to just dick-slam some chick. You know that



feeling?

So I'm skateboarding back from the subway on my way back from the virgin girl's place and I notice a lot of girls are giving me the eye. First one was pushing a stroller, but she was hot. I skated past. Next one was walking and staring at me. Another hottie. I wasn't really in that gaming mood, so I skated by. Next one was on a bike and she waved. Ok that does it! I'm going after her. She was like a 7. Light skinned Indian girl. I wasn't that into her, but figured maybe I'd give her a chance. I turned around and skated back the way she was going. She had stopped and was going into her apartment. I figured I'd go talk to her and try to get into her place, and then take it from there. So I said "hi." She said "hi." There were some old people there so I said "Are you the super?" The guy said "Sometimes." I said "Are you the super duper?" they all laughed. I vibed with the group a bit. The girl said "You stay on that side of the fence." I said "Sure, you're afraid of what might happen, aren't you." She said yeah. Now we have sexual tension. I asked if she had something to drink upstairs. She said yes and invited me up. We did some simple rapport stuff. I did a palm reading in her bed, then I upped the physical escalation a bit more and she got creeped out. So I left. As far as I'm concerned, that girl had 20 minutes to fuck me or impress me in some other way. As soon as she got creeped out by the physical stuff I left ASAP. Once a girl is creeped out there's no turning back. I was creeped out too by her lack of sexual rapport. I didn't take her number. I just said "hey I gotta go, see ya around." Not impressed. I'm certainly not wasting a whole night taking this chick out and enlightening her with my special brand of magical seduction. It was fun for 20 minutes and she works for a health food company so I got some free protein drinks out of the deal.

That was around 1pm. Around midnight I headed out to a club in Manhattan. Saw a few students there. Small world. Saw my friends there. I decided to go do a few approaches.

First group: 5 super hot babes from Boston. These girls were all 9s and 10s. I opened one of them, then I spoke to a few other girls in the group. I had not decided on a definite target. I wanted to try all of them out. I danced with them. Some were good dancers. It was fun. In the end I left that set because I didn't like the logistics. 5 girls is a lot. They're from out of town. Not good. There's really not even a good reason to take numbers since I hate the phone and I almost never do phone game these days. This was a nice warm up set and a nice piece of social proof for upcoming approaches.

There's a lot of peer group hanging around. There are 2 girls I've fucked before in the club including the fetish model chick, who I had to ditch over some stupid shit a week ago. A friend of mine says to me "Hey, come meet these girls. The red haired one is mine, but you can take the brunette, I've already fucked her." Hehe, my friends are some sick fuckers, especially this dude. He wants to just pass all the girls around. OK fine, He'll take the redhead, I'll take the other one. He introduces us. I look at the redhead and we recognize each other. I say "Did we make out?" She says YES!!!! It's that same girl who wanted to knock my teeth out! She immediately pulls me away from the group and starts touching me all over. I'm like "yeah yeah cool." But I'm trying not to steal this girl from my friend. After a few minutes I tell him "Dude get this girl off of me, she's trying to make a move on me, and

she's yours not mine." My wing says OK, but he tells me a few minutes later that if I want to take the redhead that's fine. I tell him we'll see what happens. If it goes that way we'll just both go with it.

So I'm not sure what I want to do, but the brunette is into my wing and lukewarm on me. The redhead is really into me, so I guess that's the way it's going. So I start gaming the redhead chick. Turns out she's a club promoter. She's working as I'm gaming her. It's hard to keep her focused. She's gotta make sure everyone has drinks, she's gotta flirt with the guys she invited.

My game in this case consists of hard physical escalation and some caveman stuff. No routines. No attract material. Lots of test deflection. Let me say this about NYC club game, these girls have a SUPER STRONG frame. Most NYC girls do. This particular girl is throwing tests like you wouldn't believe. Some of the tests were absolutely baffling, even to me. It's the hardest testing I've ever encountered.

I decided I don't even want to get into much verbal sparring with her. She's too quick. I'm steering stuff more towards sexual things. That's the way I'll make her submit to me. I drag her off into the back and make out with her. I take my dick out and she's touching it a little. She's asking about my wing, I tell her he said it was OK. I spank her in the club in front of everyone. I tell her me and my friend are gonna double team her. She's pretty into that idea. This girl is kinda drunk, now I have her horny. She's wrapped up in possibly getting it on with me and my friend.

She tries to hook me up with some other friend of hers to make out. The friend is hot, but totally stiff and a bit on the cock block side. I try to form a connection with her so she doesn't cock block me later. But it's not working. These party girls just want everyone to make out with each other, IF you're in their secret club that is.

Now me and my wing start talking about how we're gonna try to pull both girls into a four-some. They seem like they wanna fuck, but it's too early for the redhead chick to leave because she's technically still working. So we wait.

I'm working my game when the 2 ex-fuck-buddies roll up on me. That was funny. Not a problem at all. I hugged one of them and had a nice conversation. The other I avoided cause she did some fucked up shit a few weeks ago. In the end it's all social proof. During the waiting period, a bunch of girls kept rolling up on me, dancing with me, talking to me. Some I knew, some I didn't. It was great social proof and I think it saved the day, cause the redhead chick was all over the place. Me and the redhead chick decide it's time to go, she wants to take all 4 of us into her car and leave. She's drunk and wants me to drive. All good. I go to my wing and the girls go to the bathroom. My wing wants to fly solo with the brunette; he's got logistical issues so the 4some is off. No problem. The girls finally get back and I know now is when the REAL game begins.

I have to figure out how to get this flaky, non-stop testing promoter girl out of the club

without being cock blocked, or screwed up in some other way. She already said she's ready to go home with me, but it took about 45 minutes to get her out of there and I thought I was gonna lose the lay a few times. She made another long trip to the bathroom with the brunette. She made a 3rd long trip to the bathroom with the cock block chick. The cock block chick wouldn't let us leave, asked us to hang out longer. She made a trip into the back to do coke with some fat guy. I went with them. I was on the brink of seeming needy the way I was hovering over her, but it was crucial in this case.

Now she tells me "What if you didn't run into me tonight? What would you have done?" I said "Well you know there's a lot of other girls here." She says "Yeah I can't deal with your fan club, I think I'm gonna drive myself home," and she walks away. It sounded pretty serious and I was little thrown off, but I decided to treat it like just another test. I waited a few minutes, she came back and we started walking out of the place.

Now ANOTHER FRIGGIN GUY she knows stops us. He's like "Hey!" He just got in and she had invited him. This is how this club promo thing works. This chick collects orbiters, then she invites them all to the club, then the club pays her depending on how many of them show up. She is a professional flirt and orbiter collector. So she had to stop and hang with him. I jumped right in and started to dominate their interaction. The redhead chick walks off to the bathroom with the cock block again. This is so annoying to have to go through this process, but I've pulled so many same day lays, I know it is par for the course. This is, however, the worst case I've run into. Fucking horrible. I stay and talk with the guy while she's in the bathroom cause I don't want to look like a loser standing there alone when she gets back.

She comes back and we leave, finally. We're driving back to my place. I'm not talking too much. She's telling a few funny stories. She tells me she's not going to sleep with me. I tell her "I was just about to tell you the same thing." She says she's not easy, blah blah blah. I cut off the thread because I don't want her thinking along those lines, thinking she has to prove her value by being a cock tease.

We get back to my place and I can't get her into bed. She's changing clothes, she's rearranging her shit. People are calling her for after hours parties. She's texting people. What a mess. So high maintenance! Then she's talking more about how she's not going to sleep with me. Finally she settles down and I'm thinking, "damn I hope this chick is good in the sack."

Turns out she's really good. She gives me some great head. I can tell she's trying to prove herself and that's what I like to see. I finger her for a back deep-spot orgasm. I put on a condom and she says "What, do you think I changed my mind?" I totally ignore that and put my dick against her pussy. She grabs it and slides it inside. How's that for handling last minute resistance? It was token resistance. I love token resistance. It makes the sex even hotter. It's almost weird when the girl just hands over the pussy without resistance. We started fucking and she was a CRAZY FUCK! I pounded the shit out of this girl! Damn I needed that. She came twice. I came. It was all worth it.

Damn that was a bumpy road to get there. Now it's all about staying out of the orbiter zone. She's already inviting me to her parties and clubs. I'm playing that hard to get. I may try to just get her to come over after that stuff booty call style. She must not start viewing me as a potential dollar sign.

It's also worth noting that this girl mostly responds to hard game, not soft game. That is true of most NYC club girls. My wing has insane hard game he uses on girls. He starts making out with girls and then tells them seriously "Get the hell away from me, don't ever talk to me again." I don't even get what he's doing with that one, but you get the idea.

This redhead girl is already sending texts about how I'm so cocky etc. so I think I'm safely outside the orbiter zone. She kind of seems like a pain, I'm not sure if I'm gonna bother getting her into rotation. If I have to go through that process all over I think I'm going to smack someone. Wow, what a great fuck though. I'm so torn!

## CHAPTER 29: BANGED A BLOND IN LIKE 14 SECONDS

This was such a weird night. I had a second meeting set up with this really hot chick. I picked her up at a traffic light about 2 weeks ago by just walking up to her car and saying to both girls "Hey, can you guys give me a ride to my friend's house, it's not that far but I'm a little late." The driver had already given me really hard eye contact so I knew the approach was pretty warm. They said "Huh... um" then I jumped into the car Dukes of Hazard style (it was a convertible with the top down). They took me to my friend's house. Did some good flirting, took her number, talked to her on the phone a few times. She's a TV writer who hasn't quite made it yet and does the NY/LA thing. Also was in Vegas for something with interior decorating. Between the really expensive car, the traveling, the fact that she was a 10 with huge natural boobs, and the struggling writer career, I was starting to suspect she might be a stripper, or perhaps just had lots of rich dudes spending on her, but whatever, those girls need cock too. I set up my usual 'adventure style date' for 9pm. She flaked, never showed up, never called, so that's it for her. She's eliminated.

Of course it's normal for chicks to flake once in a while and I'm pretty lucky I almost never get flakes, but it's still a blow to the ego. It just doesn't feel good. I decided to go to options 2 and 3. There were some other girls texting me to hang out, and I also had turned down my redhead DJ chick from a few weeks ago to do this second meeting. So I called up the DJ chick and she was still down to hang. She said to come meet her at some rocker/hipster club so I figured why not.

One thing I have to say about this DJ chick is it's a bad idea to hang out with her in clubs. She's all in the scene and I don't want to be following her around while she does her social ladder climbing and drama BS. I have a sheet where I write notes on the girls in rotation and for her it says "don't go to clubs" and "beware of the dark side" cause I'm pretty sure there's a psycho in there just waiting to come out. You ever get that feeling? In the end I decided to meet her cause I'm just finding her the most exciting right now. So off I go to the club. I send her a text that says "If you play your cards right you might get hot sex tonight. Really hot sex." I found out later she showed all her friends the text. Haha!

I get there and she's waiting at the door for me. She attacks me. She's all over me. We had a great time. We hung out with a bunch of her friends. There were some orbiter dorks I had to deflect but no big deal. We dirty danced up on a pedestal while the whole club watched us. I told her we're the coolest people in the whole place and the hottest, it was true. Great time!

At one point there was a long line for the bathroom, so I dragged her down the block to Dunkin' Donuts. I was planning on fucking her in the DD bathroom, but they didn't have one! Who the hell has ever heard of a DD with no bathroom! I'm writing a letter to customer care. I told her the plan a few minutes later and she said it was so hot. So I threw her up against a chain link fence and bit her neck for a while before we went back into the club.

We go ahead to the next club. A bunch of people were there that I know. The peer group I've

been rolling with was there, including Promo, the natural who I've been studying for about a month now. He and I are good friends now, he knows what I teach and he's excited to do an interview and possibly some coaching too. I'm happy to see them. The DJ chick is cool. This blond rolls up on me and immediately starts touching me and saying "I know you, where do I know you from?" Her buying temperature is WAY HIGH, but I tell her I don't know her and leave after some light flirting. I'm looking to bang the DJ chick, not pickup this random blond. I go back to the DJ chick and she's reading text messages and seems kind of disturbed. I'm not getting wrapped up in all that, so I keep on socializing with the group. There's this one guy there who's all suicidal and shit cause some girl rejected him. He's like the ultimate emo-fairy-chump and he's just moping in the corner. The blond is talking to him and then she keeps coming up to me telling me about it. She says "I'd hook up with him and make him feel better if he would just stop being so whiny!" I make a mental note this girl is pretty horny and maybe I will bang her another night. I try to hang out with the DJ chick but she seems to be getting distant and upset, so I leave her be.

Later, I get outside the club and the DJ chick and the blond chick are making out on the sidewalk. Nice! I jump in on the action and make out with the DJ chick. Then we're all getting up and I make out with the blond chick. I pull her hair a bit and she goes super submissive and whines "Pull my hair, yeaaaaah." Ok this shit is in the bag for next time if I want her.

We walk to the car and there's drama amongst the girls. I don't know what it is, I don't really pay much attention cause I know the DJ chick is prone to crying fits and other retarded shit. "Beware of the dark side" I tell myself.

I drive the DJ chick's car to the next place cause she's wasted. She's getting super obnoxious and it's really funny. She's not directing it to me at all, just being really crazy. She's on the phone yelling at some girl "I'm licking your pussy right now! Come meet us!" It's a girl she sleeps with. I tell her "Tell her you're licking her ass." She says "Come out right now and I'll give you a rim job!!" The girl is resistant so the DJ chick says "whatever bitch" and hangs up on her. It was fucking funny!

Now on the whole I'm starting to get a little bored with babysitting this drunk girl until 5 in the morning and driving around, but the other people were actually really fun, I was with my friends, and there seemed to be a threesome brewing somehow. Either with the blond or the girl on the phone. One way or another, some kind of threesome is on the way in the next few weeks, I can just tell.

Now in the next club it's 5:30 am. After hours. We're the only ones there and everyone is getting pretty wasted. Promo's chick is the bartender. Drinks are free. Nice! The DJ chick has descended into some kind episode. She's crying in the DJ booth. People keep going up to her and asking her if she's OK. To me it looked like some kind of attention plea, cause most people would leave if they were upset, not sit in the middle of a club attracting attention. I go talk to her after a while cause something is wrong. She's not handling it well, but something is wrong. I ask if she wants to leave. She says yeah, I ask her what's up, she can't tell me. I tell her "want some time alone?" She says yeah, so I leave her. I tell her this is probably not

my place to deal with this, but I didn't forget her and I will be back later to check on her. She's real appreciative and says she doesn't think I forgot about her and she's sorry we can't go home and just fuck like crazy. Last time I saw her she was getting all sick and shit, so I sent her home alone that time too. She says "I'm so sorry I'm pulling this shit 2 times in a row." So I'm not mad or anything. It's a little disappointing I'm not gonna bang her tonight, but there's always another day, and that's selfish thinking to be mad when someone is really upset. So an old friend of hers who lives nearby is gonna take her home, but he's not easy to find. He's hanging in the bathroom for like 30 minutes.

There's this whole bathroom hangout thing always going on, probably a drug thing, but I assume the guy wouldn't drive high or drunk. Who knows? In any event, he's taking his sweet time getting her home, which leads me to believe these emotional breakdowns happen all the time.

As this is all going on, I'm still flirting with the blond chick, and having a deep talk with this goth chick too. I'm still having a pretty good time. It's not my place to get drawn into all the negativity that's going on with the DJ chick. If she wanted my help, she'd ask for it. The blond chick is freaked cause she thinks it's her fault that this chick is crying, because she made out with me. I tell her that's not it. She keeps calling the girl "your girlfriend." I tell her we've just been hanging for a few weeks. Still lots of touching. Then these dorks are trying to pull her and she's like "Get these guys away from me." So I blow them out by starting to converse with her in weird languages. I tell her "Asalamalakum" and a bunch of other stuff. I was talking kind of loud and completely ignoring the guys. We start singing that Hebrew thing you do at a bar mitzvah. I don't really know it, I'm just babbling along with anything I can think of, I even said "la Hyam society, please donate your old car" at one point. She's getting all over me and it must have looked really weird to the guys cause they just walked away.

Then she tried this funny little game on me, she said about the dorky guy "Aww, he was being really nice to me. Aww I like him." I think maybe she was trying to show higher value to me with the attention she was getting, but who knows. At the time, I didn't even think, I just grabbed the guy and said "Hey this girl wants to be your girlfriend. What do you think?" He's perplexed. I didn't even give him a chance to answer, I said "I think you guys should just get married right now, I'll perform the ceremony." Promo and the goth chick are cracking up. I turn to them and "You didn't know I was a priest, did ya?" The blond got all grossed out by the guy and jumped into my arms. The guy and his friends left the bar as quickly as they could.

Tooling those guys was not the point though. The point was to let this girl know that I am 100% in charge of the entire social hierarchy. If there's anything that I want to happen, I will just make it happen cause I got it like that. She tried to play some kind of stupid game with me and I turned her and the dorks into a comedic little puppet show for my own amusement. That was fun.

Meanwhile, the DJ chick cries in the corner. I doubt she even knew what was going on.

I go back to chatting with the goth chick. I'm giving her dating advice on how she's not going to score with this musician guy she has a crush on because he doesn't know how to break down her barriers and make it happen. The blond chick wanders into the conversation as I'm explaining "Don't tell him you like him or confess your love, that shit never works. Just go flirt with him until you guys start making out." The blond chick says "YES, that never works, he's right." I say, "This girl is an expert flirt, take it from her."

At this point I was thinking I might bang this blond after DJ chick leaves. I wasn't really gaming her at all, just doing my normal stuff and having fun, but she was always gravitating towards my vibe. Off goes DJ girl. "Call you tomorrow, sorry about this mess." she says. All good. She may be dramatic and fragile, but she's polite and not an asshole about it. This girl knows she's unstable and crazy, that's why she's always testing everyone all the time. The bottom line is she still did her best to treat me with respect and to not cause me to have a bad time, and you know a lot of girls wouldn't be that considerate.

OK so now I start saying my goodbyes, but I still have an inkling of interest in fucking this blond. I have a few small guilt pangs cause of the DJ chick, but that quickly goes away. Out in the wild, you either take what you want or someone else will. DJ girl blew her chance by being drunk and dramatic. Fucking me is a golden opportunity that every girl should strive for. If one girl blows it, another girl has every right to take that golden opportunity.

I see Promo and the blond chick flirting. He's barely doing anything and her attraction level is going up. He can't fuck her cause he's got his girlfriend there. So I wander over and sit. I tell Promo this girl is horny and we should double team her sometime. He says yeah. She's looking at us kinda funny. I say, "Yeah but it can't be tonight cause of what you've got going on over there" meaning that his girlfriend the bartender is starting to look over at us. The blond chick says "Oh you know this guy has tons of girls, he's not worried about her." Promo says "ME? What about Brad??" I say "Yeah, do you have any idea who you're actually talking to right now?" She looks at us all confused and we laugh our asses off. It's become a funny little inside joke between Promo and I that I'm a seduction teacher who fucks 5 girls a week and no one around knows it but him, ha ha ha.

Now he's out to go check on the girlfriend, and I'm alone with the blond chick. There's still a lot of potential judgment coming into play cause of the people that are around. She's still leery that the DJ chick is my girlfriend, blah blah. I tell her I've never seen the upstairs, can she show it to me?

Up we go, and I don't think anyone saw us. We sit on a couch and like 10 seconds in I grab her and I say "We're gonna make out." There was really no need for any technique or fancy lead up language. It's a horny chick who's been wanting me all night, she's pretty much ready to go. She stops, takes a swig of water and we start making out. 1 minute later I've got boobs in my hand. Out comes my cock, she's jerking it. She's getting some kind of last minute doubts and says "No I can't do THAT (suck my cock), you've got a girlfriend." So I let that one go for 2 minutes then I started dirty talking in her ear while I fingered her: "Imagine how good it would feel to have that big cock deep inside you. Yes, that's a good girl. You



want to feel it so deep in your pussy, etc." She's reaching for her bag, I say "No I have a condom, hold on." I grab a condom, get her pants off, and we're off to the races. SHWING! I think it seriously was under 5 minutes from isolation to fucking. It had to be kinda quick cause the balcony we were on was somewhat visible from the downstairs, and somebody could have come up at any second.

She got a little weird afterwards. She said "That was hot, but it was kind of weird." I told her she was awesome and I give her credit for going for what she really wanted. She said she had never done anything like that before except this one time she blew a guy in a club bathroom. She just liked to make out with a lot of guys. I don't really think I buy any of that... but who the hell cares anyway. I told her "Hey you don't have to explain any of this to me, let's just get out of here before someone comes up." Then she says "Wait a minute... how did you know I was reaching for a condom?" She was getting dressed all clumsy, so I said "Hmm, maybe you really haven't done this before." HA! Right! Then I said "Hey don't tell anyone ok, our little secret." So we're not gonna tell any of our friends. She has a big crush on Promo and I'd rather not have DJ girl find out so it works for everyone. She also said she wants to fuck all the time and never tell anyone. I don't know about that but it's good to have options.

Analysis – It was a fun night overall. There was a lot of adversity that came my way and I think how you handle adversity is a big part of succeeding in this game. If you get stood up, you can go home and cry about it or you can go on with the business of getting some ass and having a good time. I chose the latter. If some girl gets drunk and dramatic, you can sit there all night placating her or you can go on with your life and fuck the next eligible applicant. To me that's a pretty easy decision.

The DJ chick is demoted to booty call only. She's got a lot of good qualities and is amazing in the sack, but I just don't get to really enjoy those qualities as much when I deal with her in the club setting. In the past, she has been totally willing to just drive to my house after clubbing and from now on that's the only way she's gonna see me. She's on thin ice but I'd like to keep her on if possible. I think she really means well and she does try to please me most of the time.

I'm also starting to think her dramatic behavior is hurting my social value in this peer group. I don't really want to be known as the guy who hangs around with the crying girl. I think a few people were speculating that she was crying because of me, which is not true. I'm just not sure it's a good idea to associate with her in public now. I always talk about how girls are always on a quest for social value.... now I'm starting to actually think the exact same way.

Today there's plenty of follow up going on so far. When I woke up there was already a message and friend request on Myspace from the blond chick. I looked at the time on the message and she wrote it the second she got home, what's up with that? Seems like there's some buyer's remorse going on there cause it was more "that was weird" type stuff. I wrote her back "you're hot. Sex was hot too, see ya.." I'm gonna deny the friend request, so she gets the idea to keep it on the down low.

DJ girl sent a text "Sorry about last night, I was being drunk and melodramatic." Ha ha, yeah no shit! She will not get a response for a day or 2, she's got to sit in the hot seat for a while. Then I'll let her come back and I'm gonna get more focused with this and start getting some threesomes with her. I haven't really bothered with the threesome thing yet with her, I should get on that shit soon.

## CHAPTER 30: LITTLE RICH GIRL 15 MINUTE PULL

Went out last Saturday night to a friend's birthday party. Me and all my old college roommates still hang out and we're all turning 30 this month. It was a big upscale pool hall/bar. At around 1 I split and decided to check out some clubs. I was testing out some new clothing as well. I have a pair of homemade black and white vans and a white leather biker jacket that I'm just starting to test out.

2 of the club promoters I know had events going on right across the street from each other, so I went down there. First club I get into I saw this fetish model chick I've been flirting with for a couple weeks. She's in my peer group and we've been just friends cause she's friends with the fetish model I was with a few months ago. Since they're really tight I didn't make moves on her. We've been taking cabs home together since we live close together, but my plan has been to just be friends with her. I don't need another fetish model right now, could be more drama, and she's a cool girl to be friends with. She always invites me out to clubs with her and there's a lot more girls around who are always watching me and this girl flirt with each other.

I've been doing a lot of club game lately, and if you get to know these girls, they're always inviting you out. These chicks are on a mission to surround themselves with club orbiters. So I do hang out with them sometimes, but not more than once a week, and I mostly flake on them whenever they invite me out. They're out like 5x a week and always trying to build their status and peer group.

So I see this fetish chick, we're flirting hard, then she wants to take a picture. So I take out my camera and start making out with her. This is a pretty cool kiss maneuver I've been doing a lot - making out for the camera. In this case the girl was kind of a bad kisser. Her tongue was darting around like crazy and it was kinda pointy and hard.

As I'm making out with her, I hear someone yelling my name from behind. Turns out it was the blond I pulled 2 weeks ago in my last report. I banged her the other night and gave her a facial on video, which she was loving. She was saying "Oh don't tell my parents." Ha ha. Anyway, she starts yelling my name and I had a feeling it was her so I just kind of ignored her while I made out with the other chick. Then after a few minutes I acknowledged her. There was this really drunk dude who had peed on himself in the club, so we were laughing at that.

I had a good time talking to the blond and the fetish chick was hanging around too. Nobody knows I banged the blond, we're keeping it top secret.

Fetish girl asks me to go over to the place across the street with her, so away we go. The blond tags along also. She is pursuing me really hard. We get in and the fetish girl pulls me up on the stage to dance with her and another girl. We're dancing away. Then the fetish girl has her boyfriend rolling up. They're "sort of seeing each other." I was all over his girl, but he

was totally cool with it. Then he was getting all over her and she was grabbing at me as he was grinding behind her. No problems, it was all good. The chicks left and we stayed up on stage and danced.

Downstairs she's hanging with him so I decided to butt out of that one. I could have pursued her but as I said, I was more looking to just be friends with her. The blond is gaming me hard. Some douche is buying her drinks while she ignores him and tries to game me. A few other girls I know are walking by. I bail on the blond and head back upstairs. I chill with this DJ guy for a few minutes, then hang with this suicide girl who was in the place. Me and the suicide girl go back across the street to the other club. Once we get in there suicide girl is absorbed into the crowd and I lose her. Now I'm not entirely sure what I want to do. I could easily bang the blond again, I could pursue the suicide girl, and I also have a vague notion of trying to fuck the fetish chick. I'm kind of wandering around aimlessly. I see a guy in there who I know, he's in a local band and he promotes clubs, so he has high status. I hang with him for a little while. As I'm talking to his group, this cute blond comes over and asks me "Do you have a girlfriend?" I tell her no, and then I go into my 8 girlfriends routine. In this case the girl answers that she has 12 boyfriends and just starts making out with me right away. Wow, I rarely have girls being that aggressive towards me. Even when they're attracted, or my game is on, or I'm socially proofed, I still always seem to be the one initiating the kiss.

I attempt to drag her upstairs, but the bouncer won't let us into VIP. I drag her to a bench and we make out some more. Then I tell her she should come into the bathroom with me. It seemed like the pull might be logistically difficult (aren't they always?) so I thought I'd try to bang her in the club if possible. She says "I'm not hooking up with you in the bathroom." Shot down, but I'm not gonna let that affect me one bit. I moved ahead and pretended it never even happened. She says she has to pee and leaves. Not sure if she'll be back or not, sometimes you lose a girl that way in a club. 10 minutes later she's back. We make out some more. I set the pretense for leaving together: "Wow, it's really hot in here, let's go outside." I know it doesn't sound like much, but just having some small stupid pretense for leaving is always necessary in order to reduce any her slut defense and establish forward momentum towards a cab, venue change, or something else. She says she has to pee again and I know she's probably working some other agenda, so I watch her from the corner of my eye.

Club girls always have multiple agendas going on. They're out mostly to get status and increase their peer group. Chasing status can take many different forms, so they tend to pursue several status building initiatives at once and then sort them out as they go. The ones that are working out they stick with. The others they bail on.

In this case, she had some kind of drama going on with a friend of mine who is a high status rocker guy. I saw them sort of arguing.

Here's the deal in clubs- there are players, there are naturals, and then there are high status guys. I'm the player. The naturals are few and far between. There are lots of high status guys who have very little game, but they can occasionally pull because of their status. These guys do peer group building and then try to fuck the girls in the peer group. Their success rate

varies. Sometimes it's very low, even though they have so much status. I know it's hard to imagine high status guys having trouble getting laid, or pulling poor quality, but it happens. These guys are often young and inexperienced, and they show neediness at all the wrong times. Smart club girls can turn them into orbiters easily so they often end up orbiting multiple girls. This does build their status further, but it also depletes their energy because of the drama that comes along with being around club girls. This energy depletion reduces their number of lays.

In this instance, I know my friend the rocker guy has no game. A few girls have told me that. I love the kid, but he's still got a lot to learn about certain things. He has great style, great hair, image, etc. but can't maximize it. I roll up on them arguing, and I start hugging the guy like "Dude, it's been a long time!" She is aroused by the drama they were having. This compounds the attraction to me she's already feeling. This is further compounded by the fact that I know the high status rocker guy. The result is I know I can pull the girl very quickly now. Rocker guy disses her and says "Go talk to him" meaning me. SCORE! I pretend I don't notice them arguing and him dissing her. That would be embarrassing for her and would plunge her value in a way that would over qualify me. I just drag her off and say "Oh yeah, he's cool, I've known him for years. Hey it's still really hot in here, let's go outside."

Now I don't know this chick's logistics. I had been trying to figure out who she came with earlier and she would not give me a straight answer. I may be pulling her away from her friends who she's supposed to leave with, but I'm not sure. This is bad. I always try to be very aware of logistics and I'm not happy about the fact that I'm missing a vital piece of the puzzle. I proceed anyway, we get outside and go to an area you would stand at if you wanted a cab. I'm implying we're about to get into a cab, and we're not going back into the club by the way I'm standing. She adapts to this frame and she says she wants to go to this Mexican food place. This girl is tipsy and tipsy girls always get grandiose ideas about food or venue changing or whatever, so I jump on that. I'm still trying to gather logistical info, I want to move in the general direction of either my place or hers. I ask where she lives. Wall street area. That's not far at all. She asks where I live and I say Queens. Cab pulls up. Then she goes on crazy tirade about how she hates people from Queens and she can't believe she's leaving a club with a guy from Queens. I tell her "hey you couldn't even get a cab to stop, get the hell in there." In she goes. She lays down in my lap. I tell her "Awww, you're so cuddly." I'm asking her where the Mexican place is but I can't get a straight answer out of her. So I have the cabbie keep going in the direction of her place. She's getting car sick, so I tell her the food might not be a good idea. She agrees. I tell her I think she's pretty drunk and I'm gonna drop her off at her place and split.

Here's what I'm thinking – Yes, this girls is really cute and seems to like me. But she's drunk and I can't tell how much she's drank or what she might be on. I don't want to get stuck with some passed out chick or some overdose type situation. A girl who is that drunk has to make strong direct statements that she wants me to come in, have sex, etc. or I'm not risking a bad situations. It's not worth it. Still I'm not sure so I ask questions- "How much did you drink? Did you take anything else? Are you really sick and maybe need to go to the hospital?" She says she's not that bad, didn't take any drugs, she just gets carsick easily. Still I decide

it's not a good time to push, I might just go back to the club. There's several other girls there who are interested, I can pick up where I left up and call this my good deed for the day.

We get to her place, I tell her I'm just gonna drop her off, but she's insisting that I come up. So I say OK. I ask her if she's got money for the cab, she says no. I'm sure as hell not paying for this cab. Drunk chicks try to trick guys into paying for their cab home etc, then they look at the guy as a pussy if he agrees. Fuck that shit, I'm not falling for any of this. I ask her again if she has money for the cab, and she takes out some money and pays for it. We didn't split it, she paid every penny. Now she's a bit more invested in getting me to her place because she had to pay for the cab and had to convince me to come upstairs. This is not gaming, this is real. I was 100% willing to turn around and go back to the club.

As we're about to get out of the cab, she gives me the old "I'm not having sex with you." HA!!! Now I know it's a lock. I tell her "I was just about to tell you the same thing." Many many women have uttered the same hollow words when their seduction is nearing completion. She's like a fly headed straight for the bug zapper and she knows it. There's no escape! Go towards the bright shiny light!

2 minutes later she says it again "I'm not having sex with you." Now I'm laughing on the inside like crazy! I get all stern with her and tell her "Dude, I already told you 3 times I'm not having sex with you, so get it out of your mind." I know how distorted things have become for her through the haze of attraction, emotion, and intoxication, so 3 times probably sounded pretty reasonable. She's getting more attracted as I say it.

We get into the building and wow it's some place. Doorman, building in the financial district, the rent is probably \$5K or more to get that in NYC. We get in and sure enough her Dad bought this apartment for her, I got a little rich girl on my hands here. I know the type. They like to misbehave and get put into line. Well, that's most girls, but especially the rich chicks.

We go upstairs and she's testing me like crazy the whole way. I deflected like 10 or 12 tests. I don't remember all of them, but there were a few about being from Queens. Then there was this recurring one about me being in her bed with my clothes on. She kept saying "My bed is so clean, don't be in there with your clothes that are all dirty from the club." I told her she's just trying to get me naked and she should slow down. A few times I told her "Are you giving me lip?" and slapped her in the ass.

Everyone always asks me "What were the tests?" and I never really can remember them. Why is it that I can remember everything else really well, but not that? I think I've figured it out- this stuff really just sounds like white noise to me now. I barely notice tests cause I've seen it a million times. I usually ignore them, occasionally I deflect them, either way it's autopilot. I make no effort to remember tests, I refuse to devote any mental energy to that. Sorry if that's not helpful to you. I'd say you're better off waterproofing your reality against these tests than reading about what they are and how I responded to them. Just fucking ignore them and change the subject. That's a good start.

She's telling me we need to take a shower. I tell her OK. She's dicking around cleaning up her house, and weird shit like that.

Anyone else feel like this shower thing often means the chick fucked someone else earlier that day and needs to wash off her pussy?

I finally get her into the shower after all kinds of weird dicking around, and once we're in there it's pretty much over. We make out, we're both naked, I'm fingering her, she's grabbing my dick and trying to slide it in. We go to the bed and get our fuck on. Not much resistance, except for the procrastination about getting into the shower. With that I had to take the lead and walk her in. I also paced myself when taking off my clothes so we'd be getting naked at the same time. I don't know why I felt that was important, I just didn't wanna stand there all naked and have her get it in her head that I'm being some pervy guy and it's totally my idea to fuck. I really think a lot of it was her idea, and I had to make sure she realized that at all times. This is probably a big part of the reason why there was little resistance.

When we finally do get to fucking, she was really good I have to say. She was a hot chick and she had cool looking tattoos. She was really into it and asked for some dirty talk. I ended up dirty talking her pretty hard and slapping her around a bit, which she really loved. We fucked again in the morning and we had some interesting conversation. She was telling me that she was mad at the rocker guy from the club cause he told her he wasn't going out, then he went out and she saw him. I don't know what their issue is. It's just nice to be around to scoop up hot babes when the chumps botch it or have issues with them. I told her I was 30 and she kind of looked at me different after that. I don't look 30 so she probably thought I was in my mid 20s. But she told me that she likes older guys and sometimes she sees guys in the late 40s and thinks they're so hot. There have been a few times recently that girls have told me stuff like that, so I will probably try to crack the code on that sometime soon the same way I cracked the code on club game.

Speaking of club game, I really feel it's become super easy so I'm switching to some other stuff soon. I've given a seminar on [club game and peer group building](#) that you can get at my site. The last 2 club pulls have both been in under 15 minutes. My rotation is stacked with cuties from club game right now. They tend to stay in rotation shorter than nice girls since club girls are generally unstable.

IMO the basics of club game should look like this-

1. Start by fixing your style and clothing so you can project high value.
2. Build a peer group by meeting small time promoters who work for big time clubs. They need you more than you need them. Show them you are good with women and you bring women. Women are like currency in the club world.
3. Doing cold approaches in clubs is OK, but not nearly as effective as building peer group. Cold approaches are more time consuming and generally it's more difficult. Peer group building is EASY in clubs, cause everyone is all drunk and happy. They're like "I LOVE YOU MAN!" and you've only hung out twice. Spend 1-2 weeks meeting people then do approaches when you really feel you know the scene. 1-2 weeks of pre-game can result in many, many

fast easy lays in the coming months. Guys tend to want to just go right for the jugular and start doing cold approaches. It's ballsy for sure, but if you walk around getting blown out all night people are sure going to notice it and it sabotages your chances of projecting value.

4. Don't assume these high status guys are getting laid. Most of them have no game. They're fucking posers trying to look like they're getting a lot of tail so girls will fuck them. That's a smart tactic, but don't be fooled by it. A few of them have game and it's super tight. I'm doing an interview soon with a club promoter with super tight game, the guy I've been referring to as "Promo" in my reports.

5. Status alone will not get you much. You need game and logistics for one night stands. Game alone will not get you much either. If your logistics suck, you'll blow it in the 9th inning every time.

6. If you have 1 or 2 girls attracted to you in a club you're probably not pulling anything but a number and maybe a make out. The guys who pull have 3 to 4 girls chasing them. That's how you get laid in club game. You need to way overshoot the attraction level needed in bars or daytime.



### CHAPTER 3 1: 18 YEAR OLD RUSSIAN GIRL AT GRANDMA'S

There's a certain kind of girl who I put on the "slow track." I know this book is supposed to be about fast seduction, but just hear me out. Most of the girls I rail these days I just do them on the first night I meet them. Meet them while gaming, work my standard game, get 'em in the sack, then into the rotation if they're compliant and desirable. I don't even make these write ups in my diary about them that often anymore cause it's so routine. Phone numbers I'm putting on slow track sometimes, just cause I have 5 girls in rotation and so there's no rush with anything. On the slow track, I call them or text them whenever, play hard to get and create attraction, then when I meet them whammo, sex for sure. I don't care if it takes 2 months of calling once every 2 weeks, there's just no rush. The reason I started doing this is because I noticed girls work on a different schedule than guys. They are in no rush to get sex. They are in no rush to meet up. They're really in no rush for anything. So I've adopted that attitude. It allows me to do some cool things that project high social value- refuse any plans that won't lead to sex logistically, flake on them, line up soft plans with multiple girls for a night then not call some of them. And I just don't have any time or interest for kicking extensive phone game or lots of e mailing these days. So slow track is low maintenance. The slow track is just an experiment right now, but it's working and I think it's setting me apart from other guys.

So I have this girl I met on HotOrNot.com while I was out of town a few months back. The Olsen twins looking girl. She flaked on me a few weeks back. I flaked on her a week later, then we finally met up yesterday and after a bit of a bumpy ride she turned out great. Good in bed and gave me the free pass to pretty much call her anytime for sex.

I sent her an e mail saying "don't be sad girl, I'm gonna get to you soon. sometime in January." That's it. Then she calls. She wants me to come see her at work (bad logistics). I tell her no, make her beg and plead, I agree to show up almost when she's off, I show up late so I don't have to stand there at a real estate office (projects low value). All along this girl has been hardcore testing me. She plays all kinds of crazy mind games, tries to run cocky-funny on me, I can see she's probably intimidating to most guys. I know she will be a challenge, but in person it will be much easier to dominate than it is over the phone. Girls who test that much LOVE to be dominated mentally and physically. That's why they are always screening guys so much.

I set up a backup gaming mission in case she's not desirable for any reason. I call a friend who does the door at a swanky hotel bar where models hang out. Been meaning to get there anyway, so if this chick sucks I'll mack on models all night.

So I get there, she's invited 2 more friends as well since I'm so late. 1 fat chick and some dorky guy. Keep in mind these girls are 18-19 year olds so I adjust my game accordingly- add more playfulness and 6th grade vibe. I show up and I go for the friend's sidekick and iPod. I'm on the sidekick IMing about the Powerpuff Girls with some chick who's 13. I mostly ignore Olsen looking chick. I dance in the real estate office, then we all leave except Olson to "go

find a cigarette." 18 year old kids in Brooklyn will just walk up and down the block asking everyone for a cigarette, so I act like it's normal. Get back, the dude leaves; I have the fat friend laughing with some normal conversation. We split from the office and start walking towards their houses.. I'm busting on the Olsen chick telling retarded stories like "Did you know when you sleep your heart stops for a full 45 minutes." She's says "no you're lying." I say "No for real, test it out." I tell tons of BS stories and tell them I'm just testing to see if they're smart.

These girls are so young; they really have a whole different reality. They live with their parents, spend most of the day texting and smoking cigarettes. But they have a funny vibe and I think if you hang with girls that young you can actually pick up "material" from them. You can learn new stuff about pop culture and new slang that you can use on older chicks as well. Like they showed me this band "Gym Class Heroes" and I we renamed the band "Head Automatica" to be "Head Automatically." We get to the fat chick's house. I raise my value with massive knowledge of the music scene. We eat Christmas leftovers and I vibe with the fat chick's Mom for a bit. Then we stop by my Olsen's house so her mom can drop a pack of cigarettes down from the 5th floor window. I intercept them and tell her "Go ahead, cry to your mom." She's whining- "Mooo-oommmmm." Now I have this girl dominated and put into a childlike frame. After dinner I play "tic-tac-vagina" to get them open to sexual conversation, which is really easy. That's when you play tic-tac-toe but you draw penises and vaginas instead of Xs and Os. These girls are drawing cocks on a napkin while the mom is upstairs. I give them male names- Frank and Willy. They call me Jen. I do portraits of them that are TOTALLY stupid. For the Olsen chick I draw a Japanese girl in a Kimono. Then I'm like "Oh you're not Japanese. Sorry I thought you were." For the fat friend I draw a black girl giving gang signs with her hands and write "Frank" under it. They love the pictures they say they're keeping them forever.

I know a lot of this probably sounds ridiculous and infantile. In some situations, that's what works best. The more infantile the better.

Now I know attraction is there, I've dominated the tests, displayed enough value, just gotta keep it up while logistics work themselves out. We go down to the basement and watch stupid comedy clips on the computer. Other chicks a blowing up my phone so I take the calls then do my "8 girlfriends" story. I tell them sorry about the phone but I have 8 girlfriends. They say "Oh that's just wrong." I say no it's cool they all know each other. They're friends. Hey do you guys want to be my girlfriends? They say yes. I say OK great now I have 10! What can you do for me? They volunteer to cook and dance. They start talking about how Olsen has fucked all these guys on the couch in the basement. I play it cool on that one, and say "awesome" to disarm the potential anti slut vibe. I know I can start escalating even with the friend there. I sit on the couch and demand a massage. The Olsen chick rubs for a bit then gets demanding herself about a massage. I tell her screw off and then it's a standoff. But this is not a test, if I give her a massage it plays right into my escalation, so I give in and say OK come here. I start rubbing this girl, she is 5'4 and so skinny, like 100 lbs. My hands cover her entire back and she's immediately going into a sexual state. She's gasping and wincing. I know this one is in the bag. I could bang her right away if the friend wasn't there.

She lays me down on the couch and give a full-fledged rub, she's telling me take off my shirt. The fat friend is all like "Oh god, another guy with no shirt on the couch." She's aggravating the girl's anti slut defense I can sense it. But that's an opportunity to sub-communicate that you are not insecure and would not judge her. She aggravates the anti slut defense again by saying "Oh let me tell him the exact number of guys you've fucked on this couch." I say "Dude you don't have to tell me that, it's not important. I fuck a lot of girls on my couch too."

More girls are calling me. I kick game on the phone right in front of them. I do my personal assistant routine. I tell girls on the phone "You're in Manhattan? be there in a bit, I'll call you." Hang up and say "I'm not calling them." The girls are laughing their ass off. They could hear both ends of the conversation cause my phone is loud.

I escalate again while fatty's 5 feet away on the computer. I start giving a shpeal on "oh I teach a class on advanced sexual techniques... nah I'm not telling you any of them now." More escalating. The girl is horny. Fatty again aggravates the slut factor by saying "Are you gonna take him to your grandma's place?" I'm like WTF? Turns out this girl's grandma lives in her building, she sleeps at the Olsen chick's place, and her apartment is empty at night. The Olsen chick is like "nah, I only take this one guy there." She has been talking openly about her different fuck buddies and ex boyfriends all night. I know she's taking me to grandma's. Heehee. Getting ready to go, I fuck up by insulting the fat girl by accident. I basically implied that she was fat, that's so bad! Change subject. Control frame.

Back to her place, I'm standing outside the door while she's unlocking, it's that weird vibe of "will she invite me in?" Some guy walks up and he's an old friend. So she unlocks and talks to him, I walk right in. No chance I'm not going in. I ain't doing that chump kiss by the door BS. Hell no.

Now this guy is cool, but I'm thinking "when the hell is he leaving?" Can't start competing with him cause he's an old friend, she's so excited to see him. I stand aside for a while, then I realize I must control the frame again and lead the whole situation. We walk outside, go down to the laundry room, they're chain smoking. I know I gotta outlast this guy, but also get him on my side. He is hanging around for like 2 hours! They're talking in Russian. I tell a bunch of my stories. Tom Hanks, story, robbed in Europe, 1-legged pony. I play fight her, slap box, throw her in the dryer and close the door. She's good to go, I just can't get rid of this guy. Her mom is calling from upstairs every 10 minutes. Time is running out. Finally he leaves. I close the door and proceed to escalate in the laundry room. She will not fuck there cause mom might come down. We decide to go to grandma's, but we are locked in! Locked in a basement laundry room in Brooklyn with a hot 18 year old Russian girl who's dying to fuck, but not here! Holy shit!

I got it, we call that dude back. He comes down and lets us out. Yes! Thank god. We go to grandma's. She goes upstairs, talks to mom, grabs razor and shaving cream.. She says "If I call while I'm up there and hang up, just get the fuck out cause my mom is on the way down." All goes smooth. She goes into the shower and shaves the pussy for me while I wait

in the living room reading Russian TV guide.

Get to fucking. Good fuck, twice. She's a bit controlling, won't let me get all involved in deep spot etc. but whatever. She likes it rough (don't they all?) Then we're talking after. She's arranging all the logistics of fuck buddy arrangement. She wants to know the quickest train to my house, etc. She says "Just call if you want to fuck. We can hang if you want, or talk after, but if you just want to fuck let me know. I'll come over, fuck you good then leave." We both go through out list of fuck buddies. She's like "Damn you're fucking a lot of girls!" I'm like yeah, so don't call on Sundays or Tuesdays. Haha. She's banging some actor guy and a drug dealer.

This girl is hilarious. She's still trying to run cocky and funny stuff on me. Then she starts rapping. She's doing all these perverted Little-Kim type raps that she has texted herself in her phone. Funny shit. I hit the road. Only drawback is skateboarding 20 blocks to the subway in the dead of winter at 6am. That sucks!

I'm thinking she may go into rotation in a few weeks. I got my favorite ballerina chick in town this whole week, then I'll get back to the neglected fuck buddies and this chick.

As usual you gotta deal with so many bumps in the road for lays, but it's worth it to stay persistent and be prepared with a large repertoire of material and frame control.

So the slow track has been resulting in quite a few of these lays, and it's sweet cause you don't stress yourself out trying to hurry the girls up. But it's still experimental so I don't officially want to recommend it to everyone just yet. Has anyone else used this as a tactic?

edit: I realize how ass backwards this may sound on the surface. "Slow seduction." So let me say a little about the nuts and bolts of it. So far it's resulted in less flaking overall. And it get the girls to chase me I'm working even slower than they would like, I'm turning them down to meet up here and there. I think it projects high value. But I persist. I never really go away. They're still getting a text now and again that's like "Oh you're dying to see me, hold on, get to you in a week." In the meantime, I continue gaming, getting new girls, hanging with fuck buddies and just don't stress out about anything. Once it kicks in and you've been doing it a full month or so it results in increased lays. You still have all the lays you'd usually have, but you're adding these slow track girls on top of that. Slow track could account for an extra 20% or so when added to an already well rounded skill set. It also helps you pickup some of those "soft closes" that would normally not amount to anything.

I have a few issues with it so far-

1. Not sure if it can be generalized to small towns. People aren't as busy I think.
2. Not sure if it will work on top tier girls. So far only 8s and 9s, but I have one 10 in progress with this at the moment.
3. I'm not entirely sure why it's working well. I generally try to do what works as opposed to doing what makes sense. That's a better mindset I think all would agree.



## CHAPTER 3 2: COLD APPROACHES IN SOUTH FLORIDA

Here's my report on a week down in south Florida. Some of it I wrote during the week, the rest I'm writing right now on the plane to L.A., where I'll be from Tuesday - Thursday this week. It's a long report, but it has a happy ending.

I came down to Florida a few days ago to do some gaming outside my comfort zone and to do some teaching down here as well. When people found out I was coming I started to get emails about how southern Florida is so tough to game in, and Neil and all these other gurus got shut down when they came down here. I'm thinking it can't possibly be as tough as NYC, and besides last time I was here I pulled on the first night.

Well actually it has been a tough area, but it was just what I needed right now for the adjustments I'm making to my game. The last few months I've been doing club game and social circle building. I notice that many people recommend it- people say "build your social circle," but then there's no method or instruction to go along with that advice. I'm not sure that advice is really helping anyone. So I spent a few months researching it and developing a method which I have released on my site. I also traveled around and gave live talks on it. I'm doing another in LA.

Now I'm transitioning my game back to cold approaches. Back in NYC I have little motivation to do cold approaches. There's a bit of cold approaching involved in the club game I was doing, but nothing really substantial. I was getting lots of lays off the club social circle stuff, and I already had a stable of 5 fuck buddies, so who the hell needs to go game a fucking bookstore when you could be home having sex....or in a bookstore having sex....

Now I'm out of my comfort zone, getting back into the cold approach game, back to getting number closes, back to doing second meet-ups. It's funny I thought it would be like it used to be back when I was learning, but it's almost like the social circle stuff has added a new dimension to my cold approach game.

You might wonder why the hell a guy with 5 fuck buddies who's getting 15 minute lays from club game would leave town to do cold approaches in a strange town where he knows no one. Well, right now I'm feeling like it's essential for me to walk in the shoes of the people who are just learning. I want to feel the cold blast of blowouts again. It's been a while. I went from learning approach and all the basics to having quite a bit of success, to teaching, to designing a system for openers, to learning to retain as many as 10 girls at once, to learning threesomes, to club game, to social circle building....and now I want to revisit the cold approaches. My work on social circle is done. I'm curious how it's going to affect other part of my game.

So here's what I've been up to the last few days. First day of gaming in FL was the hardest. I went to this place Coyote Ugly in Ft. Lauderdale. They have these chicks dancing up on the bar just like in the movie, which kinds of puts every guy in the place into a beta frame. I tried

to ignore them, but it was hard cause they were fucking HOT!

First approach was this DJ chick from the local rock station. She didn't really blow me out, but she wasn't particularly nice to me either. So I moved on to the chicks who were handing out free lighters and crap. They kind of had to be nice, but it was totally fake and you could tell they're just doing their job. I try to talk to the dancing bartender on the bar but can't get her attention. When she's done I ask her "did we sleep together last week?" She laughs and walks away. There wasn't really a lot of people in the place, and this is why I ended up approaching all the staff first. I see a hot chick down at the end with some guys. I decide to make some adjustments and I talk to the guys first. They don't even know her so it doesn't end up helping at all. I turn to her and ask directions to some place nearby. Good response off that. Turns out she is with a guy, it's just a different guy than I thought. The guy is this dorky older guy, and this chick is smoking hot. I get up close and she looks older, but still hot. She had huge breasts. We started talking and she tells me she's 40. I rarely even talk to girls in their 30s, but this is the hottest 40 year old I've ever seen in my life. I talk to the guy too. I start teasing the girl. She's asking how tall I am, I tell her 5'9 even though I'm 6'5. I stand her up next to me and start some aggressive touching. She's totally turned on and attraction level is shooting through the roof. I could not believe it myself. She kissed me on the cheek and the neck a few times. I'm a little leery of the guy while all this is going on. Tonguing her down is not strategic here. It's too early in the interaction and I don't know the status of this guy. I'm all alone in this place with no one to back me up if things get hairy. Soon she gives me a lot of interest telling me flat out that the guy is just her roommate. I tease her a little more, then I make a snap decision to try for a bathroom pull. The logistics are super bad with this guy here and this girl seems to know all the bartenders, who are absolute snotty bitches. So I do some perv testing on her. (see The Pheromone Kid Interview for more on 10 minute bathroom sex and perv testing). She fails. She is creeped out and I've blown it. This is an intentional blowout. If you want to make an omelette, you gotta break some eggs.

Staying in longer would have been probably a waste of time. It was a soft blowout, so I re-initiate contact later and she is cool with talking to me. She invites me to see her at her bar where she bartends. I tell her maybe. After this I approach 4 tourists. The chicks are busted looking so I split. It was just an approach to stay social. I flirt with the "free lighter" chicks some more and they take a picture grabbing my ass. It was contrived and retarded. I pull one girl's hair really blatantly, which she doesn't take well to, but not a major problem. I flirt again with the radio DJ. This time it's a bit better cause I do some aggressive touching. But again I'm dealing with a girl whose ego is flying high cause she's kind of a local celebrity around here with the radio station and all. I leave that one as neutral. It didn't really hook, but I made my presence known and didn't do anything needy or stupid, which is probably better than most guys do. I decide this place is gamed out and I decide to go across the street. Out of all those approaches only one really hooked.

First few lessons on Ft. Lauderdale – The tendency here seems to be that a lot of these girls are spring break leftovers who never went home. Tons of girls are working as bartenders. Some are pretty old but you can tell they were insanely hot a few years ago. Even now

they're like 8-9 in their 30s. I even saw that one women in their 40s with massive natural tits crazy tanned up spring break style. The young bartender chicks are crazy hot as well but they fly around the place at lightning speed making drinks. It's tough to get a word in edgewise. The bar industry is just massive here. So the chicks have seen it all. They are weathered and wise. These chicks have very strong frame and pretty tight game. They are very good at avoiding attraction and staying logical. They have a focus on their social agenda. The moment attraction takes a dip they immediately try to invite you to see them at the bar they work at, converting you into an orbiter. This happened several times throughout the night.

Next place I walk in and do the "horse girl" opener on 2 blonds at the bar. It hooked them pretty decent. I don't know why the hell I didn't just do horse girl before. They think I'm funny, but I can tell they're thinking I'm a little weird too. One of them says "So where are you off to all gothed out?" Mental note- I need to take my look down a notch or 2. This isn't NYC. The chicks aren't used to seeing a guy like me just walking around talking to people. I manage to get through that and win them over. The friend leaves me alone with the target and says "help yourself" and points to her. Wow that's a new experience! We're shooting the shit. The girl just came off a bad breakup so I'm thinking this is either great cause she needs revenge, or this is bad cause she's hung up on the guy. Turns out she was hung up, just got dumped, and she's not in slut mode yet. She's just in depressed mode. I give her a bit of sound relationship advice just to pass the time. We skip to other topics. I'm getting really good touch-response off this girl. Things are going better than anything else had been going that night. In comes another friend. I'm vibing with them etc. Surprise, my target girl is a bartender! I look behind me and the hot 40 year old is sitting a few seats away watching intently. I've kind of lost interest in her, I could have used her as a pawn somehow, but I decided to wait and see if it's going to be strategic to do that. I just told the other three "check out my stalker over there." In the bathroom they all run into each other, and the 40 year old gets all weird on the 2 friends of my target. She starts bragging "How old do you think I am?... I'm 40 and I don't have a stitch of makeup on, etc." Probably trying to raise her ego back up since I didn't try to go talk to her. The 2 girls were telling me how weird she is, so I decided that flirting with her in front of my target would look low value in this instance.

I end up telling her that I know all these advanced sexual techniques. One of the friends is a some kind of a marriage therapist so she starts testing me like crazy. We talk about the deep spot, the g-spot, etc. Wow the mainstream educated people really don't know shit. She's trying to earn points with me by telling me about studies that show the G spot doesn't exist because there are "no neurons inside the vagina." I tell her it's really more about skene glands, but she doesn't really want to hear it. She's saying how I can get arrested for doing a class like I do without being certified, which is BS. Anyway, the chicks end up leaving and I can't get a number out of this chick. She is totally negative and depressed because of being dumped. She invites me to come see her at the bar she works at. I tell her "I'm not gonna chase you around like a dork." Orbiter invitation #2.

These orbiter invitations are pretty common actually, and the best response you can give to it is "I'm not that kind of guy." It's a bit more subtle and more subcommunicated. You are essentially telling the girl "I'm not gonna chase you around like these other loser guys do."



But it's a smoother way to say it. And it sounds like what girls always say when they don't want to lose your respect by having sex with you, "I'm not that kind of girl." You're essentially doing the same thing, trying not to lose her respect by giving her something she hasn't earned.

I do one more approach before I leave. I do a really bad situational opener and the girls blow me out instantly. I stay and plow for a minute, but then I just gotta laugh this one off as my worst approach EVER!

OK so far I'm finding that the girls in Ft. Lauderdale generally are not fun. They don't really laugh much. They don't like to joke around or flirt as much as other chicks. There's this grim sense of purpose about them, I can't put my finger on it really. It's like they go out to bars not to have fun, but to do some kind of a job. They really seem like they're at work.

### ***Wednesday***

I go out and do day game. I've adjusted my clothing a bit for the fact that this is not a major urban area. I got bad advice on a venue and end up in this mall where a lot of old people are walking around. This is how it goes when you game solo a lot. Sometimes you end up in situations that absolutely suck. But I wouldn't have it any other way. This is all good stuff that builds your frame. I see some girls with their mom in the food court. Mom and daughter #1 leave daughter #2 alone at the table. In I go with the Carson Daly opener. This is girl is damn near flat lining in front of me. It was like talking to a corpse. Mom and daughter come back and the Mom is getting a kick out of the whole thing. Both daughters just stand there looking at me funny. Okaaaaay then....

Next approach: A girl is coming down the escalator with me. I run horse girl. She listens to the whole thing, but there's no hook. She's looking at me like I have 9 dicks growing out of my forehead.

Next approach is a blond with free tea to give out at the tea shop. I talk to her for about 10 minutes, but it's not hooking much so I split.

Next approach is the girl at the sunglass booth. I ask her where to find cotton candy around here. She barely speaks English. She doesn't even know what cotton candy is. We talk about the circus for a while. I get bored and leave.

Out of the mall to the bar next door. It's very upscale and I'm pretty under dressed due to the aforementioned adjustments. In I go. First approach I try this Internet date opener I got from a friend. "Hey are you guys my internet date, really sorry I'm late..." The line was really good, and so the chicks say "Great line! Now get the fuck out of here!" I go ahead on a second approach with it and the girl claims to have heard it before. So I say no prob, I have another one, and I do horse girl. They say it's the longest pickup line they've ever heard. These girls are kind of hostile, but they gave me some good info. They said something to the effect of "don't you know that women in south Florida are only looking for guys with money and sugar daddies. They really don't care about anything else. You may be funny, but who the hell

cares." I told them I'm just looking for sugar mommas. I ask if they're married to a rich guy cause that would be perfect. They say no, I tell them they're in my friend zone. We banter a bit but they eventually blow me out with "Nice meeting you." I tell them nice meeting you too, and then I back turn on them without actually leaving the area. I'm still standing like 2 feet from them.

I know when you blowout there's a tendency to want to run away with your tail between your legs and get as far away from the girls as possible. In my case I don't really mind blowouts, they're actually a necessary part of my game. I want all the girls who are anti-fun or anti-sex to show their true colors as quickly as possibly by either blowing me out or looking confused by my banter. It just makes my life easier when they do that in the first 3 minutes. In this case it took like 7-8 minutes so that's kind of a waste but what are ya gonna do. The reason I didn't leave the area was because I wanted it to look like I was dissing them. This saves face a bit more with so many other chicks around. It probably looks like I was talking to some people I know and now I'm done talking to them. I back turn on them, stand up tall and proud. I'm relaxed. I'm ready to look for the next girl. I turn my attention to the guys setting up their drums and guitars on the stage behind the bar. Looks like cool shit! I sit down in a stool, and I'm still directly next to the girls from the last approach. They're cut out of my world.

Seconds later I get approached by a hot babe who tells me "you look like a rock star." I tell her "Very observant, I am a rock star." We talk for about 20 minutes. She's touching me quite a bit, but she's married. I can tell she's a good girl, and I don't want to game her. She's got so much positive energy that it's a pleasure just to speak with her. She's telling me this whole long story about how she met her husband in Venezuela when he was there as a pro rugby player. And now she's living in the USA and she owns 3 businesses. It's so nice to meet people like this. She gives me her card and says to call anytime. I can tell it's just a networking thing, but what a nice experience.

I'm plotting my next move. I don't know where the hell I am or where to go. I've been getting rejected more than usual. Not one set has hooked yet in day game. Not one phone number. Not one kiss, nothing.

I realize I have to make more adjustments. I check my walk and my eye contact, and they're not as strong as they need to be for cold approaching. I fix those 2 things and game on.

I head out to a different area, back to where I had done night game the night before.

First approach is 2 girls on the street. They're standing in front of a concert venue and I ask who's playing tonight. They say no one. We shoot the shit for a while. It's hooking OK, so I try to venue change them. They're really lame and go home early. They tell me they'll come see me this weekend if I'm around this area. Off they go.

I can tell my game is snapping back into place. The eye contact and body language adjustments were very helpful. It changed my whole vibe.

Next approach is 2 girls at the bar. The bar is filled with people from a kickball team (yes you read that right, a kickball team). I ask them if they're from the dodge ball league. They say no, I stack some material. Lesbian DTR opener, Oprah Winfrey opener. These girls think I'm weird. They keep asking me if I'm on drugs. We're not that compatible. They're not that hot. They're really boring. We end up talking about real estate. DOWNER!!!

Next approach- I go into a place with a live band playing. I see a few girls around. One girl drops her sandal and I pick it up. The girl is into me right away. She was hooked before I even said anything. The friend was into me too. I spend about 2 hours with them. That girl was super cool. She was looking to chill with me longer but the logistics were bad. The friend had some drama going on with her boyfriend which was killing the vibe. It was kinda funny. Target girl was holding the friend's cell phone, and it would keep vibrating (boyfriend) against my leg, but she wouldn't answer or give it to her friend cause she didn't want to leave yet. I took her number and it's a super solid number. She already texted me twice and I'm fairly certain I will bang this girl on our second meeting later this week.

Next approach. I walk past Coyote Ugly and one of the bartenders is giving me indicators of interests through the window. I go talk to her and she's not too responsive. Also she's ugly up close. YIKES! Amazing what kind of deception can occur when makeup and distance team up! I chat up the girl at the door just to stay social and go back across the street.

I see this girl doing a weird booty shaking dance. I go up to her and do the exact same dance. Everyone is watching. The girl puts her arms around me. I smile and then walk away with a grossed out look on my face. Awww, that was mean! It was fun though, ha ha.

Now I see the radio DJ girl from the night before and she's all happy to see me. WTF?? I walk over and she's all over me. She's kissing me on the face and neck. She's introducing me to people everywhere. I meet this other cool chick. I hang with them for an hour. Both girls give me their number and say let's hang out for sure. Very solid number closes. DJ girl says she will take me to all the cool parties for the rest of the week. Possible score with either of those chicks. DJ girl asks me to come to a sleepover party at someone's pool on Saturday night. I'm not sure what changed overnight, or what I did to win this chick over, but it looks like I'm socially proofed for the rest of the week. I kiss her at the end of the night and all is well.

I go back in and I had seen this insanely hot chick come in with a guy earlier. I have my eye on them. I'm not gonna game the chick cause they're obviously together. I'm trying to figure out what she's attracted to in this guy. The guy seems kinda average. He's fairly tall and well built, but nothing crazy. Kinda like a Spanish guy with a curly afro. When they came in they went straight to the restroom. Now I go back in and I see them putting something in their nose....ah ha....coke head chick and her drug dealer!

Game is now in full force. I guess I just needed to shake off the rust and regain my old zip with these cold approaches. 3 solid numbers and a kiss in 2 days, but they all came in the last 3 hours.

What made my game snap back into gear? It's very simple. Adjustments. To succeed you must adjust. Some people just do what they do and if it doesn't work then they fail. Successful people make adjustments and failure is something that is never permanent. To me there is no failure, only delays. I firmly believe that you could drop me anywhere on god's green earth and I will get pussy within a few days at the most.

South Florida game is different than NYC. I've been optimized for NYC for the last 8 months. Now I've got to get back to something that works in the rest of the country.

### ***Thursday afternoon***

Get a text from the chick from the cover band place. I call back and set up a second meeting for tonight. She's talking about how she wants to get married soon, etc. Not sure where this is going, but I will try to sway her into a little detour off the marriage path.

She shows up at the hotel bar to meet me around midnight. We hang there for a while. Get some drinks. She keeps talking about this marriage thing. Her friend got married and it's making her feel she needs to get married ASAP. So I had someone in the bar perform a marriage ceremony for us and did some role playing with that. I get her up to my room using Dance Dance Revolution as the bait. This is something I have in the works right now. I went and got the home version of DDR. It costs like \$20 on eBay. I set it up in my hotel room. Then I talk about DDR until the chick says she wants to play. I tell her I know where there's a DDR machine, then we end up back in my hotel room. Still in the testing phase. It seemed to help somewhat to have that pretense for going back to the room. We played a few rounds, then I escalated a few times and each time she started laughing and said "I can't do this." So I got a bit of making out in, but other than that she failed the audition. This girl is in a marriage panic right now, I think that may have something to do with it. Side note- she directly asked me how much money I make a few times. She also showed other signs that she's pretty into me. She was very direct about expressing that. She made me brownies and brought them with her. She cuddled me really intensely, but didn't do well with the kissing thing. The bottom line with this chick is very interested, but she's not sexually comfortable with herself or something. I can tell she's got some kind of problem, so I've got to "next" her. I decide to get her out ASAP so I still have a chance to call some other girls and maybe get something else going on. I firmly believe that I deserve to be with women who are highly sexual and who can at least be comfortable enough to make out with me in a normal healthy way on a second meeting. I did all the proper escalating, stayed persistent, etc. I know what the fuck I'm doing here and with most girls it works every time. So the problem is her, not me.

I walked her to the car to get the brownies. She kept talking and talking, she could probably sense I had lost interest. I gave her a hug and sent her on her way. She texted me 5 minutes later with some mushy stuff about cuddling. It's very cute and all, but I only have a few more days here so she's not getting another call or a text back. Tomorrow is Friday and that's a full day workshop. Saturday is a second meeting with the chick I pulled last time I was in West Palm Beach. Sunday is free and Monday night if I'm here I'll probably hang with any other

girls but tonight's girl.

I get back and get on the phone with radio DJ girl. It's 2:30 AM, but if she's out partying I may be able to get her to stop by. She picks up the phone and I call her the wrong name (oops, hehe). But she's not sure who I am yet so it's all good. She's at home in bed. She realizes who I am and she's all excited to talk to me. She gives a few direct statements of interest and we set up a second meeting for Sunday night.

### **Friday**

Friday is a teaching day. I end up doing a few approaches during demo sets. One of the sets is a group of 4 black girls in the mall food court. My student opened it and when I saw he was about to eject I came in and took over the set so he could see me run some material. I told the chicks I was his personal security guard so they better not fuck with him. Then I started bitching about how all girls want to do is use me for sex. The target girl had crazy nail polish, so I talked about that a bit and how a lot of the girls back in Queens have that. We started doing some pretty heavy hand touching and I knew she was 100% hooked. I did rapport with her friends, we all exchanged names. I run Brad Pitt routine, smart tests, smart/hot/rich. This is my standard attract stack and they were loving it. I number close the target and tell the friends we'll have to go out and take over the clubs in South Beach. They're so into that, they're imagining us rolling into a club- 4 bad ass black chicks and a tall skinny rocker guy. I didn't have paper on me so I took down her number and e-mail on a \$20 bill. I tell her "If I don't call, you'll know I spent it."

2 hours later I text her. Then we talk for a while, she wants to hang out tonight but I gotta teach night game so I set her up for Sunday afternoon. Sunday is looking good with her in the afternoon and the radio DJ at night.

More approaches during night game. My approaches were pretty much all hooking at this point. There was a lot of energy in the air. First approach I did, me and the girl were putting ice down each other's shirts. Later approaches the girls would hit on me by playfully touching me immediately. It was a good night.

### **Saturday**

Last time I was in West Palm Beach I had a really fast pull and fucked this 6 foot tall brunette chick in a parking lot. She drove down to see me in Ft. Lauderdale and it was pretty cool. 2 blow jobs, one on videotape with a facial. She didn't want to fuck because the guys she's dating has a small cock and she's trying to tighten up fast before she fucks him. But she's a great chick. Getting head from this girl is incredible. It's like better than actual sex. She has probably the most responsive vagina I've ever seen. She had 4 different types of orgasms within 15 minutes - clitoral (welcomed method), front deep spot, back deep spot, and g-spot with squirting. It was her first time squirting. A very nice night. Afterwards she gave me a lot of cool info on women and how they think. This girl knows what I do and she's all for it. I get a lot of good info that I can use during pillow talk. In this case she was talking about how it's hard for women to get what they want sexually because if they directly say what they want, they risk offending the guy. I always wondered why they don't just say what you should do

back when I didn't know what I was doing. It turns out most men are very sensitive and their confidence can easily be shaken in sexual situations, so women are trying to be sensitive to that. This girl said she will say stuff like "Wow it's a good thing you didn't bite the back of my neck" in order to get what she wants sexually while not offending the guy. Very interesting. She subcommunicates it. Makes me wonder how much female communication becomes indirect as a result of trying not to shake men's fragile egos.

### ***Sunday***

The black chick from the food court flaked out, so I ended up just doing some other shit, and I end up getting a number from a girl who approached me in the daytime. She pretty much just walked up and handed me her number and said call me. Her friends put her up to it. Then they walked away. It was simply a result of sexy stereotyping. I finish what I was doing that day and as it turns out I have to be at the airport at 12 noon the next day so I need to get this chick in the same day or not at all. I call her up and tell her really directly to come meet me at my hotel. She says she can't do it tonight. I tell her I'm leaving tomorrow, she says to wake up early and come meet her for coffee. Now I'm really not a fan of waking up early, so I tell her I don't like coffee, just bring me breakfast in bed cause I'm really bad in the morning. She says no, and that I'll have to get up if I want to see her. I tell her "Wait a lot of people are trying to talk to me here" and I hang up on her. How's that for willingness to walk?

She's trying to play hardball with me and I'm not having it. I call the situation done, but she sends a few text messages. "I'm more than willing to come see you tomorrow morning just tell me when and where." I tell her "I don't think it's gonna work out I'm bad with mornings, but you're sweet for offering." I call her and explain that logistics are not easy here with me needing to go to the airport, not having a car, etc. The girl is super duper into me. She's asking if I have a girlfriend, and all these other questions that indicate she has a serious long term interest. I'm getting really weirded out by this. I barely know this chick and she's showing so much interest, I think it's possible she could be psycho. I decide let me just set it up, I can always cancel later. So she's coming to the hotel at 10AM with cookies and I tell her to say "wakey wakey" when she arrives. I gave her exact directions to my room so I don't have to do anything but walk to the door in my underwear and open it.

The DJ girl flaked out too cause I waited too long to call her. But we finally talked and she really wants to hang out next time I'm in town. Sounds good to me.

I decide to revisit the black girl from the food court. I call her up, not expecting to get an answer. She picks up. We talk a few minutes then I tell her she should come over because she should do her homework while I pack and then we should go out for a while and beat people up. (She had said she was in the army, so I told her she was a tough girl). I didn't really think that was gonna fly but it did. She went out into her car and started driving. I knew that this would be an easy one to lose. This girl didn't seem super determined to go through with it, I think she was really just following my lead because I was being commanding towards her. So I decided to stay on the phone with her for a while as she was driving. You know that I never EVER lose the lay late in the game. My end logistics are super

tight and that's what separates the guys who get laid from the guys who get a lot of dead end phone numbers. This is kind of similar to a club/bar pull where you have to keep the girls buying temp up throughout the extraction process, which can take quite a bit of time.

In this case it was really key that I stayed on the phone because the girl was getting lost all over the place. She was stopping off picking stuff up, getting gas, etc. I don't know the area either, so I'm sitting there with a Google map telling her where to go. If it wasn't for Google Maps, this girl never would have made it because she made so many wrong turns, I was starting to think she was drunk or something. After an hour of that she finally arrived. I used that hour on the phone to build some comfort as well as attraction. That way it would be easier when she got to the hotel. I got her parked, got her into the room, and then it was a matter of relying on some props to pass a little time. We did dance dance revolution for a few minutes. She said it was cheesy. Then I played my guitar for her a bit. I initiated the physical escalation by having her try to play and I'd put my arm around her to teach her and position her hands. She was warming up a bit. Next I had her sit on my lap by the computer and listen to some songs I wrote. I write pop and R&B songs as a side hobby, so I played some of the R&B ones since she liked that style of music. I had the TV on and the Tina Turner movie was on. While we weren't paying attention, that ended and some soft core porn came on. I left it for a little while then changed it. While we were sitting in the chair I started escalating her, but she wouldn't kiss me. She didn't stop me from kissing her, she just didn't really kiss back. I didn't take this as a red light, more of a yellow. I slowed down and did more comfort-touching. Then I went for a power play. I picked her up, put her over my shoulder and threw her on the bed. She got all squealy and I knew it was on. Then I got on top of her and tried to kiss her and still no kiss. I kissed her neck a bit and then told her "That's all you get." I did my standard palm reading. That went well. Tried again to kiss her but she kind of smiled and laughed. Again I said "That's all you get." This time she started whining like "Please more?" I told her no, but then 1 minute later I was back on top of her. I told her "Hmm you're kissing needs some work." Again she wasn't stopping me, but she wasn't joining in either.

I decided in my head "This girl is horny and interested, she just doesn't like kissing." I haven't been with a lot of black girls, I figured maybe it was a cultural difference or something. So I rolled her on her side and spooned her. Then I started kissing her neck and biting the back of her neck. She started breathing heavily and I knew she was getting really horny. The escalation went great from that point on. I got her shirt and bra off within a few minutes. She had huge tits. I didn't even realize it in the mall. I checked her bra later and they were double D's. Nice body, nice face. She started jerking me off and I took her pants off. I tried to finger her, but she refused it. Again, no rhyme or reason to that, so I just continued and assumed she just wasn't into being fingered. I tried again to finger her and she said "Do you have a condom?" Does a bear shit in the woods? Hehe, no I didn't really say that. I grabbed a condom and we got it going. I gave it to her pretty rough and she was loving it. This girl was a great fuck! Then we were talking later and she said she had never been with a white guy before. She was saying "Wow I'll have to tell my friends white guys CAN fuck... and some of them DO have a big cock!" Haha, I think I've done my part for race relations today and it gives me a warm fuzzy feeling inside.

We talked some more and she was telling she likes it really rough and she was so turned on when I was teasing her. I told her I'm a big tease and it's really fun for me. I did some dirty talk whispering into her ear. She was getting really turned on again. So we went right back into doing it again. This time I pounded her super hard and deep. I put her into all kinds of positions where I knew I'd get so deep in it would hurt. She loved the pleasure/pain thing. I choked her a bit and slapped her in the face and ass. When we were done she just kept saying "wow" over and over.

By this time it was 6AM, and I only had 4 hours until the other girl was going to show up. I decided if this girl who was in bed wanted to stay, I'd let her and cancel the other girl, but she decided to leave as she's a college girl and had class the next day. I was pretty out of it so I passed out minutes after she left.

Next morning at 10am sure enough I hear a knock on the door. I open it and I hear "Wakey wakey." The girl comes in, has cookies and orange juice. I eat that and then pull her into the bed. I pretty much had set a comfortable frame with the way I set this all up, so I decided it would probably work fine to just start escalating. We started making out and it everything went pretty smooth. This girl was only 20 and turned out to be a virgin, so she ended up giving me a hand job and a tit-fuck. Damn virgins! I keep attracting them all the time, I have no idea why. Wow that one was easy. After she finished cleaning my pipes I showered real quick, packed my stuff and she drove me to the airport. While I was packing she kept taking pictures of me, and trying to go through my stuff. That was annoying. At one point she tried turning on my video camera, and I knew it was cued up to the footage of the tall brunette blowing me from a few nights earlier. I had to grab her by the hair and take the camera out of her hand. She said something like "What do you just travel all over the country having sex with different girls?" I said yeah and kept packing. She was super annoying but at least I got a free ride to the airport. I gave her a peck on the lips at the curb and she said "That's it?" I said yeah and she yelled "Jerk!" It was pretty funny.

For the week-  
7 total days in Florida  
3 total days gaming  
4 total second meet-ups  
4 total kisses  
3 total chicks in my bed  
1 handjob and titfuck  
1 Lay  
1 BJ

It was a pretty good week, even though it got off to a rough start. I think I really have my cold approach game back to 100%. Next time I'm down there I also have the advantage of being socially proofed by a local celeb- the DJ chick and having 2 solid fuck buddies ready to go.

Now that the week is over, I'm not really sure that I did go out of my comfort zone. I've



pulled quite a few lays of cold approaches in the past, so maybe this was just more of the same. I guess it just seemed hard at first cause I hadn't done it in like 2 months. Cold approaching is awesome, though. There's just something really cool about knowing you can go up to any girl and talk to her, and chances are you'll get laid pretty quickly as a result of doing that. The black girl was really fun. I've only been with 2 black chicks before and they were both lousy in bed. This one was really good.

### CHAPTER 3 3: THREESOME GIRLS WHOOPED MY ASS

What's up boys?? I'm in a trashed hotel room in LA. These two girls just came over to fuck the shit out of me. They trashed the place and just left. I gotta get on a plane at 6am. It's 3am right now. Let me just get to the point.

Been in LA for 3 days now. I was in LA today, I gave my [Social Circle Club Game Seminar](#). I've got nothing but flakes ever since I've been in LA. I've got this tall blond chick who lives like an hour from LA that I always bang. She flaked twice. Last night she flaked and this other blond flaked. This 21 year old actress singer type college chick. She called today and apologized and I got the message this morning. She said "I'm so sorry I didn't call last night. We have to hang out tonight." So I left her a message saying "I gotta give you a firm 'maybe' on that cause I think I have plans tonight." I went and did the seminar and finished at about 11pm. As I was getting everyone out, she calls. She said "Me and my friend are gonna come over and have a threesome with you." I said "yeah right..."

Most girls talk about threesomes and never end up doing it. They just do it to get a reaction out of you. So you can't take it too seriously when it first comes up. I said I'll call her back. I call back and I said "Come meet me at the hotel." She said "we gotta get really drunk so we gotta get a bottle vodka..." so the girls can rationalize it as being drunk and it didn't count. That's kinda the idea. She said "So do you really think we were gonna have a threesome?" I said "You're getting way ahead of the game. Why don't we just hang out for starters?" So that's the push-pull. She's basically waving the threesome in front of my face. I'm not jumping on it or drooling like an idiot.

I hear the other girl in the back saying "Are we really gonna do this?" So the bottom line is that it was a funny little plot that they were having that they weren't probably gonna go through with. At this point my agenda was to get them to the hotel and if they wanna drink, let them drink. I don't want to have them mentally commit themselves to having a threesome over the phone. Just keep it as a little joke between two girls. I tell them to meet me at the hotel and she said "I feel like a two-cent hooker! You said to 'meet me at the hotel.'" I said "Well we're gonna go out for coffee first." and she said whatever. She never showed up for coffee. I got them to agree to come over and she gets the booze and they keep asking me how old I was. I told them I was 26. They were 21.

Background info: the girl I had the booty call with, I picked her up in a parking lot when I was in LA about a year ago in Orange County. Took her number... We ended up having sex at the beach in San Clemente. She lived in some big house in San Clemente and then moved to LA to study dancing and acting. The second chick is a friend of hers in her acting and dancing classes. They finished their dance class at 11pm and said they were coming over but they were still in their dance clothes. I told them to come over so we can hang out cause I haven't seen her in a while but the blond said "But we wanna have this threesome!" and I said "we'll see about that."

The second chick gets on the phone and shoots the shit with me and asks if we were having this threesome. I said "we'll see if you measure up." She said "What? Oh my god!" So now I'm qualifying both of them and it's working pretty well. The point is that no one is committing to anything yet except for hanging out. So I stopped by the liquor store and grab some booze and Chinese food. The chicks show up and they go upstairs. There's a lot sexual tension between the two. Their attention span was real short though. Their conversations were "Oh my god! You're such a cunt! You're such a whore! No! You're such a whore!" I sat there listening to that for like 20 minutes and watching them vibe with each other and taking shots. I just hung out and I just bonded with the blond I knew. I couldn't really get a word in cause they kept yelling at each other. I tried to physically escalate the second girl who's a brunette. The blond said "Why you trying to talk to my friend? Get your hang off her leg!" I said "Shut up. Get out of here." Then I went on the "fuck you cuntbag" bandwagon. "Shut up ya little twat-face." That was working well.

You've got to be versatile in this game. It's certainly not normal for me to call anyone a little twat face, but I realized that this was the only kind of communication these girls were responding well too, so I just adopted their language. It was sort of like a last resort, but once it started working it was really fun.

Next issue: we had two beds in the hotel room. The challenge was to get all three of us into the same bed. It was either one girl was on one bed... One girl was taking a leak. Another girl was on the phone! The cell phones kept ringing and ringing!! They even talked on the phone while having sex!!! I shit you not. I finally get them all into the bed and they start talking about how they wanna fuck each other and how they never ate pussy before. One girl talked about getting caught having sex in a car. The other talked about how she had 3 threesomes already. Then they started talking about their blow job stories. It was good cause things started to go in a sexual direction. They were slightly drunk. They were just a little tipsy to a point where they could rationalize things. I decided to move things along with some massage. Have 2 people massage the 3rd person. I told them I was going to show them something I learned from lesbians but they end up bitching about some guy that ditched them earlier that night. "Where the fuck is Scott?!!!" I just couldn't get them to focus.

I guess they just decided to come fuck me because this other guy flaked on them. So we got into the lesbian talk and onto the massage. They said "Let's see this massage! Just show us already!" Then I get one of the girls to lay down and she said "Hey! Wait a minute! You're just trying to get us into a sexual position!" Then she said sorry and laid back down. I think she just wanted the threesome and didn't know how to make it happen. I knew how to make it happen so she shouldn't be fighting me on it. This girl had a normal knee jerk response to the massage: "No way it might be sexual!" But then she remembered that sex was the whole reason she came over. That's why she apologized.

Yes, the girl did get herself and her friend to the hotel, but from there she was unable to initiate any of the physical escalation. I was real initiator of the physical stuff and the blond was just sorta like just a passenger along for the ride. We start rubbing her and I said this is

the massage of a thousand hands but it was only four hands. She's like "Wow!!! What are you guys doing to me?!" Me and the other girl said "Shut the fuck up. Lay down and get rubbed!!!" A lot of things that happened just had to be authoritative but not serious at the same time. Everything conversation was "Shut the fuck up. You're a cunt licker" and things like that.

We got half way through the massage and the other girl said she wanted to get rubbed too. Then the blond just jumped up and said "I want you!!!" to the other girl and started making out with her. These girls were rough!!! The whole time! So at that point I was just touching both of them. I was grabbing their tits and they were touching each other's tits. It went really fast from there! The clothes started coming off. Then they told me the brunette wouldn't kiss me. They were really into each other and they told me "Why don't you go over there and watch for a while!! It'll be really hot for you!" So I did that and sat on the other bed and watched for a bit. I let them go at it and the blond was eating the brunette's pussy. I jumped behind the blond and started fucking her doggy style!! Now I'm fucking this girl and everyone's getting fucked and sucked, they start bitching again about some guy named Scott!! I have no idea why?!! They started saying "What the hell is up with Scott? I hate that cunt licker."

Their phones started ringing and the girls would pick up their phones while they're getting fucked!!!! It was bizarre!! I was fucking the girls for a while and they started yelling at me "COME! WE WANNA SEE YOU COME!!!" I said HOLY SHIT! I said "No, I don't wanna come yet cause it might be a long night of doing this." So they said OK. So I fucked the blond for a while longer and now the brunette got up and reared back her hand and SMACK! She smacked me in the face!!! I was not expecting that!! She knocked my head like a foot to the side! HOLY SHIT! I said "Oh my god! Just for that you're gonna have to take a load on the face!" The brunette said "I want a load on the face" and the blond said "I want a load on the face too!" Five minutes later they both get a load on the face!!! That was fucking sweet.

These girls were like trying to fuck with me to wild me up to fuck them up. At the same time they were trying to protect each others. The brunette doesn't know me from a hole in the wall and said "I'm not getting fucked tonight" so I said ok I'll play with some tits. She had AMAZING TITS. Like perfect tits. The blond had a perfect face but the body was not so perfect. The brunette was just awesome from like top to bottom. I dropped a load on both of these chicks. I threw them a towel and I said wow, I couldn't believe this was happening.

Then I needed like a 5 minute rest cause I just busted a load but the girls went at it AGAIN! "You're such a cunt! You're such a whore!" all over again. Then they looked at me all zoned out and they said "Look at this little fuck cunt!" I just started laughing and they went into the shower. The brunette said "You can't come in! You can't watch!" The brunette kept trying to exclude me but every time I would walked away she said "Where you going? Come back!!!" There was just constant testing. Even during the sex there was testing. Kinda funny how that works out. So I grab her camera and take some pictures of the girls.

I know the whole story probably sounds a little unbelievable at this point. Then the girls start

calling from the shower "Hey! Don't you wanna watch this??" I said "Well... The door's locked so I really can't." They unlock the door and I go in and these girls are just fingering each other in the shower. They were just going crazy and I started fingering them. Then we were back on the bed again!!! At this point I had just blew a load like 10 minutes ago. I wasn't even ready to get hard again. Then these girls were like yelling at me "GET HARD! FUCK HER! WE WANT TO GET FUCKED!" I said HOLY SHIT! These girls need to chill! So I started licking some pussy and got a boner again and the blond said "I can't take getting fucked anymore!" so I ended up fucking the brunette. I guess she changed her mind. She had the most awesome ass! Man what an ass!! I couldn't blow again yet, cause it had been only like 5 minutes... So I let the girls go at it again.

They start answering phone calls again telling people "YEAH! We're at this party! We're all getting drunk!!" while I'm fucking them. They start calling people to come over to pick them up. It's funny cause there were only three of us, there was no party. Then they were saying "we're not gonna be here much longer." We're getting picked up soon. So I fucked the blond a little more and then fucked the brunette a little more. The brunette was roughing me up man!! She slapped me around and even seriously punched me in the face! I just held her down and fucked her and told her to shut the fuck up. She was just really trying to excite me. Then I went to get the ball-gag from my luggage and try to ball-gag the blond. The blond said "No! You're gonna ball-gag me!" Then she let me do it anyway. That was funny. It was like 4 seconds of resistance. That was pretty crazy.

Then out of nowhere the phone rings again and they start getting dressed. They were just getting ready to leave and they started cursing at each other again "Put on your clothes whore!" "I can't find my fucking pants!" The brunette kept abusing me and slapping me, She snapped me in the dick with her fucking bra!! My dick still hurts! I'll quit my whining about that. They pretty much never stopped this one vibe the whole time. It was just a "Fuck you! I hate you!" vibe the whole time from they walked in until they walked out the door. I walked them down and the brunette continued cursing me out the whole time and the blond eventually got normal with me again. She said "Oh it was so great to see you again. We should fuck some more. Etc." The brunette was still fucking with me and I said "You know why she does this?... Cause she just wants to get me pissed." So I grabbed her by her hair and called her a little fucking whore. I kissed the blond a little more and off they went! I don't why they chose me. I guess it just seemed like a fun idea. I think it's a kind of thing that girls often throw around but I think it takes a guy like with the kind of knowledge that I have to make it come true. The key turning point could've been if I had made them mentally committed back when we were on the phone. The silly vibe and not getting freaked out was key to making it happen.

### CHAPTER 34: PENIS IMPLANT SCORES AGAIN

Here's the situation. I'm in Iowa for a few days. I have a pretty hot chick there, she's the same girl from the report called "2 in one night" which was written a while back. This purple haired chick is pretty hot, but she's really psycho and seems to have intimacy problems. I came and visited her a few months back and I was there 3 days and we only had sex once, after which she was very distant. So I made a mental note that I might want to just be friends with her if she's still having issues. Sure enough, when I arrived I was met by her and 1 friend, and purple haired chick told me as soon as we had a minute alone that she's having major issues right now. She doesn't want to touch anyone; she doesn't want anyone in her personal space, etc. So that was the clincher for me, she's in my friend zone. I told her I'm really sorry to hear that, I hope she feels better sometime soon, and I didn't make a big deal out of it.

After that, I started considering whether I should hook up with her roommate. On the one hand, I thought it might be mean of me to do that. On the other hand, purple haired chick has issues and that's life. If you can't figure out how to fix your issues, you're not going to get everything you want out of life, not that I'm even really convinced that she wants me. How many guys out there who have intimacy issues or nice-guy syndrome are instantly tossed to the side by women? I'd say a lot. So I decided I'm going to see how the logistics play out, and I'm open to the idea of fucking the roommate.

I end up out at Perkins with these chicks and the vibe is ok, but slightly weird. It's that Iowa vibe. Girls out there have nothing much to do but sit around, watch movies and go on Myspace. These girls are Myspace maniacs. I swear they must be on it 5 hours a day. They also obsess over rock band guys in weird obscure bands you've never heard of. The kind of bands that only people in Iowa have heard of. So these girls just kind of sit there bitching about their ex-boyfriends, talking about band guys, and the other main topic is girls who are sluts. They're asking me if I know all these different girls who are sluts, and telling me stories of slutty things they've done. So I was kind of bored with them. But once I went back to running confusion game on them it started to get fun. When I actually did this girl for the 1st time it was all confusion game. So I started with that again.

I'd tell them all sorts of fake rumors about guys who have a crush on them and slutty girls who have been chasing me around. All were made up but they could never tell if I was serious or not. Then I took out a magic marker and started drawing on the girls. I threatened to draw a cock on purple haired chick's face and would just put the marker like an inch from her face while she's fighting against me with all her might.

We go back to their place and they go straight for the computer. Oh man I was bored. They were sometimes acting like I wasn't even there. I told them "You guys are social voyeurs." That sure did get a reaction out of them. They didn't know what I meant and I refused to explain it. They started looking it up in an online dictionary and still couldn't figure it out. They thought it meant they don't go out much. Wrong. Social voyeurs go out a lot actually.

The only thing that seems to work on these girls is confusion game, which is good since that's my SPECIALITY!

Eventually purple haired chick goes to bed and me and the roommate are left alone. Nice! I'm so gonna fuck this chick I decide. We're sitting out on the couch and I was having a really hard time getting things started. She was on to me, and she kept sitting in places where I couldn't sit next to her. Then there were the dogs. Her 2 dogs kept getting all over me any time I tried to start escalating. Then there was the laptop. Each time she started getting a bit attracted to me she'd grab her laptop and go on Myspace. She was trying to prevent the attraction from growing.

So I set up Dance Dance Revolution on her TV. I bring this DDR setup wherever I'm staying now, I had it in my suitcase. Every girl who has set foot on that thing has gotten fucked by me within 2 hours. This thing is a great tool. I'm 3 for 3 with it. We played a few rounds of DDR, and that was getting her energy up. But then it was right back to Myspace, the ultimate cockblocker. How can I compete with a device that offers constant validation and social competition. Myspace was totally out-gaming me. I did get a chance to mention that I feel bad for purple haired chick because she's having really bad intimacy issues and as a friend I feel bad for her. (disqualifying purple haired chick and framing her as just a friend.) She says "I thought you guys were more than friends." I say "Well wouldn't I be in bed with her right now if we were more than friends?"

Still couldn't get her off Myspace. So I grabbed a pillow and just started hitting her with it. She wouldn't fight back at first, that's bad. So I just kept it up, but I was doing it in a really annoying way, so she'd get frustrated. She eventually started fighting back and it really brought up the energy of things. Then I started tickling her and trying to lift her up and give her the airplane spin, but the damn dogs started barking and biting my pants leg. The dogs were killing my escalation, but I tried to stay with it.

It cycled around 3 times- pillow fight---tickling---airplane spin---dog attacks me--- she goes back to Myspace. 3 times exactly the same! I just stayed persistent. If I'm in a house alone with a chick, there's no escape. She getting fucked one way or another.

At one point, she told me her and purple haired chick had been webcam girls for a little while, but they quit cause they weren't getting paid. She showed me the site and we started looking at the girls on the site. She kept saying stuff like "Do you think she's hot?" She was pulling me into her voyeurism/social competition frame but I went with it a bit cause it was a step in the right direction. We looked at some porn cause there were banner ads on the site. Then she went back to Myspace and I had to start hitting her with the pillow again, and ended up getting attacked by the dogs again. This was a delicate situation cause the barking could have woke up the other chick, and I gotta be cool with the dogs cause girls love their dogs.

The other thing that kept interrupting the escalation was the laundry. She kept going downstairs to the laundry room to switch the clothes. I was dealing with so many interruptions! Dogs, Myspace, laundry, the possibility of purple haired chick waking up. This

was a tough one! To make matters worse, she was using the interruptions intentionally to keep her attraction level down.

After a while we started getting into some conversation. This was the turning point.

Roommate: I should take you to the strip club.

BP- I don't like strip clubs. (mirroring her hatred for slutty girls from Perkins.)

Roommate- Why?

BP- Well I don't like fake boobs. If a girls has them I won't even talk to her. Also, the girls there hit on me too much. I do like to watch the chicks run their game on the poor desperate guys who go there to sweat those girls. That's pretty funny (insider knowledge, acknowledging beta males makes me alpha). See, when I walk in, the girls either start hitting on me immediately, which is annoying, or they assume that I'm one of these losers who's completely desperate for sex, which is also annoying. Then they run this weak ass game on me. I'm the wrong guy for that shit. (subcommunicating I'm not needy, I can get laid whenever I want.)

Roommate- Yeah I guess you're not like those other guys. Hmm, you don't like fake boobs, huh?

BP- Na, I hate em. (About to switch back to confusion tactics) But I did have a little surgery of my own not too long ago.

Roommate- Really, what?

BP- Well, I got a penis implant. Yeah, they tripled the size, I'm 6 inches now. It looks totally real.

Roommate- I don't believe you.

BP- You're just trying to get me to take it out.

Roommate- No, I don't want to see your penis (Something is kicking in, she's thinking about cock.)

BP- Well I wasn't gonna show it to you anyway. But they did a really great job.

Roommate- I think you're full of shit.

BP- It's really true, ask anyone.

Roommate- My friend does this trick where he puts a match in his penis-hole and lights your cigarette with it.

BP- Wow cool. Me, I just show people my implant.

Roommate- You do NOT have a penis implant.

At that point I just took out my cock and started whacking it. I was laying on the couch with my head in her lap. I told her "It looks normal now, but just wait a few minutes." At this point she started testing me and we started having various different frame battles, and it was kind of hard for me to concentrate. I don't remember much of it now, I just remember it was mostly her telling me I'm full of crap and me insisting that I have a penis implant. It took a while to get wood cause she was testing me so much. But when I did get wood, I told her that's my penis implant, she still didn't believe me. But she wasn't 100% sure, haha! So I told her let's make a bet. I bet it's true, she bets it's not. If I win she has to take out her tits and play with them. If she wins, she gets to watch me jerk off and blow a load. (Either way I win).



This is a double bind. It makes the whole thing more innocent because it gives her a non-slutty pretense for getting horny. She would not agree to the bet, but after a few minutes I treated the whole thing as if she did agree. I told her, OK what's the deal, do you think I have one or not. She said no, I said you're wrong, but I'll let you feel like you won the bet.

I told her let's go into her room in case the other girl comes out into the living room. We get in there and I'm standing there whacking it. She's watching, but she's showing no signs of arousal. She says "This isn't doing anything for me." I say what does? She says sex. I say what about kissing and I try to kiss her, she won't kiss me, she says cause I hooked up with her roommate. I tell her me and her are just friends, we're not into each other. She says "Yeah but you guys did have sex." I tell her we did, but it was an accident, it just happened, we didn't even mean to (pure chick logic). This only worked because it was funny and confusing the way I said it. By now this girl had spent so much time not knowing whether I was serious that I could get away with saying almost anything. Not that she would believe me, she just wouldn't be sure, so her frame could not win out over mine.

At this point she said "I had a surgery too" and took out her tits. She had a breast reduction. Oh how sad! They were a big B and looked pretty good, but I bet they were huge and amazing before. Second chick I've been with this year who had had a reduction, sniff, sniff.

I played with the tits a bit, but she said this was still not doing anything for her and we should stop. Truthfully, I noticed zero signs of arousal on her end, and I was starting to feel like it wasn't going anywhere. I don't want to be pushy, so I agreed we should stop. I put my cock away. Then she switched it up and said "Awww now I feel like a total bitch." I really wasn't trying to use guilt on her at all. I think that's a terrible frame and it shows sexual neediness. In reality, this was her way of letting me know she wanted things to continue without looking like a slut.

So I said, "Hmmm, I'll let you make it up to me." I took out her tits again and then said "Show me more." She said "Like what?" I said "Whatever you want." She said "I don't know." I started pulling down her pants. The idea here is there were several steps to the process, and me pulling down her pants was a cure for her indecisiveness. I started playing with her pussy a bit and it was game over from there. She started breathing hard. She was getting really turned on. I put her on the bed, licked it a bit, grabbed a condom and we were off to the races.

We had to be really quiet, and then we agreed to NEVER tell purple haired chick. Half an hour later she went down to the laundry room and I went down with her and we did it again. We did it on the laundry machine, on the table, on the dryer. Nice! This girl was getting me so turned on. She had big hips and thighs and really light skin with black hair. Most of the girls I bang are pretty thin, but wow it was nice to get my hands on those big hips and thighs. You guys know what I'm talking about? Girls are built a little bigger in Iowa. NYC girls are so worried about their weight. Iowa girls actually have milk in their fridge. NYC girls don't go near that stuff unless it's soy milk in an ice latte.

I realize this probably sounds like a weird lay to everyone, but I kind of get a lot of these. I'd say it was about 2 hours of attraction and confusion followed by 1 hour of escalation and more confusion. No comfort. No physical escalation until very late. No routines. The skills for a lay like this are just tight inner game, persistence, frame control and sexual communication.

Actually I think I've used that penis implant thing before, so that's a routine. It was a major turning point. It works great with my confusion game because when it comes to penises, girls often don't know much about them and generally don't know what the hell they're looking at. You can have a perfectly normal looking penis and tell girls it's an implant, they're really not in a position to disagree with you cause they just have no expertise on the subject. It's not like guys, we stare at tits all day, and if they're fake it takes 2 seconds for us to figure it out. I'm developing a pattern here- if a chick I usually bang is not up to the task for whatever reason, I bang her friend instead. It's the second time this month I've done that.

### CHAPTER 3 5: JIZZ SHOE BRAD

The other night I was out with a few friends and I executed a picture perfect bathroom pull, in the style of [The Pheromone Kid](#) Got into some other interesting situations as well.

The bar I was at was a gay bar, a few of my friends are gay and some are straight as well. So I usually end up in a gay bar a few times a year with these folks. There are always a few good straight girls in gay bars, and the atmosphere is more sexually liberal the other bars, so you get less anti slut resistance. There's also less bitchy girls because the chicks aren't getting hit on by dorks all night long. These days having a few gay friends gets you coolness points, for girls and guys. It's just so trendy to be gay.

I come in with friends and 2 new chicks, college girls, who I'm starting to game. I'm getting some good attraction off them using my usual ball busting shit. These college girls are ready to venue change 15 minutes in and go over to the loud college bar. I'm about to leave with them, but then I realize the place I'm at is easier to work. It's quieter, easier peer groups, and I have the extra coolness of having gay friends. So I decide to stay at the gay bar.

I see a chick who waitresses at the strip club we were at the night before. Chat with her a bit about how she's at a bar on her night off, which means she's obviously an alcoholic. As I'm talking to her, the 2 girls next to her approach me with "Hey do you like this video"- some Madonna video. I talk with them a bit and I start bouncing back and forth between the 2 groups. Sometimes it's good to merge them together, but in this case I decided it's better to have them compete for a while, then I merged them. The girls gave a cold greeting to each other, and they're competitive already. This amount of social proof really started the set off in the right direction. I touched both girls quite a bit and we started talking about all sorts of sexual topics. Dildos, masturbation, deepspot/g-spot, stuff like that.

After about 15 minutes of that I told the girls to come into the bathroom with me. They didn't freak but they didn't take me up on it either. It was because there was 2 of them. I've pulled this off before with 2 girls, but this time they didn't go for it. So while one of them was distracted talking to my friend, I pulled the other girl by the hand and into the bathroom we went.

Let me tell you, from there it was just awesome. I do a pretty fair amount of bathroom sex, and I can tell you it has its drawbacks- people walking in and out, no privacy, the stalls don't have a lock, sometimes the stall doesn't even have a door!!

In this case it was the perfect set up. The ladies room had a few fully closed off toilet rooms. So no one would be knocking cause there were others available. It was almost like having my own little hotel room. Leave it to the gay people to get bathroom sex perfected.

We get in there and I have the girl watching me whack it, 3 minutes in she just couldn't take it anymore and she started blowing me. Wow she was so into it. She was moaning and

squinting her eyes. I started dirty talking her "yeah that's a good girl, suck that cock." I held her head back by the hair and blew a load right into her mouth. Man there's just something amazing about meeting a 19 year old girl and then 20 minutes later you're watching streams of semen flying into her mouth. She was loving it. But she didn't swallow, she was dripping it all over her and little did I know she dripped a big old pile of jizz on my shoe.

She started cleaning up and pulling up her pants (I had been fingering her too). I told her "Not so fast... I have a special treat for you." I fingered her from behind for a bit. Then I fingered her from the front hard in her g-spot and had her rub her own clit. After about 4 minutes of that she started squirting all over the place. Damn! It was her first time squirting and she didn't really know what was going on.

We cleaned up and I told her we'll go out separate so no one would know what happened. In a situation like this it is always extremely important that the girl does not get caught! We can not have her looking like a slut or feeling bad in any way.

She went out and rejoined her friend, but she had jizz on her and the friend noticed it. It was a sweater she had borrowed from the friend, and there were a few drops on it. OOPS!

To make matters worse, I was walking around the whole place with jizz on my left shoe. I had no idea. I was walking around talking to people like everything was totally normal. I was talking to this British guy when I noticed, and I quickly put my foot under the table. Then I wrapped up the conversation and made a bee line for the bathroom to wash off my shoe.

I checked back in with the girl after that and she was having a small case of buyer's remorse. She said "Hey I didn't want you to think I'm a slut." I told her "I think that you're amazing for having that adventure with me and you shouldn't worry about that. I'd love to have a whole night in a bed with you. Now that would be hot." She agreed and we were gonna meet up later. I already had her number. She ended up telling the friend how I made her squirt for the first time and at that point it looked like a threesome was brewing. But the friend was kind of ADD, and I got distracted with other girls.

A few of my friends caught on to what had happen and they were so amazed that they started asking me to do approaches so they could watch. This one girl wanted to be my wing woman, and she would just drag chicks over to me and say "This is Brad, he's the hottest guy here." The chicks would look at me all shy and shit. One was really hot but she had a boyfriend so I next'd her.

I started working these 2 hippie chicks. They were throwing MASSIVE indicators of interest like "Wow you're amazing, can we go on a date?" I know this sounds crazy, here's the deal, they were on happy-happy drugs. They loved everything in life. I flirted with them for a bit, but I was planning on leaving for a threesome with the other girls. But I waited too long and lost track of them. They left without me. They were over matched by the high energy of the hippie chicks, so they didn't even try to compete or say good bye. They were totally intimidated.

Here's something funny. I took both their numbers before the bathroom festivities. Then later when I tried to call, one was a home number and one was a wacky beeping signal. There was actually no way we could meet up, neither one gave me their cell phone number. WTF? The moral of the story is that you're better off escalating and getting a blowjob right away if possible. Sometimes that's a better plan than venue changing and going for the same day pull.

I tried calling them, but when it didn't work I decided to keep working the hippie chicks. They were asking me to come home with them and do drugs, but I don't do drugs. I made up for it by saying I have the munchies really bad. So we went to their place a few blocks away. They were throwing truly grandiose indicators of interest like "This is the best night of my LIFE! I can't believe we met you!" I mirrored the indicators of interest back. But I knew they were way fucked up so I didn't read too much into to.

Back at their place, I played the guitar and the 2 girls sang jazz songs. It was a blast. One of the girls walked in on me taking a pee and watched. She said "Hey open the door, let me watch." That was funny.

I had both of them on the couch and we were cuddling like crazy. Then all of the sudden the mood changed completely. They got sleepy and bitchy in under 10 seconds. They gave each other that funny look, had a bathroom meeting, and then came and said "Uh yeah, we gotta walk you out." For a second I thought maybe I did something wrong, but then I realized they were crashing from the drugs. I don't know what they were on, but whatever it was they were crashing hard from it. Maybe ecstasy.

I was kind of annoyed, but I didn't fight it. I left with barely a word. 3 minutes later I realized it was an awesome night. I dropped a load on a chick in the gay bar, had a cool jam session with some hippie chicks, I walked around with jizz on my shoe and didn't slip on anything.

This is the risk you run anytime you deal with chicks who use drugs. It can go really good or really bad. I've had some of the best lays and even threesomes when the chicks are in this party/druggie vibe. But other times it can just blow up in your face. Would I do it again? Of course. But I would have made sure I didn't lose the other 2 girls.

OK now don't everyone start running for the gay bar at once. You really should go with gay friends or it's just weird to pick up girls at a gay bar. But if you have the gay friends and you go, it's kinda like you're already in the secret society. A normal chump would be too homophobic to be around gay people, so you get a bit of higher value just by being there and being accepted.

## CHAPTER 36: BAD HANDJOB

I haven't gotten rejected by any girls on an approach in over a week. Every chick I talk to seems interested. I guess that week in Florida really fine tuned my cold approach game to perfection.

So I got bored with cold approaches and I tried some online stuff in Oklahoma City. I went on HotOrNot.com and clicked on a few girls. One "yessed" me back and so I wrote her a quick note saying hello and telling her to email me back or MySpace me cause my membership is up. Then on MySpace I told her I'm coming into town, but I don't know when I'll be able to get on the Internet, so please text me your phone number.

This was kind of like a backup plan. Last time I was in Oklahoma City I banged this stripper in somebody's backyard. This time around she wants to hang out, but she's pregnant (no, it's not mine) so I don't know how well that's gonna work out. We tried to get together every night she was there, but no luck. There was always some doctors visit or contractions or something. She was determined to hang out with me and she did try her best, but she was literally 2 days from giving birth.

Got the HotOrNot.com chick on the phone, she was working late, but it turns out she's a night owl and always stays up till 6am, so we ended up meeting at like 2:30am at a pancake place. I was SO tired I could barely keep my eyes open. I was gaming on very little sleep, but it was OK cause she was a talker. Some girls just run their mouths a mile a minute, these girls are the easiest to game. You barely have to do anything but listen and say a few things here and there. You do have to be good at listening, and I am, so this was an easy one.

She was making sexual innuendos pretty quickly, so I told her she's naughty. Then I told her I'm scared and I wanna go home. We chatted some more. It flowed really nice, no routines or high octane stuff needed. I told her I'm a songwriter and I want to play some songs for her back at the hotel, she agreed, so that's where we went after the pancakes. Same pattern as the black chick in Florida- play the songs while she sits on my lap. Then pick her up and throw her on the bed. BINGO, we're making out. Couldn't get her bra off for like half an hour. Finally got it off. She made some lame attempt at giving me hand job. Really bad. I finally get her pants halfway off and finger her for a while, but it was going nowhere. She was a pretty inexperienced girl, only had slept with like 2 people and she's 20 years old. I ended up whacking it and blowing a load all over her ass. It took me like 2 hours to escalate to that point and the payoff wasn't that great. I passed out on the bed at 5:30 AM and she left. I decided not to call her again. She had no skills and wasn't really down to fuck. She was kinda hot, but aside from that was pretty fucking useless.

In this case, I think it's good policy to the ditch girls who don't meet your requirements. This girl was straight up bad in bed. Sure, there was some anti slut factor or whatever, that's normal, but the most important thing I found out about her is she had no vibe, not much horniness factor. I like girls who are into sex, this one wasn't. At least it only took me a few

hours to figure it out. Years back I dated a girl for like 5 months one time just to find out that we're not sexually compatible, and that she was bad in bed. I said to myself never again, but it just took a while to get the skills up to the point where I could weed these girls out faster. I have to say it's a great feeling to be able to set a standard and stick to it, and weed out the underachievers fast.

## CHAPTER 37: CHILI'S HOSTESS

Here's another quick lay with a pretty hot chick. She was the hostess at Chili's, I was there with friends 2 days in a row. The first day I started flirting with her immediately.

Chili's Hostess: "Hi welcome to Chili's. Can I sit you at the bar section and get some free chips."

Brad P: "Oh my god! you're trying to give us the crappy table. I know what you're up to. Trying to temp me with the free chips, huh? Pretty sneaky."

She was totally into the flirting. Her whole body language changed. She got all cute and gave me hot eye contact. Within 20 seconds the flirting was over and me and my friends were sitting at the table. It doesn't take much longer than that to get attraction in some situations.

As we were leaving I busted her balls a few more times, then we left.

Next day we come back and she's there again. This time she's ready for me, so I say- "Oh I bet you were hoping and praying that I'd be coming back some time. Well I guess it worked. You are a LUCKY LUCKY girl."

As we were sitting down I decided I'd take her number, but I wanted to wait till there was no one up front and I wanted to do it smooth. Girls can get in trouble for giving out their number at work. I knew I had to work quickly.

So I went up to her and whispered:

"Hey, I don't want to make you nervous or anything, but I'm... kind of a big deal... I'm the secret shopper. I'm here from the central office. Your whole restaurant is on probation right now, especially that waiter with the bad teeth. I can't tell you the results right now cause someone will hear us, but write down your number real quick and I'll text you when we leave." (hand her paper and pen)

She wrote down her number and I was out of there. I went back to the table.

I called her later that day and made plans to hang out the next day. I did more flirting on the phone. The next day she pulled up in this truck to pick me up, and drove right past me. This girl was not the brightest bulb in the batch. I get in and she's all wasted, she drives away like a wacko. I was thinking "Oh shit I'm gonna die!"

I told her to take me to a bar, but then it was clear that she was very into me. She had given me a really big hug when I got in, so I decided it might work out to just go for isolation right away and not bother risking distractions at a bar. So I told her "Forget the bar, we're going to the beach." I had her pull into my hotel's parking lot, which was right on the beach.



We walked on the beach for about 10 minutes, then started making out. She was blowing me about 10 minutes later. I took her up to the room and finished the job. Hot chick, nice body, 20yo, blue eyed blond.

I hooked up with her again 2 days later, turns out she lives in a trailer park! Ha ha ha! I had to go by the trailer park to pick her up. She was pretty well versed in one night stand manners. She really didn't hang around for long either time. But I got some great pictures of her sucking my cock.

Crucial point – not making a stop at a bar or any public place. I feel like sometimes we make fast seduction slower than it really needs to be. This lay happened in under 1 hour, including phone time. Yeah I know a lot of girls aren't going for things that fast, but is it really her, or is it you assuming? There's this 7-10 hour rule floating around that people talk about. Get that shit out of your head. It might be limiting you. I almost NEVER wait 7 hours to fuck a chick. It takes too long! Sure this one was kind of slutty, but I bang/date a lot of nice girls too.

It's normal to assume you can't just take some girl you just met to the beach and have her start blowing you within 10 minutes. Our social conditioning as men tells us that's not gonna fly. I'm here to tell you it happens a lot, so don't assume. You'd be better off paying close attention to the signs, and calibrating your game according to the situation.

## CHAPTER 38: YAY FOR BOOBIES!

Was down in Alabama last week. Birmingham to be exact. This is a GREAT place to game, I always get really good results there. In this case, I had gone like a week without gaming or getting laid, so I was out with a purpose!

When I follow my process and run my game right, I can reasonably expect to get laid more than half the nights I go out (maybe 60%), so I was feeling good about this night. My hotel was only a few blocks from the bar district, I had the whole night free. Everything was logistically sound on my end.

As usual the process would be:

1. Do 3 warm up approaches.
2. Generate attraction in multiple girls.
3. Investigate logistics of all interested girls.
4. Get phone numbers from girls with bad logistics or judgmental peer groups.
5. Focus on the girl I deem the best candidate in terms of overall interest in me, my interest in her, and her logistics for the same-day-sex.
6. Run my normal game: heavy attract material by default, then calibrate everything to the girl and her vibe.
7. Try my best to seduce the best candidate, then call the other girls the next day.

First approach was on the street in front of a bar/restaurant. I hadn't chosen a venue yet, but I saw some girls on the street, so I opened with "Hey you guys know anyplace around here where I can get cotton candy this time of night?" The target girl immediately grabbed my arm. There was touching before there was conversation so I touched her back of course. We talked about cotton candy a bit, and I said how in NYC you can get it anytime. Interest was high, but she had like 6 girls with her. They invited me to the next bar with them. They were all cool, but I didn't like the logistics much... and it was just my first warm up approach, so I wanted to check what else was around. I got a phone number, she wrote her number on a ping pong ball. That's weird. Fun girl.

Next approach- I go into a bar and walk through the place, getting interest and eye contact from a blond. I walk up and say hi. (If the interest is high I sometimes don't run any scripted opener.) The girl says "You don't look like you're from around here" and that seemed to be a big part of the appeal. She had a girl with her and a guy with her. 3 minutes in, the other girl said something like "If you have \$5 on you this girl will give you a blow job in the bathroom." Just when I think I've seen it all, a chick comes out with something like that. I was a bit stunned but I tried to play it cool. I chalked it up to her just having fun and possibly testing me to see if I'm sexually needy or socially too reactive. I kind of laughed it off and changed the subject cause it seemed like a trap. The target girl acted like she didn't hear it at first, but then when I realized she did I said "Ok who's pimping who out here?" to incite a dominance struggle between the girls. I also brought the guy in on it and asked him "Are you the pimp and she's just the pimp in training?" So everyone was laughing at this point and I think I had

turned around a weird situation into something fun.

You might wonder why I'd be trying to instigate the women to have a dominance struggle. The idea here is that women want strong emotions and drama. Women love to have strong positive emotions, and they derive meaning and validation from strong negative emotions. So for any of us who are learning how to meet more women, strong emotions are good. Boredom is bad. Women LOVE dominance struggles because they are always interested in social hierarchies. In any group situation, some people are cooler than others. Translation- they are higher up in the social hierarchy. It is very important to women on an instinctual and emotional level to always understand exactly who is where in the social hierarchy. This information governs many of their decisions. This is why women gravitate to drama and dominance struggles all the time. It's very interesting to them. So I was creating one in order to keep things interesting, get the women emotionally aroused, and then I'd try my best to translate their arousal into attraction.

Then a second guy enters the group. He seems to be an orbiter of my target girl. He's super lame, so I'm not too worried. He's froze out of the group, trying to crack little jokes in the background. I give him some polite fake laughter, but the chick is SO hating him. She actually gave him this pretty mean blow off where she put her hand on his face and just pushed it hard away from her. Ouch!

At this point I was losing interest. Her orbiter was so lame that it made me think she had low standards. Then the way she was embarrassing him made me think she was maybe a little insecure or socially weird. The whole situation was getting a bit weird, but she really wanted to hang out so I took her number down and split. I'm so not impressed with girls who use orbiters like that. I know almost all girls do it, but I think it shows a lack of pride to be leading on a bunch of dorks to boost your own ego all the time. So I was losing respect for her.

I remember the days when I had to make sure I was the one not being socially awkward. Now I've gotten it down to the point where women who are socially awkward and standing out like a sore thumb to me and I'm trying not to roll with them, even if they're hot.

Now at this point in the night I was getting attraction very quickly. I attribute this to the fact that I don't look like I'm from there and my clothes were really cool. The guys in Alabama dress pretty bad. People are literally out in the bar with a sweatshirt on. Not even a hoodie, just a straight up Champion sweatshirt from Marshalls.

I decide to scout around for a new spot. I see girls sitting on a bench. I walk over and do a bit of a hovering period to check if they're hot and see what's their vibe. Then I said to myself "uh oh, I think I'm hovering, that's bad..." So I decided to go in to at least ask for some directions to what else was around. Again, the girls were very attracted right away. They immediately started throwing statements of interest. "You're not from here... what are you doing here... are you in a band?... hey look he has those 2 ass dimples on his lower back, that is so hot!... are you a stripper?... etc."

I just completely held out on them. I wouldn't give them any info on why I was in town. I just teased them and deflected all the questions. This compounded the attraction quite a bit. About 15 minutes in they really thought I was a stripper so I went with that. I told them I was a stripper and they wanted a pole dance so I started dancing on a light post and they all started putting dollar bills down my pants.

There were 3 girls of varying degrees of hotness. They were like 19. I had my eye on the hottest one and I asked what her shirt said. She pulled back her coat and like a sign from above the shirt said "I LOVE MY BOYFRIEND." And she really did, it wasn't a joke shirt, so I decided not to game her. It's one thing to game a girl who has a placeholder boyfriend or is about to dump a guy, but I don't want to break up any happy couples. It's bad karma. So I targeted the second hottest one. I did the "Are you nervous" game and I ended up rubbing two girls' pussies within the first 15 minutes of meeting them.

This game is easy. You ask them if they want to play, then you put your hand on their leg and say "Are you nervous?" If she says no, you move it up more and more. If she says yes, you stop and laugh at her. It's some good clean fun.

A friend of mine joined us and I ended up taking them from the street back to the hotel. As usual, I used Dance Dance Revolution as the premise for taking them home. So far every girl who has set foot on my home version of DDR has gotten fucked within an hour or two. In this case it didn't happen, but this is the first time it failed me, and I did get a near threesome even in this case.

So we get back to the hotel. The hot one gets freaked out that we are walking into a hotel room and she splits and goes home. The other two were unaffected by her, which is very unusual. That can blow the whole thing, but they were under my spell. My friend split and left me with the 2 girls.

I started a massive pillow fight with the girl I wanted, the one with the glasses. Her best friend giggled and took pictures. Right now I'm using a lot of this rough playful stuff for getting girls hot. That's been working great. It knocks out a lot of resistance by completely disengaging their logic. They've never been in a situation like that before. They get super heated up and they didn't even see it coming.

Most guys do some smooth moves like YAWN--->PUT ARM AROUND GIRL. They're ready to resist something like that. But who's going to resist my play fighting? In this case I was doing it with the other girl still there. I will fuck this girl right in front of her friend given the chance. I know that sounds ridiculous, but that was where my head was at. I've fucked girls while their friends wait outside in the living room at times, so I don't see obstacles where most people would.

Then I did the "Are You Nervous" game again. I was rubbing both their pussies and they were rubbing my cock. They took it farther than expected and pulled my pants down asking

"Are you nervous now?" I said "Wow I didn't think you'd really do it." They started staring at my cock and getting all turned on. I started whacking it, but that was a little over the line and they wanted to take me to some tourist spot called "The Vulcan." So off we went. Again we got there and they were grabbing my cock. Again I took it out and they got defensive.

There were cops driving by so we decided to get out of there. I ran a few routines in the car and told them to take me somewhere rural so we could see the stars. We drove forever! In the car I had the friend take out her tits and I started squeezing them from the back seat. Those tits were HUGE! But she was a bit too heavy for me so that's why I wasn't into her. It does me no harm to play with those tits though. Then I started playing with the girl with the glasses' tits also, while she was driving. It's was fucking crazy.

We drove for another 15 minutes and I was playing with titties the whole way. I know it sounds like a weird scene. I was sitting in the back reaching up front for some boobs. We finally get to a rural area and we go to the park. We're in a batting cage and I have both girls tits out and I'm whacking it a bit when the chick with glasses says "Hey would you like some of my magic spit?" Then she SLIMED ME! She dropped a big gooshy glob of spit right on my cock. 3 minutes later she told me to tittie fuck the other girl. I said OK and I did it for a bit. But I didn't want to blow a load, I wanted to wait. The girls were giving me some resistance so I decided we should leave. I pushed it as far as I can, but it's not going any farther and I don't want to be too pushy.

On the way back I suck on the friends tits for a bit, then I do a simultaneous escalation of the 2 girls. I know that sounds unusual, so I'll explain. I suck one girls tits, then I rub her pussy a bit. Then I kiss the other girls neck for a bit, then do dirty talk with the first girl, then the second, and so on. Not only do they get aroused from the direct stimulation, they are getting aroused by watching what I do to the other girl.

We're nearing the hotel so I tell them to come up to the room cause I want to see their MySpace pages. HA I've reversed the anti-seductive distraction of MySpace and turned it into BAIT. See my previous "Penis Implant" report for the problems I was having with MySpace. We end up back at the hotel and I throw both of them on the bed. The friend throws the veto. "No we can't do this" type of thing. I attempt to re-escalate the girl with the glasses in the bathroom 4 minutes later, she says she wants to fuck me REALLY bad, but not with her friend there. I was getting very frustrated with the situation and I showed some signs of frustration and I try never to do that. I told the friend "You're the worst cockblocker I've ever met in my life." But I immediately was able to get control of that and correct the situation.

You should never show signs of sexual desperation or frustration to any woman EVER. It's in poor taste. It will get you NOWHERE. Even in a situation like this where you've been playing with 4 boobs for well over an hour you should do everything you can to control those emotions.

Anyway, the girl with the glasses said she couldn't wait to fuck me tomorrow. I told her it's gonna be great. I walked them out and it was all good. She texted me like 5 more times

saying how she was gonna fuck my brains out. We talk the next day and she's planning to come by at 8pm. All good. By 8:45 she did not show up so I went out to start over again.

Here's the deal with this flake-out. Yes I know it's out of the blue and that's really disappointing cause she was in the bag for sure, but this is what we sign up for when we play the game. There's gonna be flakes. It'll happen when you least expect it. 19 year old girls are HIGHLY UNSTABLE. Furthermore, young attractive American women are some of the most inconsiderate people who have ever walked the earth. I know this. I accept this fact, and I fuck lots of them anyway cause it's fun. Every once in a while I get a flake, so I'll take the good with the bad. Besides, there's fish a jumping in Alabama.

I walk down to a restaurant to get my head straight and have some food before I begin to repeat the same process as last night.

Again, the plan is-

1. Do 3 warm up approaches.
2. Generate attraction in multiple girls.
3. Investigate logistics of all interested girls.
4. Get phone numbers from girls with bad logistics or judgmental peer groups.
5. Focus on the girl I deem the best candidate in terms of overall interest in me, my interest in her, and her logistics for the same-day-lay.
6. Run my normal game: heavy attract material by default, then calibrate everything to the girl and her vibe.
7. Try my best to seduce the best candidate, then call the other girls the next day.

That's my game plan and I'm sticking to it.

I KNOW there is no WAY I can get shut out 2 nights in a row.

Sure enough I'm sitting there not even ready to begin yet when I meet a new chick. I was giving some eye contact to the bartender chick, and then flirting with her a bit, and her friend ended up sitting next to me. She blows smoke in my face and then says "Oh I'm so sorry.." I say "Oh my GOD! What the HELL is going on here with this SMOKER CHICK! JEEZ!" She totally got the joke and it was ON.

I quickly determined that this was a good situation.

She is a bartender on her night off.

She's 5'10 and blond with big tits.

She's visiting her friend who's also a bartender.

She doesn't seem to have definite plans for the rest of the night.

I've had more than my fair share of bartender/waitress types so I know how they roll. These chicks are friends with all the other bar staff in town. They tend to know everyone. They party a lot. They are super fun. They often become FLOATERS. A floater is a girl who has a

loose set of social engagements for the night, but she might just kinda wander around, she knows everyone so she can walk into any bar and be with friends. She doesn't need to cling to a huge pack of chicks for security.

On the downside, I know there will be orbiters and many peer groups to deal with. I tell her I have to go meet someone for a concert. She's asking lots of questions about why I'm in town, etc just like the girls last night, but I play it mysterious. I tell her I'll call her when I'm done or maybe I'll stop by and grab her and we can hang out.

The main issue at this point is her friend the bartender, who is all issued up and dramatic. They had some kind of meeting in the freezer room of the bar where the bartender was going deeply into her emotional issues and getting advice from my target chick. This is normal for their relationship. What we have here are two really emotional women who are always crying on each others shoulders. So I'm looking to get out of there, let them do that, and then cruise back in when it's over. But there's problems on the horizon as the bartender is talking about coming straight over to my girl's house after work. Hmm, we'll see about that.

I walk over to the show, missed most of it. I go back to the hotel and kill some time. I call up my chick as I'm walking back to scoop her up, but no answer. I walk in and she's checking my message and she's real happy to see me. She's got two orbiters. One of them is an alpha biker dude with the helmet still in his hand. Not a problem as these Alabama dudes have no game. I pull her out of the bar and we're off.

Now I have to transition back to the hotel. I tell her my friends are at some other bar, let's go meet them. We go and they're not there. I say "Damn they must be at the hotel bar." We go to the hotel and have a drink at the bar. I'm starting to set the bait. "Oh I gotta play you this song I wrote... I gotta show this picture from last time I was here, etc." She agrees to come up to the room, but as we're approaching the elevator she's getting hesitant. She gave me one of those "Please don't kill me, I hope you're not a rapist" speeches which I interrupted and said "I was about to tell you the same thing."

That's the good thing about equal rights. I have the right to fear for my safety around women when I'm alone with them in a hotel room. I created just enough confusion to get her up to the room.

Tip: Do NOT get wrapped up in that shit when girls start saying "How do I know you're not a rapist" or "Please don't kill me in your hotel room." That's completely ridiculous. Just cut them off as quickly as possible and reverse it. Do not explain yourself or play into it like "I promise I'm not a serial killer..." All you'd be doing is validating their paranoia.

Once we're in I played the guitar for a few minutes. Then I went right into the rough playful touching again.

Threw her on the bed. We made out. Last minute resistance. Pillow fight. More rough sexual touching.

From there we started making out again and I could tell she was going into an altered state. In this case it was me biting her neck that really sent her reeling. She was becoming DISOCCIATIVE.

Why must women get completely detached from reality in order to experience sexual arousal in a situation like this? Well she had only met me a few hours ago. It flies in the face of her social conditioning. But at the same time it is everything she's always fantasized about. This is the INTENSITY of seduction. It's so forbidden... yet it's so exciting... you have to fight it... but you can't fight it. This is the essence of seduction, and you must understand it if you want to get anywhere with these same day lays.

She stopped me and told me "Oh no, not the neck." She showed her cards. I knew she was getting insanely horny. So I stopped right there and let her cool out for like 5 minutes. She was saying something like "If we do this now, I'm going to be embarrassed and we won't hang out again." This warning must be met with total sexual comfort. "Yeah in most cases that's true, but in this case it's different because you know you've never met anyone like me before. I'm different than most guys and you never need to be embarrassed around me about anything."

The Pheromone Kid used to tell me this thing he'd say to girls, and I think it projects massive sexual comfort. It was something along the lines of "For the time that we're together, for the next 30 minutes or however long it is, you can say and act any way you want if it's going to make you feel good. If that means you need to tell me you love me over and over while I'm inside of you that's OK with me. If you need to laugh or cry or anything at all that's OK. This is our time and we can do whatever we want with it, even though we don't have as much time as we would like." So I sort of based what I said on that, although I didn't take it as far because I knew I'd see the girl the rest of the weekend. Pheromone Kid is often picking up these chicks in gas stations for a 1 nighter and he knows for sure he will never ever see them again, so it's a different deal.

After our little talk I re-escalated again. I did some serious dirty talking. She said "Not fair!" Clothes started coming off, she was trying to draw the line... she ended up blowing me and swallowing the load. Nice! After that I said "Well I guess that was a nice compromise." She said yes, and I knew I had averted her having regrets about it. This all happened with under 60 minutes of interaction, so you have to make sure the girl is OK afterwards. By calling it a compromise I was implying that she had used a great deal of self control, hence she's not a slut.

Is everyone getting that? This is really important. It has to seem like she won.

In her head it's like this:

No sex = she wins

Sex = I win

So if she swallows my load, it's a compromise. Everybody wins! She was feeling good after I



put this spin on it. Now with that out of the way we were looking to actually head back to the bars and see if my friends really were around. That way she could see I wasn't making shit up to get her back to the room, and we could have some fun and get to the sex later.

Sure enough, some of my friends were watching jello wrestling in a bar. We hung out there a while, went and got a falafel, then went back to the hotel and had a great night of sex and relaxation.

I spent the rest of the weekend with that chick, I have to say it was an absolute blast. We fucked like crazy. She was awesome.

The deal with the other chick, the one with the glasses, is that she had some kind of traumatic thing happen to her the day we were supposed to hang out. She texted me when I was about to scoop the other chick up. I had texted her first something like "I guess you got too scared of my huge cock." She said it's not that, and I spoke to her the next day and she said she had been crying at her friend's job the whole day before. Like I was saying, HIGHLY UNSTABLE. I have no idea what happened but honestly I don't care. It would've taken her 5 seconds to call or text me she couldn't make it, but as I said, you can't assume you're going to get even minimum amounts of common courtesy from people when you are in the habit of banging a bunch of cute young chicks like I am. If you expect common courtesy all the time you're in for a rude awakening.

I friended her on MySpace a few days later cause I'm not really mad about the whole thing. The second chick I picked up was cuter anyway and really good in the sack. Now she's seeking attention from me here and there and I'm sure she's probably looking at my MySpace page all the time. So maybe next time she'll get some from me. Like the DJ chick a few months back, flaky girls go into the booty call only category. I will put a banging on them if they make it very convenient for me, but I won't chase or do any extensive plans with them, and I won't give a shit about them unless they prove themselves reformed of all obnoxious behavior.

In the coming week, all 3 chicks were talking to me and leaving comments on MySpace, even the really hot one with the boyfriend.

I'm going to ramble on about a few more things here that I've been thinking about lately. Maybe it should go in a separate report, but hey I'm here typing so why not?

Traveling has been really fun, but picking up these chicks and bagging them so quickly is getting a bit repetitive right now. I'm looking forward to going back to NYC, and I'll be there in about 3 weeks. I've been in the northeast a bit lately and so I've seen some of my favorite girls from NY. Man these chicks are WORKING ON ME! My virgin girl with the double Ds came out and chilled with me for a weekend. She's such a freaky girl for a virgin. We actually made a soft-core homemade porn movie. It really looks like we're fucking, Haha. She's thrusting on top of me with those huge tits bouncing all over the place. DAMN! Such a cool girl too.

Some of my other relationship girls are becoming models. One became a suicide girl, another did a shoot with some big celeb in a national magazine. That was the redhead DJ chick from a few months back actually. I've got her pretty firmly into fuck buddy status right now, she just stayed with me for 3 days straight. I decided to try a different approach with her, which I'll describe here.

Brief review- this is the chick from "Promoter girl, tough pull." Bottom line is she's smoking hot, she's an ADD party chick, she's bipolar, bisexual, she's very high status and outshines all the other chicks around wherever we go. She's like an alpha-female. But she's super erratic, and she was prone to unexplainable crying episodes, so I put her on booty-call-only status. As the weeks went by, the booty calls didn't end up happening and she started dating my friend Promo. I didn't know they were dating, but I proceeded to fuck 2 of her party-girl friends. Both were phenomenal under-20-minute club pulls. Promo dumped her. Word got around that I had fucked her friends, and then I left town. The net affect was that my value in that peer group rose quite a bit. I banged the be-jesus out of all those chicks. It was some mind blowing sex. Then I became elusive. The subcommunication to the DJ chick was "Hey if you're not going to behave yourself I can easily get any other girl. Your friends will get screaming orgasms, you'll get nothing, I'll get tons of pussy." Now keep in mind, there was never any conversation, never any words spoken, but we communicated through our actions.

OK fast forward a few months. She's becoming a rising star as a DJ and model. She's dating other guys, but she still can't forget about me. I call her 2 weeks before rolling through her area, but get no call back. She's flaky as usual. I blow in one more text message the day before I'm hitting Jersey. Now all the sudden she wants to talk. We meet up. It's like nothing ever went wrong. The chemistry is electric! But I know I still have a head case on my hands so I'm looking to build compliance. I give her this little speech-

"I know that you've always liked me. And I think you are the sweetest, nicest girl ever. I know people think you're a bitch, and maybe it looks that way on the surface, but I think you are a caring wonderful person. Everything you do is for a good reason. Right now you're here because you care enough to drive all this way even though we've had a rocky ride. And those couple of times you didn't call me back, it was because you are a very loyal person and you don't call guys back when you're dating someone. It never bothered me for a second, because I know you would never intentionally be rude to me. You are the sweetest girl I know. I knew it the second I met you and you threatened to knock my teeth out."

She was getting all emotional. She said "Oh my god I think I'm gonna cry." Now remember this is the same girl I wrote about in my book [Instant Attraction](#). I asked her if she likes horses and she immediately asked "Do you like your teeth, cause I'm going to knock them out if you don't get away from me right now."

For the rest of the 3 days she was sweet as pie. The second day she even gave me a huge show of interest, something like "When I first met you I wanted you as my boyfriend so bad, I was telling all my friends about you." I said 'no way!' Then she said "Yes, you can ask anyone, I was all about it. Then I found out you were the player of the year, but I still can't

resist."

Ok this girl is extreme, and I kinda dig that. From here I strongly considered returning the interest and telling her I considered making her my girlfriend too. Actually I did consider it, but now that I know how erratic she is I don't think I'd consider it anymore. I was on the brink of returning the interest a few times, but in the end I opted not to.

Why? Well that's just not how my game works. This girl should go home wondering whether she has a chance with me or not. She should stay up at night thinking about it and she should ask her friends what they think. She should write to Dear Abby because she's just looking for any evidence that we're going to have a relationship. That's how my game works. Then we'll hang out more in the future and we'll always have a great time.

To return the interest would have eliminated all the confusion. She'd know she has me. Then she'd get high girlfriend expectations and from there it's hard to have a good time. You either get into some stressful relationship or you have a disappointed chick on your hands. Girls can NOT move backwards once you express any interest in a serious relationship. They will cling to that idea and they'll never fully accept any other arrangement, even if the other arrangement is more fun and better for everyone. It's more fascinating if she's not sure.

In reality if I did want a girlfriend I'd make her earn it and keep her in suspense over the course of months and months. So this girl would have a long way to go to be considered girlfriend material.

But wow what a weekend it was. She was doing my errands for me, driving me around, and I took some awesome pictures of her blowing me and taking a load to the face. Nice!! This girl is so intense in bed. Really phenomenal. Can't wait to go back to NY!

## CHAPTER 39: SEX IN A MOVING CAB

### Women Use me for sex (Part 1)

It's one thing to be able to get laid off cold approaches. That's really cool and I still do that sometimes. It's another thing to have women seeing you as a source of sex and calling you out because of your reputation. This is more what I'm after and this is more the reason why I got into this.

Right now I'm loving peer group stuff. I was in NYC a few weeks back and I got a call from a girl I haven't seen in years. She was at a restaurant in Brooklyn and I was not too far away, so we decided to meet up. As soon as she started talking on the phone I felt there was a sexual vibe to the whole thing. I was with Joe Natural and we stopped by the restaurant. The girl was in there with a guy, but as soon as I got in there she started ignoring him and she was touching me right away.

Then I noticed a pair of crutches. She had sprained an ankle and was on crutches. Joe takes off, I'm left there with the chick and this guy. I don't know his deal. Turns out he's just a friend. She's crashing with 5 friends and we're right down the street from their place.

We talk a bit longer and I realize this girl is kinda drunk. They've been drinking margaritas. This girl got drunk, got horny, then called me. The three of us decide to go to another bar. Not so easy because she's on crutches. We end up carrying this girl down the stairs and then she's not wanting to use the crutches so we end up carrying her down the block. Wow it was a mess. She's all drunk, we're taking turns carrying her. We end up stopping in the middle of the street a few times laughing our asses off.

I tell the guy there's no way we should be bringing this girl to a bar. We'll never even make it at this rate. So we go into their house. In there I meet 4 guys and a girl. Every room is occupied. This girl is now touching me and a sexual vibe. I've fucked some of her friends. She's already decided she wants to fuck me. I can tell. I test the waters. "Is there anywhere we can go." Now people are sort of listening, but they pretend to ignore it. She says every room is taken but she wants to go somewhere. Normally I would take this girl for a walk and try to find an alley or some bushes, but that's not gonna happen with these crutches.

Seems like a lost situation, but you know I don't give up that easy. I tell her let's go get in a cab and have it drive around the block for 10-15 minutes while we make out. She says OK. She tells the roommates she'll be back. They're kinda laughing at us, but hey no one is cock blocking so it's all good.

We get into the hallway and I decide to check what's up with the roof of the place. Easier to fuck on the roof. But it's all locked up. No good. So I carry her down the stairs and I look for a cab. Cab comes. I hail it. In we go. I tell the guy just drive around the block for a while.

This isn't that abnormal I don't think, but the cabbie was giving me some static. He says not to have sex in the cab. She says she doesn't wanna have sex cause she's on the rag anyway. Then the cabbie says we can but it'll cost \$50. I escalate her some more and try to get her to blow me, but she won't.

Now let me pause for a moment here to point out that girls often say they're on the rag when they're not. This girl got a little hornier and all the sudden she wanted to fuck and she wasn't on the rag.

Now let me go through a list of all the things that could have been a deal breaker in the average guy's world.

- She's with a guy
- She's on crutches
- There's 4 roommates
- Nowhere to fuck
- Cabbie is a dick
- She's claiming to be on the rag
- I don't have \$50 on me, she doesn't have her purse at all
- We're in a fucking moving cab in NYC!

None of this is a deal breaker in my world. I got her a little bit hornier. We decided to fuck. We told the guy we'll pay the \$50 (had to hit an ATM later). She laid down on the seat and we were off to the races. I was slamming this chick as I watched the traffic go by on the opposite side of the road. HAHA!! YEAHHH! After a while the driver stopped in some random industrial area and I finished the job there.

We turned around and went back. The cabbie said for \$50 I get the cab for an hour, so I had him wait while I carried her back up the stairs. Not so easy. We're standing there ringing her bell and no one would let us in. We finally get a neighbor to let us in and I carry her up 3 flights only to find out we're in the wrong building. Carry her back down. The cabbie's getting pissed but I really don't care.

Finally get into her building and I carry her up ANOTHER 3 flights and put her into the apartment. And off I go. On the ride to Manhattan the guy is asking me if I fuck girls in cabs all the time. I tell him yea. He asks "how big is your dick?" I'm thinking "Where the hell did that come from??" I guess now that I've fucked in his back seat he feels entitled to that kind of information.

I stop and see a friend, then I hit a club where I end up taking a gorgeous model home after like zero gaming cause she's in my peer group. She was go-go dancing and she leaned off the platform and said to me "I know you've had sex with a lot of my friends, they said you were really good. How about you come home with me tonight?" But that's another story... I can fuck 2 girls in the same night, I'm just too lazy to write up the reports all in one night.

This report is not about skill set or technique, it's about building a lifestyle where the girls just come to you. Once you do that, it's essential to CAPITALIZE on that. Let nothing stand in your way. SEE THE SIGNS- perhaps there's horny girls giving you hints and you're missing the signals.

Yes, girls use me for sex. 2 in the same night, in this case....to be continued.....

## CHAPTER 40: WOMEN USE ME FOR SEX

I was about to write up the rest of that night where I did the model chick, but then it happened AGAIN. Another chick I know decided to have sex with me out of the blue and pursued it. I swear girls are using me for sex. I've been accusing women of this for years now, but it was a joke. Now it's become a self fulfilling prophecy.

A few months back I wrote about how I was having trouble gaming this super hot bisexual actress chick because there was this lesbian who was out-gaming me. Anyone remember that? Well I ran into her again and the lesbian chick wasn't around this time.

Actually I had run into her twice. The first time was in December. This chick has a boyfriend so that complicates things further. But she's SO pervy. She's always trying to flirt with EVERYONE. She's always playing everyone to see how much reaction she can get. So I'm always sure to play it really cool with her and not react too much. I'll flirt back with her if we get a second alone, but when people are around I sort of blow her off. I tell her "Stop it, you're in my friend zone" or "C'mon, I'm a little out of your league." Sometimes I just tell her in all seriousness "We're just friends, OK. I know you want to flirt with me, but let's keep that to a minimum." Everyone else is sweating her. So that's kind of interesting to her I think.

So here's how I turned the corner. The peer group has a number of lesbians in it. I showed one of the other lesbians a picture of my cock on my digital camera. The camera angle was generous, so this lesbian started talking up my cock in the group. The super hot actress got a little curious about it and she started trying to look to see if I had a bulge in the crotch area. I saw her checking that out. Then this other guy we know started hitting on her super aggressive and creeping her out. So she started clinging to me to get away from this guy. He's a high status guy, really good looking, but his game is totally appalling. Just super aggressive but at the same time he's kissing ass like "Oh I've been wanting you for so long." If you say shit like that it doesn't matter how good looking you are. You're getting nowhere with girls of this caliber. I've noticed these girls often like to be the one giving chase. It's a certain breed. If you chase them you're done. "INSTANT DEATH" is what me and the Pheromone Kid call it.

Anyway, this girl is fleeing that douche bag guy, and I know she's curious about me. So I tell her let's stop at my place and I'll show her my cock. We snuck off from the group without anyone really noticing much.

We get to my place, I get her in the room, and what follows was the #1 WORST sexual experience of 2006 for me. She's into the cock and all as I'm whacking off a bit. She even wants to make out, but she's trying so hard to run the show. She's giving all these really specific directions about how she wants to make out, but not have sex, and blah blah blah. Then, her boyfriend calls on the phone. She sits there on my lap baby talking with this guy for a good 10 minutes while I'm watching TV with my cock hanging out. I shit you not. I was not into it. I was thinking it's kinda sad really, but what the hell I had come this far. Next she

decides she wants to do this grinding thing so she can orgasm. This girl straight up was telling me what to do and what not to do. I took charge a few times, and she'd just get really weird, so I decided to let her do her thing and see where it goes. I like it when a girl takes charge, they just rarely know how to make the experience work right. This girl and I had no connection really. And she was thinking about her boyfriend and feeling guilty the whole time. So it absolutely sucked for me. Well it wasn't all bad. She got naked and her body was AMAZING! Did I mention that she's half black and half Puerto Rican.....and a professional dancer/actress. That's a recipe for a PERFECT ASS. I will never forget that ass. So she's grinding on my cock, but she's still got her panties on, and they're all scratchy. I was telling Glenn P. (UDS head coach) about this and he dubbed it the "sandpaper lapdance." That's exactly what it was.

Fast forward to tonight. I see her at a Superbowl party at a big bar/arcade place (Jillian's type place). So we play a game of air hockey. I tell her we should have a "friendly wager" knowing she's so pervy she's going to take it to a sexual place. She says the winner gets to spank the loser. I say OK. Then I beat her in the game, and so I tell her I'll spank her later. I don't want to do it in public cause people will start talking.

We're all getting ready to leave and she's demanding that I buy her a drink. I tell her I'll buy her a spanking. She goes and tells the waiter "He's buying me a drink." I decide I'll let her win this one. She's probably planning to fuck me so she wants to feel like I'm working for it. Right before we leave she aggressively asks for the waiter's number while I'm standing nearby. I know she's got high buying temperature. She's considering booty calling this guy. But she didn't. She opted to fuck me instead.

This leads me to a very important point, and this is one of the MAIN PREMISES of working a social circle, so pay close attention to this.

**A WOMAN WILL GO OUTSIDE HER CIRCLE TO FLIRT AND HAVE FUN. HER BUYING TEMPERATURE WILL RISE AS A RESULT. THEN WHEN SHE NEEDS SEX SHE WILL OFTEN RETURN TO THE SOCIAL CIRCLE AND FUCK A GUY FROM INSIDE THE CIRCLE.**

This is why you are always battling uphill when you do cold approaches. You do a great job of getting her aroused. Then she booty calls her ex, or she fucks a guy from her social circle. You lose! Women are PROGRAMMED by society to not fuck "random guys." If you have super game, or catch her at the right time, you can get past this, but you're going against her social programming, so it's always gonna be harder. I should know, I've fucked TONS of women off the cold approach. I've done it in under an hour on many occasions. You can do it too if you have the caliber of game I have, but it's easier to do social circle. That's why I released a system for [Social Circle Club Game](#) even though most students are fixated on cold approach.

Bottom line is there is less potential for negative repercussions for a woman if she stays within her social circle for sex.

The flip side is sometimes women get very turned on by the idea of sex with a stranger. This



is how the Pheromone Kid does his 10 minute seduction technique. He plays on that fairy tale. Or maybe I should say he plays on that dirty fantasy.

OK enough theory, back to the action. Now I know I'm in her peer group and this guy is pumping her buying temperature. So I have the advantage. I don't even have to do anything. I don't run in and try to out-compete this guy. She's pursuing HIM, it looks very insecure to mess with the guy at that point. You don't look alpha, you actually look like a cock blocker cause she's the one doing the chasing. The guys was really smooth and really good looking too. A lot of times in these super hot chick peer group situations I've been way over-matched in the looks department.

We all leave. I get back to my place and she calls me up venting about some drama. I listen and empathize. Then I ask her if she wants to come over and watch "The White Rapper Show" with me. She says yes and comes over immediately. When she arrives she just lays on the opposite end of the bed. Then her boyfriend calls and they talk for a while. I don't pursue. I know she likes to do the chasing. She comes over and we cuddle a bit. Then she says something about me having big hands and she starts putting my hands on her waist and midriff. It was hot. After that last time, I was really hoping there would be more hot lead up. Not just me doing a cock presentation and her giving orders. Really good stuff this time. I end up fingering her and she comes and squirts. Nice! Then she wants to do the grinding thing again, but this time she's taking off the panties. She's all talking about how we're not gonna fuck, and that's fine with me.

At this point I really don't care. I've shed that urgent feeling where you feel desperate for sex a long time ago. I'm projecting ZERO sexual neediness and ZERO emotional neediness. It's like some hardcore Zen stuff. This is one of the main reasons I think women are starting to pursue me for casual sex for the first time in my life. I've never experienced that on a regular basis before.

After like 3 minutes of the grinding, she leaps up and puts on her clothes. She says she's leaving. I say wanna stay and cuddle? She says "No, I can't cuddle with cock." She was visibly conflicted and horny as fuck! She wanted to fuck so bad, so she had to get out, cause that would be cheating. So I told her no problem, see ya soon. And that was it. I didn't really care that much. I laid there pretty content after she left.

10 minutes later she was back knocking on my door. She looked like an addict who needed a fix. I let her in and she immediately just started demanding sex. She was really direct, she said "Get it ready. Get a condom." I would have liked some foreplay. Now I know how those poor 45 year old married women feel. I started feeling her up and sucking her tits. Wow DAMN what a hot chick this was. Legs and ass = phenomenal! I really can't say enough about it. I fucked her for a while and it was kinda cool, but she was still being a total bitch. I kind of had to pee and was losing wood. The whole thing happened so fast. So I ate the pussy for a bit and called it quits. She was pretty worn out by the hard fucking I put on her. She had some great movement. And doggy style was like a wet dream come true with that ass.

After we were done she got all mad when I told her that I chose her and not the other way around. She jumped up and put on her clothes and left. So dramatic. At this point that running out of the room thing doesn't really get me shook. She always seems to come back. Honestly this is not a girl I really need to fuck again. She's got a boyfriend and that's a mess. She doesn't do enough cool foreplay. She's pretty obnoxious in general. These super hot chicks are just so use to getting away with everything. Some of them don't develop much personality. Maybe you guys have noticed that.

OK I'm backed up on the reports right now, I skipped a whole bunch, but I'm hoping to write up the other chick from taxi-night and also a cold approach lay from South Carolina cause I was out with a student and I know everyone wants to hear cold approach stuff.

## CHAPTER 41: VIDEO VIXEN LOVES THAT I'M A GURU

So there's this girl that I met at a party about a week ago. She was talking to some dude and I walked up to her and said something along the lines of "Oh you're all in my way. Move..." It was a party so you didn't need anything ingenious to open up with. You just use anything simple and stupid. The guy walked away after a while. He wasn't with her. He was a long haired, Southern looking guy. This was one of those movie industry type parties, but for some reason didn't have a lot of girls. She was like the only hot babe there.

The girl had me pegged since the beginning as a dating guru since she saw me talking to two guys who worked in the Mystery Method office.

I said "Oh I just know them from my job."

She replies "Oh... So you know them from your job?"

She absolutely, 100% knows what I do for a living. I just glazed over it when she said that.

I asked the girl "Oh so you know what they do?"

And she responded with "Yeah so I know what they do... That means I know what you do." And we moved right onto the next subject.

You never know where the conversation is going to go. It could be something good or it could be something bad. Basically I deemphasized it. Up to this point, she was still hanging around so I knew she had a fascination with it. I think to women, the fantasy of that whole thing is way different from the reality of it. So I just allowed the fantasy live inside her head without being too specific about it. She probably built it up into something insane. Who knows what she was turning it into. Fantasy is better than reality in a woman's mind. I just kicked my usual kind of game. I used some attraction material which included the "Tom Hanks story" and the "director game." Then she said she was there with her boyfriend. I responded by saying "Oh cool! Let's meet him! Where's he at?"

I'm thinking I should meet this guy as soon as possible because I want to see what I'm dealing with. Basically a reflection of her and what she's like. If I were to flirt with her in front of her boyfriend, she would be turned on by that because it shows a lot of balls. So that was my plan. I figured the faster I could find the boyfriend, the faster I could push the attraction higher.

Finally we find him and he's a good looking guy. Actor guy with a blazer and a t-shirt. We met him and as soon as he walked away, I told her "Wow, he seems really nice." She responds with a very disappointing "yeah..." followed with me saying "No I mean... *Really nice.*" For those of you who don't already know, girls don't like nice guys. They like dominant guys. So by putting that emphasis on her boyfriend being "nice," the girl would end up being disgusted

with him. Girls are always disgusted by nice guys.

I started with a "what up?" attitude, then I slapped the boyfriend on the back with a "what's going on man?!" so he could kind of feel like he needs to get away from me. It was real friendly so he couldn't really be defensive about it. I was a little taller than him too. He then started to hang out with this chubby girl. They were playing some kind of game where they were writing sexual stuff like "I want to blow you in a taxi cab" on pieces of paper to hide all around the house. The chubby girl was easily aroused so I started to flirt with her too just to get some competition going. I turned on the chubby girl on in like 12 seconds. Then I said "Alright get lost." Just as a little demonstration of what I was capable of.

At this point, I had the hot girl pretty hooked. Suddenly she knocks the potato chips off the table. She says "Oh no the chips!" We both got on the floor to clean off the chips and I asked her "Am I making you a little clumsy or nervous perhaps?" She says "Yeah I don't know... You seem to be having that affect on me." I said "Yeah I have that affect on a lot women." She says "I can't put my finger on it." I say "It's just the intoxicating feeling by standing next to me." It's sort of a joke, but she's believing it on a subconscious level.

We picked up all these chips and now our hands are covered in grease and I say "Oh let's go to the bathroom and wash our hands." She responded with "*Oh yeah... Let's go wash our hands!*" She was already getting a very sexual vibe. I was also getting a very sexual vibe, but it was a bad idea.

She knows that it's a bad move to go the bathroom with me with all these people around. She knows I'm a seducer on a professional level at this point, I just out-gamed her boyfriend at this point and I turned some other girl on in 12 seconds... So basically it's not a good idea to go into the bathroom with me. She then says "Let's go wash our hands in the kitchen sink." I responded real calm and slow with "You know what? That's a really good idea. I don't think that you and me should be going to the bathroom together right now. I don't think it's a good idea." She said "okay."

We started washing our hands and she starts to put her hands out so I could put the soap on her hands. It was like I was squirting jizz into her hand. It's like a money shot! Every interaction between us was becoming sexualized. Then we started to rub our hands with each other for a little bit. Then I kinda disappeared and hung out with some other people because she should miss me a little bit.

After about 20 minutes, I knew I was gonna leave soon so I needed to finish up with her. She actually already gave her number in the first five minutes of meeting her cause she invited me to this networking party at some hotel. She was making it sound like it's some big premise because her boyfriend is there. Making it sound more business-like to cover it up. I usually just swap MySpace information with girls who are with boyfriends, but she just basically went straight for my number. So I just went back to her to tell her I'm taking off. The next day I texted her. Usually the next day I just text girls before I call them, so I can warm them up before calling.

I texted "Has it worn off yet?"

She texted back "What?"

I texted back "The intoxicating, exhilarating feeling of standing next to me."

It's a little "callback humor." She already had the idea in her head. We started texting back and forth. Then I started talking to some new LA friends and they were saying that LA girls are mad flaky. Especially these actress chicks. You can get their numbers pretty easy and you can talk to them pretty easy. They just flake out on meeting up a lot more than chicks in other areas. One of the tips I got from some of the guys out here in LA was to simply make plans of my own and try to work them in together with the girl's plans or just blow them off completely. They're notorious for flaking out on guys.

So I decided to just run some slow game on this girl and make like 3 or 4 phone calls. I got her on the phone and we ended up talking for a while. She turned out to be a very interesting girl. She was throwing me statements of interests like "you're a real charmer" and "you're real good with women." I told her that I was new in town and I wasn't in any big rush to pick out one girl... I basically told her I could have any girl that I wanted. I just kept it very vague. Then I had to call her back another time and I had to leave a message.

I had told her once before "I don't like leaving messages. If I call, you better pick up the phone and be excited to talk to me. You better drop everything to pick up your phone." Then I end up getting stuck leaving a message when I called her up and I said "Oh my god! I can't believe I'm leaving you a message! This is SOOOO DEGRADING!" She calls me back and apologizes and I say "Dude! You missed my call and I had to leave a message for you." She starts saying "I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" I say "Now now you kinda owe me one..." and she asks what she has to do. I tell her "You're gonna come over on Monday night and make me brownies and I'm gonna lay in bed and you're gonna feed me brownies." She says "Should I make them from scratch?" I said "Yeah from scratch." She told me she had something to do and I told her to come by after she runs her errand and feed me brownies.

Basically I'm testing her and she knows it's a joke. I'm just throwing confusing bits cause she doesn't know what to expect next. She tries to get me to go out to some bridal shop to pick up some dress. I told her I wasn't that kind of guy. It's such a chump move to go and follow her around while she runs her errands.

It's true I could have turned it into a good thing. Could have done some role playing. I could go with her and bitch about the dress and say something like "No not that one! Put it back!" She was asking me to go and not her boyfriend... Could be good. Could be bad. I called her again and had to leave a message again! I ended up running my "personal assistant" gag as "Sven" with a German accent. I just said "Yah... Hello. This is Sven. The personal assistant. I need to talk to you about some things..." She was digging it. She called me back and asked for Sven! She loved the cocky little bit. I made her jump through some "Sven hoops" first before getting to me. She knew Sven was me and Sven was just being a dick. I said something like "No you can't talk to him until you answer a few questions first. What is your

shoes size? What was the date of your last dental visit? What is your favorite color?"

Finally she texted me Monday and said some shit about her trainer coming back to town. She never came over with the brownies. Tuesday came and I was supposed to go meet up with her for the networking event. She flakes on me AGAIN!!! So I end up pulling the double-flake reversal! You can't let a girl flake on you over and over again. If you let a girl flake on you, she'll think you're just a piece of shit and start treating you accordingly. You're just compliant and a wuss.

Instead of letting her see me in that way, I just changed it all around and made it seem like I was the one who couldn't make it. I texted her 4 minutes after we were supposed to meet up saying "Dude! I really can't make it tonight. I'm really sorry. This thing came up! I can't make it! I promise we'll hang soon!" I play it off like I'm so apologetic. It's like the favorite drunk uncle who makes promises to his niece and never shows up but always promises to show up the next time. That's the double flake reversal. It prevents you from going into the shithead category in her mind.

You don't want the girl to feel guilty about the fact that she didn't show up. If she feels guilty, she'll lose the attraction. She'll start associating you with negative feelings. She get scared you're going to guilt-trip her next time you talk to her.

Next time I started talking to her, she starts to apologize to me for not making it Tuesday. I cut her off and say "You? I'm sorry I didn't make it Tuesday. I know I promised you I'd be there. I gotta go back to NY in a couple of days. But I promise we'll hang out before I go back. I promise to get to you." It creates a little urgency and kills the guilt.

Then she tells me she's got to go to some recording thing cause she's a singer too. The recording session was right by my house. There was this other dude there, the recording engineer, who is probably an orbiter. So I wasn't really feeling like it was a good idea. I don't wanna end up doing some group date thing. She texts me later after she was done and that she was on Sunset Blvd. I text her back saying I'm there too and we'll meet up... but I was still in the house. I drive over and get lost looking for this chick. We decided to go get some food and we go to this dessert spot my friend works at.

We got a bunch of free desserts and had some sexual tension going. I told her that I'll go with her to the bridal thing and I told her I was going to be "a huuuuuuuge dick!" She said "I bet you have a huge dick."

We headed out of the dessert place and I told her that I wrote a song. I told her it was a panty dropper and that it's gonna get her all wet and that she's gonna wanna tie herself up to control herself. She asked "oh really?" I said "Yeah! Even with me describing it right now... I gotta be careful that you don't get a little bit wet or you'll lose control. It's weird. I gotta be careful." We drive back to my place and I tell her we're gonna take a listen to the song. I'm crashing with friends right now, and everyone was home.

I got her into my room and on my lap and we're listening to a couple of songs. Then I run my regular procedure and tossed her onto the bed. She's getting all turned on as I'm throwing her on the bed. I went for the kiss and she says "No I can't. I can't" So I said "I know you got a boyfriend... I know you can't... so what you have to do is try to resist and I'm gonna test you to see if you can resist me."

She just starts trying to talk about other irrelevant shit. I said "Don't talk. You're supposed to resist." I sit there with my lips a millimeter away from her lips and then I kiss her neck for a while. After a little while she starts to bug out. So I said "OK, you made it through round one." and I stopped.

Then she starts talking about not cheating on her boyfriend and whatever. I said "I know the boyfriend thing is a very loose concept in LA." She agrees. I told her "I met your boyfriend... He's really nice!" She says "yeah... I know. That's the problem. I wanna break up with him. But every time I try, he cries."

This is getting too easy now!!! I tell her "He's a sensitive guy. Maybe he feels like if he loses you he'll never get another girl like you." (credit to TD on that one, not my line). She said she wants to breakup with him but needs some coaching.

That's something I've never heard before. I wouldn't breakup a happy home or a happy relationship, but this ship was sinking already. It was just a matter of time. She gives me all this anti slut talk about being good. I was just keeping the vibe positive cause she's trying to win me over and convince me that she'll be faithful if I were to be her boyfriend.

Then I tell her it's round 2! I start dirty talking her and I told her not to talk and try not to listen. I told her it's the mental round and that she's gotta resist by not thinking about the things I'm saying. This is turning into some twisted shit!! David Shade has always said that when things like this happen, girls run home almost immediately to go masturbate. At this point, I got the girl all heated up... but I can't heat her up too much! She'll end up running if she's too heated up. If she's not heated enough, she'll be bored. I just back off and stop and tell her round 2 is over.

Now she feels all positive cause she beat my challenges. Then she says she has to go. I agree and tell her "Yeah, yeah let's get out of here." Now I tell her to "not kiss" me. I put my lips against her without puckering up. I say "I know what the problem is right now. You're a little mad at me right now cause I didn't use my magic powers to push this to another level. You know I could. We both know I could." Then I tell her "Gimme one more 'not kiss' and this is me not throwing you up against the wall." I take her hands and put them above her head and press her up against the door with my hand rubbing up her pussy. Then I bite her neck and then out of nowhere she says "Yeah... That whole pickup thing is so hot!"

Then I say "You're doing good and you made it through round 3" and she says "I wanna go look in the mirror." I tell her "alright but don't look to the right." I start taking off my belt buckle and I'm telling her "No looking allowed." I was hinting that I was about to take out my

dick. It's a tough one to pull off but if you screw up, you can fix it. She says "No we can't." I wasn't really gonna do anything. I was just testing her saying "I just wanted to see if you could make it through that round." Then I said "ok let's get out of here." Then she started talking about maybe showing me her tits. I said alright. I'm standing 10 feet away from her. She's telling to me to get closer to her and I say "I don't know about that..." She's seeking a little power now and she takes out her tits. I start playing with her tits.

Then she says "I gotta go!" I said "No... you didn't make it through round 5 yet..." Then I say "Wait a minute! You skipped to round 5 without going through round 4. You failed round 4." She agrees and I walk her back to the mirror.

I start whacking my cock inside of my pants and I say "Don't look." I tell her to put up both hands in front of her eyes. I start getting a boner and I say "you're doing good so far but you're not done yet." I get behind her and started biting her neck again. I say "No you're gonna look! You're peeking! You're cheating! You're cheating!" She says "Oh I bet this isn't the first time you jacked off to me..."

She's into it. She's into the fact that I'm masturbating to the thought of her. I learned this technique from the Pheromone Kid and it works all the time. Then she's like asking if my jizz is gonna stain the carpet. I said "let's go to the bathroom."

We get in there and I say "You show me a little something and I'll show you a little something." She takes out her tits and shows them to me. She had fake tits but I couldn't even tell before that. She starts bragging about her tits being a full C cup. Now I'm really whacking it and she decides to go take a pee in front of me. She says "Do you want to watch me pee? Would you like that?" She pulled down her panties real quick hiding her pussy to pee.

Then she's says "Do you like blonds? Do you think I'm a real blond?" I say "I don't know..." and she's says "Well you know how you can tell right?" She was hinting that I can tell from the color of her pubic hair.

Now she's in full blown pervert mode. I got her to spit in my hand so I could lube up. This seems like a small thing, but it is a small step of sexual participation. Small steps lead to bigger and bigger steps. Then she started talking dirty to me and sucking my finger. She said she wanted me to blow a load... but she kept telling me not to get any on her because she doesn't wanna get caught later on. I told her I totally understand so I made sure I didn't splooge on her. Then I blow my load and she won't touch my cock to clean my load so I said "ok but you gotta take care of the floor." So she gets on her hands and knees and cleans off my jizz off the floor. She gives me the big puppy dog eyes looking up at me submissively while she cleans the floor. Then we kinda just cleaned up and she wants to get out of there. I said let's hang out with the guys for a bit and then leave. She said "yeah I'll leave at 1am." She's probably gonna break up with her boyfriend. If she doesn't, she doesn't. She might come back around for another round of massive sexual tension. So now I'm going to NY for a couple of weeks. Probably call her a couple of times.



In the end, I lost track of this girl, she ended up becoming a playboy bunny and was always traveling. She sends a text message every now and again, but I'm not gonna chase her around. If I run into her again I'll continue the seduction.

## CHAPTER 42: 5 MINUTE SEDUCTION + LA SUPER HOTTIE

Hey guys. Brad P. coming to you from Hollywood CA. Haven't been writing up these diary entries much lately cause I've been working on my Fashion Bible every day, but I decided to take time out from that to write something up for the guys who've been reading along since I started out.

Yesterday I was walking around the auto parts store and I got a call from this really hot chick who's in my peer group. We've been friends for 2 months, and we have a bit of sexual tension between us. She tells me her boyfriend flaked out on some dinner plans and asked me if I'd go with her. I said: "Hmm.. I'll think about it. You know I don't like to be the #2 back-up option". She says "C'mon, just come out to dinner with me. It's no big deal." After a little more of that I agreed. I told her to make sure she wears a short skirt... "Don't forget the skirt!"

So we go out to dinner, and it's in this hot-shit French restaurant in Hollywood. There were hot girls all over the place. Probably about twice as many girls as guys in this place for some reason.

We get there and we're sitting there talking. Now I've known her about two months or so. There's been definite sexual tension between us. She knows that I teach some kind of dating class. In the past I've told her it's actually a class in advanced sexual techniques. I tell that to a lot of girls who probably wouldn't understand the whole seduction thing.

It turns out she told her boyfriend that I'm replacing him and that I'm taking her out to dinner, and that I'm some kind of kama-sutra genius. So I knew I was a pawn in her little jealousy battle, and I told her I knew this, but it was ok, I'll use her to make girls jealous too. When we get out there she's starting to whine about how she's losing interest in her boyfriend. I've met this guy a few times and he's a pretty cool guy. He's one of these super-polished LA guys. Good-looking, successful; really has his shit together. She is a super-polished LA girl as well.

So I decided to try and keep it subtle about discussing her boyfriend. I said stuff like "He's a really cool guy, a really nice guy.... he's really into you.... REALLY into you." She said "Yeah, I think that might be what's kind of turning me off." The idea here is that I know she's already losing interest in him because she's perceiving him as a "Nice guy" and being "Too into her," so I just added fuel to her suspicions by saying this stuff out loud. She was already thinking these things, it just takes it to another level when someone else says it out loud.

Then we started talking about how she's always attracted to guys who aren't into her. She also has this pattern where she wants guys to show her attention but then if they do, she loses interest in them quickly. This is common for most women, but it's more extreme in these top tier girls. This girl is super hot and she's been in LA for about 5 years now, so she's

got tremendous sexual power and she knows how to use it.

This whole time we're talking she's getting text messages from 5 different guys. Even though she has a boyfriend she meets guys all the time. She'll get interested in them, give out her number, and then never call them back. No explanation, nothing. So today she has this guy who's super into her. She ended up sending him an e-mail that she has a boyfriend. Now this dude is texting her the while we're at dinner saying "You're making a huge mistake. He'll never love you like I love you. He'll never touch you like I touch you!". She's getting totally creeped out by it. I just say "That's so lame, what a bummer."

After a while she says "I want you to tell me some of this stuff about the advanced sexual techniques." I said "I don't know, I'm not sure if I should tell you because we're always hanging around together and once you start getting turned on by me it's gonna ruin our relationship". She says "No! just tell me!" I finally give in but I say "You have to promise that you won't get turned on by the sound of my voice and the things that I'm saying and you have to promise that you won't get a little wet in your pussy." There's a bit of light hypnotism mixed in there.

I have her do this thing where she holds her fist up and I pretend that her fist is a vagina and then I tell her about all the different spots (Deep spot, G-spot, etc...) The whole time I'm basically fingering her fist. That was working pretty good and the sexual tension was building.

Then she starts asking about the "strategies of the advanced sexual techniques" because earlier I was telling her that most of its not physical. Most of the physical stuff you could cover in a class that's about a half an hour while the mental stuff takes much longer. She says "Tell me the mental stuff!" Again I say "Nah.. I don't know if I should tell you. You might get too into it." But finally I gave in. I tell her "Well, it's all about being dominant and taking the lead. Most women just want to be dominated but they won't admit that cause they feel like they shouldn't have to explain it.". After I tell her that she point blank says "Yeah, I just want to be fucked and dominated. That's all I really care about." So now I know she's pretty interested.

We go on eating our dinner and the place starts switching into bar mode. This Maître de guy who had invited her there keeps coming over and talking to her. Apparently he had gotten her phone number a week earlier and she was kind of interested in him, but she was confused because he wasn't making a move on her. So she was saying "I don't know if he just does the invitations here or if he's really interested in me, because he texts me all the time." This guy was sending her mixed signals. This guy was another really polished super good-looking LA guy. She kept saying "oh my god, he's so good looking!"

One of the things I'm noticing is that these really good looking guys are everywhere and it's sometimes hard to compete with. It's definitely problematic in this scene. I think I can out-game them most of the time, but it's not easy.

In the end, it seemed that Maître de guy seems to be just doing the invitations for the place.

I think he was almost using her as an orbiter to get some people into his restaurant.

Meanwhile, more and more hot girls are filing into this restaurant/bar. It was quite a scene, I could hardly contain myself! Eventually we get out of there and head to the next place, the pool area of an upscale hotel. There was a huge party going on there. Maybe 300 people hanging around.

The thing about being around this girl is she's so well-connected socially that it really makes you feel a little bit like you can't measure up to it. No matter how well developed your social skills are, this girl has so many friends that everywhere we went 5 different people were coming up to her hugging her, kissing her, and saying hello. I'm new in LA and I don't really have that nearly as many friends here yet. She would introduce me but I really couldn't take the lead on any of the interactions. Even though it was more of a friend kind of date it's still good to be able to dominate social situations.

Since I really couldn't dominate these I was getting a little uncomfortable, going into my shell and feeling like a loner. I was over-matched by her. So I said "Lets play a game" and we played Fuck-Marry-Kill a couple times. This is a simple game where you pick three guys and she has to say who she would fuck, who she would marry, and who she would kill. Then she picks three girls and you say who you would fuck, marry, and kill.

After that I said "Lets play another game. This one's called 'Pick A Girl Out For Me'. Pick out any girl and I'll go talk to her then I'll tell you the rest of the game later". She picks out this half-Asian girl and says "Okay, that girl."

I go up the Asian girl and say "Do you like horses?" and do the horse girl line on her. It goes picture perfect. By the time I finished the line there was tremendous sexual tension and she said something to the extent of "well, I like guys who are hung like a horse" and she starts talking about cocks. Her friend was with her while all this was going down, and she really didn't interfere. I think it just happened so fast, there was nothing she could do but watch. I told the Asian girl "Well I don't want to tell you if I'm hung like a horse or not cause you really haven't earned that information yet." She keeps going on about it so I say "maybe sometime I'll show you a picture". She says "No! show me a picture like now!" I take out my phone and I show her a picture of my cock and she says "Oh great great, etc..". Her friend chimes in "I like it, I like it.." I had been hinting that I'm an exhibitionist and I was starting to get into the pheromone kid-style bathroom pull. She said "Why don't you go jump into the pool naked then?" I said, "No, I'm a different kind of exhibitionist."

She was getting very interested and turned on. Things were progressing very quickly. I went right from horse girl (3-5 minutes), into the Pheromone Kid routine (another 5 minutes).

So to make a short story shorter, 5 minutes later I was dragging both of these girls off to the bathroom. We get halfway there and they started chickening out. I say "You guys are chickening out, this is bullshit." I knew that the problem was that there was two girls. When there's one girl there's not nearly as much slut-stigma to this, but when there's two they're

judging each other the whole time.

I chase them down, we're walking, and they run into this guy they know. The friend starts talking to the guy so I say "Do you know this guy?" She says yeah, and I said "Great, cause I didn't want to leave your friend all alone while we go do this." I turned to the guy and said "Can you take care of this girl for a couple of minutes? We'll be back in 5 minutes." The guy looks at me in stunned amazement, then says "yeah, sure." People were so agreeable. It rarely happens this easily. The reason why there was suck little resistance is simple: momentum. When you're working this fast, people just step aside and watch it go down.

When things are going perfectly like this, you have to go for the gusto. You can't start questioning it and second-guessing things.

I drag her up to the balcony and we start messing around. My pants are off. She's got her pussy out. After about 10 minutes I'm fingering this girl and security comes in and busts us. They didn't call the cops or anything but they just kicked us out and made us go downstairs to the party. I ended up busting a nut before they came so it was fine. She was giving me a handjob. We start walking back to the party and looking for our friends.

The hot chick I was hanging with in the first place kind of lost track of me so as I'm walking back with the girl I pulled to the balcony I say to her "You're going to meet my friends and when you meet this particular girl I want you to say 'I just watched him jerk off and he has a huge cock.'" So she does it. My girl just laughs it off like it wasn't even serious. We're talking later though and she asks what happened between me and the girl. I told her the story and "Yeah, it was kind of a drag when security came." She said "Wait, that really happened? You really did that?" I told of course I really did it.

In this situation, the 5 minute pull was sort of a stepping stone to the larger goal of banging the really hot girl. The Asian was cute too, like an 8, but the girl from my peer group was an LA super-hottie 10 actress/model. It's good to have a weapon like that in the arsenal. It's a massive display of sexual power.

It's getting near closing time and they start kicking everyone out. This girl's got more and more friends coming up to her, more and more hot chicks. She knows SO many hot chicks. It's insane. Around that time Leonardo DiCaprio turns up and one of her friends is trying to flirt with him. It's not really going anywhere so we head to a diner. We show up there and they're meeting 4 guys. The girl I went to dinner with has a plan that she might fuck one of the four guys. At this point a lot of different guys have hit on her throughout the night and she's got a few drinks in her so she's got it in her mind that she's going to fuck someone tonight. Just not sure who yet.

This guy she wants to fuck is in there with 3 or 4 of his friends and again he's another one of these insanely good-looking LA guys. He's all well-built and has been on TV a bit.

There was some music playing so I decided to start dancing with the girls in the diner. I got

them up and I started slow dancing with them. Then I started full-on hip hop dancing with them. We were the only people dancing in the diner so we were definitely making a spectacle of ourselves and it was really fun. The girls were loving it. The guys were kind of cool with it. They didn't know where it was coming from so that was good. One of the waiters came up as I was slow dancing with both girls and said "Can I have your autograph?" I said "Hey, I give lessons."

Then the strangest thing happened. The girl I was fingering in the balcony back at the hotel comes walking into the diner. I'm not sure if she saw me and I was a little preoccupied with the other two girls so I didn't even bother going to say hi to her. I figured maybe she'll booty call me, maybe she won't; let me just leave it be.

We get out of the diner and the guys are inviting all of us back to their place: "Hey, lets go back to our house. we're going to listen to Pink Floyd and smoke some hash." I'm thinking to myself: "Are we in the 11th grade here?" So I said to the guy "You might as well put on the Wizard of Oz while you're at it."

The girl I had dinner with is really into this actor guy so I'm thinking she's going to go home with him for sure. Like I said, this girl is in my peer group and she's a friend, so I'm not really going to battle this guy. I really look at this girl as a connection to other girls first and foremost. My approach with her is this: don't judge her, don't condemn her for cheating on her boyfriend, don't even get involved with that, just steer clear of it. Be a good friend and have fun.

The actor guy ended up screwing everything up at the last second. A lot of guys will make these last second mistakes. He started texting other girls and looking really smug. For super good-looking guys like him, they can't be that cocky because it makes them overqualified. You could tell that his TV success had really gone to his head.

The girl was getting turned off by his smug vibe and he completely blew it. It was in the palm of his hand but he botched it, so I ended up leaving with his girl and her hot friend. I'm thinking to myself that now it's probably in the bag because her buying temperature was so high; she was an INCH from going home with that guy. If a girl is nearly pulled like that, it's so much easier to pull her. As we know buying temperature can be transferred. It happens all the time, especially with chicks like this who are really hot and guys are hitting on them all the time. They're always chasing the next shiny thing. So at this point, that was me. I was the next shiny thing. Or maybe I was just the last man standing.

AS we're driving in the car, these 2 girls are talking things over. They did a very in depth analysis of why this guy failed to fuck her. At first she was saying "OMG he is so hot, I almost had to fuck him right there on the sidewalk...." The other girl says it's good she didn't cheat on her BF. They ask me what I think, and I say "Well yeah, that guy is pretty good looking, but the reason you aren't on your way to his house right now is that he's just got no game. You were very attracted to him, there's really no excuse for him to have failed here." So I basically reframed the guy as a failure, as it was his fault they didn't get it on. From there

they took a totally different view of him. They starting bashing him. I stayed quiet for a while. They said how he had absolutely no personality, he wasn't that big a deal, he let his TV show go to his head, he's not that good looking in the face, etc, etc. It got to the point where they were just busting on him like crazy: "Hey look at me with my t shirt and scarf!" Wow it was funny.

At this point, my approach was to say very little. I'd just feed the girls a little bit of an opinion and let them run with it.

Next I said "Did you see him texting. All his friends were watching him and he was smiling." The girls started running with that one. My girl said the texting was the "turning point" where she decided not to go with him. So I added one more thing: "There's really no excuse for that. You let a girl with that much attraction within 10 feet of me and there's no escape. She's getting fucked for sure." The premise here is that the girl wanted to fuck him, now she hates him for screwing it up. Women want to get fucked and it's up to the man to make it happen. If the man can't make it happen for any reason, they lose respect for him and blame him for their sexual frustrations. I know that's not very logical, but that's the way it works. Since I have so much knowledge of chick-logic, it's easy for me to twist the situation around to my advantage. Actually there wasn't much twisting needed in this case.

I realized it's so easy to frame these good-looking guys as too smug and cocky. I may be using that in the future cause they're not gonna go away any time soon. The key is to keep it subtle because you don't want to seem like you're bitter. Insulting people and being bitter makes you look like a loser. It's more about leading the girls in a subtle way.

From there it was very easy to get the girl back to my place. We had traveled to dinner together and her car was at my house. Logistics were in my favor. We get back to my place and I said what is probably the stupidest, cheesiest way to get a girl into your room. She had given me her old desk so I said "Hey come in here, did you see your old desk? Did you see what I did to it?" She said "Oh no, let me see." She comes in and we start messing around.

You always have to have some kind of a pretense for getting a girl into your room. At this point this girl a little drunk and her buying temperature's really high but she still can't be led to your room unless you have some stupid reason. Occasionally you can, but I think rather safe and sorry.

We start making out. She starts giving a little bit of resistance but I did a lot of dominant stuff (which she said she liked) so it was pretty much a breeze from there. I'd say she gave about 15 or 20 minutes of resistance. So I had to stop, talk, cuddle, rinse-repeat maybe 3 times, which isn't that bad. Some girls make you repeat the process five times or more. We ended up having sex and it was pretty fun. It was really late and I was kind of tired, but wow she looked great. I remember looking down at her ass in my hand and I was thinking "DAMN! I can't believe this!!"

So it was a crazy night. Keys to this one were:

1. Being the center of attention at the end of the night.
2. Having more game and personality than the good-looking guys. The good-looking guys can hurt you cause they can get attraction so much easier and they have so much more value than you. But they can help you too if they have sloppy game they pump the girls buying temperature. Then you can just swoop her up so much easier. She's already decided to have sex that night.
3. Staying in the saddle and not getting too freaked out by all the other guys hitting on her.
4. Doing the bathroom pull in front of her was pretty key because I actually had moments during the night where the girl I was hanging with would go off for a little while and I'd be standing there alone not knowing anybody. I felt kinda like that social needy guy so I knew I had to do some approaches or something but I just couldn't get it together in the moment. I wasn't warmed up or anything. I really only did one approach during the whole night and it led to fingering that girl in the balcony. I kinda got lucky in that sense. I think showing the girl that I had that massive sexual power was really key to getting her in the sack. She said later that night "I can't believe you talked to one girl and you ended up getting her into the balcony like that. Its like having your own superpower." I think this girl perceived me as a guy with sexual superpowers (and rightly so) and every girl wants to hang with a guy like that.

I definitely learned a lot from her as well cause she is one of those super high value LA chicks. It's all chick logic all the time. I think this girl is a good person deep down, but she has the potential to be a lethal player, especially when she gets a few drinks in her. Also throughout the night seeing all these different guys texting her and acting needy it's like everything you learn in dating science just comes to life before your eyes.

I hope you guys get some use out of this. Use the horsegirl stuff, use the reframe for good looking guys, and use the thing where you have the girl make a fist and you finger it like it's a vagina.



### CHAPTER 43: BRAD P.'S FINAL REPORT??

This could be the last one I write up. I've gotten more interested in relationships lately, and the girls I have relationships with have started reading my books and articles. So it's getting to be problematic to write my little diary. I've gotten easier and easier to find in the last 6 months. There was a time when I was buried on the Internet under layers and layers of blogs and confusion, but I'm getting easier and easier to find these days. So much for being an obscure secret guru. So let's make it a good one.

I think I'm ok with it. After so many reports, what the hell else is left to write about? How many girls can ya fuck before no one cares anymore?

OK so on with it...

Here's a situation where I had to use a lot of cutting edge techniques to get to the goal. Tons of technique and strategy involved in this one. I'll try to go over it all very thoroughly here.

So it all began last year when I was still living in Queens. I was walking down the street a few blocks from my house and I see 2 girls roll up to the light in a convertible. What got their attention at first was my walk. Everywhere I go I tend to strut and swagger. I'm tall, and I used to walk with a slouch, but a few years back I went in the complete opposite direction and started walking obnoxiously tall. So these girls saw that and the driver girl and I made super strong eye contact. She did a little silent "Hi" and looked at me so sexy. So I said hi back and walked up to the car. Then I said "Can you guys bring me to my friends house? It's not far but I'm running late." They said "Huh? um i guess..." And so I just jumped into the back seat Dukes of Hazard style and we take off. My legs were still sticking out of the convertible as we sped off.

Now I was on my way to meet a bunch of other coaches actually- Woodhaven, Marco and Noah from NY Lair, and Franco, a NY filmmaker. So I figured I'd just bum a ride from these girls and maybe I could get them to come out with us or something. The way it ended up going down was that the friend in the passenger seat did all the talking and the driver sat there acting very shy but attracted. It was interesting. She seemed like a 5th grader with a crush or something. The girl was insanely hot, a 10 for sure, with boobs as big as your head...and real. Brunette, Puerto Rican girl, about 5'8, very done up. She's living that certain lifestyle, the lifestyle only the hottest girls live. I'll get more into that later.

The friend went into rapport building and info gathering type stuff. So I kinda just had fun with all the questions. What's your name? "Brad Pitt." What do you do? "I work at sesame place, I play snufalufucus..." Stuff like that. Just keeping it fun and mysterious. I'd allow her to build rapport with me a bit, and answer a few questions normal. Then I would break rapport once in a while by using one of those lines.

Turns out it was the driver's birthday, and they were gonna go meet a lot of people, so it wasn't possible to hang out that night. It turned out to be a pretty strange night with the NY Lair guys wanting to go to a male strip club and pick up the horny girls in the audience, so I think it was better that I didn't hang with these girls that night.

So the girls drop me off at Franco's and I take the hottie's phone number.

Now here's where it started getting difficult. I called the girl a day or 2 later and spoke with her for a bit. It seemed to go well so I made a plan to hang out. A few nights later, when I showed up, she stood me up. No call. No text. Didn't pick up when I called. Nothing. It was some cold cold shit. So I went out and actually did some social circle game that night. Ended up getting laid and I even wrote the chapter "Banged a blond in like 14 seconds" the next day. I'm not one to let this stuff get me down. There's always gonna be hard knocks in this game. If you're fragile or sensitive, the game will eat you alive.

A few days later, I asked myself the question "Do you still wanna bang this girl?" The answer was yes, so I texted her 2 weeks later and she wrote back immediately. Then I called her and she picked up and started saying "I'm so sorry I didn't show up that night, my brother got in a car accident." I acted kind of confused and changed the subject, kinda like I didn't really remember that she had stood me up.

Why would I do that? Because you cannot attract a girl if she's feeling guilty. You also cannot attract a girl if she feels like there's a pattern of rejection going on.

**You trying---> her rejecting you---> over and over.**

That's a pattern of rejection. If that happens you're done. Sometimes you gotta let go of your ego and let go of that pain and anger at being stood up and just focus on the task at hand. Still wanna fuck the girl? Yes or no? That's all that's important. So I'm making sure she doesn't feel guilty or responsible. No negativity or anger anywhere.

OK so I make another plan to meet up with her. She flakes AGAIN. This time I didn't leave my house, I just told her to come and get me. Then she called and said "I gotta help my mom with something." Some lame excuse. So I just went about my day.

By this time I had spoken with this girl enough to have some idea of what kind of reality she was living in. She's got all this money, she's got the sweet car, she doesn't really have a job, I can tell she's not a rich kid cause there's not really any rich families in this part of Queens. I thought maybe she's a stripper. If she was she'd be making thousands every week in NYC with a rack like that. I later determined that she's not a stripper, she's just a really hot girl that has rich dudes spending on her all the time. She was trying to hide it but she left some small clues and I was able to put the pieces together.

With a girl like this, it's a different set of rules. The social norms are totally different. There's no remorse for flaking or standing someone up. She probably does that all the time and guys get pissed all the time. There's no common courtesy or anything like that. But she will treat you like a lover on the phone, she will get into romantic kinds of conversations because it

works for her. She always finds a way to have guys putting her on a pedestal and then they end up buying her cars and stuff like that.

Ok so let me go over some of the clues so you guys can recognize this type. I've been friends with girls like this and fucked a few of these girls before, so it's easy for me to tell, but if you haven't experienced it first hand, it's not easy to spot.

Clue #1- lots of money with no explanation of where it's coming from.

Clue #2 Stalkers. She's got stalkers and tells me crazy stories about it. I tell some stalker stories of my own to show I'm in a similar reality. But she's got some really bad stalker situations. She's changing her phone # every few months, myspace is set to private, moves around the country every few months. These guys spend on her and put all their hopes and dreams into her, then she drops them. So these guys get IRATE which I think is understandable. There are some who just never give up. They're so invested in this girl they keep chasing her for years. The stories were really far out. Really extreme stalker behavior.

Clue #3 She's got that cold sensual stare of a girl who really knows how to use her sexual power for material gain. She can make you horny out of your mind with one glance and she knows it.

Clue #4: Sexy cars. When a rich guy buys a car for a girl trying to win her over, it's always some convertible or fancy car. It's never a Toyota. Me and this girl talked about cars for a while when we finally went out and she had owned all kinds of hot cars over the past few years. She'd say which ones got crashed, which ones "I lost cause the title was in my boyfriend's name..." stuff like that.

Now a bit on how to maximize attraction with this type.

Protector vibe- These girls live in fear because of the stalkers, they're always looking over their shoulder. So if you have an intimidating presence like I do, that helps.

Stay dominant- Never ever be submissive or let her grab power for a second. No chinks in your armor allowed. Neediness is INSTANT DEATH.

Under-react to everything. Nothing is a big deal. Everything is something you've seen a million times.

Never try hard- Any obvious "demonstration of high value story" story is instant death. Do not brag about anything ever.

Don't get turned on at the wrong time- Once she has sexual power over you, you could be in trouble. So I never let the girl think I was turned on by her until we were in complete isolation and all fuck logistics were set up.

You gotta stay out of the provider category, but at the same time, you can't really look like you're broke cause that's out of her reality. It's a fine line there.

OK so the months wear on and I put the girl on SLOW TRACK. Slow track is something most of you have heard from me before. I've written about it a few times in this book.

I call her once a month or so when I'm feeling like doing phone game. Never make plans. Always tell her "I'll get to you next week." Then don't call next week.

(Note: beginners should never use this slow track technique. It leads to procrastination. Advanced readers only!)

At the same time, I'm forming a genuine connection in the phone calls. This girl and I will text each other a bit or talk on myspace, then we'll set a time up to talk on the phone for an hour or so. It's like a scheduled call, really weird how that works. That's not a technique I'm advocating here, just happened to be the way it worked out with this particular girl.

So we have these long calls about once a month, form a great connection, and I always build lots of sexual tension with her, almost to the point of phone sex. But I stop just short of phone sex. I'm quasi NLPing a bit and insinuating that she should masturbate to me later, but I stop short of getting directly sexual with her. It's all just a tease.

In the meantime, she's moved to Arizona. I'm traveling all over. She goes away to Europe. I'm in California. I don't know why I even bothered with her at this point. I guess I just wanted to keep sharp and keep up my game.

We end up in AZ around the same time. We make plans to hang out. She flakes 2 more times. Not standing me up, but just bailing on plans same day.

Again, I'm unaffected. I really don't care. I have other girls way cooler than this girl so it's not a big deal to me. She hasn't totally won me over yet. The lifestyle she lives is something I don't really respect that much, but I'm not judgmental so I'll keep talking to her and see what happens.

A few months later I end up back in NYC. She's there too. She's changed her number yet again but I contact her through myspace. She's really happy to hear from me and we make plans to meet up. This time I can tell she's gonna show up. I've got it all- attraction, similar reality, tons of comfort, sexual tension, there's nothing more you could ask for.

I have bad logistics for the date. I'm staying with my brother, can't take a girl back there. She's staying with her brother so we can't go back there either. I decide who cares, I'll just go meet her and whatever happens happens. I haven't even been on a date with a girl in a month or 2. I just bang them as soon as I meet them most of the time. It'll be like a new experience going out with her.

I have to say I wasn't even super excited. I was on the phone with her setting up a meet spot and she made a remark about how I sounded sick. She was all amped up and I was super mellow. I just decided to take it easy all day and then show up and see what happens.

I used one of the date formulas from my ["Planning the Perfect Date"](#) book, the "My World" date. Basically you just drag the girl around to all the places you want to go and you know people. You lead, she follows, it's really easy.

The only thing I couldn't lead on was the driving. I'm in from out of town and have no car. So I had to have her come pick me up. No problems there. She shows up, we hug, she's saying "Wow we finally are meeting up in person." I say "Yeah? I feel like we hung out before." I'm just the frazzled social guy who doesn't remember who he did and didn't hang out with. She asks where are we going, I say "Hmmm, are you used to it being all about you? Cause I'm used to it being all about me." And she says ok it's all about me tonight. So I say great and we go out to eat. I know the restaurant owner and we're talking like old friends. She starts throwing compliments like "Wow you have such pretty eyes." I say thanks. It's going great so far.

I take her to the jazz club where I always used to hang out. Again, everyone knows me there so I'm greeted warmly. We hang there for a while and after about an hour we kiss a bit on the couch. I tell her "Hmmm that's all you're getting in the jazz club." She says "That's all you get." I say "Nope, you can't steal my thing. I said it first." I get into some very sexual cold reading like "Yeah you're a naughty girl with very dirty thoughts." She denies it. I say "You can't fool me, but nice try. Don't worry I won't tell anyone. It'll be our little secret."

It's all basic stuff here. Be challenging. Be sexual. Control the frame. Physical dialogue. The same stuff I talk about in seminar 4 of the [Underground Dating Seminar](#).

I had great kino going the whole time at the jazz club, so the kiss was pretty easy. I have this kiss move I do where I just take my index finger and put it on the girl's chin, then I pull her chin towards me and I kiss her. That's one seems to work every time.

I was doing some subtle preselection stories like "Oh my god there's so much drama in my house. 2 of the roommates are hooking up, but now the girl who lives downstairs from me is trying to ditch the guy, so she flirts with me right in front of him. She's even said 'when are we gonna fuck?' with him standing there and it's weirding me out. I think she's just trying to use me as a pawn in her little game with him. She's just trying to create a situation where there's 2 guys fighting over her. So I keep telling her to get lost."

All true stuff and I didn't turn it into "Every girl wants to fuck me." It was more about how she was plotting and I was able to read the social dynamics of the situation. The fact that every girl wants to fuck me is true, but it's really not the main point of the story. This kind of subtle story telling requires surgical precision. You can easily look like you're bragging if you overdo it.

The girl told similar stories of her own, so we were building a commonality on how people are trying to fuck us all the time but it creates problems and drama.

One other interesting thread was her talking about her stalkers and how a lot of people seem to hate on this girl because she's so pretty. She was very subtle about this point, but I know the type so I picked up on it. Her landlord was telling her "I know you think you're such a princess, I've seen you getting all dressed up..." Now this is not unusual for the top tier girls. People get all kinds of weird ideas about these girls and project their own insecurities onto them, which is unfortunate. That's why their good looks become a burden. My response is "Wow I don't get the princess vibe from you at all. You seem like a very normal, down to earth person." These hot chicks often have a part of their brain that just wants to be normal. They're all conflicted about it of course (they are female) but there's always that urge to be normal. So by telling her I perceive her as normal, I allow her to feel normal for a while, and she will act like a normal person when she's around me, which is good.

The reality of the situation is that this girl is a normal person. Due to some freak accident of fate she will spend about 15 years of her life getting worshiped and getting preferential treatment, but other than that she will live a normal life. Extreme beauty doesn't last much longer than that. It is a temporary accident of fate that will be corrected eventually.

OK now on to the 80s dance party. It's a Tuesday night in NYC, not much going on, but as luck would have it, my club social circle was out that night. Promo and the fetish models, the DJ girl, the whole crew. They don't even know I'm in town, so I walk in there and everyone is shocked to see me. So much has changed, but a few things haven't. The girls are pawing at me. Everyone wants to talk to me. Dj girl comes over and touches me, then says "Meet my new fiancé." She was obviously a bit uncomfortable by the whole thing, but it all makes for good drama. I expect to turn around and see this long haired hipster male model guy who she was dating last time I checked. But it wasn't him. Short Asian guy! Hahaha. So many of my students are Asian, so I know a lot of them have trouble getting these chicks, and this girl in particular has lightning speed shit testing skills and a frame of steel. But this dude managed to break her down and now they're getting married. So props to him! I couldn't get a read on exactly what he was doing right, but he was pretty dominant. He did this techniquey hand shake thing to me where he grabbed real hard and then turned his hand so it was on top of mine before I was ready. So who knows, could be a guy who studies dating.

This gogo dancer who I fucked a few months ago comes up to me with almost no clothes on and starts hugging me and grabbing me. Social proof was really high at this point. So I walked around the place for a while with my girl and asked her if she wanted to go exploring. The club was pretty empty and there was a lot of good little hiding spots where I could escalate.

So we go walking up a stairwell and no one is around. There's an exit door at the top and no one is going in or out, so I figure it's my best bet. We start making out and messing around. I was keeping my same dialogue, saying "You are a naughty girl, You can't fool me...etc etc." The girl was getting very turned on. Her eyes were starting to bug out. She wanted to stop a

few times so we'd stop and talk. But it was super hot. I had a bunch of ideas on escalation rolling around in my head and I was having fun.

The first was this thing my friend Swingcat was telling me a few months back. He said something to the effect of "Sometimes the girls don't fuck you because they're attracted to you, or they want to date you, they're just horny and biology takes over. It's just a matter of biology. That's why they decide to fuck you. The girl doesn't even understand it herself, that's just the way it happens." It kind of stuck in my head and I saw it happening with this girl right in front of my own eyes. Of course she's not supposed to fuck a guy on a stairwell in a club....but she's not gonna be able to fuck anyone else this week....she's staying with her brother and would be in trouble. I think I had all the right factors in my favor, but the setting was a tough one. Thinking that stuff about biology gives you that confidence in the moment that there comes a time when you don't have to try and you don't have to do much, nature just takes it's course.

Then there was this other thing from my friend Gigi's journal called "shock and awe." I think it's something Real Social Dynamics is cooking up right now, and so people are paying mind to it. I didn't read the whole thing, but there was this part about telling the girl you don't mean to be disrespectful, but she was so hot you couldn't control yourself. So when she'd stop me I'd use that "Sorry, didn't mean any disrespect, you just have me so turned on right now..." It's similar to what the Pheromone Kid taught me 2 years ago, but the language is a bit different.

Speaking of him I used the Pheromone Kid's idea of just wacking it in front of chicks to speed escalation along. I did that and it seemed to work great. I used his exact phrasing because it always works for me. "Is there anything I can do for you? Or perhaps something you'd like to do for yourself?"

After a while the girl was getting really turned on so I was able to start fingering her. Then I turned her around and was going to fuck her from behind. But she stopped me. So we stopped, but I knew it was the last bit of resistance she'd be able to muster up.

We went back to making out. I fingered her again, this time she had an orgasm. At that point I turned her around again, put on a condom, and we started fucking.

By this point I had been escalating her for 30 or 45 minutes. I still had my coat on and I was dying from the heat. She was kinda clumsy and I couldn't get her to bend over and give me a good angle on her pussy. So the sex was ok, but not the greatest. I wouldn't mind getting a shot at her in a bed sometime. That would probably be much better.

I gave her lots of positive reinforcement after. I told her "We're gonna get along just fine, you're just as crazy as me! But don't worry it's our little secret."

In the end I'd say it was a really fun night. Nice to get out and run my "Perfect Date" stuff once in a while. It's also nice to come out on top after getting stood up and flaked on so

many times. It makes me think you really shouldn't worry about it too much if you get stood up or flaked on. If your game is good, it really doesn't result in anything bad. In my case, I still got laid when I wanted to, I still got all the girls I wanted to get, I still learned about game in the process, and I really didn't waste much time along the way. It's just a matter of redirecting your energies when you get a setback.

As for the girl, she's hot, she's fun, she's generally compliant at this point, but the jury is still out. She loses a few points on lifestyle and sexual performance. Might hang out with her again sometime though, you never know.



## CHAPTER 44: BONUS! THE LOST THREESOME REPORT

***SPECIAL NOTE: This report is from a few years back, and it's never been seen on the Internet or by students until now.***

This report is a threesome from a cold approach that I did while gaming solo on a Tuesday night. I met these girls at 1am when I was just about to go home. So this one will cover a lot of ground and address a lot of those impossible obstacles we all go up against when gaming.

People ask me all the time stuff like:

What if I don't have a wingman?

I'm uncomfortable going out alone.

What should I do on off nights?

I want to work on my game other nights besides Friday and Saturday.

How do I get threesomes?

What about girls I've never met before?

So this one covers all that. I had never met these girls before in my life....although I found out later me and the model chick had a friend in common who's one of the most famous coaches in the seduction/dating world.

OK so let's jump right in.

It began like any other Tuesday night. I just got back to NY, I'll be here for a short time. I needed to shake a little rust off my game. All my regular girls are kinda scattered cause I've been gone for a while, so I figured go out and do some approaches and see what happens.

It was a random kind of night. I ended up having to go out to Manhattan in a hurry, didn't have much time to get ready, but threw on some clothes, grabbed my skateboard and off I went. Went to a music class, grabbed some dinner, and then went to my first venue. A loungey bar/restaurant. My approaches didn't go that great there, but that's why I do warm ups. I don't care if they go well.

First approach I was putting my skateboard down by the coat check and I asked some girl if she skated cause she was looking at it. Then I teased her on being the only girl in a sweatshirt as everyone else was in after work power suit mode. Nothing much brewing with her so I moved on. Downstairs, I approached 2 women with the [Oprah Winfrey](#) opener. They were bland, they felt my question was random. I frame controlled that away like 4 times and they kept coming back to it. One was fat, the other was cute. I decided to move on. I go upstairs and I see a pair of 10s. They were serious fashionista chicks and they had 2 rich older guys with them. I knew the best chance to open this very difficult group was the [horsegirl shocker](#), so I went in and delivered it. The group opened just fine. The rich guys

didn't jump in, they let me game their chicks. I was in there for about 5 minutes and then I made one mistake and was blown out hard. I went back to an old thread about them working at Kmart when they wanted to talk about their fashion jobs. They said "You lost me" and they blew me out pretty good. I gave them the whatever sign and moved on. With higher state I often stay in and plow on blowouts, but this time I decided to move on cause I was not warmed up enough to kick high level game to them. There's a very small margin for error in a situation like that.

I leave to move on to another venue and get a call from one of my regular girls, we agree to meet up later if she can get out of what she's doing. All good. I go to a little music venue with hipster chicks in it. The band looks like 18, and the crowd is looking kinda young too. My state is improving and I'm starting to get eye contact from a few of the girls. I watch the band for a bit then go outside and open a super hot girl with situational stuff- "Do you know this band?" Stuff like that. She's a blogger music critic so I tell her about the time I went on a date with a high profile NYC music blogger chick and we didn't like each other. She says she knows that girl. I tell her "Yeah, I dig these blogger girls at first, but then when I get them out I never like them."

We go in, she wants to get me a drink. I tell her I don't drink. No prob. I say she's trying to get me drunk to get in my pants. I start running a few structured things, but the natural flow seemed to work much better with this one. We watch the band. She leaves to pee, I know that by the time she comes back I need to be flirting with other girls and have them attracted to me. I want her to walk back into the room and see girls being all into me. I open a girl with the cotton candy line. The girl doesn't know where to get cotton candy, but she offers to give me some balls. She's got a bunch of rubber balls hanging off her. Some kind of promotion. It was weird. There's another girl there too. Good attraction from both. Now my the blogger comes back in and she's standing there hovering 10 feet away. PERFECT!!!! Time to get the ballgirl involved. I tell her to go get me some balls. I go back to blogger girl and ask her if she wants some balls. Ballgirl comes back and we start making a whole bunch of crude jokes about balls bouncing up and down in a sac. Blogger girl says she's leaving soon, I take her number and split. All cocky shit flopped with her. All natural shit and social proof worked great. Calibration was warming up. This girl was SOOO hot I really hope I get to see her again.

On to another venue. It's a bar, I walk though with my super confident walk. Not a lot of available women there. I go downstairs. There's some amazing, soft music wafting up from the staircase. I pull open the curtain and this girl is on stage with a cellist and a keyboard player. It was so nice. I sat down and mellowed out for a bit. I saw a group of five girls, one blond seemed interested in me. I decide to speak with one of her friends and get to her a few minutes later. I say to the friend with "Check out Anthony Keidis on the cello" cause the guy did totally look like him. Then I said "I'm such a RHCP fan, let's go tackle him right now and get his autograph. He's famous, so I think we're allowed to tackle him." By then the whole group was pretty much friendly to me so I moved on to the girl I was originally interested in.

Now this dorky guy enters, he looks like Weird Al Yankovic. He can see I'm gaming his girls,

so I know he's gonna be a factor that I have to manage. He walks up to me, I stand up really tall and tower over him, I shake his hand hard and introduce myself politely and powerfully. He's backing down right away. He says "Whoa, you don't have to stand up so much taller than me. You just towered over me in front of all these girls." He starts ass kissing. "Did you play basketball?" blah blah....but, he's trying to fuck my game up with all these questions, and later he came right out and said that he was trying since the beginning. We talk about sports, The blond target girl is 5'9 so we talk about basketball and tall stereotypes. Weird Al is on a stool watching, it looks like me and the girl have known each other for years. So he asks. I tell him we go way back, we used to be in pottery class together. Now the blond has another friend that enters. She is wasted and horny! I smell buying temperature!!! CHA CHING CHA CHING!! We tell her the same thing about pottery class. I start to get touchy feely with her, she's totally into it. She's asking where we took the class, I say "Um....Pottery.....Barn." Weird Al is watching, He's getting angry. He says "There's so much lies going on here!" But me and the girls are communicating on a totally different level. He's trying to analyse what's going on. We don't care what he's saying. Target blonde is watching me and drunko kino hard. I'm gonna try and move on drunko.

We go upstairs, more dudes jumping in the mix. I drag the chicks off to a table. I kino Drunko more, but she's getting creeped out. So I ignore her and go back to the blond. Drunko leaves. Weird Al comes in SPOUTING a bunch of bitter shit about how girls don't like sex, they're just afraid of being raped, and all kinds of BS. Me and the blond debate him a bit on it. We are forming an understanding of sexual liberation while debating this jackass. It's an alliance.

Finally he admits he's been trying to fuck up my game the whole time, but I'm not taking it as a challenge. I tell him "Bro, not at all, don't worry about it. It's all good." He says "No, I really was trying to fuck your game up, but it's not working." I dis-acknowledged this somewhat. I said to him "I don't need game, because".....then everyone stopped what they were doing and started looking at me- Drunko, other friends, target, all the dorky dudes....I continue "I have 8 girlfriends." That one went off like an atomic bomb. Weird Al was tooled. Target was attracted. It was over. No one could believe what the fuck I just said. But I said it matter-of-factly, like it was no big deal. And my target girl adapted to the frame. We broke away and talked more in private and she was telling me she has a few different guys she bangs. We had an in depth talk and she was happy to meet someone who understands the reality of the way hot women live. Then the girls had to go so I took her number.

Soon as they left, the group of dorky guys started trying to break down my game. "You just don't care if you get the girl or not, that's why you get so many girls." Yeah, no shit. I just smiled and nodded. I wanted to hear them out. Weird Al gave me a full on lecture about how I'll never be happy having 8 girlfriends and these chicks have no self respect, blah blah blah. Wacker!

So I moved on. I walked past this place with only 5 people in it. I went in. A lot of people steer clear of that and say "the place is dead." Not me. There's so much potential when a place is almost empty. I go in and it's the waitresses closing up. I walk up to them and accuse them of being alcoholics. Vibe a bit, take a number. Out.

As I'm outside, I keep seeing this 6 foot tall brunette model chick walking by. It's now 1am. It was an OK night, I've got like 3 or 4 phone numbers from some great girls. I'm thinking about going home. I'm chillin on the corner. I see the tall brunette outside a bar that I checked out earlier, and it was a sausagefest. She's on the phone. I want to go approach her, but it's a tough one because of the phone call. I can't stand there and wait. That would look lame. She already sees me and had given interest when I was walking by. I make a snap decision and decide to barge in and interrupt. As this is happening I get a text message from my favorite hottie ballerina that says "I float like Steve Martin." So I walk up to the chick and say "What do you think this means?" And I show her the text. She says she doesn't know, I tell her to ask the person on the other line. "If a girl says that to a guy, what does that mean?" It's a dude on the line, he doesn't know. She's setting up some kind of meetup with a guy she wants to fuck. But she tells me to go into the bar, she'll be in shortly. Nice multitasking on her part. At the bar, I'm sitting formulating a text back to my ballerina- "I fuck like an angry gorilla" I type. The brunette comes in, I say "What do you think of this reply?" She likes it, I send it. I'm doing all natural flow from there on out. The girl is a tourist in from San Francisco.

We rap about San Fran, NYC, I play everything pretty low key. She's a talker. That's good. I like it when they just start talking and I can just sit and listen and keep it low key. She's telling crazy stories about hanging with Rick James and a bunch of other celebs in LA. We rap about LA. I do a [palm reading](#). My standard issue palm reading. Laden with sexual innuendos more than usual cause I can tell this chick is of the crazy/bisexual/drugs and sex breed. Then her friend comes in and wants a palm reading too. I vibe with the friend a bit. She was a fairly conservative girl. These party girls sometimes run with a killjoy in order to keep themselves out of trouble.

We go outside and there's another bi chick from Alaska out there with her conservative friend. The conservative friends turn into a pain later, but it's still vital to win them over. After chit chatting for a while, I can tell these bi girls are getting a lot of sexual tension with each other, and a bit with me as well. The interaction was a little light on sexual vibe early on between me and the tall model chick. But when the other bi chick got in the mix she started lighting shit up for everyone. She had the drugs, the sex drive, the plan for where to go next. We all go walking down the street. Alaska girl is jumping full force into bags of garbage. She's taking a running leap into nasty ass garbage bags on the streets on NY. It was nasty! Everyone is taking pictures as her short skirt keeps flying up in mid jump. I'm thinking this girl is about to get get cut up by bottles or splattered by old fish juice, but she makes it OK. All the drunk girls wanna ride my skateboard. I roll them on it. Drunk girls always think they can ride and not fall. They can't. I always gotta be the spotter. Alaska give me a quick kiss, asks me if I'm gay. I say no, we kiss again.

We go into some secret locked place with a bar inside. Alaska had to make phone calls to get them to open the door. In there I begin to escalate the model. The bi girls are escalating each other, they're getting drunker, they're making all kinds of plans to do drugs.

I'm left alone for a while with the model. She's telling me all about her modeling gigs on cable TV. She's been on some skinamax type shows. I never heard of the shows. Now you guys know how I feel about these B list models who try to impress me with all this model talk. These part timers are always trying to impress me with this stuff, but it's really not a big deal. It's just a job, and there's plenty of girls that dabble in modeling. This girl in particular was not annoying about it. Her presentation was more interesting than most. We get into more sexual talk about how she bangs a lot of strippers, how I'm an exhibitionist, etc. I run an altered version of the [Pheromone Kid's](#) 10 minute seduction technique, and end up in the bathroom with her. Before we enter she's starting to make weird demands like "If you don't get the DJ to play Pixies, I'm not going in there." Is it a test? Sure. But in this case I think it also had to do with her feeling like I was higher value than her. She needed me to show some effort cause I had shown zero effort thus far. OK, I get that. I ask the DJ for pixies, no dice. We get into the bathroom. She's not into it, says it smells like piss. We decide to go for a walk outside instead. We agree that it's more romantic than a bathroom. But the path from the bathroom to the door is a MINEFIELD of COCKBLOCKERS and we both know it. We step out of bathroom and Alaska is waiting. We all start making out in the middle of the place. 3 way makeout. I decide to let Alaska broker the deal from here on in. She's great at escalating the other girl. Alaska is so aggressive! She's more aggressive than most guys. She says let's all go home together, do drugs and fuck all night. We agree to go to my place. But the story is far from over.

Logitics from here out are a fucking nightmare!!! Dealing with this shit is what separates 3somes from "I almost had it!" There are 2 friends who are kinda conservative and a bit cockblockish. Alaska says she will go out and take care of them. I'm thinking holy shit, if she pulls this one off I'll be surprised. Very bold girl. I love it.

Now I'm again left alone with the model. We're chatting randomly and she brings up the seduction community and fastseduction.com. I was a bit floored but of course I played it cool. She says "yeah my friends work for this website called Fast Seduction 101. You can make money teaching guys how to talk to girls." I say "tell me more about it." She has a decent understanding of pickup and the community, just has a few of the details mixed up. She thinks instructors actually work for fastseduction.com, but they actually work for other companies.

So I say "Who's your friend who works for fastseduction.com?" She tells me. I say "I thought it was a girl". She says "Yeah, well his GF works there too. I think I might work there, it looks like fun." I say yeah, it does sound like a lot of fun. She goes on and explains to me how some guys never learned social skills and they get taught in seminars and stuff. "Interesting" I say.

Turns out her best friend and roommate is the only credible female teacher in the community, I've actually heard of her and most people respect her skills. What a coincidence.

In comes Alaska. She wasn't able to handle the cockblockers. It's a complete mess. The 2 conservative girls are throwing the veto. They are refusing to separate from their friends, and

refusing to bring me along. In the end the bi girls stayed strong and insisted they're going with me. The cockblockers decide they want to come too, but they'll stay out of the way. Bi girls go into the bathroom. I follow shortly after. I think they're getting busy, but they're just doing drugs. We conference, the model leaves, Alaska is horny, takes out my cock and jerks me off for a bit.

I could not believe these girls were able to stand up to such blatant cockblocking. It was truly impressive and I've never seen anything like it. I chalk it up to true confidence, healthy attitudes about sex, and the fact that they really wanted to go do drugs together. Alaska in particular is fucking great, she does not take any shit. She does what she wants to do, the model was able to join her in thinking this way, but I think Alaska was the leader.

The conservative girls were doing this annoying thing that women often do. You're about to take home their friend, and they say "How do I know you're not a serial killer." Oh lord. That's fucking BS. It's obviously a zillion to 1 chance, but these CBs use it to get power and get their way.

Now here's a technique for you- if a girl is yapping about safety and how you could be a serial killer, give her your full name and address (hand her your license) and have her text it to a relative. That's what I did with the fat CB and it seemed to help. Do it quickly and without question. Don't let the girl talk for more than 3 seconds about how you might be a serial killer.

In the end the CBs decided they would come with us, but promised they'd stay out of the way. So we're all getting into a cab together. I have to say they were nice girls, but the whole thing was retarded and intrusive. In any event, I tried to focus on they're positive attributes and build a sincere connection with them.

In the cab on the way home there's 2 things going on. I'm having an infantile ridiculous conversation with the bi girls, and I'm having a deep therapeutic discussion with the conservative girls. My brain was getting pulled in two directions at once, it was really hard to keep it together. It was actually more important to talk with the conservative girls. The other 2 were in the bag.

We get back to my place, I give the 2 CBs my house keys and tell them where there's a deli they can get booze at. They are still being in the way. They will not stay out of the way, so I send them out on a mission.

I get the bi girls into my room and things are progressing pretty slow. These girls are all about the drugs. They keep asking me where to get weed, they keep phoning a dealer. I don't do drugs so I don't know where to get that shit. Alaska is cutting up lines on a CD case. The model doesn't do coke anymore, but she seems to enjoy being around it.

They keep asking me for stuff- weed, water, a lighter, blah blah. I start some escalation. CB

bitches call on the phone and create MORE obnoxious drama and confusion. I weather the storm and stay completely relaxed. The CBs keep calling so I turned off both cell phones when the girls weren't looking. All good, but HB model is slow to warm up. I retrospect I feel like she's not a high sex drive kind of girl, she's more a a free spirit who just loves to have great adventures. Awesome girl, but not a real firecracker in the sack. Alaska on the other hand is ballistic. Once she's done with the drugs she attacks the model chick. Undresses her, overcomes all her resistance as I urge her on and videotape everything. "Take off her pants" I say. The model chick resists, but Alaska just has such a strong frame, there's no stopping her. I set down the camera and jump on in. There's hands and arms everywhere. Pillows are flying. The lamp fell over!

It was not a smooth operation. It was some of the most unsmooth sex I've ever seen. Finally I just decided to jump up on the model and start pounding her from behind. SO HOT! That warmed her up. This girl is 6 feet tall, thin, with big boobs and a round ass. Truly perfect. Truly amazing. Alaska is below my standards, but she's a great find in this situation cause she did a lot of the hard work for me. I'm fucking the model on her back. I hold her legs back and plunge all the way in. I know it's crushing her insides, Alaska watches, holds on to her and does all kinds of dirty talk. I tell her to watch the models face while I fuck her. Then I stick it in real deep and make her eyes bug out. YEAH!!!

But she's had enough. Like I said, she wasn't super into any of this. It's OK cause me and Alaska sure were. They want me to fuck Alaska. I say OK. The girls go at it a bit, then I start fucking Alaska while the model runs the camera. It's gonna be such a bad, night vision porno, hehe. It's nice to be fucking one girl and look over at the other chick standing there naked and filming.

But Alaska was kinda grossing me out a bit. Like I said she was below my standards. A 6 I'd say. A 6 is like unheard of for me. On top of that, she was drunk, drugged up, all kinds of weird shit goes on with coke. I think at one point she actually took a booger out of her nose and ate it. EWWWW. She wanted the coke that was all over it. YUKKKKK!!!! I was losing wood. I took a break and then fucked her some more. She was begging for it. She kept calling me Daddy. "Fuck me some more, Daddy, give me that big cock, daddy." The model chick was done. She was getting dressed and stuff. I seriously was feeling like I couldn't keep up with Alaska, or maybe wasn't interested in her enough to try to keep up. I finished up at one point and she said to the camera "yeah, he's a pussy... that all you got???" How's that for a shit test? I fucked her 2x more after the model chick left, and she still was asking for more. After I finished, I took off my condom and there was blood on it cause I was splitting her open. Who's a pussy now?? Unbelievable. I actually fucked this girl till she bled and she still wanted more. Cocaine's a hell of a drug. She said it was her stomach lining cause I had put my cock all the way up into her stomach. What a gross yet ego friendly comment.

Is this the most raw and disgusting report you have ever read in your life?

Learn the game and you too can fuck a girl who eats boogers and calls you a pussy while another chick films it!!

After it was all over I told the model "I have a secret for you." I fessed up that I'm really Brad P and I do basically that same thing she was talking about with "fastseduction 101." We all sat around while she told me stories about the couple she knows and all their other friends. Nothing weird or personal, just about the game and how it plays out sometimes. She kept saying "I can't believe I traveled 3000 miles and I'm hanging out with the exact same people I'm with at home." I said "You know me and your friend aren't really similar I don't think, and I don't even know any of the people that teach in the seduction community." I told her if she's really into the idea of teaching to let me know, I'll give her some tips, cause it's kind of a weird scene if you don't know how things work. In the end she seemed fine, and she said she'd even help me write this report. She signed up for fastseduction.com, but then never filed her report. Awww bummer, we could have compared the way a woman experiences a pickup from how a man experiences it. That would have took a lot of guess work out of things in the future.

But at least we have my version, and I got a pretty sweet video tape out of the deal too!



**FOR FURTHER STUDY**

Thanks for reading 'The Adventures of Brad P.' It's been an inspirational journey, and you're now ready to go on to the next step in meeting women and succeeding in dating. "The Adventures of Brad P." accomplished the first goal of my curriculum: Inspiration. If you're going to take action, you must first be inspired by knowing what is possible. If you put in some hard work, and learn the right things in the right order, anything is possible. You too could be seducing multiple women per night, having threesomes, meeting playmates....the sky is the limit!

Here's a letter from my New York City head coach, Glen P. about the new coaching program we've just launched. It's called the 30/30 Club. If you decide to join us. you will become proficient in dating and seduction by meeting 30 new women each month. You can join by [clicking here](#).