



MADISON MONROE



**THE WAY OF THE
SUPERIOR**

B  **SS**

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Introduction

Days turned into weeks, weeks turned into months, and months turned into a journey. This is my journey, and it is a journey like no other.

I created this journal for one reason and one reason only: growth. In these pages, I describe for you how to make growth happen, not only on the outside but on the inside too.

Too often while you are in the process of “becoming natural,” you will hear about what you ought to do, what to do next, or what you should be doing. Very rarely do you ever hear about *how* someone made that leap for themselves. How did they get to that next step? How did they make it happen? What were all of the little things in between that got them from point A to point B? What actually made the difference when it came to getting to that next level? How did the thought process change?

These are the questions you need to be asking, and this journal covers all of them and more.

This journal is about the process of realigning yourself in order to become a natural and the “unlearning” that needs to take place in order to rid yourself of the bad social conditioning that gets built up in our minds over a period of years.

This journal is the “how to” guide for making it happen for yourself. It contains everything I needed to get out of my system during my journey and everything that I wish had existed for me while I was on my journey. Surely it would have helped me to know, at the very least, what to expect.

Whether you’re confused at this point or not, read on. It will start to make sense for you. To make myself even clearer, I’m including videos and pictures as well.

Welcome.

I

Bathroom Pulls All Night Long

This is from quite a while ago. I just decided to post it because I think the "positive mental feedback loops" are interesting. I will highlight the mindset that allows things in life to flow.

It's about 10am now. I just left the Holliday Inn. I'm in bed on a laptop typing this. I wanted to write it all while it's still fresh before I take a nap, because I only got like two hours of sleep last night. I really wanted to write a report that showed where my head was at and what I was thinking so that I could recreate the same mental process in myself going forward.

RSD Robert and I decide to go out to Club 1234. I'm late because I went on a movie date with a boring chick. I miss the guest list and park my car a few blocks away, leaving my jacket inside the car to avoid the coat check. I pay fifteen bucks to get in, and I'm pissed about the coat check: I have to make two trips to the car and move the car twice. I won't go into any more detail regarding that, but know that I'm just not happy about it.

As I'm moving parking spaces, I realize something about myself. Whenever I have a good night, I follow a ritual: blasting loud music in the car, yelling and screaming and singing along, maybe buying a cigar to put behind my ear. All these little mental exercises I do help me to align myself mentally so that everything can fall into place. Note to self. It reminds me of state pumping exercises, but it's different. It's something else.

Anyway, I think of the club as a classroom. Taking that analogy a step further, these are my lessons for the night: Kino openers, bathroom pulls, maintaining positive mental feedback loops.

When I get to the club, I'm doing "The Thirty Second Game" by myself and to myself, opening up people in line and meeting new friends. I'm making random comments and observations. Then I'm inside, looking for a girl whom I have been talking to for three weeks. Matter of fact, I met her at this club. Tonight is our day 2, but her cell phone is dead. I'm looking everywhere around the club, but I can't find her. I'm getting pissed. Posting up at the bar, I try a few caveman-style approaches, where I grab the girl's arm and say "Ay! Who are

you?" Nothing sticks. I text RSD Robert, who is at another club and coming here soon. As soon as he gets in, my state jumps and I feel like I have a "home base" so that I'm safe even if I go and do something to make a fool out of myself. This is something I should work on more, but I figure that I'm only human. RSD Robert nearby, I try a few more hard Kino openers.

Beside us on the dance floor, I see three girls that I had chatted with earlier for about forty-five seconds. I hard Kino and spin one of the girls in, and we're dancing. The friends approve, smile, and play with the chain around my neck. Once the friends drift away, the girl is really dancing. Our eyes are locked. I don't go for the kiss – this is a mistake. About ten minutes later, when I do try for the kiss, the window of opportunity has closed. We dance for another five minutes and then head over to the other side of the room in order to find her friends.

Reunited, the three girls start dancing hand-in-hand, almost like a chain. I think to myself, I need to save this. I claw one link in the chain, saying, "Hey, I want to talk to your friend. Is that cool?" They approve, and I drag her to the other end of the room in order to isolate. This is a mistake, my old M-Method training kicking in. I am only doing this because it has worked for someone else. The last four times that I "isolated before a make-out," the energy died out. It occurs to me that I can't save this. The girl is weirded out now that she is away from her friends, obsessed with rejoining them. I guess that grinding on the dance floor doesn't count as "real Kino," as my wing Frenchboy aka Fingerman used to say. If you're not gaming in a natural state, it doesn't count.

Weirded out, the girl says to me, "I'm sorry, I have to go. I'm so sorry." She ejects. I had done nothing to creep her out. I think the solution here is to escalate physically as far as possible in front of the friends, and if they eject, they will bounce her out of there. I think most girls, if they see that their girlfriend is having a good time with the guy and enjoying him, won't interrupt. As long as he's "safe and cool," they will be fine with the heavy Kino in their presence. Lesson learned.

I Kino open some more girls. Some of them say that they BFs, and others have been checking out some other guy in the club and want to keep his interest. I am getting shot down here. It's not working. I didn't reach an indifference threshold, but I started to "not give a fuck." There is this little light on my keychain, and I start using it to play club security with the girls who are walking by. Here, RSD Robert and I decide to venue change.

We run with no jackets to Cresset Street. RSD Robert says, "Let's go to Thursdays." I don't want to go to Thursdays, because I picture the place full of ugly girls and try-hard guys. But we roll in. I am in full "positive mental feedback loop." By that I mean my brain is not registering anything negative. I am not "ignoring it": I am one step beyond it. I am not even seeing it. Like when you get a parking ticket on your car: you remove it from your windshield so that it isn't in your way, and you continue driving. In this kind of zone, if a girl says something dumb, I would just respond with something like "What?" and make a face like she's dumb. Not "What?" as in "What did you say?" but as in "What are you, dumb? Now I need to make this face at you so you know how dumb you are."

Inside Thursdays, within the first five seconds, I see a redhead with beads on her neck. I roll up and ask her if she got them in Hawaii because everyone in Hawaii has those and I had just come from there on vacation. Keep in mind, I was 100% genuinely curious about this. I was not looking forward to what was going to happen next, and I failed to notice that she was in a group of five dudes. She instantly blows off the five dudes, turning her back on them to talk to me for about fifteen seconds. Then she goes for the make-out. After thirty seconds, I pull her away from the dudes to a staircase. We make out more, and I talk dirty. She starts telling me something. I don't remember what. We get off the stairs. Too many people there.

I lead her back to the bar, and she is Kino escalating on me. I am not doing much. It's basically a case of *be cool and don't fuck up*. She starts telling me that she is twenty-four and that she was with a guy for seven years but just got divorced. Keep in mind, I'm not asking her about any of this. I am not questioning it, but she keeps bringing it up. I'm not sure why. I ignore this and keep talking dirty, saying, "You don't even want to know what I would do to you right now," *a la* Brad. Somehow this brings up the word bathroom to me, and she yanks on my hand and leads me to the female bathroom.

There are girls in there. We're in the bathroom stall, and I can hear girls in the bathroom saying, "Ewww, you guys are disgusting." Redhead says, "Fuck you," which makes the other girls in the bathroom laugh. We both undo our pants, and I start fingering her. She goes down on me. I am not getting hard. I realize that I am not going to get hard, and after about ten seconds, I realize that this is not what I really I want. I was not interested in this with her at this moment, for whatever reason. My dick felt the same way. She says that she thinks security is coming because we made such a scene, which we did. (Ten people saw us. There was screaming, broken glasses.) Outside the bathroom, I am trying to pull

her to my house, but she is putting up hard resistance. She is not for it. We exchange numbers and agree to meet up later.

I grab RSD Robert, and we leave the bar. It's like 1:30. From experience I know I may not pull this girl. It's happened before: I pumped the buying temperature at 1:30, and it ended up transferring onto another guy after I left. I tell Robert that we should go back inside. He is still in shock that I bathroom pulled a girl in five minutes. He keeps asking me, "What did you say?" I'm looking at him like he's crazy. He is not crazy, but at this point in the night, it's not words. It's the strong momentum. Remember two hours ago? It was not like this. I built it up.

We go back into the bar. By this point, I had super-relaxed swagger. I cannot even explain it. People were looking at me like I was Usher. I felt it. Even guys who were with girls were looking over at me to study my moves. RSD Robert spots a three-set, all in black cocktail dresses. There is a short blonde in the group. RSD Robert talks to them, gets them to laugh, and then introduces me. I come in and say, "Hi. I'm shy." They laugh. "Please be nice." They are giving me the eyes. I smile and nod at Robert so that they know he is a cool guy who is safe. Then I eject from the set. A few minutes later, he ejects too.

We walk around for five minutes and come back to the girls. They are our home base for the night. I talk to the blonde about something, and then Lady Gaga comes on. I say I love her even though she's ugly. She agrees. I say it's because she's creative. She is into the conversation fully. I ask if she saw the new video, the one where she licks an old woman. I am feeling like this girl is down. I am just expressing what I think, and we're clicking. We chat for another two minutes, and then two other cute blondes squeeze by, trying to get through the tight space beside us. I yell, "Hey! Watch it punk!" She says, "Did you just call me a punk?" I say, "Let's go outside right now, you and me." She gets in my face, jokingly, and it's on. That's all I need to escalate: a hook. Once it hooks, I escalate, period. However, my Kino is not normal Kino: it's so nonchalant and in line with everything I'm doing. If it's too loud to chat, I cup my hand to her ear and put my other arm around her. Totally natural. I get up in her space in an enjoyable way.

The new blonde and I exchange names. We banter for twenty seconds or so. Her friend says that she needs to go to the bathroom, and just then, she decides to bite and lick my face. Yes, you read that right. I can tell that she wants to be the party animal and that she doesn't understand why I'm paying attention to the short blonde. Short Blonde asks me to repeat what her name is. I have forgotten it. Back in the day, I would have come up with some witty line. The

thing is, girls know when you are giving them lines. You lose trust. I choose honesty and say, "I forgot. I got distracted when your friend bit my face." I pass the shit test, just barely, and they go to the bathroom. I tell RSD Robert that I'm sticking this one out. I'm not sure if he can tell why. It's because I can tell by the way she got in my face, by the way she threw that name test at me, by the way she is behaving, that she has character. She has caught my attention.

When they come out of the bathroom, I double claw them. I say, "I like you," and she asks me why. I say it's because I can tell that she is smart and that she has character, that she is like the mother hen and protector of the group – but don't worry, I'm cool. I ask for her name, and she tells me again. Now, five women surround me. My two-set has me locked in, my back to the wall. I see the original group that RSD Robert opened. That blonde looks pissed. It's really too bad. Guys are looking to me like I have magical powers. As I talk, I keep double clawing them off and on, casually. They are from Ottawa. I tell them that I went to a tulip festival and a fashion show there, and then I ask them if they know Stephen Harper, the prime minister. I tell them how to get around the parliament building. The whole time I'm doing this, I'm doing more Kino to the short blonde. The tall blonde is getting pissed, being loud, and interrupting. She is just not helping. She is "too talkative." I realize it's 2:30, and I start seeding for the pull. Where you guys staying? How you getting home? They are at the Holiday Inn. I start singing the Chingy song "Holiday Inn." I tell them both that I like them, but I choose Short Blonde. Tall Blonde says she is going somewhere, grabs my crotch, and tells me not to leave *or else!* Wow, I can't believe she just did that in front of her friend. Tall Blonde is 85% drunk, and Short Blonde is like 60%.

As soon as Tall Blonde leaves, Short Blonde and I start making out, no words, no explanation, no intro. I tell her that we should go to her hotel and order lobster from room service like in the movie *Pretty Woman*. She can be Julia Roberts, and I'll be Richard Gere. She dies laughing.

After about twenty minutes of making out, we go looking for her friend, whom we find downstairs on the dance floor sandwiched between two guys. Oh man! I predict this pull is going to be tough, not because of the guys but because the friend is a loose cannon. The friend is at the dumb drunk stage and totally helpless.

Short Blonde and I ask Tall Blonde if she has \$10 for a cab home. She says yes, but then Short Blonde decides that she can't leave her friend, who is now grinding with some forty-year-old man. Argh. I try to cock-block, pulling both

girls off the rotating dance floor. They talk for three minutes, other random chodes trying to cut in, and then Tall Blonde pulls Short Blonde back onto the dance floor. I think, "Really? This again!" However, I am monitoring my state and keeping positive. This is key.

My blonde loves me. Although she will find me after, I decide to play it safe and join them. We all dance for fifteen minutes together. More chodes grind on Tall Blonde, who is really more aptly called Wasted Blonde, and I keep my girl happy. The lights come on. It's 3am. Now or never. I try to pull again, taking them both with the claw. Rich chodes get my girls. They heavy Kino my girls, but I am the safe home base. The rich chodes lose. This place is Sausage Fest 2010: too much dick. Must get the girls out of here.

I pull the girls to coat check. Now the lights are on, and Short Blonde is losing state while we wait in line. I can see this: I am always monitoring their state. While we wait, I am very charming, giving Short Blonde lots of hugs. She is smiling again. We all go to my car, deciding that I could drive them to the hotel. Halfway to my car, Tall Blonde, in her drunken state, decides to walk into the street and flag down a cab. Short Blonde gives me a look like, "Sorry. We have to get in." Damn it: I have to ditch my car. Tall Blonde is giving me a run for my money here.

Inside the car, I can see that my girl is losing state again. I get her to smile and kiss her some more. We get to the hotel, and the cab parks. Just then Tall Blonde turns to me and says, "Good-bye." I'm like "What!" In a super-serious tone, she says, "You can't come into our room. I'm sorry. It's our rule!" In that moment, I believe her, and in truth, I respect this rule. I tell her it's ok: we will just cuddle. To my surprise, this answer is enough to turn down the logic.

We all get out of the cab in front of the Chinatown hotel, taking some pictures together and heading up to the room. When we get inside the room, I see that there's only one bed. I've heard stories about Alex and Ryan pulling girls in this situation, but I've never done it myself before. I'm a little unsure what to do here. From what I've been told, I know it has to have the effect of a surprise: "it just happened." As I'm thinking about all of this, they pour me a vodka cranberry from the fridge. I try to set the mood by getting my girl to sit on my lap. Tall Blonde is throwing shit tests at me like crazy. I play stupid and ignore her. Short Blonde sees this and smiles. I tell Short Blonde there is something I want to show her, grab her hand, and lead her to the bathroom.

The bathroom is pitch black. I start making out with her and take off her pants. I

finger her, put her up on the ledge of the sink, and undo my pants. She says she doesn't ever do this. My response, *a la* Han Solo from *Star Wars*, is "I know." On the counter, on the floor, me sitting on the toilet, her on her back with her head stuck between the toilet and the bathtub. Twenty minutes later, we finish. She is very affectionate. We keep kissing and kissing.

Back in the room, we see that her friend has left. We turn off the lights, get in bed, and have sex again. The whole time, we never noticed that her friend was actually still in the room and listening to everything. After we finish, the lights still off, Short Blonde and I tell Tall Blonde to get off the floor and get into bed with us. We tell her there is no way we are letting her sleep on the floor tonight. We all agree to spoon in bed.

Tall Blonde is getting very flirtatious. Everything she says she links in some dirty way to something sexual or something about her body. Short Blonde can see the way I'm looking at her friend. I can feel Short Blonde's vibe change. At first we are all going to cuddle in this bed, me in the middle. I decide to pull a threesome, taking off my pants, making the excuse that it's not good to bring germs from the street into the bed. I convince Tall Blonde to change into her PJs. She says she usually doesn't wear clothes to bed, putting on pants and leaving her shirt off. The lights off, my girl decides to cock-block, getting in the middle of the three of us in the bed. I'm about to make my move when Tall Blonde's boyfriend calls her on her cell. It's like 4:30am: WTF. After Tall Blonde has talked on the phone with her boyfriend for twenty minutes, her state is completely changed. This fucks up the threesome. It's done. We go to sleep.

When we wake up, Tall Blonde is parading around the room with no shirt on, her boobs hanging out. She offers me a glass of cranberry or peach drink. I accept. There is nothing like a half-naked girl serving you juice in bed first thing in the morning. I want to fuck her, but I can see the jealousy in Short Blonde's eyes. I decide not to look like an asshole.

Short Blonde goes to the bathroom, and while she's in there, I'm shining my flashlight on Tall Blonde's boobs and doing silly things like kicking her in the bum when she bends over. The whole time, still no shirt on. She is down, but the timing is bad.

We make sure that we all have the right Facebook names, having already exchanged numbers last night. I get dressed, kiss them good-bye, and leave, off to find my car in the freezing cold somewhere downtown.

Along the way, I bump into a girl who used to live next door to me. She is smoking a cigarette on her work break, sitting in a corner in order to stay out of the wind. We chat, and she invites me to her birthday party in two weeks. She is so hot. I felt like I could have made a move. Don't know why I didn't. She had a naughty smile on her face. I guess it's because she is so much younger than me and it's daytime. I guess I'm just more reserved in the day. Once I find my car, I drive to McDonald's to get some food.

I get home and write this. The circle is complete. Total time out last night before sleeping: four hours.

II

Thirty-Minute Pulls: Three Is a Crowd (My Girl, a Chode, and Me)

This FR is about a thirty-minute pull, but it is also about *making yourself the prize*. Maybe it is better *not* to let the girl know that she can have the dick, because if she can have it so easily, then am I not like every other guy to her?

Last week, while I was on a date at a local bar, I saw a cute girl. Perfect teeth, make-out lips, sharp green eyes, and olive skin. I used to be in the bad habit of trying to "pick up" while I was on dates, using the dates as social proof. I realized, however, that this is a disgusting ego habit that I had to quit. Luckily, I did. When I saw this girl, I did nothing more than make a quick joke and exchange names, getting back to my date quickly. This girl was sitting with a bunch of her friends and having her own fun. The total face-to-face time was just around one minute.

Later in the week, I see the same girl walking out of an apartment building in my area, totally serendipitous because I had just happened to come home for lunch that day, something I never do.

Me: Hey!

Her: (*scared*) Oh, hi. I was scared.

Me: (*shaking her hand and getting very close*) Hi. You don't remember me, do you? (*smile*)

Her: Ummm. No. Um. Wait. M-M-Madison?

Me: Yeah, so what are you up to here?

Her: Yeah, I live here.

Me: Yeah, me too, just around the corner. I won't tell you where exactly because then you could come and stalk me.

Her: (*laughs*) That's weird. In the nine months I lived here, I never saw you.

Me: Yeah, anyways, I think you're really good-looking.

Her: Thank you.

Me: Do you want to go for coffee sometime and get to know each other?

Her: Actually I'm leaving town in a week.

We talk some more, and it turns out that she works at a place where I used to work, meaning that we know some of the same people. She tells me there is a going-away party for her tonight and that I should come. We exchange numbers, and she is on her way. This conversation may seem kind of chode, but there is a lot of non-verbal and triangular gazing at her lips and eyes going on. The total face-to-face time was just around four minutes.

Later on, I sent this girl a text, making a joke about how she made a good impression on me and telling her to save my number. I text her again in the afternoon and ask her what time she is going to the party. She answers none of these texts. Since my plan is to pull her from this party, I decide to call her at 6pm. Usually, I would not contact a girl three times in one day. That would be needy. However, since she is leaving in a week, I decide it's OK. I call, and she picks up the phone. She says that she just finished work and that she was going to answer me. Then she asks if I'm coming to the party at the lounge. I tell her, "Maybe later." Here, because I have been in field for about fifteen days straight and because I have been getting very little sleep, I doze off.

When I wake up, it's 2am. Fuck.

Fuck, fuck, fuck!

I look at my phone, and I have missed texts from RSD Jrad, Nalex, and Abower, all asking me if I'm going out. There are missed texts from the girl too.

"Are you coming?"

"I'm at the bar."

"I'm at the bar and I'm tipsy."

Just then, my phone rings. She asks what I'm doing, says my voice sounds grungy. I tell her I've been sleeping. She tells me to come and say hi: she is at a bar in the area. I say, "OK." She says she is with a friend. I say, "Cool," and I

throw on some stupid clothes and stumble out of the house. When I get to the bar, to my surprise, her friend is a fucking guy. Not only that: they are in the middle of the bar grinding on each other! Oh fucking joy!

I walk by them, saying hey to the guy and slapping his hand in a friendly way. The girl doesn't even notice me. She continues to grind her ass on his cock. He's rubbing her butt and coming close to her boobs. This is nasty. I'm just watching this happen, and I decide not to chode out, saying hi to the waitress I know there, the one I made out with last week at my house. She is happy to see me, asking me what I'm doing here. I point to the girl and the guy grinding, and she goes, "Ohh."

Like a chump, I pull up a chair right next to them and sit there until she notices me. She does, and she smiles. I engage the guy in some logical conversation, but as I am talking to him, I know what needs to happen for me to fuck this girl. It makes me feel sick in my stomach, because I can tell he really likes this girl. I am feeling conflicted. Total face-to-face time was just around twelve minutes.

I text Abower, explaining the situation. He texts me back, "Total eclipse of the chode."

Right. Time to get in gear.

I make a few jokes with my girl. They blow over: she doesn't find them funny. I ask them how long they have known each other. She says, "Eight months." My mind starts wondering if he has fucked her already, because he clearly knows why I am here. He's a guy, so it's obvious. I fluff talk with them both. Nothing is going smoothly. I feel so bad for this guy. I have game, but I just can't do this to him. I just can't. Right then, I realize that I can show my high value by sub-communicating. I sit in my chair, lean back, smile, put my hands behind my head, and chill. As the girl starts talking to me, I start singing along to the song that's playing in the background and turning the bar table into my drum. She goes back to the other guy, shaking her tits gently, giving him the eye, acting very flirty toward him. He gives her the eye back. I am about to say *fuck it*, but then the guy walks off. She asks me what I'm doing later, and I say, "I'm going home with you." She gets it.

When the guy comes back, she tells him that she is starting to feel tired. He looks sad. She asks him where he is parked and if can get home all-right. He tells her can, but then he suggests we all go eat, trying to stall. She says that she is really tired. Good girl. He goes to the bathroom, and we grab her jacket

and run out of the fucking bar. Total face-to-face time was just around twenty-five minutes.

Walking down the street, coming up on the girl's place, I see the guy in the distance. I tell her, "Damn. Your friend is behind us, and he doesn't look happy." She says, "Let's wait for him and walk him to his car." We wait, and once he joins us, she asks him where his car is, hugs him, tells him nice things, kisses him on the cheek, and puts her arm around him. She is working him so that he doesn't feel bad. She asks him if he is too drunk to drive, and he says he's not. Bullshit! They just had three huge pitchers of beer together. We walk him to the corner, and as soon as he's out of sight, I tell her she has sexy lips and pull her in. We make out near a fire hydrant. Yuck, she smells like garlic. Oh well.

She tries to get me to go to my house, but I convince her to go to hers. She tells me that she doesn't like my text messages and that I'm conceited. I change the subject. Now she tells me she doesn't want me inside her house because she has an air mattress. I reframe it, telling her I always wanted an air mattress when I was a kid. Blah blah blah.

We get inside. Her roommate is there. It's a fat guy. I wave at him, but he doesn't say anything back to me, locking himself in his room. He must be used to this. We go into her room. Fade to black. She still smells like garlic. Total face-to-face time was just around thirty minutes.

After sex, we lie there and talk about random stuff. She tells me she loves sex. I ask her about her upcoming move and whether or not her parents are still together. She says she doesn't believe in love. I tell her I believe in love and that it's not a bad thing. She is giving me the vibe that she likes to be unattached. The way she puts it, she is "like a man." She has two rules: not to fall in love and "you have to leave." I ask her if she is serious. She is, and she tells me to get out. Complete role-reversal. She mumbles something about her being here the rest of the week. I can't believe I am getting kicked out. That is two days in a row that's happened. I am not feeling like the prize. It's making me reflect on how I give sex to the girl, how I give the girl the opportunity to have sex while maintaining higher value. I need to fix this. Maybe she would not be kicking me out if she had to *earn* the sex. Not as a tactic: truly earn it. More room for me to grow. Lesson learned.

III

Day Twenty-Five: Another Pull on Monday @ B-Side

I have pulled four times so far, and I am near the end of my thirty-day challenge. During this time, I have not written very much, because the pulls have been textbook. What I am more concerned with are the "a-ha" moments and the emotional shit that I'm going through.

Anyways, here is my three-set extraction from last night.

RSD Natlex and I roll out to St. Laurent Street. He tells me that he's tired, but we push to go out. He's not really in state. I try to keep my mind clear and relaxed. I like going out on odd days of the week. I notice a lot of girls that go out on Monday, Tuesday, or Sunday want to hook up. When you think about it, that makes sense, since these girls are ignoring their responsibilities in order to party. They want adventure. That's why they are there. Bring it to them.

Tonight I am focusing on stuck-up chicks and stealing girls from mixed sets.

RSD Natlex and I roll to Cafeteria across the street from B-Side. I see a two-set of blondes across the street. They're smoking.

I ask where all the cool girls are, and they say they're right here. They notice the picture of a penis on the shoulder of my shirt, and I ask the UG blonde if she's used to having penis on her shoulder. They love me. I claw the turbo blonde, and we're hugging. UG Blonde then tells me they are both taken. She is trying to stop her friend. Natlex and I follow them inside, and they disappear with a guy who is buying them drinks. The boyfriend, I think.

I open some other sets, and the girls are cold and stuck up for no reason. I know it's not me: I am in state, and I can do no wrong. Another girl tells me she has a boyfriend. Whatever.

I post up by the bathroom. UG Blonde and Turbo Blonde come out, and I grab Turbo, spinning her to the music and then picking her up in the air and hugging her. She enjoys it, but her eyes keep scanning the room. There is definitely a guy she likes here or someone who knows the boyfriend. I put her down and let the set die, because I can feel the tension. Natlex is over my shoulder. I can tell he's not having fun yet. We venue change.

We go to B-Side. On our way in, I hear a song I like, so I run up the steps and *wham* fall down in front of everyone. I notice a girl laughing in a three-set. Walking up to her, I say, "You didn't see that, did you?" She's like, "Yeah, I kind of did." We have a good laugh about it, and I open her set. I meet all the girls, who are down from Toronto for the night. (My brain is telling me these are party girls.) I ask them where they are staying, and they tell me they're at "the Quality Inn Hotel, down the street."

Pause!

I just want to point out something very subtle here. She could have just said "the Quality Inn Hotel." But she said "down the street" without even realizing it. Alone, that's not much, but many small cues tell me that this girl is my girl for the night. I introduce Natlex and then leave to go meet some more people. My goal is mixed sets. I open a guy in a mixed set with some logical questions so that the girls can see that I'm cool, and then I open a few of the girls. They are sitting, and there are no empty chairs, making the dynamic a bit odd. I leave, deciding I will come back to them later. These girls are all turbos and a little stuck up. I have to work on my stuck-up girl game: it's not very good. Maybe I have to display more value obliquely. Who knows.

I see a set of five girls in the back, and I decide to go in hard on the cute blonde. I have a thing for blondes. Since I want to create attraction, I want to be direct, Brad-style. I roll up and say, "Hey! I like your J. Lo earrings. Are you Jenny from the block?" She plays along, joking that she is smarter than J. Lo but that she is not insured like her. I tell her she's funny. Her friends think I'm cool. I try to kiss the UGs in the group on both cheeks: less resistance down the road.

New rule: always double-kiss the UGs.

Every two minutes, my hot blonde runs off. Throughout the night, I find her and lose her again. It's like she has ADD. She tells me later that she's claustrophobic. I'm done. I have standards, and I don't chase. Plus, the conversation is getting too logical.

I try to open up these stuck-up Italian girls from a mixed set by the bar. No dice.

Alex is still in set with the three Toronto girls. I go back and see how he's doing. Man, he is storytelling. It's not sexual. I want him to make a move. The girls go and dance, and I ask him who he wants. He says he wants the girl in the classy green dress. That's the one I want, but I say, "OK."

I run across the street to the other club in order to find more options, and then I come back to B-Side. Our girls are there. Basically, I walk up to my girl, saying very little and getting in her face. Sexual-tone fluff talk. We make out for ten minutes.

She goes to the bathroom, and the five-set beside me tells me it's one girl's birthday. I ask them if they have a list of crazy things to do. Her friend says they do, and she goes through the things they did today, telling me that kisses on the cheek are a quarter. I tell her I'm not paying, grab the birthday girl, and make out with her. This is my second make-out.

I've realized that there are many situations where it's OK to make out. The situation is usually right in front of you, and all you have to do is convert it. Birthdays are one of those situations, just like the end of the school year or anything else you can think of. There is no excuse not to go for it. The girl's state is pumped, and so are her friends'. They give themselves permission to be wild for the night.

Luckily, my first girl comes back ten seconds after I make out with the birthday girl. I start making out with the Toronto girl again. Good times.

We all get up to dance. Natlex is not dancing with his girl, so I grab her. She grinds her ass on me. Shit. No more giving up the hotter girl to my wing. I am now selfish! *LOL*

I keep the chubby girl in the group happy by hip-bumping her, putting my arm around her, and singing song lyrics to her. She likes the attention. Then I go back to making out and dancing with my girl. I ask logistics closing questions. She says there are three girls in her room. I tell her that I can be creative with a bathroom. She agrees. *WTF*

The chubby friend announces they are leaving after this song because she has to drive in the morning. My brain tells me it's game time. I convince my girl that I can give her a ride to the hotel and save them the money. It's only once we're outside the club that I tell any of this to Natlex. Sorry, bro: I had to think backwards.

The other girls go outside while my girl and I are dancing. She starts to lose buying temperature. My brain knows what to do. I look at her like she's retarded, grabbing her firmly by the wrist without words and leading her out of the club. J. Lo Earrings Blonde is by the door. She sees me and screams my name. Ignore.

You had your chance, bitch.

We get to the car. I make sure my girl sits next to me so that I can make out with her and rub her tits in the back seat.

And we drive off into the night.

IV

Day Twenty-Six: Nighttime Street Make-outs of Glory

Ever wonder how make-outs happen on the street? I did too. I never expected it to work. Then, last night, while I was just living in the moment, two happen. You have to be better than whatever night they are having. Someone who is having a crappy night will want you if you delight them.

RSD Natlex comes by and picks me up around 11:30. We head to St. Laurent, picking up Abower and heading to campus. I am *tired as fuck*. I had not napped. I always try to nap for three hours before I go to the club. Today, I had been busy at the Internet café. Fuck you, RSD Nation: you are consuming too much of my time!

Anyways, we head to Café Campus, but since Abower is not feeling the line, we head over to Suco. It's some kind of a special night, and we cannot get in because you have to be on the list. I talk to one of the owners, but no dice. It's all good. I'm not warmed yet. I just want to keep my mouth moving. I know if I do that things will start to click.

At this point, Natlex is losing state. He says he is starting to get tired. I make a mental note to myself to stay positive, becoming lost in my head with good thoughts. I see a model whom I recognize, roll up, and put my arm around her, introducing myself. We talk for a minute, but the set doesn't hook.

The boys and I decide to walk four blocks over to get to this one crappy bar. One set. Fail.

We talk over to St. Sulpice. Abowers hits up two girls on the stairs, but they are walking so fast that it's hard to hold. We leave, go to a bar across the street. There are six guys taking a picture and hugging. I say, "Hey, I see you guys are hugging. I'm feeling the love. Where is my hug?" They invite me over, saying, "Come on and get in the picture."

The camera goes *click*. I stay in the set for a minute, and then I walk around the bar with my RSD boys. Not much is happening: it's dead. No girls. All mixed sets sitting in chairs. I'm not good with mixed sitting sets – *yet*.

We leave the bar at 1am, deciding to call it a night, and walk to the car. This is where the two make-outs happen, and they both happen within a one-block

radius.

The first set is five people: three girls and two guys. The two guys are standing on the outside of the circle. At this point, I have been gaming so long that my mind is like a super computer: it can look at any situation and analyze possibilities for success and probabilities. I don't force it. It is from years of pick-up and hard approaches.

One of the girls looks at me and squints her eyes. It's only two seconds or so, but I catch it, roll up hard, and get in her face. I put my face five inches from hers and say *yes*, wearing a playful, quiet grin. She asks me if I was sitting in the shisha bar before. I say nothing for thirty seconds, just smiling and building the tension. I can feel the tension build. It's just what I want. She and her friends are asking me questions, and I'm just not answering. Burning-coal state. I look over to Natlex and ask him what my opener was. He says, "Nothing." I say, "Right." I turn back to the girls. They don't even realize what is happening.

I finally tell them that I wasn't in the bar, and then I tell them how much I love shisha. After that, I ask the group what they are up to. They tell me about their night, and I shake all of their hands. I tell two of the girls that they look Italian, and I mock the way they talk with their hands. I hug one of the girls. My RAS looks, seeing that the guys aren't too jealous, telling me that they are friends or family. We fluff talk some more, and Abower and Natlex move in and talk to the friends. I pick up my girl in a bear hug and carry her ten feet away. She screams to her friends, but they know she is safe with me. Then I put her down.

We kiss.

After about forty-five seconds, her friends come up to us. I tell them that I want to marry their friend, and she says she wants to marry someone else. She's wearing a ring on her middle finger: I take it off, put it on her ring finger, and tell her I will marry her. We roleplay until the set dies out. Abower asks me later in the night why I didn't get her phone number. I honestly don't know: I was just having fun.

We walk up the street. Natlex is not happy. He wants to go home. I see a blonde and tell her to wait for a second, say that I have to tell her something: my friend is not happy and needs a hug. She is amused. I tell her to hug him. He says, "No." I tell her he needs to be positive and enjoy the night, be happy to be alive, breathe in the sweet air, because the only moment we have is *now*.

Pause!

Note: This is not a joke or a line. I really believe this. I am saying this to him, but I'm also putting myself in state by saying this. I am showing the girl the type of guy that I am at the same time. So, I am doing three things at once. My mind understands this, but in the moment, I am just being free and enjoying myself. End note.

I tell the blonde girl that I will take the hug. She hugs me, and I ask her where she is from. She says she is from Australia, and as she is talking, I cut her off, telling her that I like her eyes. Her eyes are very blue. It's random, sure, but it's not cheesy because it's genuine. We are holding hands, and she tells me how much she hates the hostel she is staying in and how it is living in Brooklyn. I tell her that I lived in New York for a short time. It's *on*.

We kiss.

She asks me where I live and whether or not I have roommates, implying that she should come with me. I tell her she can't. We are tired, it's late, and we are leaving. She asks us to come to a café. I tell her we can't, and I tell her to take my number and call me. She has no pen and no phone, so we go to the café for a pen. We get to the café, and I pull her to sit on my lap. She tells me I'm a player, and I ignore her. I tell her that I will think about letting her come over if she is a good kisser. We make out some more. I tell her she is a bad kisser. We banter back and forth. I think I tease her too much. A bower gets a pen and paper and writes my number. She keeps telling me to stay. I tell her we can't. I tell her she's a player. She says she knows how to do it to get around and asks me again to stay. I'm not making it easy on her. I tell her that she has my number, and then I tell her to call me. The boys drag me out of the café.

I need to qualify more. It's my weakness.

We get to the car and debrief. Wow – what a night. Can't wait for Thursday.

V

Day Twenty-Eight: Kiss the Hottest Girl in the Bar

The usual RSD boys and I roll out to Crescent Street. I can't get in because my shoes are no good, so we decide to hit up St. Denis Street.

We bar-hop a few places. No one is really in state, it's raining, and the night starts to slow down. I see a tight-ass petite girl on the dance floor, but instead of opening her, I chode around. After that, I see another hot, light-skin girl – a solid 8 – but since I don't go in direct, a few of her social-circle male friends show up and dance with her. After twenty minutes, one of them is making out with her. Damn it: no one is approaching, until Simon locks into a set and rides it for an hour. One man in, three to go.

We venue change and head over to St. Sulpice. There, Abower starts running around like a mad man, getting pumped up. I'm getting off on his energy. It's blow-out time for me. I crash the second set, crash the second set, and get denied on the fourth set. Fuck you – you got braces.

Click. I'm over the indifference threshold. I no longer give a fuck. I can feel it. I get into the middle of the dance floor and start genuinely enjoying myself, dancing, my state kicking in.

We are rolling down the stairs when I see her. Yes, *the one*, the hot girl who is hotter than all the others. I give eyes to Abower; he reads my mind. Like a football teammate, he runs interference on her two friends. I run up on the super-hot blonde. Here, I don't know what I say: I'm already in state. I remember telling her that I like her. Shaking my hand, she holds on to it way longer than is normal. That's the only IOI that I need. She is *very* happy to meet me. I tell her something, hug her, and spin her in the air. It's on. We all move to a corner of the bar, standing on the couches, dancing and hip-bumping. Abower takes pictures – nice.

I introduce myself to all the girls. It's one of their birthdays. I get all of their names and invite them to the dance floor. They tell me they'll come out soon. Cool. Three minutes later, they follow. I grab my girl, hugging and spinning her again. She speeds off because her friend wants to dance. I let her go. Abower says something to me, and I go back in, making the girl mine. Chodes on my left and right are all trying to get her attention. One of her friends is dancing on the speaker. I blow past the chodes, getting in my girl's face. She is dancing with

me: I saved her. I high-five the friend who's dancing on the speaker, and then I get my girl's number and claw her for the unexpected kiss. Her friends scream in surprise. They can't believe that just happened. She notices this, and it breaks her state. I'm out.

Sloppy number, I know.

Thing is, I never did a bar make-out with a girl this hot. All of the girls I had done that with were dates or whatever.

On our way out, my phone rings. It turns out she gave me her friend's number, and her friend is mad about something. Apparently it was the first number that came to her mind. I saw her with that cell in her hand all night. Outside, guys are trying to get my girl. I dismiss it and take the five-minute kiss for what it is: just a five-minute kiss. I'm trying to talk to her friend, but her friend goes cold. She is in full mother-hen protector mode. The number thing is confusing me a bit, and it breaks my frame. Whatever.

My RSD boys and I head off to pick up Simon. He number-closed his girl and got pictures. We all head to the car.

Fin.

VI

Day One: NYC Hotel Street Pull (with Five RSD Guys in the Room)

This is a report from last month. I had not gotten around to typing it, but I thought it was important.

Walking the streets of NYC with the RSD boys, heading to Times Square, walking on 7th Ave.

We don't know where to go. We are wanderers.

I see some girls and run them down. Nothing.

I see a mixed-race girl in a tan news-reporter jacket and a yellow dress underneath.

"You there, you look social. Maybe you can help."

I tell her we are from out of town and lost. I tell her to tell us where all the good stuff is. She starts talking, and I tease her about her yellow dress, call her big bird. Then, I apologize and hug her.

That's something I do. I tease the girl as an excuse to embrace her in my arms very quickly. One-minute hug rule.

I ask her where she is going. She says, "Home." It's only 11:45 on a Saturday night.

My mind goes ding-ding-ding. We have a winner. I tell her to come with me and be my tour guide.

We all start walking together. It's fifteen minutes to the club. I hold her hand while we cross the street, super-playful, making her skip along the street. At red lights, I step off the curb, getting in her face and being silly. She keeps saying that she doesn't know what she's doing, that she can't believe she's walking with me. I am delaying her logic by comforting her, telling her about my life and my family so that I am not a random stranger. She tells me she works for the HBO TV station as a program manager or something. We get to the first bar, and she says she can't go in there. She wants to leave, but I tell her I will buy her a drink for being so nice. We go looking for someplace else.

Once we find a cool, semi-outside / semi-inside, hippy bar in the Meatpacking District, the RSD boys start working the crowd. I pull my girl up against the wall next to a large air vent pipe. There are not really any corners, so this will do.

We talk. We make out for ten minutes. I check on the boys and work the crowd a bit. Man, NYC girls are HB8s and up, and I'm here with my 7. I almost want to trade.

Back to making out. I ask her where she lives, all the regular pulling questions. She tells me her place is messy and that *there is no fucking way she is going home with me*. She gives me the most resistance I have ever had. The distance from where we are making out to the door is twenty feet. I spend the next thirty minutes moving her five feet at a time and then taking a step back. Every five minutes, I move her a little bit more. She is telling me all the reasons she can't go, and I am trying to shut down her logic. When we make it to coat check, I try to pick her up and caveman her out of the club.

More resistance.

I drag her outside and wave down the first taxi I see while she is still talking.

We get into the taxi.

At this point, she tells the taxi driver, "We are making two stops" – one at her place and one to drop me off after.

I have to change her plans. We start making out hardcore, and I finger her under her panties. After five minutes of fingering, she loses her mind and asks me where my hotel is. I lie and say it's two minutes away: it's really ten minutes.

We get out of the cub and run upstairs. I tell her to wait outside the door because "I just want to make sure everyone is asleep."

I know they are all awake. I still have not told her there are five RSD boys in the room. Inside, I tell them all to pretend they're sleeping. Natlex asks me if he can brush his teeth first. I say, "No! She will lose state!"

They all get into bed and pretend they're sleeping. I have not told her that I am sleeping on the floor either.



I go outside and tell her that the room is full but that we can go to the bathroom. I convince her, pull her, and put her up on the bathroom ledge next to the sink.

She says she doesn't usually do this.

I say I know.

Fade to black.

VII

Showdown between Algerian Booty and HB Cindy Crawford

It's Wednesday. RSD Natlex and I decide to head to Club Velvet, an underground dungeon-looking club where all the girls are HB8 and up.

I send out a text, inviting Algerian Booty and HB Cindy Crawford to come along.

HB Cindy Crawford is a girl I picked up one month ago with RSD Jrad while he was visiting. I met her outside the W Hotel and kissed her in her drunk state on the street within five minutes. We kept in touch on Facebook, but she flaked on me a few times. I just invited her out socially because she called me the day before.

Natlex and I arrive at Velvet and see an old girl from POF who tried to fuck me a long time ago. We pay the cover and head inside. The bar is so cool: it has an underground tunnel made of cobblestone, and all of the lighting is candles. It's like a castle.



I work the crowd, opening some sets. They go OK, but I get a lot of friendly treatment. Natlex does the same.

I see some club promoters I know, and a musician says what's up to me. An ex-girlfriend of mine is there, plus three other girls who hate me. This could be an ugly night.

HB Cindy Crawford rolls in, and I ignore her for a bit, pretending not to see her. I want her to work for it. She eyes me from a distance, and fifteen minutes later, I approach her to talk. She is acting weird. I try to dance with her, and she dances from a distance. It's kind of gay. I open some other people, coming back to her after thirty minutes.

She is not talking at all, almost like she is a mute. She is only talking with eye contact. I can tell she's tipsy. I tell her that she came to see me and that she is not talking to me. I tell her that's weird, and then I eject again.

Algerian Booty texts me for the address and tells me she is lost. She shows up twenty minutes later, along with a *hot* French girlfriend. They come up to me and talk, and I introduce them to Natlex. I try to dance with her, but she pulls away to go buy drinks at the bar. This girl is always pulling away, even though she came to see me.

From 1am to 2am, I run a jealousy plotline: I talk to HB Cindy Crawford, getting close with laser eyes, and then I go across the room and talk to Algerian Booty, hugging her and making her laugh. I can see that HB Cindy Crawford's fury is building, because she eventually tries to grind her ass on me. I am not receptive, adjusting and acting like I don't notice anything.

It's about 2:30, and I decide to ask Algerian Booty pulling questions. What are you doing after? Did you drive? How are you getting home? Do you have to wake up early tomorrow? Etc. I tell her to come home with me. She is super hesitant, but she has her hand around my waist the whole time. She is constantly touching me, but it's not happening. I tell Natlex to wing her friend. No dice.

I talk to HB Cindy Crawford, asking the same closing questions. She says she will leave with me. I am shocked. I say, "What?" She says, "You heard me," and then she walks away.

I tell Natlex I'm pulling this girl for sure, but it will be hard because I can't let Algerian Booty see. HB Cindy Crawford is standing at the door, talking to her friends and waiting to leave. I sneak away, kiss Algerian Booty and her friend good-bye, and then make a dash to grab HB Cindy Crawford by the arm and pull

her out the door, no words. There is a taxi outside, and I throw her in it. I tell the taxi driver we are making two stops, and I start making out with HB Cindy Crawford, trying to keep her buying temperature up. Because I know I have no cash on me, I need to go home first and then go to the motel.

It's going to be a twenty-five-minute taxi ride!

In the taxi, I'm telling her how much I like her and how I wanted her the first moment I met her. She is shit-testing me hard and saying she never goes home with a guy ever. We get to my house, I run inside and get the cash, and I run back out into the waiting taxi. Her buying temperature has dropped, so I make out with her some more and rub her ass and tits to get her excited. I am an assassin. We get to the hotel, and I pay the \$30 taxi.

We get to the motel and jump out. She is like, "A motel? You're bringing me to a fucking motel!" Up until now, she thought she was sleeping at my house. She acts mad, so I tell her to wait outside while I pay. I pay and come back out quickly. She is standing by the road, buying temperature dropping again, so I run up to her, spin her, put her legs around my waist, and carry her inside. We get to the motel room, and she tells me she wants to smoke first. I hate stalling.

She smokes.

We fuck. She makes horny faces.

In the morning, we go for breakfast.

VIII

Trashy Dancing Girl and an Alley

I have decided not to write FRs for glory. Well, maybe for personal glory.

However, I've decided not to write down every time I have – um – adult relations. That would be just silly, so I'm only going to write the crazy stories or the stories that teach a lesson.

My brother calls me up and asks me to perform with him at a show. I say, "Cool." Few days later, we go to the show together. None of my friends who say they are going to come show up. Boo!

My brother and I end up walking along St. Denis Street, and I'm chatting up random people. I see a woman with tan skin and blonde hair sitting with her friends. She glances at me and makes direct eye contact. I go in. I don't remember what I say, but I ask her what her nationality is. She says Moroccan. I tell her I love Moroccan women. She is the second one I've met in the last twenty-four hours. My RAS must be picking them up.

I sit down next to the woman, get close, and teach her a handshake, telling her all about Africa and where Morocco is and that I'm performing tonight. We exchange numbers. She is a wild cat, I can tell. She is around six years older than I am, I would guess. I get her Facebook and her number and later in the night text her to get home safe. Going back to see her, I chickened out for some reason. I was too afraid to sit with the five-set for some odd reason.

I see four girls walking on the street. Their skin complexions are amazing. There is one guy in the group. Didn't even notice him. I see they have a box of pizza. I ask to buy a slice off of them with my Visa card, taking out the card and swiping it in one girl's tits. They love me.

Anyways, they give me five slices of pizza. I ask them where they are from. Brazil and Spain. I talk to the girl who's wearing a beautiful orange summer dress, telling her that I wanted to go there but couldn't get the travel visa quickly enough. She tells me about Rio. I tell her that she's my new Rio girlfriend and claw her in. She likes it, but her other friend wants action too. She tells me to marry her. I say, "OK." She says she is serious: she wants to study in Canada, but she is leaving in one week.

She asks me again to marry her. I say I will think about it. This goes on for five more minutes. I say if we're going to get married then we need to practice. I tell her friend to marry us, and then I pick her up and suck on her neck. Her friends are all in shock. Of course. We exchange numbers and chat for a little longer. My brother and I eat the pizza, and then we go to the show.

The show is at a rock / goth club. There are around twenty people. I see her. Trashy Dancing Girl.

She's not hot; she's average. Still, something about her is very sexual. Her girlfriend is grinding on her. They are making a spectacle of themselves. They don't give a fuck. I wish I had a video of her dancing. It's so random and sway. Her hands are always in the air, and she shakes from side to side. She dances like she's dumb, but it's hot.

It's my turn to get on stage. My brother and I perform. I'm looking for HB Trashy Dancer, but she's gone to go smoke. No social proof for me.

We finish, get off stage, and sit down. Just then, she comes back in. I open her, telling her she reminds me of Lady Gaga but in a good way. I tell her that she dances freely like no one is watching and that I like it. She likes it. I tell her she is sexy as fuck. She is flattered by all this, but at the same time, it feels like I'm "hitting on her." That's the weakness in my game. I have trouble being smooth with my interest or my SOIs.

Her UG friend sees what I'm doing, comes up to us, and kisses my girl twice on the mouth. I tell her that I'm gay and that I'm not going to steal her friend. She is getting mad, and she kisses her again and then walks off. I ask my girl, "Why is your friend so possessive?"

I reframe it. I win. I have infinite game.

My girl is into me. She starts going 50/50 in the conversation, asking me the chode questions. We talk for another five minutes. She tells me she is going to smoke. I tell her that I don't smoke but that I could go with her. She asks if I'm coming. I ask if that's an invitation. She says it is if I want it to be.

She goes out to smoke, and I don't follow, chatting up my brother instead. He's like, "What are you doing? Go outside."

I go outside. She is sitting on the steps in the rain. I say, "My brown-haired

beauty, where have you been all my life?" and sit down next to her. She sits on my lap. I take my hat off and put it on her head to keep her dry. She is in my arms. I am straight-up baby-talking her.

Her UG friend comes up to us. She is jealous.

I ask the UG, "Don't we look good together? Don't you want to see your friend happy?"

The UG says, "Whatever."

Boo to the UG!

I pick up my girl, carry her inside, bring her to a back room, and lay her down. She won't kiss me yet. The UG finds a boy, brings him into the room, and starts to make out with him. My girl asks me to buy her a beer. I'm broke. She runs off, buys a drink, and starts dancing. I find her and start to mosh-pit with her.

My girl likes it, but she runs off and trashy-dances, like she was born to do. I talk to my brother. My girl finds me and tells me not to leave without saying good-bye. Ding-ding-ding. Pull sign.

We all hang out for thirty more minutes. I tell the girl to come to my house, but she needs to get her friend home. Argh! We all go outside together, and my brother calls his girlfriend to come get us in her car. My girl asks me to pick her up. I do so, slamming her into a wall. I ask her if she likes it rough, pulling her and choking her. She tells me she and her ex used to be into "the scene." Whatever that is. I take her to a corner in the alley while she is still wrapped around me. I make out with her and finger her in the alley. I take out my dick. I tell her to rub it. She tells me she won't fuck me without a condom.

Just as I'm about to ask her for one, people come into the alley and we have to leave. UG is being a bitch. She's complaining about some guy, complaining about her wallet, complaining that she wants to go home, complaining that she's hungry.

Nothing positive or contributory. Bad energy.

The driver pulls up, and they give him gas money. UG sucks the mood, killing the fun, bitching about the wallet that she lost. She pulls my girl into the drama. We get to the girl's house. Her mother is there. I can't go in.

This is not what we agreed on.

She apologizes, kisses me twice, and says we will get together soon. The UG has won this time.

My brother and I laugh about the cock-block on the way home.

IX

Bank Machine ATM Girl

I want to get some pizza, so I go to the bank machine ATM at 1am with my friend. I open the only girl there. We talk. She is going to the bar Mad Hatters down the street. We offer to walk her there. On the walk, I tell her I have dead babies in the trunk of my car and other rude and absurd things. She is not reacting.

We go to the bar for a bit, and there is a stripper pole. The girl starts swinging around on it. Then it's my turn. I give her an exciting lap dance.

We move around the place and chat, talking about bisexuality. I recite the usual "I don't judge girls who are sexual, and I'm very open-minded" speech. She tells me and my friend that we're nice-looking. He says he knows. I tell her that I'm blushing and that I've never been told that before. She laughs.

I text my friend to give me \$20 for cab fare. I think I am pulling this girl. He slides me the cash.

She wants to go outside and smoke. I harass her for smoking and tell her bad things. My friend leaves to get her a lighter. He's falling a little bit into her frame. I tell her she is fit from the gym, grabbing her ass and biting her neck. I start talking to some bartender girls, and she sees. She says something that sounds jealous. We all chat, and I put a ginger mint in my mouth. She asks me what it is, and I tell her it's from my mom. "Can I have a taste of it?" she asks me. I tell her to come and get it. She puts her tongue in my mouth and orally retrieves the mint. I say I want it back, and I go in and get it from her mouth.

My friend is staring off into space, just chilling. She recommends we all go upstairs and dance on the pole again, but she says that this time she will take off her shirt if we take off clothes. I agree. We go upstairs, but my friend lags behind. There, she swings on the pole. I rub her vagina through her black tights. My friend says he's leaving. I recommend to my girl that we go eat.

We get to my place, and when she complains about being sweaty from the gym, I offer her a shower. She gets in the shower, and after waiting about three minutes, I get in the shower too. We are washing each other. Back, chest, butt, etc. When we get out, she asks me for clothes. I give her an oversized Sean Jean shirt. Stupid me: I should have given her the smallest shit I could find.

We get in bed. I go caveman: no clothes. She gives me like an hour of straight resistance. She says it's not happening tonight, she doesn't do this, not on the first day, etc.

We fuck.

She complains about food, so we get dressed in PJs and get food at the bagel store.

Orange juice with *extra* pulp. I am fighting a cold.

Back at my place, she is complaining about food. I make her French fries and play her my music. She sits on my lap and listens on my headphones, and then she draws me a picture of a chipmunk and writes her initials and my initials inside a heart.

In the morning, I walk her to the metro.

X

Here Piggy, Piggy, Piggy: The Story of HB Pussycat Doll

The cast for the night: me, Natlex, Fingerman, and my brother.

We roll to St. Laurent Street on Monday, park the car, and start drinking.

We talk about a girl named Jenn G., whom my brother and I both hit. However, I am disturbed when I find out that he hit it like thirty times, when I only hit it once. Neither of us used rubbers. I am disturbed deeply by this. He wants to talk it out, but I am too disgusted. Fingerman is laughing his ass off.

Passing through a park, I look at a lady who is walking some kind of an animal. It looks like an ugly dog, but it's not: it's a pig. An awesome pig. I convince the guys to stop, wanting to investigate, and I talk to the lady about her pig, petting it. The pig is aggressive, and it tries to eat my shoes with its muscular jaws. I found out all about the pig and how she takes care of it. Because it's awesome and I have to share the love, I decide to take some pictures with the pig. For the rest of the night, I am running around telling ladies about this cool pig. Positive mental loops deluxe. Side note: who walks a pig at 1am?

We head to B-Side and start dancing. It's bare. I notice a hot tall brunette bartender smiling at our dancing out of the corner of my eye and tell the boys to keep dancing. A few seconds later, I open her. We chat. I feel it's on. I back-turn and Kino her hand. She keeps it there. Standard bartender game continues. I turn to the guys and say I'm going to number-close her. A little while later, we buy drinks. Fingerman never drinks, so he's kind of buzzed after half a drink. I chat with the bartender, telling her I came to talk to her because she likes my dancing. When I ask her if she has a boyfriend, she stammers and hesitates. I cut her off and say, "You hesitated. That's good enough." I tell her we should hang out and see the movie *Inception*. (It makes sense because we were talking about her being a film student before. Plus, I trained in film.) I tell her that *Inception* is the "feel-good movie of the year" and that she should give me her number. She agrees but disappears without writing down her number. Note to newbies: this is classic bartender game. All guys ask for her number. She wants to see how you react when she pulls away all IOIs. Do you keep your cool and have fun? Or do you chase her? Never chase a bartender.

After some time goes by, I see her walk to the cash register in the corner of the bar. I walk over to her, smile, and say, "Hi honey." We chat, and she writes

down her number without me asking again. I go back to the boys and party for another ten minutes before we leave.

We head up the street, and I see two girls with black hair. I put my arms around them and chat. They say they're lesbians, and I say, "It's OK. I'm gay." I take out my cell phone and show them pictures of the pig from tonight. They love the pig. It's on. Three minutes after we get up the street to the front door of the club, I am making out with the short black-haired girl. She's not all that. Like a 6. Everybody is standing around in a circle talking. We all go inside the bar / club Corova. It's *sick*. All the girls look like they came from an American Apparel ad. "Sexy hipsters" – Jeffy would love it. I am creaming in my pants. The two black-haired girls sit on a bench in the club and basically grill me the entire time.

I chat up some hot girls whom I have seen before. Fingerman wings, and I go outside with them when they smoke. The girl is wearing an awesome sweater, like a varsity-style cardigan. I tell her I love her sweater, and I show her mine. I look like a school professor, because there are patches on my sweater. I say we look cute together, showing her the pig pictures on my cell phone. Then I get her number. She says she and her friends will be back. Just then, my brother comes over to me and says, "Good job – the other girls got jealous and you made them leave!"

I am like – *shit*.

I run out of the club, chase the girls down the street, and say, "What? You guys didn't even say good-bye. I'm sad." She starts getting upset. I can tell she has low self-esteem. I walk with them, and my girl is happy again. More making out. She's grabbing my ass and putting her hands in my shirt, telling me that she wants to take me home. I bring her to a new club and chat her up. We talk logistics. She says her friend is staying with her, and I tell her that her friend can sleep on the couch.

For the next thirty minutes, I am running back and forth between the black-haired low-self-esteem girls and Corovas, where my brother and Natlex are. I tell them, "I am here for *glory!*" I want to upgrade. I've read that Ryan is the type of guy who will lose it all for a chance to get the hotter girl. I have not pulled from a club in a while, and I recognize that this is a good opportunity. The logistics are good, and the girl is down to fuck. Still, a part of me feels like I can do better. I'm looking at all these stunning women, and my mind won't settle. I could lose it all if I spread myself too thin running back and forth between the two clubs. It's risky: I could end up with nothing. The other girl is calling me. I

dance with her briefly and then run off to the other club again.

All the girls at Corovas are cool, but nothing is solid. Natlex and my brother want to leave. We all go the door. It's like 2:30am. There is nothing left for us here. Then, I see her. I had seen her before dancing on a couch and wilding out like a rock star. A hot short-haired brunette wearing a black dress and a cool hoody, kind of like Nicole Scherzinger in the Pussycat Dolls video "Don't Cha." From now on, we will call her HB Pussycat.

She is walking down the stairs.

I tell her that I have been looking for her all night and that she has been ignoring my smiles. She says that she is sorry and that she didn't notice. I ask her who she is, and she tells me. I am holding both her hands and looking into her eyes. She is not letting go. She tells me she is not looking for anything. *WTF?* Just then, my brother comes down the stairs, yelling and blabbering loudly at us and trying to talk to the girl. I tell him to please keep moving. He will shift the focus and blow it.

I go back to her, I get close, I hold her hands, and I talk. She says she is leaving. Then she says, "One more dance." I tell her my friends are leaving. She says again, "One more dance." At this moment, I realize I will have no ride home. I will lose the short black-haired girl at the other club, and this could all go to shit. However, my gut tells me to go with HB Pussycat. Something in the way she looked back at me and held my hand and said we should dance. Yup, it's on *solid*. I ask her if she's into girls. She says, "Well..." I laugh and say, "I know. It's your vibe."

We go upstairs and start dancing, spinning, dancing close, and talking. All I remember saying is that there is a vibe and that we both feel really comfortable. We have clearly chosen each other. There is just a click and flow. We are chode dancing hand-in-hand, but because of the vibe, it's still sexually charged. She asks if I want to talk at her place. I say, "Yeah." Like, duh. She says, "We are only talking. No sex." I say, "Yeah. Sex is disgusting. It's nasty and wet." We decide we want to cuddle and talk. Really. We walk out of the club. It's a five-minute pull.

Walking down the street hand-in-hand, we talk about what just happened and how we are on the same wavelength. We stop and get a \$2 chow mein for good. She says he lives close. We talk, and she is calling me "babe" and feeding me Chinese food. We are splitting up the egg rolls as if we were together, and we

talk about how people should say what's on their minds and how life is too short. We talk about our lives. She tells me she doesn't want to have sex, and I tell her that I have fucked girls in one day and dated them for a year, that the speed is irrelevant, and that the vibe is everything. Too much.

Her street is empty. No cars. I ask her if she has ever danced in the middle of the street before and then grab her, spinning her and dancing. I tell her it's like a movie. We laugh and hold hands in the middle of the street and walk to her house.

Inside, I find out that we are both super into fashion. We have the same bed. We have the same music. Etc.

Cool.

We talk about our childhoods, sharing stories. She says that she wants me but that she doesn't want to have sloppy sex. She did that three weeks ago with a random dude. I respect her honesty and decide not to fuck her.

I tell her about my buddy Jrad. While she is giving me a strip tease, Natlex calls on my cell. I hang up and give her a lap dance. We get undressed and start kissing and rolling around and talking and kissing some more.

Note: Until now, she has rejected all three of my attempts at kissing her. In some weird way, I almost believe it's sometimes better not to kiss. It makes her feel that you are more high-value if you don't try to kiss her if all your other sub-communication is tight. If you are already sex-worthy, it's OK not to kiss the girl, because she can tell in other ways that you're sex-worthy. Kissing her sometimes shows her that you're in it for one thing and puts you in the same place as every other guy. Sometimes.

Anyways, we turn each other on too much and spend the next two hours having *passionate* sex and making her roommates so mad that they bang on the walls.

Hope to see her again soon. I want to date her for a while.

XI

Venezuelan Harry Potter MILF

I LOVE MY



VENEZUELAN MOM

The day starts off like any other, but in the afternoon, I get a random text. It reads, "Hi."

I ask, "Who's this?" She responds, "I saw in your Facebook status that you wanted to see *Harry Potter*." I respond, "Haha, Yes I do. I'm dying to see it, but I went yesterday and it was sold out."

She goes on to tell me her name is Lisa and she hopes I don't mind but she got my cell number off of Facebook.

I spend the next three hours texting her back and forth, finding out that she is Venezuelan and that she is thirty-eight. She drives a big, blue SUV. What really bothers me, however, is that this chick claims her "profile was hacked so it got deleted," meaning that I can't see what she looks like. Hm. Not to mention that my cell number is no longer on my number and hasn't been for months. Also, since I have become somewhat of a known player in the city, I think this is a set-up from an old girl. I am straight-up paranoid, but she insists that she is "normal" and that she just wants to see *Harry Potter* with me, which I later learn she has already seen two days ago.

We make plans to get some wine and order in food instead. At this point, my

brain knows that this woman is DTF, but I'm still scared. I want to be attracted to her, but I haven't seen her yet.

It's 9pm. She rolls up in the blue SUV, and I peek inside. She is *fine*. Like an older J. Lo. She is thirty-eight, but she looks twenty-eight. Long hair with blonde highlights, knee-high black leather boots. Fit thighs and an ass that goes out a little to the side, the kind where you can see her ass from the front, like she has South American hip padding. Thin waist and dressed very fashionably in a reflective green top with a black belt tied around her waist. Jackpot!

We decide to go to the local Maz Bar in my area. I know that a girl I slept with before is there on a date, so I text her to see if they are still there. She texts back that they are gone already. Phew.

We go into the bar, get a pitcher, and set up at a pool table. My brain says to crack this woman. That is what she is really all about. Is she logically looking to get fucked or just looking for attention from a younger man? Also, I want to avoid LMR, so I pre-LMR shift.

I ask her, "Why me?"

She says, "Can't you just be flattered?"

I say, "You're hot. You can have any random guy you want. Why me off Facebook?"

She says, "You looked like a nice guy, and we knew one person in common. So it did not feel weird."

I ask her when her last relationship was and whether she is looking for a good time or something serious. She gives me a very long answer, explaining that she basically wants to have fun. The whole time, she can't even look me in the eyes. I tell her she's shy. She admits it. I close the space between us and start to build the pressure, asking her if she is intimidated by younger men, teasing her by asking if she can keep up.

For the next hour, we talk, play songs on the jukebox, and play pool. I embrace her, rub her back, etc. When I rub her back, she tells me it feels good. I promise her "more of that later," and she doesn't object. At this point, she is turned on. She is embarrassed that she is drinking the beer so quickly and says, "I'm drinking these beers too fast. I must be really thirsty."

I get ready to pull her, promising her that she will be home in an hour. That's a white lie. She asks me if I smoke. I tell her I don't. She says she smokes weed and cigarettes and asks if we can smoke in the car. I say, "OK." I know that going somewhere before the pull to my house will kill the vibe, but I make a judgment call that if she gets herself high, that will only get her more in state.

After she smokes, I hold her hand and walk her to my house. There, she asks to use the bathroom. When she comes out, I bring her to my bed, no words. She starts giving me the stupidest LMR I have ever seen, really stupid things like asking me to put on Jimi Hendrix and asking me to turn off the lights in the hallways but to keep the door open. She is cold. She wants more blankets. Etc. I am running around my own house like a servant. Once her list of LMR demands is met, I take off my shirt, I jump on top of her, and we start to go at it. I take off her pants. She asks if I have a condom. Fumbling around for five minutes looking for it, I lose my hard-on. She gets me hard again, and we fuck. She is super wet. It actually feels good. After she slowly gets dressed and leaves, she forgets her hat. She will have to back and get it. Round 2.

XII

Facebook House Call with Stephanie (Thirty Minutes)

I'm going to try to make my FRs shorter. I hate typing for thirty minutes or an hour.

Randomly added a girl I saw on FB. She reminded me of a girl who I dated last year. A girl I miss. She sometimes reads RSD Nation. If you're reading this, I miss you. In some weird way, I did this to be close to you, because we cannot work out. Anyways.

The girl on FB starts up a conversation with me, basically asking me if I know her and the usual stuff. I say I don't and tell her I just thought she looked friendly. Next day she starts up a conversation again, asking me how I'm doing, which in my mind means "Can I fuck you?" She wrote me two days in a row, so there is some interest. I ask her what she's doing. She says, "Nothing." I ask her where she lives. She says, "South Shore." I ask her if she has a car. She says she does. I tell her to come meet me in one hour for a drink, but I do it in a really non-needy way. Really super-casual. No flirting at all. She shit-tests me, asking me how she can trust that I'm not crazy. I give the normal replies.

She gets my address, comes over, and parks her car outside. We go upstairs. I have no booze or anything: I was poor that day. There is nothing at my place to seduce her, except incense and candles. Let me tell you: incense and candles are the shit. They are less than half the price of alcohol, and you can reuse them multiple times.

We pop in a comedy movie, and I get a blanket, making sure she's comfortable. I tell her to lay down on me. About twenty minutes into the movie, I start to give her a massage. She asks if this is my "plan." I say that I did not have time to make a plan and that I am just making it up as I go along. She laughs. I flip her over and suck on her tits. She's into it. She tells me to turn off the movie, and I pull her to my room. We fuck.

As I'm hitting it, I realize she has a pentagram tattoo on her back, like the one Jeffy has on his arm. This is a weird mental association for me. It ruins my orgasm buzz.

Semi-creepy.

XIII

Flake, Flake, Flake, Flake, Fuck

I've been on a roll: three new girls in a week and a half.

This LR is interesting. It shows that just because a girl flakes, it doesn't mean she's not interested. She would have to be not curious for her to be not interested, but when I talked to this girl, I had a strong gut vibe by her vocal tone that she was genuinely interested. Even though we would make plans and she would cancel all the time, I did not delete her number.

We made plans for drinks: she got stuck with a friend. We made plans for a movie: her girlfriend was sad and needed to be comforted. I told her, "I am not seeing you *unless you come to my front door.*" She agreed and flaked on that too. I told her I would only see her if she brought me out and that it would be only fair that she pays for it. She said, "OK."

I told her, "7:30pm, dinner, dessert, and drinks."

She gets to my place at 10:30pm. Haha. What a girl.

When she gets there, I play distant. This dynamic is good: she is now super invested, and she feels that she could blow it at any time. She is walking on egg shells, even though she is the one who flaked so many times. I reserved my power for myself, never got mad, and never got emotional.

We go to a local bar, which I tell her is a "local swanky place I know" *a la* Brad.

For the first hour, I make conversation and keep my distance. Only after she buys a second pitcher of beer and we are both tipsy do I rub her shoulder, and that's it. Nothing more. I want her to feel like she worked for it so that when I go for the pull, she will not think sex is going to happen. She will not be sure how I feel about her.

Throughout the night, a waitress / model whom I fooled around with comes over, talks to me, and ignores the girl. She tries to tease me, but my wit is too sharp tonight. The model girl ends up looking silly, so she walks off. My girl says that the model tried and failed. We toast to that. I tell my girl that the waitress is a model. She says that the waitress's legs are super skinny. I tease my girl about being jealous. We talk for another twenty minutes, a really cool conversation

about fashion and stuff. We tell jokes. I seed the pull, telling her about a video I'm working on. Ten minutes after that, I pull her to my house down the street.

We get to my front door, and she says she can't go inside because her ride is here. I pull her into a dark spot, push her up against the wall hard. We make out. I put my hands in her pants and finger her. She says she has to go. I pull my dick out, and she strokes it with skill. I flip her around hard, push her face against the wall, and fuck her from behind.

When I try to bring her upstairs, she says that she has to go, that her ride is here and that they will be mad. I tug on her arm. We go to my couch, I bend her over, and we fuck again.

XIV

Five-Minute Pull, Featuring the Plaid Shirt

First off, I know that a lot of people on RSD Nation think I'm a fag. To those people, I make two requests. First, go fuck yourself. Second, click on the "X" at the top left corner of your browser. Thanks. Faggots.

Anyways, Fingerman and I are fucking geniuses. The shit we figured out tonight is pimp.

First off, plaid shirts are awesome if you are a pimp. A plaid shirt is gay if you are a chode, but if you have game, then a plaid shirt disguises the fact that you are a player and helps you to blend in. "Look at me, just a regular blue-collar, hard-working dude with a 9-to-5 job." All good men wear plaid shirts. Look at farmers and lumberjacks.

I'm feeling like shit, and Mathieu Fingerman and I roll to our usual Monday-night spot. We don't want to say where it is, because then chodes will start to make it uncool. The ratio there is like five girls for every one guy. All the girls live in the area. It's a college bar, and they are all horny because it's Monday. Think about it: what girl goes out on a Monday unless she's horny?

We get there and it's empty, bare, like three sets max. There are two girls at the bar, and I open them. HB hockey girls, one in a hockey jersey. I talk about my shirt, dance to the music, and talk about the hockey game or whatever. I don't really know what I say, but I'm super light-hearted. I could have been talking about war and famine, and it would have been like a breeze passing through the trees.

Tonight is all about pulling: it's like pulling class. I try not to be too outcome-dependent, but fuck, I have not been pulling lately. I can think of three gorgeous girls whom I did not pull recently, and it's making me pissed. Not to mention all the faggots on RSD Nation have been knocking me. Yesterday like three people told me I suck. That shit kind of got to me. I was pissed. Fingerman is like, "Dude, RSD Nation is useless. It's only good for calling other people fags, and you know what those guys are like. Most of them have no game." I concur.

I reopen the girls, asking them about my plaid shirt. They say it's too small, reaching for the space in between my buttons and saying that my chest is showing. Ding-ding-ding. It's on. The girls and I chat some more, and they go to

the bathroom. I tell Fingerman I want the hotter one. He says he likes her too. The problem is, he says, both girls like me, and if he comes in and his girl doesn't like him, it will make it awkward and kill the whole set. I completely agree, deciding to soft intro him in a bit. Running to the women's bathroom, I start chatting up the girls again, telling them, "Let's all drink and get a pitcher." They agree. I'm using serious, fun, and flirty eye contact. They are down.

The girls come out of the bathroom and walk to the bar. I order, but they get their own beers, saying, "We can pay for our own drinks." I compliment them on being independent women and ask them how they know each other, where they live, their nationality, and where they study, giving them hugs and putting my arms around them in friendly ways. After I introduce them to the rest of the boys, everyone decides to play air hockey.

Fingerman still feels no opening with the girl, and he asks me to go in and play foosball. I'm giving the girls high-fives, teasing them by tapping them on the head. It's all a little forced. I notice that I am losing attraction, so I decide to chill out a bit more, like I have the steering wheel and I am directing the interaction but not putting on any more gas. It's effortless leading, not like hardcore, host-seat-style leading. After two games, Fingerman says, "Fuck this. We have to get them to go to another bar. We can't keep up this fun foosball." We try to bar-hop them, but they are not down. I give my girl a hug, and she gropes my back. They go to the bathroom. When they come out, they blow past us and run to the dance floor. Fingerman says we are not pulling these girls, because in his experience, the girls should be more stuck to us, like they should be standing next to us. If we are boring, he thinks, they should even be into our boringness. We talk about the concept of reactivity and how girls must be reactive to fuck you. A woman should just be reactive to your presence alone. You don't have to be all loud in her face. You can be, maybe, to get her attention initially or whatever, but she must be reactive and mentally present for you to pull her. This goes with *frequency*, like in Ryan's Summit speech. Your girl must follow your frame and come out of the frequency of the club.

Anyways, the girls are on the dance floor. We head out to dance, and they take some pictures. Fingerman says that we have zero comfort. We need comfort. We isolate our girls, not in separate corners of the bar or anything, talking to them one-on-one in order to get to know them. My girl gives me the make-out eyes. I put my hat on her head, and we grind. Fingerman runs zero Kino as usual. We are just not leaning in, and the girls are into us. We are creating chemistry and love bubbles. My girl moves forward to make out with me, but then the girls run off.

They are dancing on a stage, and as I step up to dance with my girl, her black girlfriend blocks me and says, "No." I tell her that I have known her for an hour, I tell my girl that she likes me, and my girl shrugs and blows me off, the ugly black troll pushing me away. I tell her to never put her fucking hands on a man – ever! She backs off. It's amazing how entitled she feels while she's dancing on a speaker in the club. She gets hers later on.

Fingerman and I regroup. We finally realize why we don't pull together. He says that he and Evil Stiffler pulled together all the time. The thing is, we have different styles. I'm very much about controlling the group, and that leaves him no opening. We decide that we are not going to pull these girls because of Kino. New concept: zero-Kino pulls. Basically, Kino is for communicating to the girl that you are sexual, keeping a vibe and turning them on. If you are advanced, however, then you should be able to do this without Kino. In many situations, Kino actually makes it harder to pull because the girl knows what's up. She knows you are going to fuck her, so she will not let you walk her home, whereas if you don't Kino her, there is still mystery and curiosity for the girl: she still has something to earn, and there is still a game for her to play.

Fingerman number-closes his girl, and I end up seeing an old girl I fingered and went on a date with last year. Let's call her HB Aerosmith. I swear that sometimes I am like Brett Favre in a club, because I can coordinate a play like crazy. I see HB Aerosmith walking in my direction and time it just as HB Hockey Jersey walks by. I spin-hug HB Aerosmith and make a big scene. HB Hockey Jersey posts up by the bar with Fingerman, and I spot the jealousy. Ah. The jealousy plotline has regained me a girl whom I over-validated. Note to self.

HB Hockey Jersey starts going on to me about how I'm mad at her, and I tell her it's because she ignored me. I lean up against the bar and qualify her hard. She tells me she is studying the environment, that she helps third-world-country kids, telling me story after story about what a good person she is. Every once in a while, I casually look up at the ceiling or check my phone, and when I do, she qualifies herself even more. I give her a little attention, and five minutes later, we are making out again.

Eventually, the girls try to bounce. Fingerman tells me to say we're walking them home. I try. No dice. They are not down. He says, "Put on your jacket anyway and just follow them out." My girl and I walk out hand-in-hand, which is odd considering she has said no to walking home with me. We get outside, and it's back-and-forth cock-blocking with her friend. We exchange numbers and make

out some more.

Then, we see the black speaker-dancing bitch. Fingerman taunts her for being mean, and I call her racist. He's calling her names, pointing in her face, and running away. She flips out, picks up a cardboard box, and runs down the street after him, and then she slips on ice and hurts herself. Her mature friend gets in my face and says, "Seriously, stop." I tell her not to touch me. She says I shouldn't do what I did. I said, "You have no idea what your friend did. She deserves it." The girls weep and slink off. Fingerman and I hug.

Now for the five-minute pull.

Back inside, we see some girls sitting next to a pool table. I cross my arms, tilt my hat, and tease the girl, because she looks mad. Lots of eye contact as I sway to the music. I don't remember what I say, but I'm in. I slide up next to her, spin-move her, and take her spot. She grinds on me. Fingerman runs some photo routine on the friend. I'm talking about my shirt or her heritage or something: I don't remember. I ask her where she lives. It's close. She says she's leaving. I grab my jacket and say, "My mom raised me as a gentleman and taught me not to let a woman walk alone so late at night." She says, "OK." We step outside. She wants to wait for her friend. Her friend comes out and says she is not going to cock-block. We all walk half a block together, and her friend bounces.

I'm talking to my girl about working at the McGill gym and how it's awesome, how much I love it, how we are going to teach African kids about economics, just keeping the vibe going with verbal flow. Every four minutes, I mention that it's so cold it's making me want to pee. When we get to her house, I ask if I can use the bathroom. She says I can, and I take off my jacket and go pee. When I come back out, I tell her to stand up, and we make out. Adult relations ensue.

I leave her house, run back to the boys, and see them gaming HB Aerosmith. She's outside with no jacket, so I put mine on her, pointing out that we have matching brown shirts. I sing random songs. I am light as a feather. I grab her for the kiss, but she's mad: she saw me kissing another girl. She says she's not jealous, that she gives me props but that she won't kiss me because that would be disgusting. I do get a small peck. We get in the car and drive.

Once I'm home, I Facebook her.

Me: I miss kissing you already.

Her: You look beautiful in plaid.

XV

Madison Gets His High-School Crush (Give Me My \$40!)



I was never very good with girls in high school, and tonight I hooked up with a girl from my high school, a girl whom I had a crush on but could never get like eights year ago.

Over the past few days, I have been making Facebook status updates about closing my Facebook account. As a result of this, five girls have messaged me for my number. I had not spoken to HB High School Girl in a little less than a year, and randomly I get a chat message from her. She tells me she is tipsy. I *instantly* ask her where she is and if I can come. She says, "Yes, you can come and say hi." I get her number and give her mine. She says that I must leave soon after I come blah, blah, blah. She lives super far away in the suburbs, like a twenty-five-minute drive, and I have no car. After I disconnect from chat, she calls my cell phone, asking me how long I'm going to take and telling me she is getting tired as I try to encourage her to stay awake. I try to ping how receptive she is, saying, "I want a kiss when I get there." She hesitates and says, "Um OK," and just as she hangs up, I can hear in the background a girl saying, "Don't

kiss him!”

Note: If you have ever had to travel to a girl’s house, you know it’s a matter of fighting time. Time is the enemy. If you are one minute too late, she can be totally turned off by the time you get there and have no interest in seeing you.

I take a duffle bag, throw a bottle of Jack Daniels in there with a shisha, some Trojan Magnums, and a map from Mapquest. Pardon the RSD lingo, but I really do feel like Jason Bourne.

I call a taxi, pulling \$80 out of the ATM just in case. Once I’m in the taxi, I tell her that I am on my way. No response. I get to the front door of her place. There is a girl in a gray car across the street, and she tells me to go upstairs and take a left around the corner. Hm. Odd.

I buzz her door. No answer. The lobby door is open, so I knock and go upstairs. No answer. Her dog starts scratching behind the door and barking. I can clearly hear the music go quiet from inside the apartment. It’s obvious someone is home but not answering the door. I can hear a dude’s voice in there. *WTF*

At this point, I am more than fucking pissed. I walk downstairs and sit on the steps. You can only imagine what’s going on in my head. Shit like: These fucking girls only care about themselves. Girls are fucking evil players. That’s it, I will never spend taxi money to see a chick ever again. Etc. I even text Fingerman and Natlex who are down in Hawaii chilling with Jeffy to vent my anger, but my cell dies while I’m calling a cab to go back home.

Now, this is the part where I impress myself. At some point, something inside me clicks and says, “No. I deserve better than this. I am not a chump. I have game. I can’t be treated like this. How can I be one of the best players in the world if I can’t handle crap like this. So what if it’s 12:30. I should go bang on her door and demand taxi money back. She wasted my time.” I am getting pumped and pissed.

Just then, I see a dude leave the building. I don’t know if it’s the guy, but I don’t care. I walk up the stairs and go to her apartment. She hears footsteps and opens the door. She looks surprised to see me. Our conversation goes like this:

Her: Oh. You’re still here.

Me: (*ignoring this*) Since you wasted my time, I think you should pay me.

Her: I didn't think you were coming.

Me: \$40 for the taxi.

Her: Why!

Me: Because you called me to come, I came, and you have another guy in here. Now you're going to pay for my taxi.

Her: I didn't answer the door because my friend thought you were people that were looking for him. Can you come inside for a minute please?

Me: Fine.

Her: You're such an asshole.

Me: Thanks. Just the money and I will be on my way.

Her: You're being gay.

Me: You're gay.

Her: Hold on. I will get it.

She stumbles around looking for money and says something about me being emotionless and sexy.

Her: I don't have it, but I will drive you home if you want.

Me: I don't want you to drive me.

Her: OK. I will take you to a bank ATM.

She puts on her slippers and drags me through the snow to her car.

Her: I'm not a bad person, you know. *(She's trying to make jokes.)*

Me: If you say so. *(I'm completely non-responsive.)*

Her: That guy is like a brother to me. Nothing happened. Smell my pussy. I

haven't had sex in a long time.

Me: I'm not smelling your pussy.

We get to the ATM, but it's closed. I tell her to drive me back to her house. She says we are not going to have a good time since I am so moody. I say that since the ATM was closed and she tried to get the money, I will consider being nicer.

After about five seconds inside, I take her hand, drag her into the bedroom, and push her up against the wall. I suck on her neck and try to finger her over her pants, but she stops me twice. She sits on the bed, saying, "Can't we talk?" I whip out my dick and insert it in her mouth for her. I've realized that it's not enough just to take out your dick: you have to put it in her face so that it's grazing her lips. She will suck it automatically as a biological response. While she's giving me a blowjob, I tell her I had a crush on her back in high school.

I try to take off her pants. She says, "No. Err, at least get the lights." I turn off the lights, get my dick wet, and bust in her three times. After I cum, I get up immediately and walk around. She asks me to come back and cuddle her. It's funny how life works like that.

She asks me, "Since you had a crush on me in high school, how do you feel now?"

I respond, "Satisfied."

XVI

The One That Strangled Me until I Almost Passed Out

For a few weeks, this random girl on Facebook has been liking my statuses, so I've decided to make a move, get her number, and invite her out to meet me. After a few calls, our schedules are finally the same. We make some time for each other on a Monday night, planning to meet downtown for a drink on St. Laurent at a shitty Monday-night spot.

I get to the spot, and there is a guy gaming her up hard. She's dressed in super-low, tight jeans that show the tramp stamp tattoo on her lower back and a skin-tight white shirt that screams, "Look at my boobs! I am a whore!" I roll up on the side, and she hugs me and introduces me to the guy from school or whatever. He's a somewhat nice guy, but I'm not going to let him fuck up my slag for tonight. After I go to the bathroom and come back, I see she likes the attention, so I just roll up on the side and do my own thing until she's done getting attention and essentially cuts the guy out for the rest of the night. At one point, he asks me about my career, and I give him my card over my shoulder and continue talking to my girl.

I decide it's time to leave. We bounce to Radio Lounge, the only other Monday-night spot. For the next two hours, she is buying me drinks like crazy. I see her party-animal side coming out. She's telling me crazy lies all night, like that the Cirque du Soleil asked her to work for a million dollars a year and she's a good person and blah, blah, blah. She's trying to sit on the bar and push her boobs out. For some reason, there are so many girls that are DTF in the room. There are four girls spinning on stripper poles. Bizarre.

It's about 2am, and I tell her, "Let's go." I say this several times, but she's deep in party mode. At the coat check, security asks me what I'm waiting for. I point to my blonde chick, who is now holding herself upside down on a stripper pole with people clapping and cheering her on. She loses her grip and slips headfirst to the floor. Thud!

I tell her I'm leaving right now and she can stay if she wants. She grabs her jacket. At the coat check, I see one of the other hot girls who was dancing on a pole too. I approach her and say something about her vibe and how I bet she's a freak. She says, "Oh, so you can read people that well, huh?" I tell her, "It's a vibe. Some people have it, and some people don't. I can see it in your eyes." We gaze at each other for a moment. She says, "I wish I could breathe you in all

day." We make out quickly so that my date doesn't see.

Back at the new house, where Natlex, Fingerman, and I are staying, I get the most ridiculous LMR ever. She tells me that this house had a murder in it and that it's haunted. It was so bad I just wanted her to leave, and I tried to kick her out of the house. She's telling me I'm an asshole and all guys want sex and asking me why we can't just be friends.

This was "not a date." She just "wanted to get to know" me. She likes a guy already. He's a hockey player.

I say, "Well, since you don't like me, you are welcome to go. I'm not keeping you here. I'm going to go lie down now, so do what you want." She starts to lie down with me, but every time I grab her breast or whatever, she jumps out of the bed and plays the guilt card on me. I then tell her she doesn't have to lie down with me and that she can go. She tells me that I'm a bad person and that she's a good person. This goes on for about an hour. Eventually she is in bed with her shirt off, and as I try to take off her clothes, she strangles me with a sock. Because I was on top of her and she had her knee in my chest, I could not move. I start to lose consciousness. As I'm blacking out, she yells, "You might be crazy, but I'm crazier!" I choke her back, and we start to fight each other. It's pretty violent. All of a sudden, we start making out, and we fuck all night.

XVII

What Should We Name the Baby? (Answer: Optimus Prime)



The usual group roll out to St. Laurent Street for our Monday-night debauchery.

My focus for the night is on being evil and pulling. Not really being evil, but I'm working on saying fucked-up things (things that would make Derrik blush) to test whether or not the girl falls into my "frequency."

The boys and I head over to our usual Monday-night secret spot only to find out that it's not so secret anymore. The line is down the block. There are eighty people outside, and the club is at capacity. We're kind of pissed. I roll up on a girl in line who is having trouble finding her cell phone. I recommend that I call it for her. She gives me her number, I call it, and as I'm calling it, she finds it in her bra. I tell her to put it back in so that I can call it again, and she agrees. We chat, and I bring her to meet Fingerman, Natlex, and Mathieu in line. From some stuff that she mentions, I can tell she is wild. She mentions something else about women, and Fingerman asks her if she has ever dated a girl. She says, "Three." I tell her that I don't judge women's sexuality, that I'm very open-minded, and that most of the bi girls that I date say that females are just for pleasure. She shares her thoughts on the subject. I decide to pull.

I recommend that we all go down the street to Radio Lounge since the line is so long. We start walking, and the girl says she has no cash: she needs to go to an ATM machine. While she is away, I figure out logistics with Fingerman. I "lie my way into her vagina" (trademark) by saying that I don't have cash because I forgot my money at home. The boys run off, and when the girl comes out, I spit game. She agrees to come to my place.

There, I pour us Jack Daniels, kiss her, turn on the laptop, put on some music, and dance. I give her a tour of the house, and then I sit beside her on the couch, where I tell her that I want to give her 9,999 chocolate babies and ask her what we should name the girls. She says, "Optimus Prime." We make out. I mount her like I'm giving a lap dance. She asks if I'm good at massages and tells me that she is a massage whore.

I give her a massage, slip the finger, etc. In the middle of all this, I turn off the lights and get a blanket. She starts to freak out, telling me that she has to go. I tell her, "Let's just cuddle. I am the *most cuddliest* man ever." She's down to stay the night but says she needs to text her friends first so that they don't worry. She goes out the door to make a phone call, but when she comes back, she has her jacket. She looks like she's ready to leave. She says it's too fast and tells me the night is still early and that I can meet my friends and pick up other girls. Debrief: I should get back to my place and escalate / whip it out faster or let the girl do all the escalation at her speed so that she doesn't freak out. Just do a sleepover and go commando.

She leaves.

I head back to the club to meet the boys, and when I do my first approach, I get shut down hard by a rude girl and end up giving her the finger. The boys and I head up the street to another bar. Inside, a girl smiles at me, and I step to her. She's cute. She's like 50% into me. After she walks away, her chubby friend tells me that she just broke up with her boyfriend and that the girl and I are cute together. Sweet. I have a cheerleader on my side. The chubby girl tries to hook it up, but the girl is losing interest. Fingerman is pissed because some dancing chode elbowed him in the head by mistake. My girl walks over, and as she is trying to get his attention, she slaps him. He slaps her back in the face hard. The chubby girl slaps Fingerman too, and he slaps her back. The girls walk off, holding their faces. He apologizes for messing up my pull. Haha! An orbiter asked why we slapped the girl. I tell them they shouldn't have slapped us in the first place. They want beef, but they do nothing.

Natlex is mad. He is not in state. Us teasing him about his closet homosexuality isn't helping.

I see three girls sitting on a pool table. I must have said something right, because one of the girls tells me she hooked up with a black guy last night. I don't move in quickly enough: she tells me her friends are not nice. I call the

boys in to wing. My girl walks away like fifteen feet and dances. I try to reel her in with a pretend fishing line. She comes. *Lame*. I should have walked to her. I didn't realize that she was isolating herself. I have *never* had a chick do that before. Lesson learned.

Eventually, her friends block. She tells me, "See, I told you my friends are cock-blockers," even though her friends did like me somewhat. Damn, son: I could have pulled a hat-trick that night.

Live the dream.

XVIII

Cavalli Pull (and I try to Convince Georges St. Pierre to Kill People)

Foreword: I can honestly say that for me this is one of the most moving of my LRs. I learned so much about myself from this, as I had just come off of a one-month dry spell. This dry spell was bad, and last week, after going out six nights, there was no pull in sight. A make-out here and there, but I'm in this for love.

During this month, I did not learn new things but rather gained a deeper understanding of the things I already knew and a deeper understanding of old game principles that I had forgotten.

The weird thing about MM is that when you first learn it, you come off try-hard with the peacocking, routines, etc., but after you become more natural, you start to take on the characteristics of MM all over again. This is because MM was *modeled* after guys who were veteran naturals. Just to clarify, MM-style game will eventually be a part of you.

Here, I will also outline the lessons that I learned throughout the night, in order to solidify the reference experiences in my mind.

Scene 1: Fingerman, Rockstar, Slide, and I head out for some Chinese food after the Montreal Inner Circle meeting. Tonight the plan is to go to Cavalli, the hottest spot on Thursday nights in Montreal. It's like stepping into an LA nightclub where all the women are bombshell 8s and up.

Lesson 1: Last week I went to Cavalli alone and stood there gawking with my dick in my hand. I was a total chode. The environment made an impression on me, and I felt like I could not "compete" with it. This time around, however, I made the decision to be as polarizing as possible, to be different instead of trying to be like everyone else there. I also wanted to remind myself that it is possible for a 5'10", skinny, fashionable, twenty-year-old white girl to be into older black guys. I know that may sound silly, but we all have our limiting beliefs from social conditioning.

The boys and I roll into the club, and I open a few sets, asking Fingerman to choose my sets, just to make it fun. Some of them are OK; most of them hook and last a few minutes. Still, the girls are not falling into my energy and frame.

Note: After listening to RSD Todd's recent *Mastermind*, I made the decision that

high-status girls respond to authority frames more than low-status girls do. Period. Thus, everything I'm saying to girls is like, "Yeah, I think you're kind of cute, maybe." I don't say anything to a girl unless it furthers my goals of 1) making me more valuable, 2) projecting an authority frame, and 3) making her comfortable. This creates a vacuum that she falls into, so most of my sets look like this: open, be polarizing, establish authority, hook, chill back and wait for the girl to be receptive and start to ask me lame questions.

If the girl doesn't ask me questions, I may turn to the side and just chill a bit while waiting for her to reopen me or throw out another small comment that establishes my authority and wait for her to take the bait. If she doesn't bite, I move on. If she does bite, I ask her logistics questions, lead her around the club, etc.

Anyways, I see the MMA fighter Georges St. Pierre. We talk. He seems frustrated trying to move through all the people in the packed club. I try to convince him that the best way to get through the crowded room is to violently murder strangers. He is amused by this comment.



One crazy HB9 Spanish girl asks me if I drive after we talk for five minutes. I'm feeling a little pressure, so I lie and say, "Yes." That was a fuck-up, because she then asks me if I want to come home with her. I'm like, "Durr, well, I don't drink and drive, so we can take a taxi." Her UG friend then comes over and gives me evil eyes. The girls eye-code each other and walk away. I spend the next fifteen

minutes trying to get this girl back, and I am losing bad. *Bad.*

Lesson 2: It is always a challenge not to pursue the girl, because when you pursue the girl, you automatically start to leak and lower your value. You cannot chase a girl and maintain value. If you chase the girl until the end of the night, she won't want you as much as she did when she first met you. The only solution is to not try and attract her but to just stay in her presence, chill, and vibe. "Do not pursue: just be *there* in her vicinity." Credit goes to Fingerman.

Scene 2: It's 2:15am. We run into Dr. O. I'm still running around the club with my leftover Chinese food in my hand, beasting on girls. Then, I see them: 5'10" blonde and redhead twins. Lean and slender, dancing the way drunk girls dance. The girl I'm attracted to is dancing with a forty-year-old man. He is a free-drink chode, but he is being super-physical and pursuing that shit to the max. He pulls the blonde girl over to the bar, and I chat up her friend. I say, "Tell your friend to leave that fucking old disgusting man – he looks like a pedophile." She laughs and says, "I'm trying, I'm trying!" She tries a bit more, but the old dude is buying drinks: the redhead looks over at me and shrugs. I say, "Tell her I like her." She tells the girl, and the girl reacts slightly. I walk up to the blonde and say, "I'm young, cool, and black. What are you doing with the creepy man? Come with me!" She agrees. I drag her to a chair, and we make out.

Lesson 3: Set the frame from the *beginning*. It's *powerful*.

Lesson 4: At a point, it's not about being more "cool": it's about setting up situations and dynamics that help you.

Her friends drag her away, and I spend the next twenty minutes fighting off guys who are trying to prey on the girls. One Lebanese-looking guy tries to get the redhead. He's cool. We wink at each other and decide to wing each other. He's working the redhead, and I'm working the blonde. These girls are in *super-party* mode. It's fucking annoying: they won't stand still, running up and down the stairs, dancing on couches, taking bottle shots off random dudes, doing crazy dances in the hallways, just wild. I am trying to be the coolest man ever and hang on to them at the same time. I get to my girl, make out some more, and tell her that she can't imagine what I want to do to her. She's curious. I tell her, "I want you to come home with me. You are going to lie to your friend. Tell her you are going to the bathroom, and I will meet you at coat check. You cannot tell her what I am telling you or we are over!" She agrees to come home with me, but just then, she loses her purse. We search for it until 3:45am.

My girl is crying, mascara running down her face. Her stockings are ripped, and she is crawling on the club floor looking for her purse, going underneath tables and begging bouncers and security for help. My new Lebanese wing and I try to be friendly, but this girl is working our last nerve. He tells me, "I just want to punch her in the face, bro." I say, "Don't worry, bro. We're going to get it." After we spend an hour searching for the purse, we find out it's been dropped off at coat check. *Yeah.*

Lesson 5: Comfort is not something you "run." It's an experience you create.

As we leave the club, the girls' states are down. They are not horny: they are sad, they are in pain, they are tired, they are a mess. Security kicks us out because it's way past closing time, and now every guy with a Mercedes or a Jaguar is trying to give my girl a ride home. She steps up to one of the cars with another dude. I say to myself, "Fuck this." Picking her up and straddling her legs around my body, I start walking. My wingman says he lives three streets away. He told me earlier in the night that I could bring my girl into his bedroom. Talk about being friendly. My girl is complaining as we walk, and I just try to keep her state up, telling her that we are going to celebrate finding her purse.

We get to his place. Super expensive. The lobby looks like it's made out of gold. The doorman knows what's going on.

Scene 3: We head upstairs, and our host opens a four-liter bottle of Grey Goose and pours us all drinks. My girl says she doesn't want to drink, but I encourage her to celebrate finding her purse and her new iPhone 4. Yeah! She tells me that she wants to smoke and proceeds to move away from me on the couch and dump everything out of her purse. My wing starts talking to the redhead, and I decide it's time to isolate. I walk behind my girl, kiss her on the neck, and say, "Let's go get a tour of the house," dragging her first to the bathroom and then to the bedroom. There, I slam the door, shut the lights off, and throw her on the bed. She's into the make-out, and she's into me kissing her breast. But not more. She stops me many times, telling me that she can't, but I remember clearly that she said she was interested at the club. More resistance. I try again. I'm trying to take off her clothes. She says, "No." I tell her that's cool and sit her up on the bed, which puts her at cock-level. Then, I whip out my dick with no warning. She pauses for a second and then starts sucking it, like it's a biological response or something.

Lesson 6: No matter what a girl says, if she's a little into you and your dick brushes against her lips, she will suck it. We are mammals, and the opposite

gender's glands turn us on. It's a fact.

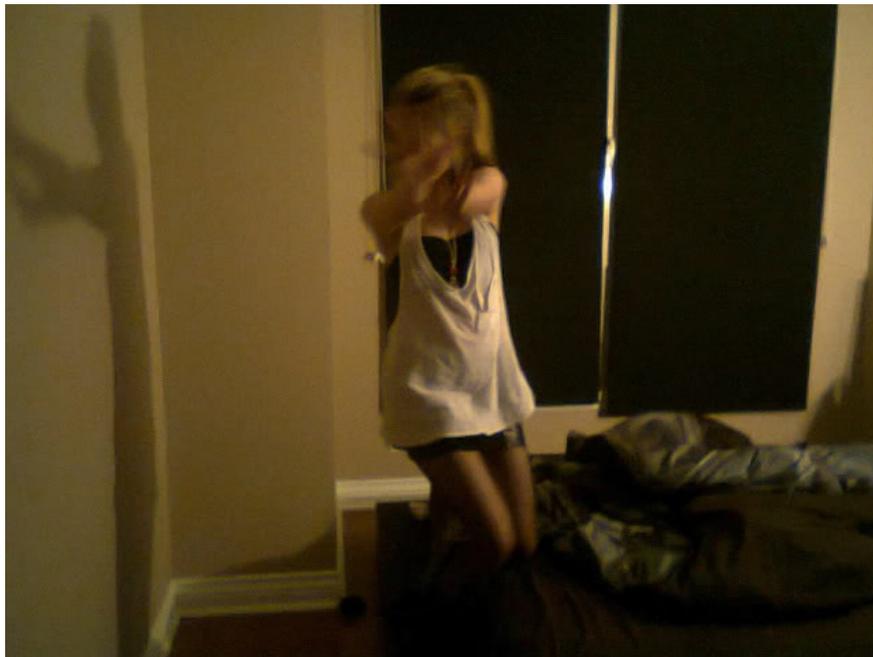
Anyways, she gives great head. Top ten of my life. I decide I want to try again. More resistance to taking off her clothes. I feel something. Damn! It's a tampon. She's on her period. I ask, "Are you on your period?" She doesn't reply.

Lesson 7: How dirty are you? Pick-up is about being dirty. It's not pretty. It's about being yourself. Can you push yourself through disgusting moments in field and get out of your comfort zones? Being in field is like a tampon. It's bloody and messy, and if you can't take a little blood, then you shouldn't be in this.

I quickly pull the tampon out, and we have sex. On that dude's bed. Sorry, bro.

After we finish, I jump in the shower and clean up. My Lebanese wingman is still fucking his girl in the next room. My girl and I jump back in bed and make a video together.

The vibe we have is cool, the after-sex vibe where our conversation is light, sexual, fun, and still not needy. I wish all my pick-ups had this vibe.



Anyways, it's late, so we leave and share a cab. Since she lives a few blocks away from me, she decides to see my place. I bring her up to my patio and show her the view. After seeing my place, she leaves. We kiss good-bye, and she keeps asking me to hang out.

XIX

Fingerman, Can You Fuck the Fatty, Bro?

This week has been eventful. I'm back into the swing of things, going out four or five days each week. Recently, I ran into a little bit of a dry spell, seeing very little results or improvement, at least not as much as I had become used to. Now, however, things seem to be picking up a bit.

At this point in my development, I don't really make any noticeable improvements quickly, which sucks. Instead, I make a 1% improvement over a month-long period of going out. That can be frustrating, especially as I am putting in the long hours at the dojo aka the club. This week, however, I had one date and three pulls, two of which are worth mentioning. Hence this carefully-crafted reenactment of events.

Monday: Pull #1. Roll into the usual Monday palace of fun with Fingerman and Natlex. Within five seconds, I open the first seated two-set by saying, "Where the fuck is everyone? It's a Monday. We could have been home choding out, but we are here living it up. How awesome are we?" I sit, talk, and vibe, and when one girl goes to the bathroom, I *immediately* start to seed the pull in baby steps, asking about good drink specials, the conversation leading to a bar in the area. At that point, I stand up. I say, "Drink time!" and drag her to the other bar. There, we bond over some shots and some heart-to-heart conversations. After about thirty minutes at this level, I decide to seed a pull to the bank machine in order to get money for food. As I pull the girl out of the bar, I see Fingerman leaving with her roommate. Awkward eye contact as we walk past each other briskly. My girl gets her jacket, and she and I walk about two-hundred feet behind Fingerman and the roommate in the direction of the bank. At the bank, I say, "Oh, this machine is out of order. I know another one." Off to the front door of our house, where she says, "This is not a restaurant." I'm like, "Of course it is. I have food inside." We all go inside and pour drinks. Off to the balcony for our first make-out and heavy Kino. I pull her to my room. Token resistance. After that, we share a – uh – um – I'm trying to think of a classy way to put this. You get the idea.

Sunday: Pull #3. Sunday is one of those days where everything is fucking shit and you just bar-hop trying to pull something together and hope for a little luck. Hop, hop, hop. As we are walking down the street, two girls who are walking by yell out, "Do you think it's OK for a girl to pee in the alley?" I approach the girls and without thinking, I put my arm around one of them. Why? Because that

makes perfect sense to me. A little bit of deep talking while Fingerman talks to the friend. We all roll back to Gogo Lounge, which we had just left. I am walking arm-in-arm with my girl, telling her we are the lords of the street and everyone is our loyal subjects. Inside, I tell Fingerman, "Can you fuck the fatty, bro?" *ala* Jeffy. He responds, "It's a done deal, bro." A little bit more slow dancing and no making out, only four-second kisses. No grinding, just rocking back and forth like I'm putting a baby to sleep. A little sitting on the couch and chatting about how awesome the new patio is. I seed the pull. Fingerman extracts, and my girl and I follow him and his girl with a little distance. Get to the house and extract to the patio. Sit on the swing: time for the full make-out. Pull to my room. Close the door. LMR. Pants come off. Hymen breaks. Blood. I'm only the second guy she has been with. I'm super gentle, trying to help her savor the moment. We cuddle. Best spooning ever and talk all night. I love her.

Fin.

XX

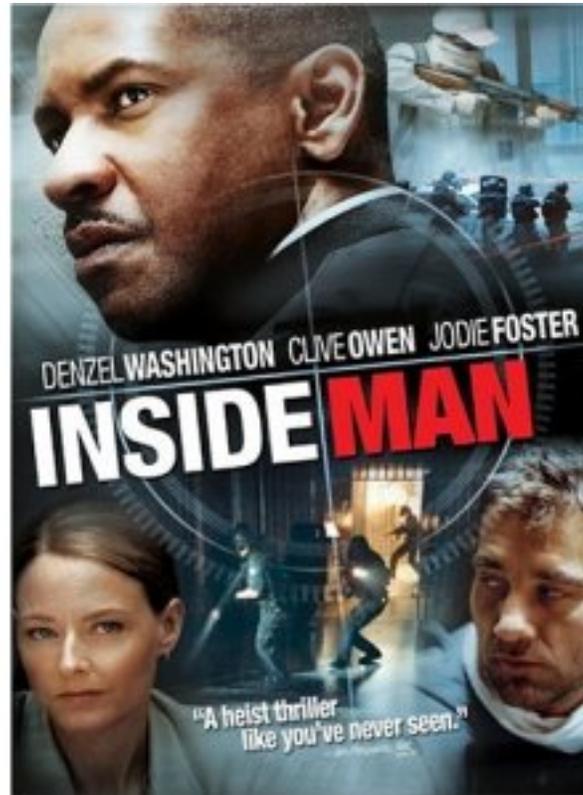
Fingerman and Madison Bang the Same Girl

Whoever fucks a girl off of OKCupid first gets to have sex in our roommate's bed without his consent.

House parties and BBQs are the shit. Few things I wanted to say. Not really sure where to start. I guess I'll start by explaining why I decided to throw a massive patio BBQ party.

After more than three-thousand approaches, I was tired of cold approaching. I was not having fun at the clubs anymore. I was frustrated with my phone number retention rate. I was frustrated with my super-hot-girl phone number conversion rate.

Basically, I needed a change. The old way of doing things just was not working for me anymore. You get a super-hot girl's number and try to hook up with her for drinks or whatever, but it usually doesn't happen since most super-hot chicks live cool lives already. They go to awesome places, get stuff for free, and know within their social circles many cool guys who are hitting on them. Do you think you are the first cool man to talk to her this week? No. A cool man tried to get with her two days ago. You are not that awesome. You are just a random dude, a stranger, someone she had a one-hour conversation with. You are not "real" to her outside the club. Yet. On another note, that is why leading and pulling are so important: they increase your phone number callback rate by around 200%. Because you have had an experience with the girl outside of the club, in her mind you are less of a random club dude, showing her how you fit in her day-to-day life. I have started to ask myself, the moment that club experience is over, how do you fit into her life? More importantly, can you see yourself fitting into her life? Often, when you try to make plans with a girl, you will hear that she has a girlfriend's birthday party to go to, she has to study at the library, or she is shopping with a friend. All this translates into is: "I do not know how to fit you into my world." I've come up with a bunch of different ways to do this, but I won't get into them here. Anyways one solution is to be *the inside man*.



I wanted a system that automatically generated new girls in my life. I robbed the term "inside man" from the title of an old Denzel Washington movie. In *Inside Man*, the main character robs a bank by hiding there overnight. The idea is that you do not try to go on a date with the girl: rather, you try to get into her life first and work your game from the inside out.

The inside man is a social circle master.

Build up many connections with social-circle girls through cold approach. If you do an approach and you can't get with that girl, grab the number anyways and add her to your list of connections.

If you meet a girl who has a boyfriend, it's no problem. Invite her to a party and tell her to bring her boyfriend and an extra friend. Tell her that you are trying to be more social and to expand your circle by making new friends. These girls are your "connection girls." Every cool girl you meet is a new connection to her single friends. This requires self-control and discipline, as you are not trying to fuck every girl you meet. It requires that you build a reputation for yourself. Girls are super-sensitive to reputation: this is why social proof works so well. Once you have built your reputation (and you *can* build it in a single event), the girl will gladly recommend you to her friends as a cool guy. Done and done. You are

pre-screened and approved. Initially, however, you cannot flirt too hard with the "connection girls": just casual, friendly flirting with a little Kino or even no Kino at all.

When you invite your connection girl to meet up or whatever, encourage her straight-up to "bring a friend." The girl will feel secure in doing this, which will help her to be less defensive. Plus, you make another new connection.

House parties are dope for a few reasons. The next time you invite the girl over, she is already accustomed to being at your house. She trusts you, and she knows you are a cool person. You have crazy social proof already. Because you can walk away at will, you pass all shit tests. Your attention is divided in many directions, making you high-value. The list goes on.

Anyways, onto my little LR about Fingerbro and I banging the same girl within one hour of each other. Ew. Gross.

The house party is booming. I sent out a Facebook invite, made a Youtube video that got six-hundred views, and invited every girl I cold-approached that week. We got food, booze, garden gnomes, and music. I made about forty phone calls the morning of the party just to pump some people up. Oddly enough, the people that I call do *not* show up, but the people I don't call do show up.

The night is going well. My boss from work is there, and so is a gay guy from the show *So You Think You Can Dance*. There are PUA guys there too, creeping a little too hard, though the Inner Circle guys are fucking cool. The ratio of cute women at the party is decent, around 35%. I'm getting texts like crazy, my phone is always ringing, and I'm not talking to any girl longer than ten minutes without being dragged off for a picture or a drink or something. I'm friendly, I'm super awesome, but there's no Kino. If I dance with a girl, I dance two feet away. I don't want to be the host who is trying to bang every girl in the room.

One other weird thing that was kind of cool was that girls brought booze and ingredients to make drinks for me. One girl brought a zucchini and mint leaves for mojitos, and another girl brought gin and raw limes. They were serving me as if I were a king. "Your majesty, come sample my goods. I make the finest drink in all the land, and I will be a good wife for you." *Slurp.*

Anyways, there is a girl I have been running out on all night. Since I'm busy and not talking to her, she is kind of pissed. She is from OKCupid. Fingerman and I made a bet a few weeks ago that whoever fucks a girl off OKCupid first gets to

have sex in our roommate Natlex's bed. Natlex is not amused by this: he is pissed, and he wants to kill us. Fingerman and I think this is hilarious, and what makes it even funnier is that Natlex is a very clean and tidy person.

Around 9pm, the OKCupid girl starts rubbing me. I don't even remember what I say to her, but I tell her I want to show her something, making the hard decision of where to pull her. There's Natlex's room with all our guests' bags and jackets. I can get maybe five minutes there. There's also Fingerman's dungeon of filth, where I can get a good ten minutes. I pull her in there, and we do the nasty. Halfway through, Fingerdude walks in with another girl he is pulling. Seeing me and my girl, he says, "I'm sorry. We can't go in here. People are fucking." *Ha!*

I finish up with the girl and realize she is fucking crazy. She wants more, but I busted, I'm tired, and other girls are calling me for directions. I have to roll. I put on my jeans and run out of the room, leaving her naked and looking for her panties.

Back at the party, I meet the other women, take a few pictures, and grab the Asian girl whom I'm in love with, telling her, "I'm sorry I have been ignoring you. Let's go for a walk." Taking a walk in the park, she is super unsure about me. She tells me I'm too smooth, and she wishes I were more nervous when I picked her up on the street. I tell her that there is nothing more unattractive than a tall, whimpy black man. We talk about vibes and friends and socialization and the word "bro." We kiss. After thirty minutes or so, we go back to the house. This is solid.

It's 11pm. I socialize some more, and I notice that the music is really creepy. Fingerboy is no longer DJing. I go to his door and hear him fucking. Haha! DJs get laid: fact!

Just then, I hear Fingerman yelling. He kicks the girl out. It's the same girl I was with before. She's a mess. I'm like, "Bro, what are you being an asshole for?" He says, "Bro, she didn't make me cum. I don't fuck for my ego. I fuck to cum. She wasted my time. She deserves to die. If she were still here, I would spit in her face and kick her down the stairs."

Easy, bro!

I win.

XXI

I Want to Go Buy a Cigar

This LR felt good. Literally.

The last five or so girls I hooked up with, I just felt “blah” about them. I was only mildly attracted to them, and there was lots of alcohol involved. In this LR, however, the girl made a sober effort to be in my area and see me. During the sex, she held on to me with emotion. It was different. It reminded me of what we get into this for: hooking up not just with attractive girls but with girls that actually like you for you, girls who care.

Two weeks ago, the RSD boys and I were at Café Campus aka Crappy Campus.

It's a Thursday, which is better than a Tuesday, I think. There is a different vibe there. I see a chubby girl in a three-set looking at me, and I don't go for it. In my mind, I think I may be the type for her hotter friend. Later in the night, I see the cute girl looking for her friends. I tap her on the shoulder and tell her I know where her friends are, pointing, continuing to be charming, taking her hand, and leading her to the dance floor. We dance. She is hardcore French, so we have trouble talking. I just dance with lots of eye contact, making facial expressions in order to communicate. We vibe, we have a moment, and we grind. We like each other. I spend the rest of the night trying to pull her, but it's not going down. Her fat friends constantly tell me she is not going to fuck me and I should just give up. I keep my cool and eventually win over the fatties, who are actually pretty cool once I get to know them. When they all go outside to smoke, I follow them, speaking with them in my bad French. My girl tells her friends that she likes how we are in sync when we move on the dance floor. We all vibe, and then we go back inside. I isolate my girl, and we kiss. I never make out anymore. It's bad. I call in Natlex to wing. The fatties love him. I try to pull my girl over and over, telling her, “I want to sleep with you. Do you want to sleep with me?” She hesitates, saying, “Maybe, but I can't.” This goes on for thirty more minutes, and they all leave. I get my jacket and try to leave with them. That usually works. No luck this time. Natlex says that the fatties told my girl to leave with me. Damn.

After I add all these girls on Facebook, I invite them to my house party as friends. They can't make it. Too bad. I spend the next two weeks building an emotional relationship, connecting with her over phone calls. Not much text. Text is flash game: it's much harder to relate.

Using an idea that I got from Jeffy, I text all the girls no more than eight hours before I want to see them on Sunday night. My girl is down to come with her friends, but she has no cash. It's 1am. I offer to pay for a taxi, bribing them with booze to boot, but they don't come. She says she'll come tomorrow night. I get her to confirm, and I text her through Monday.

Monday night comes, and she says she is going to St. Sulpice with five of her friends. I feel like I have a 30% chance of pulling her from her friends. Fingerman agrees, and he rolls with me. I tell him I want to buy some cheap wine for an after-party. At St. Sulpice, I pick up and spin-hug my girl and greet her friends. We all go inside. Some more of their guy friends are here. It's a bit odd, but I am nice to everyone, plowing through it. I sit next to my girl and chat about school, work, and passions in an intimate way. As we are vibing, all of her drunk friends announce that they want to dance, dragging my girl off with them. I try to dance with her, but she won't reengage with me. I talk with Fingerman about all the ways I'm trying to pull her. I ask her to come to another bar for a drink, and she asks me why. I tell her I want to play pool. She says, "Maybe." Argh.

Finally, she decides to go outside and smoke with her friends. There, I talk about how I want to buy a cigar. Somehow I convince her to go to the store with me. She makes sure her friends approve.

We walk up the hill to my place. Keeping her buying temperature high, I get her to teach me bad words in French. Outside my place, I pull her upstairs by the wrist. She asks me where we are, and I say we are getting a drink. She says she needs to pee, and I show her the toilet. While she is in the bathroom, I pull out the wine. I pour her a glass, giving her the silliest tour of the house possible, basically making everything in the house a joke. After that, I bring her to the patio. We talk up against the rail, and I rub her a little, asking her if she is a good kisser and what makes a good kiss. She tells me her thoughts, and I tell her my thoughts. I tell her that kissing is important because it lets you know if the sex is going to be any good. We kiss.

Walking around the patio, I point out the view and some other cool things. After I ask her if I can show her something, I kiss her on her neck and rub her tits. We make out a bit, and I bring her inside the house. I bring her to my room and kiss her – with the door *open*, which I think is important. Escalate at your house outside your room so that she doesn't freak out when you start kissing her inside your room. Anyways, she is the one who closes the door and reaches for my

pants. We make it. At 1:30am, I walk her back to the club to meet back up with her friends.

XXII

Peel Metro Love



Lots of lessons learned. I feel that as time goes on, I am surprised by how much I am still learning. I am not learning new game, but I am always refining what I know and learning more about myself. More about that later.

Ladies and gentlemen, without further ado, I present to you: *love in the night at Peel Metro*.

Last week Natlex and I were downtown catching the metro at Peel when I spotted a cute girl texting on her cell. I chat her up about how I am surprised

that she has reception. It was an awesome, fun vibe, and I didn't really care if it went anywhere: I was just being the world's happiest man and spreading my light. Shine on.

The metro comes, and it's a really short conversation, maybe five minutes before our stop. I chat up the girl about being a teacher, how I used to skip school to go to the library, and how I had problems with teachers who got burnt out. Come to think of it, I shared a lot of my views with this girl. When the metro doors open, I jump out, yell my first name and last initial to her, and tell her to add me on Facebook. Doors close. Two days later, to my surprise, she adds me.

I was talking about this with Livingston recently. Giving your number or Facebook out to a woman instead of taking hers. You open yourself up to less stress, and only the girls who are truly interested contact you back. This also helps you to perfect the first impression you are making on people. On top of that, it changes the dynamic of the relationship, because she automatically becomes the "seller."

I've been working on a theory lately. The theory is this: the cold approach is the fourth-most important thing to getting the girl.

First is the dynamic, second is the situation, third is the impression. If you control the dynamic and the situation, even if your cold approach is not very good, she will still be reacting to you, chasing you, and maintaining attraction to you for a much longer time. The actual pick-up is not that important. Think about it.

Anyways, back to our little romance tale.

On Facebook, we talk about our dreams and our hopes, no more than five messages back and forth. I give her my cell. Late Tuesday night, I get a text saying that she is going to Café Campus. I'm so *lazy*. I'm like, "Argh. I don't want to move or go anywhere. It's like 11:30pm." I start screening logistics through texts, and she tells me that she is sleeping at a friend's house tonight, that she is with six friends now, and that they are not sleeping over with her. Good times for the win. I ask her if I can convince her to make a detour before the sleepover at her friend's house. She asks me how I will convince her. I don't even bother to reply. It's game on. I get in a taxi and head out to meet Natlex, Strangle-Boy Slim, and the girls at Café Campus.

At 1am, I get there, text her, find her, spin-hug her, meet the friends, and intro

Natlex. I have been sucking pretty bad lately: the last four girls I pulled, I neither slept with them nor saw them again. Fail. The problem was that I was not maintaining my challenging frame all the way to the end. My focus tonight was on being a challenge and building two hours of *pure* comfort before sex. For this reason, I tell her she is cheap for loving the dollar cinema, I get up and pretend to leave, I say it's not going to work out between us, I tease her about her favorite movie being *The Wizard of Oz*, etc. Then, I isolate her and pull her to the bar. We talk. No kissing.

At 2am, I pull the girl to the dance floor, dancing close, doing a few spins. No grinding. Lots of swaying back and forth so that she falls into my rhythm physically and emotionally. I'm trying to take her into my world. Eskimo kiss, forehead kiss. I don't go for the lip kiss. I try to pull her. Her friends are leaving, and she has to talk to them. I lost a girl last week by hovering over her too hard for ten minutes as she was talking with her friends. This time, I stay ten feet away, doing my own thing and checking in every four minutes. I tell Natlex to wing the friends and try to bounce them all to our patio for an after-party. No dice. The friends leave.

Back in the corner, I swaddle my girl, rocking her back and forth as we dance to the music, kind of the way a mother rocks her baby to sleep. We're just swinging and swaying, forehead-to-forehead. No kissing.

Alex says that his roommate's dad is out of town and tells me that I can use the dad's bed. When I ask the girl if she is ready to go, she's like, "Yeah."

Natlex runs ahead, leaving the door open for us. As we are walking down the street, her sandal breaks. I give her a piggy-back ride, but she is squeezing too tightly. *Cough, cough*. We end up walking barefoot through the needle-ridden park.

At the patio, I pull her up against the wall. It's our first kiss. I'm taking my time working toward the make-out. We spend thirty minutes more just getting to know each other before we head into the bedroom. I ask Natlex for advice. He reminds me to sit on the bed and then alternate between talking and kissing and not to be in a hurry to get her panties off. I'm looking for a FB, and for that, I can't risk any buyer's remorse.

Twenty minutes more of this. The panties come off by themselves. No LMR.

The doves cry.

I wake up at 6am, hearing Natlex's roommate on the patio. When I realize that there is a huge glass wall in this room and that he will see the naked chick in his dad's bed, I freak out, running to Natlex's bedroom and waking him up. In shame, we explain to Natlex's roommate that I fucked a girl in his dad's bed. Dark cloud of doom.

Natlex's roommate says, "At least she has a sick body." *Haha!*

I apologize, promising him that I won't make a habit of this. I then spend the next hour scrubbing the kitchen counter, cleaning the fridge, and doing the dishes in order to make up for my lack of respect.

Fin.

XXIII

Vegas Love: You Too Can Fuck Girls from Racist Countries

Getting to Las Vegas was ridiculous, and it was all because a baggage lady took twenty-five minutes to check my bag. I missed my plane and lost seventy bucks on a checked bag. This sucked, since my roommate was on board. I ended up being rerouted to Cleveland, Ohio, but first I had to sleep on a super-uncomfortable chair in the airport. It's hard to sleep in airports with all the PA announcements and screaming kids.

I meet the blonde actress from the Dane Cook romantic comedy *My Best Friend's Girl*. She is carrying a guitar as her carry-on. While boarding, I tease her and we chat. I want her.

I get to Ohio and game her a bit while we are in the gate. She is cool. I am surprised she is flying coach, but I don't acknowledge that I know she is famous. I tease her about her boy headphones and talk about music. I end up inviting her for food. She declines, telling me that she likes me but that she has a boyfriend and it would not feel right. We chat a little more, and then she is on her way.

After waiting six hours on the layover, the plane is delayed two hours due to maintenance. I chat up some girls, but nothing really hooks. I am getting a really bad feeling about this plane to Denver: it keeps getting delayed again and again. I don't trust it. I feel like it's going to crash into the Rocky Mountains, so I beg customer service to get me on another flight. They say that the direct flight overbooked and that they cannot get me on. More delays. I go back to customer service, and they deny me again. Just then, I overhear something about two spaces, and I run over to the other gate. The gate lady gets me on the flight, telling me she can't promise me that my bags will get to Vegas with me. *WTF*. I decide to follow my gut and avoid the Denver flight.

I'm semi-broke, and I'm pissed about missing the first day of RSD World Summit. Plus, I have slept four hours in the last two days.

Natlex is at the Imperial Palace, and he is happy to see me. He says, "Get dressed. We are rolling to the best club in the world: XS!" I'm like, "Bro, I'm tired. Blah, blah, blah." He forces me to get dressed and go with him.

Meeting up with Jeffy's intern Powerhouse, we walk to XS. Natlex and

Powerhouse work the line, and we all get in for free and skip the wait. In fucking Vegas! Good job, guys!

Inside, I see Manwhore, who says, "Sup. Wing a little." The first set worth mentioning was a sexy tattooed girl in a v-cut pink boob dress. Lots of swagger. It's on, but I fail to take it past the initial interest. I feel weird touching her because her UG friend is all over asking for pics with me. I ask a lot of lame questions about their travel and their stay, and I tell her lame secrets, basically "gaming" her. Fail. Get her number and text later: she's in bed. I push things. No luck.

Ten more sets. I see Tim and give him an RSD spin-hug to mock all the RSD dudes running around trying to be Tyler with their mirror-copy Tyler game. Tyler shows up, comes over to me, and says that he remembers me from NY. I meet one of Brad's friends. He has a sailor hat on. We run a two-set. Once again the girl is into me initially but not into my strong Kino. The girls ask us if we want to go swimming. We say we do. We exchange numbers, and they leave to change their clothes. I lose them for the night.

Note: This is not intermediate level game where the girls lose interest because you don't escalate or try to lead. This is something different, where the girls are ejecting because I don't fully believe in myself and they can feel me making moves. When I game the girl, she thinks, "Why does this cool black man not believe he is cool?" It's like I haven't fully grown into how awesome I am. Natlex says to me, "It's funny. Your game is just as good as any instructor's, but you still think you suck. It's like you're trying to achieve some godlike unrealistic standard." This is where everything changed for me. Watching the other instructors, Alexander told me, "You will just think they are cool dudes." It's true, but I forget that I am already this cool to the core. It's like I don't fall into "state." I just remember how complete I am. Gay.

Lesson: There is a difference between high-value game and assuming attraction.

I see Alexander and tease him about his lesbian haircut. Jeffy asks me where Fingerman is. I say, "Depressed somewhere." Brads takes off his shirt, and he is being silly as he approaches girls. The joke is his calmness, like nothing is up. *LOL*. I rub his chest from the side. He thought I was a girl: he says if I were he would fuck me up the ass and dominate me. We crack up laughing. These guys have more genuine fun than anyone else ever.

Ten more sets. Meet a rich Vegas girl with her friend. They are sitting at a table

with four bottles, and they are from Montreal too. We chat, they give me drinks, and they love me. The girl talks about her husband. I leave briefly, and when I come back, I get on top of her and give her a lap dance. Her friend takes pictures.

I meet one of Tim's friends, who is a really chill guy. We talk about Australian terms like "fuck me gay," "top bird," and "top bloke." We share our remarkable insights with the ladies too.

Back to the rich MILFs. More talking, until a 5'10" German freckled brunette walks by. I smile at her, and she smiles back. I walk over to her, cheers her glass, and wait for her to talk first. We chat about beer and Germany for about two minutes. I lead her on a Vegas adventure to the casino next to the pool and then to the dance floor. Dance, neck kiss, pull away. Dance, make-out, pull away, chat, dance. Repeat. She is leaving in three hours and staying at the MGM Grand. I tell her that I want to take her somewhere to talk. We sit by the pool and talk about the best dance clubs in NY. I give her a lap dance and tell her that I want to get out of here and talk somewhere quieter. I walk her to the bathroom. There, I wall-slam her and choke-kiss her. She goes to piss. I tell Natlex I am pulling. We figure it out. She comes out, and I pull her out of the club by her arm – *poof*, like the wind. While I am getting a cab, we bump into Jeffy. He's like, "I see you got one." I respond, "Oy." We throw some racial slurs at each other, and I peace out with my lady.

I open the taxi door for her, tell her I'm a gentleman. Inside the taxi, we make out, talking with the cabby about the differences between living in Vegas and being here for vacation. At the hotel, I tell the girl how this hotel is in the video game *Grand Theft Auto: San Andreas* but that it's called the Red Dragon. Kiss on the elevator and pull away.

In the hotel room, she pisses again. I go to the balcony. She joins me, and we enjoy the view together. I pull her a little toward the edge. She is scared, but she trusts me. Neck kiss and make out. She rubs my crotch. I rub hers and undo my pants. She jerks me off, and I bring her to the bed. She says she doesn't want to give head. Whatever. I don't care. Pants off, no LMR. German love in the night.

Note: As I'm fucking her, I am trying to rewrite the negative thoughts that I sometimes get. I'm trying to enjoy the moment. I think to myself, "You are not fucking her for validation. You are fucking her because you like her and because you enjoy her." I also think, "See. You can get girls that look like this even if

they are from racist countries." Haha!

XXIV

Vegas Redux: Arizona Comfort

Todd's and Ryan's speeches. Amazing shit. They were not about using the skill of game to cheat and get something you don't deserve; they were about why you deserve it and how you need to communicate this in all interactions. I took three notepads of notes, which I will post soon.

Went to Lavo, and I could not get in because my shirt had no color. We also bought a fraud VIP pass off a street hustler for ten bucks. The bouncer at Lavo was sympathetic to my bro game and said that if we come back he will let us in free. He also got the manager and pointed us out him. Hook-up times deluxe.

Get inside and see Powerhouse, Jeffy, some of Ozzie's interns, and some other guys from Summit. It's a small club. First come, first serve. Powerhouse is a chill dude. Good vibes as always. I open some sets, but they don't hook the way I want them to even though I'm coming to the girls from outside of the box. The fourth set hooks. I dance with the girl. She likes me but resists more, because she's married. The fifth set is with a girl who looks like Marilyn Monroe. She's into me, and there are some neck kisses. She says she came with a guy and that she can't let him see this. She runs off. I fall in love with one of the dancers, but I can't find the right opportunity to talk to her as she serves drinks. I see a super-hot brunette too, but I don't go for her. My reasons are lame.

As I'm walking through the crowd, I see a 5'7" brunette wearing a skin-tight pink halter-top dress with a tight body. She gives me a snarl. I move in, asking her what the fuck that facial express is, and then I say something about smiling. We banter for two more lines, and she is dancing on me. Fifteen seconds later, we are making out. We dance and kiss for about ten minutes, until I pull her away to the couch for some comfort time. After talking about our lives, our passions, our hobbies, and our dreams, I get the "I'm not going to fuck you; I'm not going home with you" talk. I say, "Sweetie. I didn't even say anything about sex. I just want to talk to you." I pull her all around the club for the next hour, kissing her and talking to her. I try to pull her outside, telling her that we will go for a walk and get some fresh air. She is flipping out, screaming, "No!" I decide to wait it out, leaving the club when she and her friends leave. She is staying at the same hotel that I am staying at. Sweet. I decide to let time be my ally on this one. I won't force it.

I have no cash left. I see Jeffy, who is with a girl of his own, and say, "Damn,

son. Where is ten bucks for a taxi when you need it?" I text Natlex, and he spots me a twenty. Thanks, bro. Soon the lights turn on, and it's go time. I meet the girl's friends. They love me, because I'm awesome and all that good stuff. I kiss her in front of the friends very affectionately so that they see how much the girl is into me in a good way. We all bounce out together to get a taxi. My girl needs to piss. I take this opportunity to be cool as fuck with her guy friend, who is grilling me and being very protective. He loosens up, and we all pile into two taxis. The girl's friends throw up inside the taxi, but I tell our driver to keep going. At the hotel, I convince my girl to play slot machines with me, and she gives the other dude her room key. We play penny slots and win a few hundred credits. Jackpot! All the lights in the casino are flashing for the payout. Baller.

I convince my girl that we need a celebration drink and pull her first to the vending machine on my floor and then to my room in order to mix the drink with vodka. Drinks on the balcony. Neck kisses while she enjoys the view. I ask her what her favorite place to be kissed is, naming a few options, lastly her clit. She says, "Yes." We go to the bed, and I'm licking her clit through her panties. I take out my dick, and she jerks me off. I take off my shirt, and when I go for hers, she slips and says she has to go. I say, "Cool. Let's just talk. Pinky promise." We shake pinkies, and I bust out the laptop, showing her Facebook pictures of my life. She is calming down. She adds me on Facebook, but her stupid-ass friends keep texting her about needing to get inside the hotel, which makes no sense since the male friends should be in the room with the key. She says she has to go. I tell her to come back and make sure she remembers the room number. She doesn't come back.

Maybe I could have been clearer and said something like, "When you come back, I have shorts for you to wear. We can cuddle." Maybe I should have eaten her pussy, but to be honest, I wanted to keep the sexual tension alive. In my past experiences, any girl who I ate out first did *not* have sex with me later. The best option would have been to slap her in the face with my dick until she sucked it, because then she would have desired my cock inside her more. Anyways, I'm sure there is a lesson in all this somewhere.

XXV

Vegas Once Again: Terrorize the Tourist

Just a quick LR this morning before I run off to lunch with Papa for some Inner Circle stuff. It's 11am in Vegas, and I have only slept four hours. I was unsure whether or not I was even going to write this up, but I decided to do it on my hotel mate's laptop. I don't have Internet at home in Montreal, and I don't want to lose any gems that may come out of me now in the moment.

Recently, I have been struggling with consistency in my results. I pull a girl, and then I can't pull again the next day. Maybe I am struggling with some RSD pick-up-man self-image. It's hard not to let your success become your identity. Sometimes you need to give yourself credit for successes, but other times you have to see yourself as being just the same as any other man. I was talking to Tim a lot recently, and he said some things that struck a chord with me. One is the wingman's creed, which is something to the effect of: "I will die for my brother, I will not languish in my victories, and I will not be overcome in my losses." Also, I had a private conversation with him about the number of girls I have been with and about how I want to be one of the best. Something I've realized is that it's more important to meet my best potential than to be *the best*. I also worry that I have "done it all." Tim says to me that he has not done it all, maybe just a bit. See, what I get from these small statements and from his mindset is humility in success, gratefulness with confidence. It's a tricky thing to do.



Anyways, last night, after seeing an amazing speech by Powerhouse, Natlex and I go to Surrender. We pick up two German girls off the street, and we all make the ten-minute walk to the club together. We want our promoter to be happy that we have brought girls, since he has been hooking us up all week.

It's pretty fucking sick at Surrender, I'm not going to lie. Pool-side club, crazy lights, hot women lying in beds and drinking bottles. Natlex and Powerhouse isolate the girls, and I run off and look for a young lady to bring on a Vegas adventure. I find one by the pool, and we banter back and forth. It's love. She tells me to come in the pool with her. I say that I have no swim trunks. She tells me to swim in my boxers. Well. OK. Fuck it. Boom. My pants rolled up, I'm dancing to trance music in a pool alongside a lovely young lady. We take some videos together and flirt, but she won't come with me to meet my friends. At this point in my game, I try to move a girl twice. If she won't go for a small lead, I just move on to the next girl. I don't have time for that. The guys and I do some cool shuffling dances to "Party Rockers" and then leave for Tryst.

Picking up two more lost-looking girls off the street, we bring them with us to Tryst. Pretty sick club. It's a copy of XS. Well, XS is more like Tryst and Surrender combined, because they are both at the Wynn Encore.

Inside, I see Todd, Brad, Junior Splash, and all of Ozzie's assistants. Everyone is looking a little bit frustrated, to be honest. I don't see Tyler, but I hear that he's in the building. When the boys are in the house, it forces me to step it up, because I feel like if I don't there will be no girls left in the club. Haha. On that note, I still take some nights in the club very seriously as opportunities to push myself and grow. So far, I have only been putting in 80% effort this week.

Tonight, I am carrying some notes from Summit in my pocket. I take them out every once in a while, reminding myself to "self-amuse and dick around doing stupid shit *in between* all sets." I give myself two hours to get into a good rhythm, *not* state, because state is for fags. I have some other cool notes, but I won't share them now because they're too long.

Anyways, I'm going around the room and opening sets. The first set is with a married girl. She dances with me and loves me, but it's a no-go. I hit up some more sets. Some blow out after the compliment. Some just want to dance alone and not isolate. I hate girls who just want to dance and who won't engage in any real conversation with you. They are like ADD dancing crack addicts.

After ten sets or so, I spot a cute Australian-Arab girl in pink high-heel shoes and

a green dress with a tight body. She is with her two Asian friends. I don't really remember what I open with, but it is situational. My vibe is almost like a dumb but sweet jock. I remember that the first five minutes I was in set with her, I was amazed at how little I was saying. I was talking slowly, pausing and thinking before I spoke and using as few words as possible, kind of like Fingerman but more charming. *LOL*. Sorry, bro. I'm saying shit like, "I guess so. If it makes you happy," "Yeah, can't complain," "Really, that's new," and "I don't see why not." After I finish each sentence, I have a big, glowing smile on my face.

The girl is into me. We sit down next to her friends, who are dancing, and I start to rub her knee and her leg in a very soft, manly way. We talk about her music and her tattoos, and she offers me her water. I try to drink it without putting my mouth on it. She teases me about giving me cooties. I'm like, "Nah. Not really." I then proceed to spill the water all over myself like an idiot. I say, "Let's go dance." She tells me she can't leave her friends, but her friends see that she likes me: they are not trying to reengage her at all. She says, "Fine," and I lead her through the crowd, pushing people out of the way like some sort of big ape. Dance floor, kisses in the night. I keep pulling away to avoid the make-out.

After twenty minutes, we go to the patio, leaning up against the rail, kissing, and getting to know each other better. Natlex comes by, and I make the intro. I also tell him I think I am going to pull this girl. More chatting. I ask logistics questions on the way back to her friends. I had already seeded the pull, telling her that she should show me her country on Google Maps and that she should listen to my music. I also mention that I promised a female friend of mine I would gamble her \$100 tonight and get it on video.

Once we are back with the girl's friends, she tells me she can't leave. I say, "We will be back. Your friends have each other." She says, "OK. Wait. Let me go talk to them again." She comes back and says, "OK. Let's go." We try to find a taxi, and on the way to the taxi, there are a couple of surprise make-outs against the walls. We get in the taxi and head back to my hotel casino.

At my hotel casino, we get some cash, make a video of our adventure, and go looking for a roulette table. After getting some drinks, we try our luck, winning and losing and coming out with a grand total of \$6. *LOL*. We make some more videos, fucking around and having a Vegas adventure.

The girl grabs her vodka tonic from the table, and I lead her upstairs, showing her the hotel view. We make out, but just then, my hotel mate comes in. Argh. Time to think fast. I tell her I can kick him out for a bit. She says, "No. That's

mean." She's not down for that. I then say, "He is on a paleo diet, and he leaves every morning at 4am to wander the street eating raw meat and organic dark green vegetables." She says, "Er." We then play a fun game that I call "terrorize the tourist." There are a lot of casino games, but by far my favorite after-party game to play is "terrorize the tourist." The premise is simple: you throw ice off my hotel balcony at unsuspecting passers-by below. After we play this game for a while, I say, "Time to get more ice." We leave the room, and walking down the hallway, I say, "Sorry. One sec. I have to run back." I go back into my hotel room, slip my hotel mate a twenty, and tell him to get lost for a little bit. *Wink.*

I meet my lady friend at the ice machine, get some ice, and go back to my room, which is now empty. We hook up. It's wonderful.

Afterward, we do a little Facebook photo album sharing and listen to music. My hotel mate comes back, and I walk the girl out to a taxi. She is staying at the Trump, but she asks me to come back to the club with her. Sorry, I can't. It's late. I'm in my PJs, and it closes in ten minutes. She says that's fine. I open the taxi door like a gentleman and give some money to the cab driver directly, asking him to take her home safely. As the cab drives off, I can see the biggest ear-to-ear smile on her face. She is swooning. Now that, gentlemen, is what we do this for.

Anyways, time to go for a quick swim if I can and to forget about this wonderful adventure so that it doesn't fuck up my results tonight. I'm excited to hear Jeffy's and Brad's speeches this afternoon. Jeffy asked me to go to Tao last night, but the line was long and we had no list. It would be cool to fuck around and be as dumb as possible tonight.

XXVI

Six Years Later, We Finally Hook Up

Here is a quick love story starring your friendly neighborhood Madison and a long-lost rejection by a Bengali girl.

Six years ago. Yeah. That's right. Six years ago, I met her doing a cold approach, before I even knew game. I just did it because I knew I had to make a change in my life. It was winter time, and I was driving my new Chrysler in the snow with my friends. I see this beautiful brown girl at a bus stop drinking a forty with her friend. I reverse the car, jump out, and say, "Hi. So do you always drink forties at bus stops?" We chat for a bit, and I get her number.

We went to a movie and to my friend's house to play *Halo* one day. My friend said she was a keeper, but I could never get more than a kiss from her. Her heart belonged to another man. She was not with him, but she was in love with him. Plus, I had no skills. One day we go for a walk at Mount Royal, and she tells me she wants to see the other boy. It breaks my heart. She says the words that echo in my mind, motivating me to learn game. She says, "Don't worry. You have a nice car and a leather jacket. You will find another girl. Eventually." How wrong she was. *Sigh*.

Two years later, I see her working at Best Buy. I neg her and fail. Four years later, I see her on the street. Oh, she's married now. Wow. Six years later, I see her going through the metro one day, but I don't have time to say anything.

I send her a Facebook message.

Me: Did I see you at Showdown Metro?

Her: Yup. Probably. :)

Me: You still look actually do-able. LOL.

Me: I said that wrong. Sorry.

Me: What I meant to say is you still are very do-able. That's it.

Me: K. Thx. Bye.

Her: Thanks for the compliment? I would return the compliment, but you probably get them all the time. So. Yup. Thanks. You're welcome. Take care.

Me: LOL. I don't mind hearing that from you, even if I have heard it before. Yeah. You know I always wanted one night with you anyway. Maybe one day I will get it.

Her: Mr. Madison, don't you get with models now? Why on Earth would you still wish for one night with me? You must be out of your mind.

Me: Who said I get with models? LOL. Besides, I used to have a crush on you.

Her: Really. A good-looking guy like you? Yeah, I remember we almost hit it off.

Me: Yeah, we almost did. I bet it would have been exciting. Never say never. ;)

Her: That's right.

Me: Good things can still happen. It's my b-day this week. Maybe we can get together tomorrow night or Thursday. Here is my cell number. 438-888-XXXX. Text me. You got a cell?

Her: Hey, sorry, can't hang out this week, and I wish you a very happy birthday. Here's my number. 514-583-XXXX. Text me sometime. :)

I don't text, because texting *sucks* for making a connection. Instead, I call her up with my brand new self, the most awesome man she has ever met. We chat late at night, and I call her two days later. After we make plans, some really bad shit happens in her life. She is unable to come see. I say, "Babe, you know those times where you're not sure if you want to go out, but you do go out and it's the best thing ever? This is one of those times. You will love it, you deserve it, and it will make you feel so much better." She says, "You're right. I'm coming."

We meet up at the metro at 9pm. I don't say anything, walking up to her slowly, my energy screaming *sex*. I go straight in for the kiss. We kiss, and I step back and smile. We walk to the karaoke bar, choose songs, drink, take shots, and two hour later, walk to my place. She asks me, "Where are we going?" I say, "This way!" My house, kiss on the couch. I take her hand and lead her to the bedroom. No questions asked. Three hours of smile, laughs, and enjoying each other's bodies.

When it's over, she asks me if I enjoyed it. I say, "Of course I enjoyed it. I wanted you from the first moment I saw you six years ago."

We go for the second round on the couch.

Let the game be beautiful. – Ryan

XXVII

Grind Her Mind until You Grind Her Clit

Well, I'm breaking my promise again. I said I wouldn't do any more LR's, but I feel that since I have learned so much about this new style, I have to share it. It would be selfish of me not to.

I'm writing this in the office at 8am. I'm wearing the same clothes that I wore yesterday. I took a shower at the chick's house, but there's no doubt that my clothes smell like club sweat. I'm sure someone will eventually notice that I'm wearing the same shit, but until then, I digress.

Last night, I learned a lot. I want to start off by saying that I had not been too happy with my style lately. I had good "happy guy game" and good "player game," but my mentally-dominating and authoritative game was lacking. I think this struggle is common. During Todd's speech at World Summit, I took really great notes, which have helped me a lot.

Also, I am reading a thread by UtopiaFive about the subject of gaming girls as if you were a hot girl. You can read that here:

<http://www.rsdnation.com/node/198712/forum>

I met this guy in Vegas, and since I saw him doing well with hot girls, I know that his mind is in the right place.

Evil Stiffler is someone else to whom I have been listening. I had the opportunity to chill with him for a moment in Vegas, and I am excited to have Fingerman back in town to step up my game again. Speaking of Evil Stiffler, if you ever notice, Jeffy compares him to a snake that slithers up on its prey and eats it quickly. What I'm trying to do is be more like a badass snake that circles its prey, building the tension slowly, with no rush to eat, and then explodes and snaps.

I equate this to grinding her mind into a fine powder.

It's really not as evil as it sounds. The goal is to build authoritative sexual tension, almost the way a turbo hot girl would with you. She would not actually "pursue you" in the interaction. Instead, she would just radiate this sense that she is in control of herself. This may entail picking you apart mentally just for fun and breaking your mind.

Her mental process can be broken down into three stages. Five minutes in, she thinks, "Oh, he's one of *those* guys. I like him." Fifteen minutes in, she thinks, "I would do him." One hour in, she thinks, "I would do him tonight."

I will tell you the story, and you can see how it plays out.

At the beginning of the night, I was on a date with a girl whose Facebook photos greatly exaggerated her looks. Honestly, I was turned off by her attitude and her constant complaints. I had been talking to her on the phone for two weeks before the meet-up, so I had invested a lot. On the date, however, I decided not to make a move, eating pizza with her and then bouncing.

Fingerman and I head to a local university bar. It's early, like 9pm. We're there just to get stamped. Later on, Mathieu, Big Easy, Boris, Josh, and Rich meet up with us too. (Sorry if I'm forgetting anyone. You all have a special place in my heart.) Fingerman and I open some sets, and then we decide to go outside and call some phone numbers. I'm teaching him my new phone game. It's gotten me three dates in the past week. He's doing OK at it, but he's breaking my rules. LOL. It's just funny to listen to shit like, "I am Batman. I'm afraid of nothing. Except bats."

We head back inside. My focus for the night is on three things: building sexual tension by being the authority, building intrigue, and running the interaction "like a hot girl would."

Tip: When I go out and I'm working on a new skill, I set a cell phone reminder to go off at 1am about what I'm focusing on for the night. This helps to keep me on track.

It takes a little while for me to hit my stride. With every set, I'm seeing what works and what doesn't work and making adjustments. No one is above this process. The only difference between me and someone else in the club is that I go through the same emotions but relax, focus, and direct myself better.

Few more sets. Josh gives me a beer. (Thanks, buddy.) I'm also eating some candy that I bought from the store for an energy boost. Boris is partying on stage. Big Easy is towering over the crowd. Fingerman is creeping hard, and Mathieru is nowhere to be seen.

Anyways, I see a chick in a baseball cap up against the wall. Tall, 5'11", light-skin, half Jamaican and half Irish. A perfect, tall, model body. The type of girl

that could wrap her legs around you for miles. I roll up, and I'm spitting statements at her while also vibing. "You can't wear that hat here, because I say so." "There can't be two cool people here. You are over the swagger limit." "Who the fuck do you think you are?" "Why are you pretending to be gangster? What's this bullshit? Just be yourself."

Her: You're very close to my face.

Me: I will fuck you up. You're tall: do you play basketball? I would dunk on you and take your lunch money.

I lock in against the wall, and here comes the bachelorette party UG, saying, "She's my girlfriend." I say, "Cool. Which one of you is the butch in the relationship?" Stare them down. Blah, blah, blah. Double claw.

Tip: Baiting is being dismissive, pushing away, and teasing.

At this point, my girl's arm is around my waist, and she is escalating on me. I *tell* her – I don't ask her – to show me pictures of her bridesmaids' dresses. She admits that they are just pretending and that no one is getting married, despite the fact that they are wearing pink streamers and crowns. She says she is going to smoke. I say, "I don't smoke, because it is a fucking disgusting habit." Here, she nods. I continue, "But I will go with you."

Outside, we meet her friends, and I ask them, "How do you know this troublemaker?" We vibe for ten minutes. Back inside, I lead the girl around. We dance, full-grind. I use a dancing technique that I got from Alexander: with a huge grin on your face, just bob your head in a horizontal "V" motion and make lots of eye contact. I'm pinning my girl's arms up against her head on the wall, stroking her jawline and her face, and kissing her neck. She is trying to put her tongue in my mouth, but I refuse to kiss her. She tries nine times or so to kiss me. I decline each time. She knows ten people here, and since I'm having a hard time leading her, I decide to upgrade and find some hotter girls. I had seen a few HB8.5s in the building. I get the girl's number and leave.

At this point, I realize that I am an idiot. Sometimes when I try to upgrade, I leave with nothing. I do this a lot. It's a problem I have. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. After twenty minutes, I go looking for my girl. I text her to come see me before she leaves. No answer.

Outside, I see her. She's waiting for her friends. I roll up. Full kiss. I ask logistics

questions, telling her that I want to chill and talk. She says she's leaving with her "mommy." I'm confused, but I plow. Her friend rolls up and tries to cock-block me, saying, "Yeah, you just want to fuck her tonight, but you're not going to. She's my girlfriend." I say, "Cool story. Make out. Now." This seems to get a pass. They say they're leaving. I say I'm coming. My girl says, "You're coming, right?" I say, "Yeah." She smiles and tells her friend she can sleep on the couch. Done. There is one thing I might have changed. I might have paid for the taxi ride, because I didn't want to take the bus and risk my girl losing buying temperature. Looking back, however, I might have had time to build more of a real-world connection.

Tip: With intrigue game, I've noticed that you almost don't need any rapport or storytelling.

We get in the taxi and go to her house. Straight to her bedroom. She takes off her own clothes. We dance and kiss. I sit on the bed. She gets on top of me. No LMR.

Let the game be beautiful.

Limiting belief: The whole night, I was walking around with a shoulder bag, even while I was dancing. For some reason, I had thought before that I could not feel comfortable gaming with a bag the whole time, but the whole time, I put down neither my jacket nor my bag for a single moment and still did all this.