

The Dating Doctor Diaries

by L.A. Tripp

**This is a work of non-fiction. Everything in this book, good or bad, is from the authors life.
Some names and places have been concealed for privacy reasons.**

THE DATING DOCTOR DIARIES

A Truth or Dare book / published by arrangement with the author

PRINTING HISTORY

Truth or Dare, an imprint of Page Turners Publishing LLC / July 2011

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For information address: Page Turners Publishing Company LLC

www.pageturnerspublishing.weebly.com

www.tripp-author.weebly.com

ISBN: 978-0-9790172-4-7

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Cover work by Sheri Dunaway

Photography by Clifton Mominee

Models Larissa Bayer, Sheri Dunaway, Meridyth Driskill, and L.A. Tripp

Edited by Laurel Black

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Section 1

The Story

“You are now husband and wife. You may kiss your bride,” the minister said to Jeff, my new husband. My mind was numb as I heard the words. I had a smile plastered on my face.

Why am I doing this? I've lived a life of lies. I know this fits right in. But still, why am I doing this? This is not who I wanted to be kissing while wearing a wedding dress.

Cut the scene.

Rewind.

Let's go back a few years to see how I got here. In fact, I will let you hear it from the one who truly knows me better than anyone. The one I should have been marrying.

1

This is not your typical love story. In fact, even the above-average guy wouldn't normally have a life like this. To be honest, every time a guy said, "I want what you have," I was very quick to tell him, "No, you don't."

It seems like the dream for many guys. In reality, it was a headache. Don't get me wrong, I can't say it was all bad, but there were many issues to deal with along the way.

When you turn the last page, you be the judge of whether this turned out for the best or not.

Let me paint you a quick picture.

Have you ever met one of those guys who always, and I mean *always*, has women around him? You're jealous, maybe even disgusted as they feel him up, kiss on him, offer him their treasures. You wonder what the hell he has going for him that you don't.

I'm that guy. The one who made you wonder.

I didn't start there.

This particular story started when my wife and I were swinging with other couples. Yep, we were one of "those" couples. Hell, why not? We are both attractive and love sex.

Picture it, the husband looking like Brad Pitt . . . and if you believe that, I'll sell you the Golden Gate, for the hundredth time it's been sold. Actually, I've been told I resemble Bret Michaels of Poison and Johnny Depp, as odd as that combination may sound.

My wife, she's this beautiful brunette, usually with longer hair, blue eyes when she's happy, 5'4" or so, 160 lbs (much of which is muscle). Her breasts are about as big as I'd want on any woman: about 36C these days, 38C when we met. That's what a few kids will do for you.

Anyway, I got fringe benefits out of the swinging.

"Sure you did! What a male thing to say. You got to have sex with other women!"

Yeah, I knew you'd say that. I admit, that was one of the benefits. But, for those whose minds *immediately* jumped there, here's some food for thought. Are you ready for this point?

I got to see other men trying to please my wife. That's right, I said it. I actually enjoyed that.

“Seriously? How could you enjoy watching another man have sex with your wife? And how could you *stand* to watch her *enjoy* sex with another man?”

It's simple.

Every time she was with another man, she would appreciate being with me that much more. Hey, not all men are great lovers, which is a fact I enjoyed very much. See, I'm not such a block head after all.

Sidebar: The woman appreciating the man is a good thing. The man appreciating the woman is also a good thing. In fact, as a man, you should absolutely and completely love every curve, every peak and valley, every sensitive spot on her body. You should treat her mind the same way. This does not mean you should place every woman you meet on a pedestal; quite the contrary. A woman has to earn that kind of admiration. This works in conjunction with you learning how to love women.

When it's all said and done, women want to be loved, needed, and desired . . . but *not* when you first meet them. Then it's just creepy. Of course, you'll desire them when you first meet, but there is no emotional or logical reason to love or need them immediately. Thus, the dynamic changes from initial meeting to long-term relationship.

Let me add one other detail right here. When my wife and I started dating, she was a virgin. Yes, I took her virginity. So, another caveat about the swinging was that I knew she was curious about how another guy would feel inside her. That's human nature. I wanted to quench that curiosity.

I know, I know, I can hear it now:

“But weren't you afraid some other man would be better than you?”

Ha-ha . . . that would be a . . . *no*.

Let's just say I know what I can do, and I know what other guys don't do. Note: I picked “can” and “don't” specifically. I'll let you think about that one on your own.

One other thing I need to state up front. Before anyone else says it, I will. I'm the biggest asshole, jerk, and pig you'll ever know. I'm also passionate, driven, and loving. Though you may not get the impression from this book, my ultimate desire is to share my life with that one special person: that amazing, non-selfish, sexy, loving partner that completes me. Despite looking like a playboy, I'm actually human, even if it seems hidden.

Onward we roll. (That means next page. Come on, you can do it.)

2

“Do you really think we should do this?” My wife, the love of my life, was sitting on the edge of our bed, shaking with sobs.

“I have no doubt we should,” I said, holding her.

“Aren’t you afraid I’ll enjoy someone else and want him more, or that I’ll fall for someone else?”

“Nope. I trust you. I do have one request, though,” I said.

“What’s that?” she asked.

“I want to be inside you again right after the other guy. I don’t want you to sleep through the night after having sex with another man, without me having been inside you.”

Sounds strange, I know, but that was my request.

“OK,” she agreed.

All right, enough of that. Let’s jump forward to the first official experience.

I lay on my back and turned my head sideways to look at my wife, who was also lying on her back. Her eyes were slightly hazed over, which was a good sign.

“He sucked.”

OK, maybe not such a good sign.

“Funny, you made a slight moan when he entered you,” I said.

“That was the thrill of having the first dick in me that wasn’t yours.”

The other couple had already walked outside to smoke. We joined them, but didn’t smoke.

“How did everybody like it?” I asked, watching J, the male, and T, the female of the other couple. “Is this something we’d all like to do again?” I was thinking yes, for my part, because some of it was fun.

“Yes,” T said without hesitation.

J took a puff off his cigarette and blew the smoke out of his lungs. “Yeah, I guess so.”

As I drove us home after a nap, Sheri filled me in on something.

“J talked to me, asked me if everything was OK,” she said.

“As in?” I asked

“He asked me if he did something wrong.”

I was silent, listening. I turned and looked at her briefly.

“He asked me if I came and if he did anything wrong, since I didn’t talk or seem to enjoy it,” Sheri said.

“And you said?”

“I told him everything was fine. I couldn’t tell him he sucked.”

“OK,” I said.

“It was pretty obvious T enjoyed herself. I heard her loud and clear, moaning, enjoying you. So I know he heard her, too,” Sheri said.

“So he’s jealous, insecure,” I said.

“Guess so.”

Incidentally, remember that one request of mine? When I brought it to Sheri’s attention, her response was simply, “I’m sorry.”

This is the type of scenario that makes men believe that women are inherently liars. I know that’s hard to stomach, but it’s also where the average guy stands. At times, it’s even where some playboys stand. And yes, the same can be said about men. This is why this book is important. I’ll shoot straight with you. Once you take this message as a whole, it will show both sexes how to love the other sex.

By the way, ladies, guys *want* to believe that every word that comes out of your

mouth is true. Remember that. Guys want to believe you are *the most precious woman* in the world.

Time to take another small jump forward.

“We can do singles as well, but for every guy, I want a girl. Keep the balance.” That was my deal with my wife, since several guys were trying to get with her.

“That works for me.”

Sheri did enjoy playing with another girl. Of course, the other girl would have to be attractive. All the better for me.

There was just one catch: my wife was too shy to bring other ladies in on her own.

The guys, of course, hit on her. The ladies would, on occasion, but most ladies are too timid. Society teaches them to be that way, and my wife is no different.

So, it was left up to me to bring another girl to us. That’s OK, except for a few drawbacks.

“What drawbacks? Wouldn’t that be a dream?” you ask.

Sure, let’s see how easy it really is for the average guy with average game to go out and pick up a hot girl and, that same night, bring her back home to his wife, waiting in bed.

You see, I *was* that average guy.

This is where I stepped in to the world of . . . The Pick Up Artist.

3

Let's talk briefly about your mindset and a few other basics.

"This game is won or lost before you ever step out your front door." That's what I tell every single guy I work with.

Why is this? Because it's all in your head. Period. It's your mindset. It's how you think about yourself, and what value you place on yourself in this world.

That's the starting point. From there, you get to how others perceive you and feel about you, but that comes as a direct result of how you think about yourself.

"I thought it was all about confidence," you say.

Yes, and that confidence comes from how you think about yourself. You have to know who you are. You have to know your strengths and weaknesses. You have to be willing to accept your weaknesses. Not "accept" in the sense of never improving them, but in the sense of not running from them. Listen, we all have weaknesses, just as we all have strengths. You've got to be honest about both sides of yourself, with yourself.

Being confident does not mean being invincible.

Girls pick up on your honesty about yourself and how "real" you are. They call it your vibe. Maybe you've heard of it.

Whether I walk into a club, bookstore, grocery store, or any other venue, I will draw attention if I choose to walk in with confidence. This is a dynamic most guys don't understand. Believe me, though, all girls understand it. They look for those guys that walk with an air of confidence. It's such a rare thing, and that's why it's so damn attractive.

This confidence is something I can feel inside me. It's something that radiates from me.

I've had girls who have known me for a while watch me with other girls and say, "You were good when you met me, but now you're just so natural. You can get any group to take you in like they've always known you, even if they've never met you."

I've had bouncers, regular patrons of clubs, and people in daily life talk about what sets me apart from every other guy. I'm not the biggest or hottest, yet I draw the attention of the hottest girls. Without exception, they talk about my confidence. Even they

can see and feel it.

I teach guys all the time that there is no magic pill. When you're out, you are required to open up, to talk. You can start talking with guys or with girls, but you have to start talking, regardless.

So, you learn the art of being subtle. You take a quick glance at a girl you like, but don't gawk at her. When you glance, you notice something you can comment on. She may be looking in disgust at someone or something. She may be wearing something interesting, in which case she's obviously begging for someone to talk to her. She wants the attention, or she wouldn't be wearing whatever interesting item that is. She may have a lost or lonely look on her face. Maybe she's playing with a straw, a glass, a napkin, a ring, or something else. All of that screams that she'd like someone to talk to.

Sidebar: Females are subtle. They know all they need to know about you with such a quick glance you don't even know they've looked. They see your confidence or lack of it, whether you spend a ton of money on your clothes or not (brand and style), whether you groom yourself and worry about your personal appearance (haircut, facial hair, fingernails clean), your posture, eye contact with others, the whiteness of your smile, and how comfortable you are with others. The male who can do the same thing has a definite advantage.

I've walked into venues and, without saying a word, passed by highly attractive females who watched me coming, slightly moved their bodies to be closer to the path I was walking, and smiled at me as I walked by. Without saying anything, they've noticed me come in. Their body language has shown there is a level of attraction on their part even if they haven't consciously realized it.

Where does this attraction come from?

They can sense the confidence coming from me.

Notice, there is a huge difference between confidence and arrogance. Arrogance is thinking, "I'm the shit. You can't touch me. I do what I want, when I want, damn the rules. They don't apply to me, period."

Confidence is simply saying, "I know who I am. I know what my strengths and weaknesses are. I know what I have to offer to the right person. The question is, what does she have to offer me?"

Confidence is knowing what you can do and believing in yourself because you know you *can* do something. Confidence is being passionate about yourself and your life.

4

Here are a couple more dynamics to keep in mind.

We all deal with cultural issues. Americans live differently from Asians (for example), so they make different lifestyle choices. We also show respect a bit differently. However, when you peel away all the surface layer elements just mentioned, an Asian woman and an American woman will both notice what *they* consider to be a hot guy when he walks by. The core attraction applies no matter the culture.

This also holds true for the differences between black, white, brown, Asian-American, Native American, European, Swedish, French, Canadian, Mexican, Jamaican, and any other culture you can think of.

Brad Pitt, Vin Diesel, J. Lo, and Angelina Jolie are all considered hot across the globe. Yet, they could all represent different cultures. However, they've cut through the surface layers and stir the attraction in your gut, or a lower part of the anatomy. People in every culture recognize confidence and sexiness. Those things are universal. Erogenous zones are the same world wide because the human body is the same. And, bottom line, the same body parts are used for sex and reproduction in every culture, bar none.

You have windows of opportunity to talk to attractive women. If you don't take these windows when they are presented, you either completely miss your opportunity to start getting to know someone who could be a great person, or you must be skilled enough to create another window of opportunity.

When you are meeting and interacting with women during the day in various public places, understand that these women normally have a to-do list in their head, so they may be in a hurry. They also (usually) have not put hours into making themselves up to go out during the day. They aren't looking to meet anyone.

As you meet these women, the pace of the interaction is different, and the comfort level between you is different from meeting them in a club or bar. Those same women will be more difficult to meet at night.

Most guys can be ready to walk out the door in minutes. With guys who really primp themselves, it takes a half hour, tops.

When women primp themselves to go out at night, they put a hell of a lot of effort into their appearance. You're looking at one to two hours of prep time. They want the men they meet to have the same pride in their own appearance. These women also want to stand out from all of the other females they expect to be out on that given night.

They fuss about their hairstyle, makeup, each article of clothing (tops, pants, shoes, tights/hose, etc.), earrings, finger rings, eyelashes, and more, all in an effort to catch *your* attention. So, guys, reward them for that.

What actually tends to happen is, as one special person said to me, “My girlfriends and I used to go out to look to meet someone, but eventually, you start thinking, what’s the point? You don’t meet any men of quality, any men who have standards. Even the sex isn’t satisfying, if you go that far.” Guys, time to change that dynamic.

Let me also state this:

Reading beyond this page will offend many, including those who consider themselves righteous and holy, those who consider themselves very conservative, those who refuse to think any negative thoughts, and those that can’t stand someone being blunt with them.

If you fit into one of the above categories, I still encourage you to read further. Why? Because, as uncomfortable as it might make you, you’ll *still* learn from what’s in this book.

I’ll be honest with you in this book. I’ll pull no punches. I’ll be straightforward and put the truth in your face. If you can stomach all that, I promise you’ll shut the back cover, after every word has been read, more enriched than you are right now.

5

Here's a sample of what I've done with this Pick Up Artist lifestyle:

I've had ladies take me into their dancing groups. Trying to get closer to me, some ladies push themselves up against me, grind hard, grab my hands, and pull me tighter against them. Some ladies sandwich me on the dance floor, front, back, and at times even on the sides. Girls want to kiss me so badly that they give me an almost never-ending lip lock. While grinding on me, some ladies practically get themselves off. At times, they've searched the club and the dance floor, looking for me after I've left them.

I've had nurses and surgeons get hooked on me. They have even introduced me to their friends, had their friends dance with me. They didn't want me to leave. They qualify themselves to me, explaining how they have their own place, own two vehicles, pay their own bills, go to school for a high-paying career, and work, all at the same time. They have no time for a social life, but they still want me to spend time with them.

I've had ladies in thong contests with very hot bodies, with guys drooling over them, come to me. They've pinned me against counters and walls and pushed themselves against me.

I've had ladies expose themselves to me in the clubs and outside of the clubs.

I've had ladies ditch their boyfriends for me.

I've had them fuck me in their cars because they've wanted me so badly.

I've been in threesomes, both male/male/female and female/female/male. Both are fun. Letting my wife have me and another guy, watching him try to please her, is fun. Then, seeing my wife make out with another woman, while they are lying in bed on top of me, is cool. Having two naked women in bed with me, both working to please me, both pussies waiting for me to enter, both mouths kissing me, two sets of breasts for me to fondle, caress, and kiss, two asses for me to squeeze, is nice.

I've been in foursomes. Two guys, two ladies. I've had MLTR's (Multiple Long-Term Relationships). I've fallen in love and had my heart broken. And other experiences I can't even remember right now.

Oddly enough, sometimes, I feel like I've done nothing.

6

“Hey, hon. Look. Mystery has a show coming on VH1.” My wife, sitting across the room, called me to her. I obeyed, walked over, and looked at what she wanted.

For those that aren't in the Pick Up Artist community, Mystery, also known as Erik, is the guy who wrote *Mystery Method* and starred in his own show about the book.

“Looks cool. I guess that means I need to speed up to get through his book before that show starts,” I said.

“Then you can see if Mystery follows his book,” she said. Turns out, he does follow his own teaching. Radical concept.

I had already been going out for a couple of weeks or so (ahem, a couple of months even), practicing the methods from his book with limited success. Actually . . . no success.

I have to admit, my lack of success was partially because I was too chicken shit to open my mouth. Yep, I was just like every other guy who starts out. You know what's funny about that? I had a good-looking, naked woman at home waiting in bed for me. Not every guy starting Pick Up has that.

Unlike most guys, I wasn't out looking for a new girlfriend or anything like that. I was looking for someone attractive enough to bring home to join my wife and me. After all, that was the agreement when she introduced me to the community.

So for the next few days, I studied heavily. I went through the whole book. It made sense, despite the fact that jealous naysayers continue hashing about it.

Then I went out and applied it all. I didn't know my local night scene yet, so I went out every weekend, as many nights as I knew venues were open. I used the gambits (routines), practiced kino (the act or art of touch), mentally put people into sets (a group consisting of a certain number of people), DHV (Demonstration of Higher Value), IOI's (Indicators of Interest), all of it. I also used the dance floor, which would later become a major strength of mine.

My wife and I watched the show when it came on. We sat together, observing everything, talking about the guys. We laughed at some, liked others. We got into it pretty well.

Later on, she would tell me, “If I didn't think you'd be good at it, I wouldn't

have introduced you to it.” Apparently *she* knew I had “game” even when *I* didn’t know. And because I didn’t know, well, I ended up having no “game” for a while. This brings me back to a point I constantly tell guys: it’s all in your head. That’s where it starts and stops.

You have to realize that ladies have "game" of their own. Guys don't understand how to attract ladies. That's the entire purpose of a guy having "game." Without "game," a guy doesn't stand a chance at attracting most women out there, because women are playing their own "game" as well.

So, why is it fair for a woman to "game," but not for a guy?

Some are not conscious of it, while others realize what they are doing. Either way, if *you've* ever gone into an automatic "pattern," so to speak, where you automatically shut a guy off or feed him some standard line because of some "typical" line he feeds you, then you, my dear, have participated in this same “game.” This is what the guys who learn "game" are working to overcome: the automatic shield females put up.

If you want to call that a “game” of one-upmanship, of wasting energy, then you may call it that.

Normally, for the "average" guy who wants a cute or hot girl, the female refuses to give him the time of day because he doesn't have “game.” And you're right, it's not fair. It's not fair to that average guy, because all he wants is a chance with the cute girl. That's it.

The girl sees herself as more valuable or of higher quality than that guy, so she doesn't find it worth her while to pay any attention to him. This is because society has taught her that since she has a pussy, the guy is required to cater to her demands if he wants a chance.

Anyway, back to my life.

My wife told me about the community. We researched the different gurus together. One night, sitting in a hotel room (on a rare date without any kids), we looked online and found information about some of the biggest gurus. At that time, I can remember those being Ross Jeffries, Mystery, and David DeAngelo.

Yeah, it was kind of a small community back then.

7

So after the countless pages of research and watching the shows, I was out clubbing, checking out these ladies.

I was pretty obvious about what I was doing at first. Hell, I didn't know any better. Lingering eye contact, mouth drooping, drooling, eye fucking each hot girl, verbalizing "damn." Yeah, admit it or not, guys, we all know that's what we do . . . or did, until some of us learned better.

Sidebar: We aren't born natural; we're taught to be natural. Whether that teaching comes when we are toddlers and small kids, or when we are adults, it doesn't matter. Being natural simply means that you talk to women, and even people in general, with such ease that it seems effortless for you. You can start talking to a woman you've never met and become instant friends with her and even escalate beyond friendship quickly, building lust within her.

I achieved my first number close, which means, in layman's terms, I got the phone number.

This girl was actually cute and a brunette, my favorite. She was also from out of town. I smiled, told her I'd talk to her soon, and walked off.

I turned around and walked back to her. I said, "You are gonna answer, right? I mean, I don't want to waste my time by texting you if you're not gonna answer." Hell, I had to control the frame, right? Yeah, something like that.

True to my intentions, I did text her later.

And no, she never answered. Ha!

Before we got to the point of me texting her the first time, I did a little something else. I walked outside the club and dialed another number. When the other end answered, I excitedly said, "Guess what! I got my first number tonight!"

That's right, I called my wife to brag that I got a girl to give me her number . . . after probably a month or so in the field. My wife, who was lying in bed, naked, asleep, waiting for my body to be against hers.

I had my first success. I grinned from ear to ear as I drove home.

And you guys think *you're* pathetic.

Through this process, there were some things that kept sticking in my head from

Mystery's Handbook: "Don't worry about the outcome. Be outcome-independent. Who cares what she thinks? There's a million ladies out there."

Well, I didn't immediately grasp those vital lessons.

However, when I did start getting it through my head, just a little bit, I started thinking logically about something.

"Why am I worried that I'm not getting laid? I have pussy at home waiting for me; I'm just looking for extra pussy, new pussy. If this girl or that girl isn't interested, who cares? I'm still getting laid . . . every day."

That changed everything.

Permanently mark this on your brain: it's the non-neediness that makes the difference. Yep, you hear that all the time. But you wouldn't believe just how true it is.

8

All right, we've reached my second "successful" pick up.

I was in a club that did not become my regular hangout. There were two ladies on the edge of the dance floor. One was a redhead, an inch or two taller than I am (I'm 5'8"), and about 150 lbs. Her breasts were about a 36C. Sexy. We'll call her Red.

The other was a few inches shorter than I am, almost chubby, brunette, bigger breasts. In this duo, Red held more appeal for me. They were both "sort of" dancing.

"Looks like you two can really move with the rhythm." I smiled jokingly.

Red thought I was cute right off, so she listened to me, smiling back.

"You two make a great dance team." I winked.

Red's eyes widened. She shook her head. "Oh, no! We're just friends. I'm single and she has a boyfriend!"

I was thinking, *Thank God!*

What can I say? I was attracted to Red anyway, not her friend. Call me an asshole. You won't be the first or the last.

Amidst this rapport-building, it took me a while, but I started throwing in a few touches on Red.

I'm supposed to escalate. Dammit, how do I escalate?

I worked to maintain eye contact as much as possible. At the same time, I checked out her body, and it wasn't bad. I touched her back, her shoulder, her arm, working on escalating the kino. We eventually started dancing. While we danced, our faces got close to each other. I noticed that she was looking at my mouth a bit.

How did he go for the kiss close? What the hell was that routine of Mystery's?

"Are you OK?" Red asked.

I stammered a bit.

"Are you all right?" she asked.

I had to answer. At the very least, I could give myself credit for maintaining good eye contact. But, at that distance, it was hard not to. I was looking into her eyes with just a couple inches separating us.

The routine clicked in my head.

“You’re driving me crazy,” I said to Red.

“Why?” she asked. I had been taught to expect that.

“Because I want to kiss you so bad,” was the response I gave. Which, believe it or not, was what the routine called for.

“Then why don’t you?” she asked.

Ugh, she *would* have to put me on the spot.

Clumsily, I kissed her. Apparently it wasn’t as clumsy as I thought, because she enjoyed it. I enjoyed it, too. We kissed more. In fact, we enjoyed it enough that we keep kissing here and there throughout the night.

All right, my first kiss close from PUA.

Red and I continued getting kisses from each other even after leaving the club. In fact, we walked outside, where I turned to walk in one direction, while she and her friend walked in another. We told each other good night. Oh yeah, I’d gotten her number by now, too.

Well, I turned around. She had already turned, watching me.

“Come here,” I said.

She came back across the street to me. We kissed some more. I then walked back with her to her car. We kept kissing, especially as we passed through the dark part of the alley. Her friend was still waiting at the car. We kissed again, saying a final good night.

“Well, it’s taken me about two months, but I finally got a kiss close from PUA,” I said to myself on the way home. Needless to say, I was pleased.

Red and I kept talking, texting.

I got her to meet me near my home. She didn't yet know I was married. At that point, I wasn't suave enough to educate ladies in the proper way and to keep control of the frame.

See, when I started this, I took the wedding ring off, not knowing it didn't matter.

When I met her again, we talked some more. I played with touch on her. We kissed more. I pushed for more kisses. I was feeling more confident inside. Red thought I was already confident. I faked it well.

Not long after this, I ended up fucking Red, my first fuck close with PUA. It was also my first of . . . many indiscretions. Yes, I wanted to bring her into our bedroom, but I didn't feel confident enough to do that.

However, after the first fuck, she loved it and wanted more. This was really my only saving grace for making anything else happen with her.

"Come into my home," I said to her later.

"Wow, you're actually letting me into your home?"

"Yeah, I can't get out right now, and I want you. So if you come now, we can have sex."

By this point, I'd filled her in on my little secret . . . that I was married. Apparently she was OK with it because, I guess, she really liked me.

She complied.

We had sex in my apartment. It was the first time she'd ever had sex standing up with a guy taking her from behind. I couldn't believe it. She absolutely loved it. After she got relief in that position, I moved us to the floor, putting her on all fours. We continued to have sex for a while until finally I found my relief. I tend to not climax that quickly, a fact that most of the ladies seemed to love. Apparently, most guys really are two-minute wonders.

After Red and I had sex on a few different occasions, I got her to party with my wife and me on one of the rare times my wife got out with me. Turns out, we had a few of my wife's female coworkers clubbing with our group, as well. It was me and several cute chicks in one group. Talk about social proof and pre-selection.

A few guys hit on the ladies, but not many. I even started feeling sorry for one guy who was buying all the ladies drinks without getting anything in return. My wife was actually the one who directed him in what to buy. I danced with Red, getting her more turned on. The plan was to take her home with my wife and me . . . finally. My wife's co-workers picked up on that.

"Did you guys have fun?" they asked my wife later.

Red and I had hit a new point in our little relationship. I knew I needed to add some ladies to what would later be called "my rotation." Pay close attention to see who calls it that.

Sidebar: Here's some body language to notice when you're trying to figure out if a particular female is interested in you or not.

If she's alone, it's fairly easy. Does she avoid eye contact with you at all costs? Move on. Does she look at you, smile, and let the eye contact linger? She's interested. Move in.

If she's in a group with other guys and/or girls, does she avoid eye contact with you? Does she turn her back to you while avoiding glancing your way? Does she close any space between her and her friends so that you can't get between them? Those are signs that she is not interested in you. Now, if she turns her back and also glances back at you, it means she wants you to move into her personal space. If she makes sure there is room between herself and her friends and is glancing your way, she's interested. If she's giving you all these signs while also playing with her hair, you better move in.

Any physical turn of her body to let you in is good. But it's only good if you move in when she gives you an opening.

9

After I hit that pinnacle, I started frequenting another club.

In this one, I focused on the dance floor and touch. I was getting decent at opening off the floor and could talk to pretty much anybody. I needed to learn how to escalate things physically. I got myself right into the heart of physical escalation: the dance floor.

Since I was figuring out how the dance floor worked, I didn't have much success at first.

Around this time I met a girl I thought was sexy. I'll call her Army Wife. She carried herself well, though she was slightly bigger. Not huge, mind you, but not skinny. Her ass fit nicely in her jeans.

"I've seen you before," she said as we danced.

It turned out we had seen each other at the other club where I met Red.

Sidebar: Ladies will be noticing you as you go along.

Her body felt good against mine while we danced. I held my arms around her stomach, pulled her against me. Her ass was pushing into my dick and I was liking it. Apparently she did, too.

Her friend was on the dance floor with us, so, being a good PUA, I involved her friend. I didn't want her feeling left out.

"My husband is watching us, so be careful," my dance partner said.

"That's cool. Where?" I asked.

She pointed off the dance floor. I saw him.

She kept dancing with me a bit because we were moving well together. We broke after a few songs, and she grabbed another guy. Had to cut off the jealousy in her husband, you know.

Another night, we met back at the club where she first saw me.

She was with her friend again. Attractive ladies rarely ever travel alone, as

you'll find out.

I went to the dance floor. She immediately took me in. She put her hand on my side, pulled me close, danced with me. Her friend was trying to hook up with a guy in a set close to us. That was fine with both of us.

The eye contact was *mesmerizing*. Her smile, seductive. Her body, hot as hell. I wanted her badly, but couldn't let her know it. At least, not yet.

While dancing, we talked into each other's ears a lot.

Then we danced close and tight. She kept pulling me tighter against her.

A couple times, her friend pulled her off just a bit so she could tell her what was going on with the other guy. Then, my target started filling me in on what her friend was doing. She was trying to get my target's house keys so she could take the guy there and fuck him.

"What happened to your girlfriend?" the friend asked me loudly.

"They broke up," my target told her warmly.

They were referring to Red, whom they had seen me with several times at our usual club. She had seen me with Red several times after that, and was disappointed because she couldn't spend time with me. She was upset because I wasn't available, even though she wasn't available herself.

"It's good seeing you again," she said.

"Same here, baby."

"I like you," she said.

"Where's your husband?" I asked. Yep, I broke a cardinal rule. Oh well, fuck it! At this point, my mindset had gotten much stronger, so breaking a rule here and there didn't matter so much. Normally you wouldn't want to bring up the lady's husband or boyfriend or lover. Normally you'd keep that subject in a locked mental box that was set aside for the night.

"He's not around right now. He's in Iraq."

"I see."

We kept getting closer and closer.

“What do you do?” she asked.

“Social dynamics. I make guys more interesting for you ladies.”

“Interesting,” she said. “So you help guys and ladies hook up.”

I said, “Pretty much.”

She said, “Oh, you're like Hitch, then.”

We both laughed and I said how much I love Will Smith, how talented he is. She jumped on that subject and ran with it.

Then we talked about my company, the traveling I do, and how I was looking for a woman to be a partner with me. I gave her a rough idea of what the girl would be doing.

“Once trained, the girl will make about \$250 a weekend, plus paid expenses.”

“That sounds really good,” she said.

I asked her, “Do you know of any females who could do that?”

She tried to think of some and said she wanted to get my email address before we left.

She continued pulling me closer, and every time her friend caught her attention, she brushed her off. At one point, we were so tight that I didn't think we could get any closer. She kept making eye contact with me, but was working her willpower to keep from giving me the triangle look (which is simply her eyes moving from one of your eyes to the other to your mouth and back to your eyes.) or even to look too hard at my mouth. She was trying to focus on my eyes. I didn't want to get in the middle of her and her husband. But she was really cool, a great dancer, and a great conversationalist, so I let things hover at that point.

Our sex drives entered the conversation.

“I know most guys are honestly content with having sex two or three times a week. I can't see it. I can't wrap my mind around that. My libido doesn't lower to that level,” I told her.

She jumped on that. “Oh my God, I totally agree with you.”

Sidebar: When the female does that, she's giving you one of the most blatant signs that she wants to have sex with you.

We talked about how we both loved to fuck as many as six to eight times a day if there was an opportunity. She made a couple of remarks about how she was going to have to go home and calm down. She was trying to body rock away, so I let her go, then she pulled me back.

Sidebar: When she pulls away in a situation when you two are feeling this much tension, you don't necessarily want to grab her and hang on. Maybe she's feeling genuinely uncomfortable at this point, which means you need to give her space. Maybe she's testing you. If she is, it means she wants to know that you're not going to cling, so don't. That's why I let her go. Notice, she came back. Remember, you're not in a relationship.

Finally, the club closed. She, her friend, and I headed out the front door and talked for a bit. My target told her friend how I work with social dynamics and help ladies and guys hook up, so we started talking on that subject and had a lot of laughs. Her friend told me intimate things and talked about why she behaves like she does and why the guys she knows behave like they do. Without giving away any secrets, I gave her a little info, enough to make her jaw drop, keep her interest, and make her want more. But I didn't give her more.

The friend talked to me about this married guy she had been seeing for three years who promised he would leave his wife for her, but didn't, and how she felt guilty for cheating on him. All of this talk led to more banter between my target and me.

At the end of our conversation, my target looked at me. “Do you have to get up early in the morning?” she asked.

Sidebar: She's working the logistics in her mind. How can she have you inside her tonight?

I looked at her.

“So . . . you wanna join me at IHOP?”

Oh, shit. I want to so bad. I know what that means; I know where this is going. Dammit, how am I gonna explain this one to my wife?

I hesitated. She picked up on it.

“You don’t have to,” she said.

I maintained eye contact.

“I’m sorry, I shouldn’t push you,” she said. “I just thought you could join me and my friend for a few minutes.”

“No, I want to.”

She smiled. Big.

“I just can’t stay out long.”

She looked confused.

“I have a kid to take care of in the morning.” At least that was no lie.

“OK, I understand. I have kids too.”

“Do you? How old?”

She filled me in on her family. We found some common ground. We had more than she knew at the time, considering we’re both married. Common ground . . . it’s an important thing when picking up hot ladies. Remember that.

She had already put her email in my phone, so she gave me a look as she left, showing that she expected to see me at IHOP. About this time, my wife called. She knew the club was closed and wondered how things were going. Since I was walking to the car, I talked to her and filled her in.

“I’m going to IHOP.”

“Why?” she asked.

I didn’t immediately answer.

“Are you meeting someone there?”

Duh, she was not stupid.

“Yes, someone I’ve met before, and I ran into again tonight.”

“A girl?”

Well, of course.

“Yes, but I won’t be out all night. I’m only going to IHOP with her. Nowhere else.”

At least, that’s what I was committing myself to. I knew, I *knew* I could not go to this girl’s place that night and fuck her.

At IHOP, Army Wife met me at the door and led me to "our" table.

Sidebar: She’s watching for you to come. She’s anxiously waiting. Hoping.

The friend who was supposed to be there wasn't there after all, having gone to hook up with her guy. So for about the next hour, it's me and my target, alone at the restaurant, getting to know each other better. During this time, I get her to put her phone number in my phone, as well.

“I would’ve called you on the way here, if your number was in there.” I smiled.

We sat and drank some hot chocolate.

“My husband’s gone for a while, and, well, I’m lonely.”

“And horny.” I smiled. “Don’t worry. I’m not judging you at all. I get it.”

We laughed and talked about how some guys are confident and some guys aren't, and she told me that I'm very confident and that I have a sexual vibe, too. She said it's not a creepy vibe, but a very attractive one. At first she had thought it might have just been her. She was picking up on it and didn't know if other ladies were.

Then she watched me with other ladies, and noticed that I had the same effect on them. She said I don't come across as being desperate, but as knowing who I am and what I can do and what I can offer to a girl. She also noticed that I'm definitely not afraid of my sexuality, which, of course, is sexy.

Sidebar: When we talk about Inner Game, having this vibe is the end objective of solid Inner Game. Inner Game is simply getting your thinking right; specifically, how you think about and perceive yourself. When you get that right, the above paragraph is the end result.

She asked me more questions about myself, to which I gave her partial answers. She also told me about herself, her sexual history, the guys she's been with, and what they've done. She even told me about one guy who was the best she'd ever had. So I knew where to go, so to speak.

After an hour, I told her I needed to get to bed before the sun came up or I would be trashed all day. She complied once again by agreeing that she's the same way.

Sidebar: The more a woman agrees with what you say, the more she is investing in you. She is qualifying herself to you, hoping you'll like her more and more.

We walked outside, and she turned to me again. She started talking, looking at my lips, and then grabbed me to give me a tight hug. She told me to call her and that she wanted to hang out with me a lot more. She had a great time, and so did I.

Sidebar: The more the woman does to delay leaving you, the more interested she is. If you haven't kissed her at this point, this is a perfect time to do so. The woman's state is also what we call Buying Temperature. The higher her Buying Temperature, the more likely she is to have sex with you.

We agreed to meet at her place on another night.

"I'll bake cookies for us, and you can see some pictures on my computer, which is in my bedroom."

Ahem.

"Sounds good." Smiling, we parted ways.

I headed home, crawled into bed. Yes, next to my lovely, naked wife - who would be waking up in a few hours to go to work.

The next day, she texted me for five hours straight. Then, after I worked out, I called her and we talked on the phone for a bit. I even explained more about PUA to her, since she had checked out my Myspace profile and my website.

Sidebar: When the woman does research on you, she's either extremely interested in you or extremely wary of you.

After she did this research, we agreed to meet up on Tuesday and talk some more. She really wanted me to teach her about PUA, and she was interested in working with me, too. She kept talking to me about traveling with me on the weekends.

Sidebar: Always set up specific times and days to meet back up. Don't wait a couple of weeks either, if at all possible. Set up a date a few days later. Let her be excited about seeing you again soon and be specifically looking forward to when that will be.

A few days later, I was at Army Wife's place.

Jealousy is an evil thing. My wife knew I was meeting her. She had a bad feeling something was going to happen. She called me. I walked outside and answered.

"Where are you?" she asked.

"I'm with a friend."

"Where with this friend? And who is this friend?"

Oh brother, the interrogation, over the phone.

"Look, I'm in Newburgh. I won't be out all night. I'm talking to this lady about winging me soon."

"You better not be fucking her tonight. I know that's what you're there for."

"No, I'm not. That's not what I'm here for. I'll see you soon." I hung up and walked back in.

This girl picked up on stuff, too. She asked me bluntly if there was someone else. Hell, she was married anyway, you know? Fuck it.

"Yep, I'm married."

"I figured that. What does she think?"

"About?" I asked.

"You being here."

"Oh, she's fine with it." I swallowed. For any of you who don't know, swallowing is a sign of lying.

The girl studied me closely.

She approached my face with hers. Her lips were close to mine.

What the fuck? She's going for the kiss now? After she brings up my wife? Ha! Women.

She pulled away.

Fucking tease! Amusing.

I summoned every ounce of willpower in order to remain un-phased, though I wanted her so badly at this point that it was hard. I could tell she wanted me just as badly. She kept making very seductive eye contact with me. She was sizing me up in all the right ways.

“Come into my room. I want to show you some pictures.”

It was on.

We were close to each other, and she was trying to get me to kiss her, but now it was my turn to hold back. She was sitting in her desk chair, and then turned toward me, opening her legs. Such a damn obvious move. She was opening her pussy to me, screaming with her body for me to take her.

“We better get out of this bedroom before. . .” she said.

Ha! Such a typical fucking female. But hey, fine with me. Cut the tension here. After all, my wife is expecting me to fuck this girl tonight, so I shouldn't anyway. After all, I am supposed to be bringing these ladies into our bedroom.

We walked back out. Out of the blue, we started talking about her kids. She was biding her time, not wanting me to leave.

“Come here! You aren't leaving without giving me a hug,” she finally said as I moved closer to the door.

We hugged. We kissed. We caressed each other's body. It started getting a bit hot. I knew I needed to break this loose and go. Now!

We pulled back a little and looked into each other's eyes. We looked at each other's mouth. God, we wanted each other so badly.

I was inches from grabbing her hair and pulling. I knew she loved that.

We released the hug. I turned and walked to the doorway.

“I almost pulled your hair,” I said.

She moaned, deep and loud. “Good thing you didn’t.”

“Why is that?”

“Because you wouldn’t be leaving.”

“Oh really,” I said.

“Really. I would’ve melted in your arms.”

We would’ve fucked, and I couldn’t have stopped it. I’ve gotta go. Now.

I exhaled, trying to calm myself down while putting my hand on the door knob.

“I’ve gotta go, hon. I’ll see you later.”

“Yes, you will.”

I walked out, headed home, and crawled into bed. Next to my amazing wife. Naked. Waiting for me.

Another night, this girl texted me and said she was going to a club where her favorite band was playing.

“You need to come see me there tonight,” she said.

“I’ll be at my club,” I told her.

“You need to come see me.”

“You come see me,” I said.

“I’ll make it worth your while.”

God bless, woman! We are going to have to fuck just to get this out of our system. Of course, that's exactly what she's going for.

After trying to postpone things for a bit, I finally gave in. I told all my friends that I had a girl waiting at another club, and that I'd see them later.

When I got there, I didn't even pay attention to the band. I started hanging out with this girl and her group of girlfriends. At this point in my life, hanging with ladies had gotten to be a normal, frequent thing.

Everyone everywhere was seeing me with ladies around me, all the time.

The club closed.

"Walk me to my truck?" she asked.

"Of course." It was actually an SUV. Plenty of room.

"Hop in while I warm it up."

"Cool."

We got in, talked a few minutes. I looked into her eyes. We both froze. There was no doubt whatsoever about what would happen next. I leaned in and kissed her. She cut loose, grabbing my hair, pulling my clothes. I went after her clothes, squeezed her breasts. She was moaning.

She moved toward the back seat and I joined her. We were hot and heavy. Her pants dropped. She was panting hard, going for my pants.

I moved into position on top . . . God, she was wet. Unbelievably wet. And she felt so damn good. We had sex for a while. We were kissing. She arched her back, and I pushed myself in further. Then I changed the pace and went slower. Then deeper. Then a bit faster. Keeping her racing.

She found relief; I kept going.

After a while, I found relief too.

Sidebar: I didn't go for two minutes, orgasm, and stop. It's better for you to focus on the girl getting hers first.

I also need to say here: I always thought her husband was a cool guy and never had a problem with him, even though she and I were having sex. I never had plans to break them up. I was simply giving her what she needed at the time.

What really disappoints me currently is the total and blatant disrespect Army Wife developed for me after all of this. We went from having fun hanging out with each other to her completely shutting me off. Not talking to me, not hanging out with me. I can't give an explanation either. I was never given one. It reached the point where, when she'd see me out, she would blatantly turn herself *and* her friends away from me. Want to be that way? Fine, be a total bitch. And now realize, as you read this . . . karma is a bitch.

All she had to do was show me respect and I would've returned that.

Ladies, as you read this, understand that many guys start to believe the female population in general is scum. But the terms guys use are "liars," "whores," "sluts," "gold diggers," and others like that. This is what most guys conclude from your actions. Yes, I know, many guys are douches as well. I'm just opening your eyes to how others perceive you. You'll thank me later, when you change people's perceptions of you.

Now is when things really start getting interesting. Hold onto your seat.

10

“Tripp, who’s the new girl?” a bouncer would ask me almost nightly, as soon as I walked away from a girl at the club. Comments such as, “She’s cute!” or, “She’s hot!” or, “She looks wild!” would follow.

My seduction game had risen dramatically since that last girl. I had adjusted my body language and my mindset. Now I had a look in my eyes that almost seduced women by itself.

In fact, later on, a female friend named Casey would ask me, “Where’s Tripp?” That look in my eyes wasn’t there at that point. More on that later. Then the instant she saw it there (I was dancing with a hot girl, grinding on me), “There he is! There’s Tripp!” Apparently the look is unmistakable.

The rare times I’d walk in alone, everyone, from the girl taking cover charges to the cop or bouncer checking IDs, would look at me strangely.

“I’ll have one soon, don’t worry,” became my usual response. And that’s generally what happened. It got so bad, or good (depending on your view), that some guys started telling all--I mean *all*--of their friends to watch me.

I even had one guy surprise me. He put his arms around a girl’s shoulders and told her, “This is Tripp. Don’t underestimate him. Seriously, don’t underestimate him! He’s slick.”

To which I had to smile. What else could I do? It left me thinking . . . *What the fuck? Am I ugly or something? Ha, I know that’s not true.*

Sidebar: That’s what happens when you’re a social guy. Even if you fly solo at the beginning of the night.

“Hey, honey, how are you tonight?” the door girl taking cover would ask me every night without fail. Whichever girl was with me would see immediately that everyone knew me. That made the rest of the night easier. As in, seduction. Upon entering, the bouncer or cop would acknowledge me in some way, such as knuckle bumping me. Waitresses smiled at me and hugged me.

Sidebar: This is what the term social proof means. People know you and respect you. They want your attention. This raises your status among the hierarchy. This also increases attraction.

All I had to do was turn to whatever girl was with me and look her in the eyes to

see that “lost” look as she gazed back at me. Her body would mesh with mine. Her hand would squeeze mine. My next move was to simply lead her to the dance floor.

Here’s another fun thing.

As I walked slowly, girl in hand behind me, I would move through the crowd. Girls seated at tables and standing in groups would turn and check me out and see who was with me. It’s a natural tendency for ladies to do that. Guys checking out the girl I was with would knuckle bump me or use some other form of greeting.

I would parade this girl behind me, but all she knew was that I was well-known in here, a good-looking guy, fun to talk to, and that we were about to dance.

The crowd would part as we walked through. When we hit the dance floor, my presence was big enough, though I’m not a physically huge guy, that people moved. I immediately took the lady’s side, pulled her to me, pushed our bodies together, looked into her eyes, got our faces close, and started to dance with her.

Inevitably, someone I knew would come up and say, “Tripp, what’s up!” to get me to recognize them so that they looked important. The girl would become steadily more in awe.

“Let’s go outside and talk,” I’d always have to say after the DJ stopped playing. This gave me time to build more verbal rapport, as well as to physically cool down. After all, I didn’t want to take the girl outside and get inside her within 15 minutes. No, I wanted to connect more with her. The connection is what matters for something more than just a quick release, which she can get from anyone. I’m not the average guy.

It turns out, this was one of those differences that caused more and more ladies to become that much more attracted to me. I made it a point to let the ladies know that I would not just let them jump into my pants.

Yes, you read that right.

In fact, “Don’t think you’re getting anything from me tonight” was something I found myself frequently telling ladies. It was honest on my part, but it became another strong attraction trigger, too.

Things actually got so bad that a couple of the regular ladies started telling all of their friends to stay away from me so they wouldn’t get hurt. I had built such a reputation that it preceded me.

The good part about this is that some nights the bouncers would give me a heads-up.

“Tripp, watch your friends over there. If they don’t calm down, we’re gonna have to throw them out. But since they are with you, we know you can control them.”

Since I was technically responsible for them at that point, I went to them. “Hey, you’ve gotta calm down. I know you’re having fun, and you still can. I know you’re drunk, though, and you’re going overboard. Trust me. You have to calm down or you’re getting thrown out. I can’t help you at that point. You’d already be gone if you were with anybody else.” That became my typical line to certain friends.

“Dance with me a bit. We’ll have fun and you won’t get in trouble.” They usually accepted that offer.

Yep, membership has its privileges.

11

Now that you have a general idea of how things worked for me, let me bring you into some specific nights to see firsthand how interactions and the “game” happen sometimes.

I remember one night two groups fought over me. I had a new peacocking item on that night. Believe it or not, it was a Spongebob Squarepants beanie.

“That’s a mistake,” my wife told me.

Alas, the ladies loved it.

I received IOI’s going into the club. These are things like genuine smiles, lingering gazes, females turning their bodies toward you, that let you know women are open to you and inviting you in.

I headed to the dance floor, warming up, moving to the music, all by myself. Some ladies who were with other guys at the time started checking me out.

Two females moved closer to me. OK, good body language. I didn’t immediately get with them, though they were cute. One I’d rate about an eight, the other a seven. The eight started throwing glances my way. The seven, I found out later, was really shy.

I kept dancing, getting more and more into it. At times I didn’t acknowledge their presence; other times I threw glances their way. I moved away, still dancing, and they followed.

Sidebar: This is called compliance, and it’s a good, even desirable, thing.

I noticed a three-set containing a woman I’d seen in this club before, and who had previously shut me out immediately, with just her body language. Well, this night she wasn’t so hasty. One of the other two ladies she was with, another seven, was really into the music and dancing, so I joked with her about it. I told her she needed to watch out for me back here, so she didn’t hit me. She laughed, and then started watching me from over her shoulder. She started dancing against me.

The eight behind me watched all of this. She had moved closer and told her friend to move up a little too.

Fast forward. After the song they all took a break, went to the bar. The eight told me before she left that she would be back. Cool. Whatever.

I was dancing with some other people when the two-set came back and found me. I rewarded them by dancing with them again.

Sidebar: You reward women for good behavior given to you.

The eight was really into me. She threw smiles and glances. At first I danced with my back against her chest. She pushed her mid-sized chest up against me and loved it. Then she started seductively pushing her hips against me. After a minute of this, I pulled away. She moved toward me.

“Bring your friend into this with us,” I told her. I pulled the eight in front of me. She pulled her friend in front of her, so we all danced together. This was compliance from her.

Her friend was so shy that the vibe didn’t work, so the eight and I continued to dance by ourselves.

Sidebar: Pay attention next to the dynamic of ignoring, giving attention, and building attraction.

After that, I moved us a bit, and without me realizing it, the three-set came back. The other seven started to pull off my Spongebob beanie; grabbing it, I turned and looked at her.

She said, “I love your hat.”

Cool. I ignored her for a minute, kept dancing with the eight. Then, I moved over and bumped hips with the seven who had grabbed for my hat. She bumped hips with me and pushed playfully. She smiled from ear to ear, looked at me, and laughed. She kept bumping hips until I bumped her a little more forcefully, just to knock her slightly off balance, which made her laugh.

The eight watched this and got jealous, so I started dancing with her again. She pushed up against me again.

The three-set moved behind me. The seven put her hand on my shoulder and pulled me back. She pulled me against her chest . . . hard. She started popping her chest and her hips on me, so I reached behind me and put my right hand on her right leg, rubbing as we danced. She pulled me tighter against her. I pulled off, getting back to the eight, who was once again looking over her shoulder for me.

I got back with the eight, put my hands on her sides, and held her.

The seven behind me pulled me back. By this point, the dance floor had cleared out. The seven and I really got down. The eight saw this and kept glancing back. I stayed with the seven. The eight glanced back more and more, so I pulled away from the seven, went back to the eight, and the seven pulled me back again.

The crowd watched two ladies fight over me, while I got down big time with both of them.

What I personally found funny was that the band started watching the three of us.

After all that was over, the seven and her three-set left; she gave me big smiles. The two-set was still there. The eight out of that set was the one I really wanted anyway. She positioned herself against me again. I put my arm around her waist, pulled her close, and started talking into her ear. We missed the entire song “Rock Star” because we were talking there on the dance floor. Then, her mouth kept getting closer to mine . . . the magic time for the kiss.

That's how you use the club to your advantage.

12

I had some surprises another night. I checked out a different club. There are two sides and an upstairs to this club. The upstairs simply has a bar and pool tables. One side has a bar, a dance floor, and a stage for a live band. The other side has a bar and a dance floor where they only play hip-hop.

I floated for a bit between the two sides when I first got there. It was too dead to do much at the time. While I floated, I opened some sets. In fact, the first set I opened was a three-set of ladies. They sat at a table with a tray of \$2 shots. Next to them, at another table, were one or two guys. Not talking to them, no problem, and no surprise. I walked up to the ladies and opened them. One of the ladies was eight months pregnant. She sat on one side. The other two ladies sat on the other side of the table.

The one who was seated the furthest from me asked me to buy the girl next to her a shot.

Well, I thought she had asked me if I wanted one, so I said, "No, but thanks."

She said, "No, would you buy *her* a shot?"

I laughed and said kind of sarcastically, "No."

They kept pushing for it. Now, most guys would have given in. I didn't. I kept talking to them, though. I found out that the bartender was the baby's daddy. So I said, "Have him buy you the shot." She said they weren't together, and he was a no-good bum.

It was the pregnant one who pushed me to buy the other girl a shot. Of course, I stood my ground. Eventually, I said, "I don't do anything like that upon first meeting a girl, and even when I do, I don't buy something without getting something in return."

She said, "You get to be seen with us." (Maybe she knew something about social proof?)

I laughed, on purpose and pretty noticeably, gave her a cocky smile, and said, "I've already got that." I raised my eyebrows, lifted my hands palms up, and gave a sweeping look to the other side of the club, as if saying to everyone, "Look at me."

She pushed again.

I said, "If she gives me a kiss, I'll buy her the shot."

She told her friend what I said. Her friend looked at me, thought about it, and said no.

I said, "OK, cool," and walked off.

Sidebar: It was no big deal to me that she didn't kiss me. It didn't bother me, and the ladies noticed this.

I bounced back and forth between the sides to freshen things up for myself. At one point, a group of five or six guys stood right in front of this table, all talking to each other, ignoring the girls seated there.

The pregnant one zeroed in on me as soon as I stepped back into that side of the club. She motioned me over. I walked over to her and she pushed for me to buy the shot again. I laughed noticeably again and pointed to the guys behind me. "You've got five or six guys here. Have one of them buy you a stupid shot," I said.

She said, "They've got their backs to me." That wasn't completely true, considering they were standing in a circle. So she was too afraid to talk to them, and they were too afraid to open these ladies.

I said, "I'll make you one last deal. Your friend bounces with me to Eddy's and I'll buy her the shot."

She considered it, looked at her friend, and said, "She's staying with me."

I said, "OK," and walked off.

During this process, the pregnant one kept physically pulling me back and telling me to quit being stubborn. Now, I could have pushed for more of a conversation from her, and because she was pregnant I seriously thought about it. I would have loved to have fucked her before she gave birth, but since eight months pregnant, I thought that would be getting into risky territory.

It's like my wife said when I got home: those ladies, especially the pregnant one, will remember me. I will be stuck in her mind since she's the one who kept physically pulling me back, because I didn't do what every other guy would have done. I didn't buy her friend the shot.

13

Another night, I got involved with two ladies and a guy. I ended up dancing with one for a while, a blond. The other was a brunette. The blond danced really well and was a tease, which was fine with me. After a lot of dirty dancing and touching, she felt me all over. I ran my hands up and down her sides, arms, legs, and her ass. She kissed and even bit my neck. I gave her a couple of kisses on her neck. She pulled me to the bar. I sat down on a stool. She stood there waiting to see what I was going to do. I turned to her and opened my legs, and she willingly accepted the invitation to get between my legs. Got the kiss close at that point. Several times, in fact. After we'd been kissing awhile, the brunette pulled her away. Cock blocked me, but that was fine. The blond was hot, but she wanted sex that night. I wasn't going there anyway.

I bounced to another club.

At this point, I stood off the dance floor and watched a couple of the ladies giving me IOI's. I was by myself. A girl with a crown on her head came over to talk to a friend of hers.

"What's the occasion?" I asked her.

"It's my birthday," she replied.

She wore a shirt that had a piece that tied up in the back. It didn't hold the shirt together. It was just for looks. So, I reached my hand up and pulled it to untie it. I did this as she turned away from me. She stopped dead in her tracks, turned, looked at me, her eyes fucking wide. She leaned down and got right into my ear and talked softly.

"You're the first guy who's done that tonight," she said.

"Well, there's something wrong with those other guys, then."

Her eyes widened again as she looked at me in disbelief. She broke eye contact. I looked away at some other ladies on the dance floor. She was cute, but I saw some hotter ones, especially one who was dancing by herself, believe it or not.

Sidebar: While not a hard and fast rule, the hottest females don't usually hang around alone. There are either guys or ladies with them. So man up and talk to women who aren't alone.

This girl walked away and rejoined her girlfriends.

A new song started. I felt the beat and popped up onto the dance floor.

I danced by myself. A male wallflower behind me saw me start dancing and walked off the dance floor. This single female turned her back to me, and then turned her head to look over her shoulder in my direction. Now, mind you, I couldn't see her eyes through her long hair, but it was obvious she was inviting me into her space. So I slowly moved up to her. She was a solid eight.

Sidebar: I didn't rush up and grab her.

In response to my movements, she pushed against me a bit more. I didn't put my hands on her at all, not at first. I kept them in the air while we danced. She moved against me more, so I put my right hand on her thigh. She was grinding her ass into my groin at this point.

A guy about twice my size rushed onto the dance floor and started dancing in front of her.

Now, most of you would cower away if that happened.

I didn't. I continued to dance with her, *because she invited me.*

This guy didn't like it one bit. He leaned down to her ear and said something to her. I was still up against her. She pulled me tighter against her, wanting me to stay there. She was actually testing me, as you're about to see.

Sidebar: This is what we call a battle of frames, or a battle of minds. This is what we mean by your mindset.

This guy reached his head around her.

"Do you have a woman?!" he asked me.

"Is she yours?" I asked him.

"She's my wife," he said and shoved his wedding ring in my face.

"Then you need to have a talk with her, because she invited me. So back off."

He invaded my personal space, and even used his hand to start pushing me away. I flung his arm off of me, but not in a dramatic way. I simply knocked it away so he couldn't push me. I kept dancing with the girl. She, in fact, remained right where she'd been, with her ass pushed up against me. He pushed things further; he actually put his

body into it and attempted to push me off her. I stood my ground. I knew I was in the right.

I finally got him to just back off. He left the dance floor.

She turned her head to me and said, "He's not my husband."

I grabbed her hand and lifted it, saying, "I know." I had already looked to see if she had a ring on, and she didn't. Of course, she could have been married to him without wearing her ring, but my bets were that this wasn't the case. I knew this just from the way both of them had acted toward me. I was right.

After this guy failed to get me away from the girl, she pushed herself harder against my body. My frame was strong. I didn't give in or break frame, and she saw that, so she rewarded me by pushing her ass against me. I put both hands on her sides and did my thing there.

Not a minute later, this guy's wife actually came up and pulled this girl. The wife said, "She's my lesbian."

I looked at her, smiled, and said, "OK, and your point?" I kept dancing.

The girl I was with was shocked, but kept dancing.

Well, the wife didn't like that this didn't bother me. She pulled the girl away from me, even though the girl was enjoying me.

So, I put my hand on the wife's side as I leaned into her ear and said, "You're greedy. You don't want to share your friend with anyone."

In response to this, the wife pushed the girl farther away from me.

The husband jumped up on the dance floor, stuck his finger in my face, and shouted, "Leave my wife the fuck alone or I'll tear your ass up."

I stopped dancing, put my left hand on the dance floor railing, and planted my feet. I was not moving. I didn't intend to give in now, either. I still knew I was in the right, *and* I knew security was six feet away, watching.

This guy kept yelling, "Go outside with me so I can fuck you up!"

I continued asking, "What's your problem?" I looked him directly in the eye.

He shoved his finger in my face, to which I didn't flinch, and said, "Never touch my wife again! Now go outside with me so I can fuck you up!"

I continued to ask him what his problem was.

Finally he screamed, "YOU!"

I said, "No, you have a problem, but it ain't me. You're fucking drunk."

At this point, the bouncer came up and tapped the guy to get his attention. "Get off the dance floor . . .now," the bouncer said.

The guy obeyed, but had a few words for me. "I'll be waiting outside for you. Come on out, chicken!"

The bouncer never said a word to me.

I turned around after the guy left. The people that were still on the dance floor were watching all of this as they were dancing. A couple of guys looked at me and smiled. Some ladies gave me IOI's now.

I started dancing again. After I danced through probably one more song, I took off.

No, the guy wasn't waiting.

14

What works in some situations doesn't work in all.

I got to the club a bit late, but that wasn't the problem.

Some people were already too drunk . . . that was a slight problem.

I used a physical opener on one girl. She wore a dress with a decorative tie on the back. She stood right in front of me with two girlfriends. I tugged on the tie just a bit; enough that it got her attention. When you do something like this, most ladies realize you're playing and being confident at the same time. Most guys wouldn't dream of doing that, so they like it. I've done it before to other ladies. Well, this girl turned around. She seemed cool at first, but she couldn't believe I did that, and gave me the look that said as much.

It went downhill from there.

"Why did you do that?" she asked

I looked her straight in the eyes and said, "Because I wanted to."

You'd have thought I popped her over the head. She started going off and bitching at me, which I could barely even hear because we were on the dance floor. I was sitting down at the time. She stood directly in front of me.

I managed to catch, "I'm gonna nail you in the balls. How would you like that?"

I simply sat there and locked eyes with her. I talked calmly to her, unaffected by the threat.

She didn't even look down, as she would if she were really about to do it.

Still, she didn't stop the tantrum.

"Go on, have fun with your friends," I told her.

When she finally finished rambling, and got even more upset, she grabbed her two friends and walked off the dance floor. Oh well, good riddance.

I felt relaxed, loose. I sat there a bit and waited for the band to play something good while I talked to a couple of guys.

A decent song came on. I got up and danced. I moved halfway across the dance floor, to a more open spot.

Holy shit.

I was out trying to have some fun . . . but it was just not in the cards.

Two guys grabbed, punched, and yelled at each other. There were two ladies caught in the middle. Several guys tried to break these two up. They succeeded as far as keeping the guys from knocking each other out, but they couldn't seem to pull them apart. For some reason, I was able to. I put one hand on each guy and pushed them away from each other.

One guy was taken into the crowd. The other one was pulled away from me in another direction, and the two ladies were stunned. One looked at me as if to say, "What the hell did you just do?"

I asked her, "What the hell was that about?"

No answer, so I turned and left them alone. I went back and danced.

A girl I knew was dancing on stage. She was from a popular local radio station, which was at this club every weekend. This girl knew me from a bookstore I used to own. She spotted me by the stage as she danced with another girl. They were grinding, playing around. Immediately, she reached her hand down to mine, grabbed it, and made a show of the fact that she knew me. *Bam*. Instant and major DHV.

Sidebar: DHV means Demonstration of Higher Value. It's simple, really. Perception is reality. If you can demonstrate to those in your immediate vicinity that you are of higher value than the other males around you, everyone will see you as being of higher value, regardless of your actual job or status in life. You demonstrate this chiefly and initially through your own body language. Beyond that, you use your personality. Lastly, you show it in how you dress.

As I went to get off the dance floor, a two-set started eyeing me. I paused and danced just a little. Then another two-set started eyeing me. One of those two ladies grabbed my coat, pulled me to her, started grinding against me, grabbed my shirt, and pulled me skin-to-skin with her. She danced like we were having sex right there on the dance floor. She went down on me, her face against my crotch. She came up, grabbed my clothes again, wrapped her arms around my back, and pulled me while she crushed herself against me.

This went on for a bit. She turned her back up against me, and moved her hands

down to my crotch.

After all that fun was over, I proceeded to leave, as I had planned. I got a text from a girl who lived six hours north of me and whom I had picked up in this same club before. She was back in town for the holidays and wanted to know what I was doing. The rest, as they say, is history.

15

Is visiting the same venue all the time an advantage or a disadvantage if you have not achieved some level of high status in their hierarchy? That was the question on my mind this night.

I went to the club where I was a regular. This was a good decision, because I kind of broke some barriers.

I had a girl whom I'd previously picked up and with whom I was escalating things. She drove to meet me at the club. I was there already, on my own. She brought a girlfriend with her.

While I was waiting I made my "pass through" of the club to see who was there. I said "what's up" a couple of times, got some eye contact.

After that, I hit the dance floor and loosened up.

At one point, I had a group of four or five ladies dancing together. They asked me to take a picture. Now, flat-out accepting to take their picture would have been a pretty straightforward Average Frustrated Chump thing to do, so I said, "Only if I get one of me and one of you guys in return."

One of the ladies said, "Sure, I'll take one with you."

Sidebar: That's a sign that this particular girl is interested.

I took their cam and snapped the picture, and then I pulled out my cell phone. I turned the cam on and gave it to one of the other hotties, who took our picture. Nice. Now I had a picture to use as an "ex" for a routine. For the layman, when another female you're interested in sees a picture of you and another girl you simply explain that she is an ex of yours who was special at one time, and that your relationship is now over.

I went on and walked around the club again on the way to go outside to text someone. On the way out, I got more eye contact from hotties. One in particular maintained the eye contact and smiled. When I came back by her, I tried to talk to her, but she was talking to her friend and ignored me at that point. Oh well. We all make mistakes.

Another time I went out and back in, another cutie locked eyes with me and then looked away. I tapped her shoulder and said, "You look familiar."

She said, “So do you! Where have I seen you? Did I see you in here last night?”

I asked, “Were you in here last night?”

Sidebar: Asking a question that’s obvious isn’t always a bad thing.

She answered, “Yes!”

I said, “Maybe. Who knows?”

She stood there with me for about 30 seconds. We chatted. Then she walked behind me as I walked farther into the club, still taking to me.

“I almost got into a fight with her,” she proceeded to tell me.

“Really. OK,” I said

“Yes! That girl who was standing behind me back there. Complaining about . . .” she went on to explain, but her words pretty much dissolved into the background.

I kept walking and every time I turned my head away from her, she started talking again.

Sidebar: That’s a sign from her that she wanted to regain my attention.

After a minute I turned and looked at her again.

“I’m heading to another part of the club,” I told her.

She headed to the bar anyway. Sure, I could have probably escalated things with her, but I knew I would see her again. On that night, I mainly used her as a DHV.

I also went up to a two-set and just straight out asked the not-so-cute one . . .

“Would you take a picture of me and your friend here?”

She complied. Then I told the one who shared the picture with me that I had to because she was cute.

Later I danced next to some ladies, who at that moment basically ignored me, until I started a couple of dance moves. The lady on the other side of me grabbed my shirt as she stepped in front of me and started dirty dancing with me. There weren't any other

guys who showed they enjoyed the dancing, so she jumped on me. She was with another guy before she hopped onto me, so I thought they were a couple. I didn't say a word, just looked at her as if she was crazy, purposely.

She leaned forward, to my ear, and said, "My name is (whatever the fuck it was), and my partner is over there on the other side of the dance floor, busy."

"OK, my name is Tripp."

She pointed to the guy she had just left. "He's not my partner," she told me.

Sidebar: She's showing interest, making absolutely sure that I know she's available to be picked up.

"OK."

I said this like I didn't care. It was all about the Social Value (how others perceive you) at that point.

The two of us started dancing, then . . . *voila!* That other group of ladies that had ignored me suddenly took notice.

They weren't my targets, either, but it was nice to see the effect on them. And yes, I could have probably opened them at that point, but didn't.

A couple other small things happened, and then finally "my girl," whom I had picked up a week earlier, arrived with her friend. I met them in line, said "hi," talked a minute. Then I left them and went back inside while the ladies in the line watched. That worked a little more magic for my Social Value.

When "my girl" finally got in there, we pretty much stayed together for the rest of the night. Her friend stayed with us, too.

16

Did you know guys have Bitch Shields? Check this out:

Yeah, that's right. I said it. Guys have Bitch Shields and I'm about to prove it. It took me most of the night to break through it, too.

I went into my club. For some odd reason, I expected my ex to be there, so I strengthened my frame more than usual. I told my wife I was going out with a vengeance. Well, it ended up being overkill.

The cop saw me and waved me on through. I tapped a girl who's a regular on the shoulder. We don't like each other, but she's hot, so I said a few words to her; enough for the social proof. I turned around to leave. There was a group of ladies--I didn't look closely, but probably a four-set--watching me, smiling. After all, I had just walked through the door and immediately talked to a hot girl. Well, I blew on past that set and headed to the dance floor.

I danced, and the damn DJ put the spotlight right on me. It even blinded me for a second. Once I regained myself, I kept up with the dancing. All the ladies around me checked me out at that point, but what else do you expect, seeing a guy in the damn spotlight. The smiles, the moving the hair off the neck to expose themselves, the proximity--all signs of interest, and all present. You'd think I would have been in heaven from that point on.

Wrong.

I fucking *blew out every girl*. You know how ladies blow you out with their bitch shields? By this I mean the snobbish attitude females give you when they think they are better than you, and the games they play to keep out the guy who's clueless. Well, I had an attitude from hell, and blew out all these sevens and above who tried their damndest to get close to me.

I moved around the dance floor, found the clear spots so I could enjoy the dancing, and checked out the people to see if there was someone I actually wanted to get close to. *Nada*.

While in the process of moving around, I did notice that every time I looked behind me, there were these same two ladies who kept following me, even though they both gave me a frown, and I had blown them out earlier. Oh well.

When I had finally calmed myself down and loosened up my frame slightly, I

danced with a group of ladies and guys. One of the guys bought shots for everybody around him, whether a part of the group or not. He offered me two of them. I refused. The one other guy in the group tried to get me to take it, and the girl who danced right in front of me tried to get me to take it, but I still refused. They looked at me like I was crazy. That was funny. However, the girl, well, let's just say I broke her routine. She looked at me with more interest at that point . . . until I blew her out, too.

*Sidebar: It's **good** to break a girl's routine when you're starting to interact with her.*

After this I enjoyed myself, having moved yet again. But I was planted in my spot now, actually right by the two-set I was about to end the night with. This couple (a guy and a girl) pushed their way through the crowd. They pushed into me. I planted my feet and pushed back to hold my spot. The guy didn't like that. He pushed against me harder. I held my ground. He turned around to me and started mouthing off. I looked at him like he was crazy. He continued escalating verbally.

I looked at him and told him, "I've gotten guys kicked out of here before, so back off and leave me alone."

He pushed more.

"Stop! Just leave him alone," his girl said.

"I'm getting this motherfucker," he said.

"Babe, stop. Can't we just enjoy our night?" she asked.

"He needs to be taught a lesson," he said.

She physically pushed him away from me.

He put his hand out for my hand. I reciprocated, thinking he was wanting to call peace.

He grabbed my hand, pulled me close, (against his girl, keep in mind) and threatened me again. (Some guys never learn.)

"Look, man, I'm right here; have been. You pushed your way in. If you want to pick a fight with me, let me know. I'll get you kicked out." The funny thing was, there were two bouncers right behind us on the stage, who saw me in there every weekend. Who do you think was getting kicked out?

His girl pushed him away yet again, but this time she *really* pushed, and he finally moved.

Apparently I finally lowered my bitch shield, and I ended the night with a two-set of ladies. These were 9.5s. The target and I challenged each other. We both loved dancing to the music, and every time we went "down" she tried to outdo me. That was fine. I went on down, and she went further . . . and ended up sitting on the floor. I put my hands on her waist and helped her up. She got up, embarrassed, and tried to recover herself by leaning into her girlfriend. After that, she started looking over her shoulder, tried to get my attention. Plus, she pushed herself up against me, wanting me to stay with her the rest of the night.

Don't carry your bitch shield around with you constantly. You'll miss a lot of fun.

17

Very interesting night.

My wife called a few of her coworkers to go out with us. We ended up heading out with two ladies and a guy. Another guy who they worked with met us at the first place we went.

That place was boring as hell. The ladies sat around long enough to drink one round. I got my wife on the dance floor for one song. Before we got onto the dance floor, I teased her two female coworkers. One of them had a boyfriend and the other was single. The boyfriend wasn't around this time or the last time we all hung out, but her brother was. We bounced from that place and headed to my club.

From there, the night fucking took off.

Normally, we drove my wife's car, but on this night, we were in the mood, so we took my car out. Illegally tinted windows, a stereo that had gotten me pulled over, in a '91 Firebird Formula.

We arrived at my club and went in. They got drinks, and we all sat down at a table. Well, they sat down. I had already gotten Social Proof (Value) and pre-selection (having females with you, which shows that you are at least somewhat safe), so I moved to the dance floor and started working. Females on and off the dance floor were checking me out now. Since the other guy with us wasn't flirting and teasing the ladies, it was pretty obvious who the alpha, or leader, was.

The ladies followed my directions. Anytime I told them to do something . . .
voila!

Sidebar: When others see that people follow your lead, guess what? You suddenly look like a leader, whether you really are or not. This is their immediate perception of reality. This helps build attraction.

I moved off and let the ladies sit a while. I checked out what was going on around us.

Sidebar: It's not a bad thing to leave a group alone for a few minutes. If you're the true leader of the group, you will have their attention back when you return. If you're not the true leader, it'll do you some good to mingle with others and become a leader elsewhere.

A couple of regulars talked to me, which gave me more social proof. After a bit I moved back to my group. I pulled up a chair and sat down by the table, effectively taking

the attention away from whatever else they were doing and bringing it to me. I pulled my wife over. She sat on my lap. She pulled one of the ladies over and she sat on her leg as well.

Sidebar: When the attention is brought back to you, especially female attention, others in the venue around you will notice. Including cute females. This is not a bad thing.

The band got off the stage and the DJ played. We all loved hip hop, so we headed to the dance floor. I danced with these three ladies, each one grinding on me at one point, each one touching me, each one following my physical lead.

Sidebar: It doesn't matter if you're fucking each lady or not. It doesn't matter if you're close friends with each one or not. None of this matters for the perception of the moment. If you have a few cute females hanging this close to you and touching you, it looks good to other women you may be interested in.

A couple other guys even came up and danced with a couple of the ladies. They pushed them away after a minute and came back and joined us. We were the fucking party, after all.

We drew attention from those around us. Guys and ladies both checked us out. Smiled, winked. Girls gave me proximity as I danced with my three. The ones who weren't in our group flipped their hair. My own ladies exposed their necks, ground against me, held hands with me, held hips with me.

Sidebar: At the moment when you notice this dynamic happening all around you, realize right then and there that you now have the choice of several different females if you want to break free from your current group and move on to someone else.

Other guys just couldn't break in, and other ladies tried to maneuver their way in. My wife actually counted at least 14 single guys around us at one point. All AFC's. I don't know how many ladies there were. Plenty, though.

The band came back on, and we all left the dance floor and went back to our table. This time I leaned against the wall and pulled my wife in between my legs.

Sidebar: This is considered a power position for a male to be in.

Our two ladies stood in front of the table, and at times stood in front of me and my wife, talked to us. A guy on my left side tried to get my wife to sit on his leg, along with his own girl sitting on his leg. She brushed him off. As soon as he saw the other two ladies join me and my wife, he completely backed off our group. The guy's own girl even left him shortly afterward.

Not long after this, one of the hotties with us was flirting heavier with both my wife and me. She'd ingested enough liquid courage into her system to let more of her wild side free.

I pulled her against me by wrapping an arm around her back. I snaked one hand behind her head and put her ear to my mouth. "Hey babe, give my wife a big kiss. She'll enjoy it."

"Are you sure she will?" she asked. Her eyes started sparkling.

"Trust me. Go for it." I smiled at her. Not ear-to-ear, with teeth showing. Just a nice curve to my lips. You know, a genuine smile that shows in your eyes, too.

I took the hand on her back, moved it down, slid it across her skin, patted her, and let her go.

As I leaned back, I watched her cup my wife's face, then put a hand behind her head, and, with joy on her face, put her lips on my wife's. They remained that way a couple of minutes.

"I bet you enjoyed that," my wife said after they were done.

"Yes, and you did too," I replied.

Later on, we headed back to the dance floor. After the band stopped again and the DJ took over, the three of us danced together, touching each other even more. At one point, I made one of the ladies hot by getting down between her legs. Since my wife was there, I danced with both of them in front of me. She gave my wife the signal that I turned her on; she fanned her face with her hand. I pulled her close and continued dancing with her.

At different points, I held these other two ladies around their waists. I played with their hair, pulled them close, held their hands, and held their hips as they ground against me. A cousin of one of the ladies we were with came up to me while I danced with my wife.

"Can I ask you a question?" she said.

"Sure, I'm not stopping you," I said.

She got up to my ear and said, "How big is your dick? I hear it's huge."

“Really. Where’d you hear that from?” I asked.

“Just tell me. Seriously.” Her mouth and eyes smiled. Her eyes roamed my face, down to my crotch, back to my face. “Please tell me. Please!”

I smiled. “I’m not the one to ask. I’m not going to tell you if it’s big or small.” I pointed to my wife, gestured to ask her.

She did.

“I’ll never tell,” my wife said, then smiled at her.

The girl walked off, but not far.

We got off the dance floor again, as the club got ready to close.

The cousin was still there, so as we walked past her, I asked, “Is there a particular reason you wanted to know?”

She grabbed me, pulled me close and said, “I heard you are huge and I fucking want to know!”

The cousin said, “I’m not letting you go ‘til you answer me.”

“There are two things you have to do before I’ll tell you,” I said.

“What are they?” Her eagerness was showing through.

“I need your phone number and a kiss.”

She told me her number, then I handed her my phone and told her to put it in. She obliged and handed it back. I gave it back to her and told her to put her name in. She did. Then, she kissed me. I never told her my size. She could find that out later. I just smiled as I walked away.

18

Sometimes you don't need 100 sets a night to open. Sometimes you only need one.

I needed to use the phone outside. I called a girl, carried on, started laughing, turned around, and noticed two ladies standing out there talking. I laughed more on the phone, then the call was lost, so I went over and used something I just heard the target say to strike up a conversation. I teased a bit here and there. She was really cute, but she didn't have the 10 mentality. That is, she didn't see herself as having value. She had lower self-esteem.

A guy came out to join us. The target moved closer to me. He offered her a pitcher of beer from which she drank. Then she looked at me. He talked to her, tried to keep her attention. I said something to her, then to her friend, and then carried on with the guy. I learned that the ladies had the exact same birthday, where they had met, where they had gone to school, and found out this guy was the target's friend of about three years.

Sidebar: For all you "men" who tremble at the thought of talking to ladies who are with other ladies or even men in the same group: you never know what you may be passing up. You have absolutely no idea how they know each other--until you talk to them and find out.

The other obstacle noticed that the band stopped. "I want to go inside and dance," she said.

Sidebar: Everyone but the target is an obstacle from the start. At least until you win them over with your charm.

The song sucked right then. The target looked at me and said, "Listen to that song." Maintaining eye contact, she waited to see what I was going to do.

I stood there and said, "I'll go in, in a minute." She waited.

The next song started and the female obstacle still wanted to go in. The rest of us talked. I broke myself out of the conversation and went in, without waiting for them. They followed. The target was stopped by a friend. I kept going, hit the dance floor.

There were several other ladies up there, and five or six of them danced around me. All of them were nines and up.

The bouncer knew me. He tapped my shoulders and sat down beside me. We watched a three-set with two not-so-hot ladies kissing. They made eye contact with me, smiled, and kissed more. I gave them a smile, so they performed for me.

Then I looked back at the ladies dancing around me. The two ladies kissing were with a guy.

The bouncer went to the three-set and danced with one of the ladies. I still danced with all the others. Suddenly I made eye contact with the two ladies I had talked to outside. They just watched me. So, I motioned them over with my finger.

The target grabbed the obstacle's hand and rushed over. I extended my hand for the target to take. She grabbed it, did a spin, and planted her ass against my crotch. She pushed her ass against me. I moved with her. We flowed together with the beat.

Sidebar: As you know, this is compliance. This is interest. This is not something to retreat from, but rather, something to escalate, or move forward with.

The ladies around me all tried to move into our little set now. They moved their hips, bumped mine, all that stuff. Hands grabbed, eyes searched. I touched my target. Immediately I went down toward the floor, and she followed. We came back up and she moved her hair off her neck and pushed her head back against my shoulder. She turned her head toward me just a bit.

Sidebar: When the lady has her back against you and turns her head to look at you, with her face that close to yours, it's OK to kiss her.

I watched as the obstacle danced in front of us. She looked kind of lost. The target gave her just a bit of attention, then pulled my hand around and put it under her shirt. So, now my hand was on my target's stomach. I moved it up just a bit, closer to her breasts. She didn't object. Instead, she pushed her body harder against mine. My other hand moved down to her crotch, slid over her pants, and pulled her hips harder against mine. She accepted the action while we moved to the music. She laid her head on my shoulder and looked at me while we talked. This is called intimacy. It's not a bad thing. Don't be afraid of it.

Sidebar: I've told every client I've had that you should be able to escalate your touches with the lady from the point of not touching her at all to having your hands between her legs--by the end of one song. When you can accomplish that, the world is your oyster, as they say. In order to possess this ability, you must have a vibe that sets the ladies at ease right away. At the same time, you must have a sexual vibe radiating from you.

She bent over and picked something up off the floor. Turned out it was an unwrapped cigar. She played with it.

"Thief," I said.

She turned her head to look at me.

“Thief,” I said again.

We played with the cigar until she opened it and put it in her mouth. We lifted our hands up. I weaved my fingers in with hers. Then she pulled my right hand up to her chest and onto her breast. A minute later, the song changed, and I turn her around to face me. She saw my shirt, leaned back, and pulled at it to read it.

"I'll try to be nicer if you try to be smarter," it said. She loved it.

I said, "Yeah, it fits me."

She got on my leg and started grinding. I put one hand on her ass; the other went up and down her back. Our faces got close. She purposely poked me in my face with the cigar. So I called her a bitch and she laughed, and then poked me more.

I got her to qualify to me by bringing up things I look for in a woman, such as intelligence and a sense of humor. I look for someone who takes pride in her body and takes care of herself. Someone who considers the gym a friend and enjoys eating right. She qualified herself by assuring me that those are her qualities.

Sidebar: When she qualifies to you, this means she's highly interested and wants you to know how good of a catch she is. She basically wants your approval, so you two can click on another level. It doesn't always mean that the girl is telling the truth about everything. You'll have to find that out later. It just means she's interested and is making the effort to meet your standards on some level.

Her friend wanted to go back outside. So, with my arm still around her waist, I pulled my phone out. She put her name and number in easily, and then asked for my name. I said Tripp. She said “OK,” gave me my phone back, and walked away.

A minute later, I got off the dance floor and saw those two still inside, cigar burned, talking to another girl. So I walked over and busted her for smoking the cigar inside instead of out, like they said they were going to do. She qualified further by explaining why they weren't outside. One of her friends wanted to bounce to another club. She told me where they were going, which meant she wanted me to join her. I said I would see her later. And that was the only fresh set I opened that night.

19

This was a weekend my wife and I traveled to Nashville to meet a group that's part of an online forum that I moderated. I'm combining the entire weekend into one report.

Note: I'm L.A. Tripp. my wife is Cali. Zip is a female from New York who also moderated the forum I was head moderator of. Par is another female from close to Nashville. JSmooth (J) used to date Par and is also from Nashville. Medic and Locke are guys who came with Zip. Doc also moderated the forum. Ka and JoeB (JoeBazooka) are brothers from Philly, and Kino was a guy from all over who came in his motor home.

Zip is a beautiful 5'6" blonde toothpick. A bright, upbeat personality mixed with being snobbish. The lady of ladies who calls guys "projects," with a taste for the Victorian.

Par is a compassionate woman with a mischievous streak. She wants what isn't good for her, but is also fun to play with. She had the philosophy, at one point, that another friend of mine shared when I was in high school. When my friend would date a guy, she'd give him sex the first night, as soon as possible, "To get the sex out of the way so we could enjoy the rest of the night without the tension." For those lucky guys, however, she held high appeal with her large natural breasts. Sadly for her, huge chests hold little appeal for me.

J is a tall motherfucker at over six feet, with almost a military cut. He's also a fashionable guy. He works for a major company, household name, with an office in Nashville. He does his job well and is respected, but his inner confidence isn't up to par with the outer appearance. When J walks into a room, his height alone draws attention to him. When he talks online, he has a certain swagger behind the computer. Those two aspects need to be meshed in person.

Medic is a paramedic, which alone garners my respect, for personal reasons. I ~~had~~ also personally mentored him for a while. He sports a goatee. He puts up an intimidating front. He could have a strong mental frame if he connected his outer persona with his inner feelings. In other words, don't put on the false front of confidence. Instead, become truly confident in who and what you are.

Locke is just a character all his own. Thin and taller than most, except J and JoeB, Locke's personality brings the spotlight on him, when he allows the natural charisma to ooze out. Almost black, spiky hair crowns his head. His biggest pitfall is that he doesn't focus on the girl when having sex. Instead, his mind wanders to random sets of numbers and pictures, anything to avoid focusing on the pleasure of the moment.

Doc is the smoothest of smooth talkers. He can sit at a bar, order a drink, and have a cute chick grab his hand and take him off somewhere, alone. He also loves his pink ties and guy-liner.

Ka and JoeB are brothers from Philadelphia. Joe is the younger and taller one. Ka is the more studious one. He sports a faux hawk, too. Today Ka has a wonderful girl of his own. Fantastic relationship. On this weekend, he was completely open to teaching, to ideas and breaking his own mold. He watched, absorbed, and involved himself directly in everything going on. He valued his greatest investment: himself.

JoeB is a fairly confident guy, confident enough to wear a pink shirt over a black one for the weekend. He also understands how his height helped him. He isn't afraid to open his mouth most of the time. His lack of life experience is the main drawback for him.

Kino brought the money with him as he rolled into town. Camping out in his motor home, playing with his laptop, videoing some of the field work, talking about the apartments and other investments he had. He loves hats, and wears either a backward baseball cap or a cowboy hat. Both look cool on him. He also isn't afraid to talk, at all. He is strong when it comes to opening and trying to push the interaction. Whereas most guys fall short right at the start, Kino is strong in that area.

Friday, my wife and I arrived in Nashville, got to the hotel, checked in, and met Zip, Medic, and Locke. I "kicked" Medic and Locke out of our room. They went to their rooms so we could all crash or do whatever we need to do.

My wife and I settled down in our room and got ourselves together. I got my head straight for the prep talk and the night out, checked some email, and answered the ones ("letters" or "messages" "ones" it too vague) I could get to right away. Some details were discussed about the prep meeting. Doc texted to let me know he was in and all was ready.

Meanwhile, I got a couple of texts from a Sandi I had picked up the weekend before. She wanted to know what I was doing, whether I had I survived the week, etc. Cali saw these and laughed. Sandi knew I would be out of town, but, as Cali said, she wanted to see if I was available to hook up anyway.

During the meeting, Doc talked a bit about NLP, Zip talked about wings, and I give a quick talk about the mindset each guy should have as they walk into a club. All of this was recorded.

J then talked about how to get where we were going and what to expect.

We then headed to Graham's. There was a nice line that we got to bypass because J went above and beyond the call of duty.

Inside the club, the original plan was for all of us to build our social value as a group. We threw that plan out the window the second we stepped in the door of the venue. Some of the guys stayed together and built each other's social value while the rest of us figured, *what the hell*, and headed off to see what this club had to offer.

I checked out the different floors, spotted some groups, and made some mental notes. I saw what areas were packed and what areas were empty.

I opened a couple of groups quickly. I didn't push them. Just got a feel for the place.

At some point I took my wife and hit the dance floor. One of the times my wife and I were out there, Par was with us and almost hooked up with a guy. They did everything short of fucking on the dance floor. He groped her. She found out that he didn't have anything "to work with" and lost interest.

My wife and I danced next to a couple of two-sets. We got close to them to see how things went. As I got into the dancing a bit more, as much as I could with the floor packed, I got a little eye contact from the ladies. My wife noticed and basically showed the ladies that I was safe and pre-selected.

We moved on from there. We looked for some of the other guys to see what was going on with them and whether they needed any help.

Locke was coming out of his shell and turned into a fucking Rockstar, which is my new name for him.

Ka and JoeB came out of their shyness, too. It was nice to see that.

Kino and J were doing their thing: being good-looking, outgoing guys, attracting the party. Medic was quiet for the most part, and Zip was gone for most of the first night with two guys she took from Kino's first group. I saw her with them several times that night.

Four guys did Karaoke and filmed it. Locke had a single lady in front of the stage. She was into him. I was semi-standing on a stool behind him, with Cali, Ka, Par, and a couple of others at our table, watching Locke and his girl. She sat. He stood. Bad

position. I tried to get his attention and tell him to grab a stool and sit beside her. By the time I got his attention, she had moved on. She was into him, but she had the power position for too long and lost interest. He talked to me about it. Lesson learned. He moved on. Good job, Rockstar.

Day game Saturday. We all went to Opry Mills Mall. Zip and some guys came out way late; I was pretty exhausted by the time they got there. Before that, however, Cali, Par, Doc, Rockstar and I looked around Spencer's for some things. I looked for earrings to replace some of mine that had broken. We all talked while we were in the store, vibed, laughed, and had fun. There were a couple of groups in Spencer's, but nothing of any real interest.

However, by the time me and Cali were ready to make our purchases, the girl at the register, who was playing around with what was apparently a flash light, blinded herself. She looked at me, started talking to me, and we joked around about it for a bit. Cali looked at me and said something about the purchase, to which the girl asked if we were together. I said yes and smiled. The girl told the cashier she had to get cash from her boyfriend. She walked off. Cali and I walked out, and what do you know, the girl actually was there and got some cash from her boyfriend. Funny how she didn't mention a boyfriend when she wanted to joke with me, but mentioned one after she found out I was with someone.

Sidebar: She would've been cool to play with. Just understand, this type of girl is either looking for a boy toy or a replacement for her current boyfriend.

We had a get-together later with J, Kino, and Rockstar in Kino's trailer, and a late night debriefing Saturday night with Kino, J, Doc, and Zip. We found out there had been a set of ladies in Spencer's after Cali and I had left. J talked to them and found out they were from our town. Too bad we weren't still in there, or I would have helped J push the set.

Saturday night, we started out at Fuel. I hit the dance floor, at times by myself, and at times with Cali.

One time, we brought Ka to the dance floor, too. At that point, I was behind Cali; she was against me, as any other girl would be when dancing with me like that, her back to me; Ka was in front of us, dancing. There were sets around us, but just a couple. Not much to pick from. I saw this, told Cali to stay there and work with Ka, which she did. I moved off the dance floor and went to find some sets that were seated. Cali worked with Ka, dancing with him, trying to find some sets for him, but without any luck.

There was one two-set of hot ladies on the dance floor but I couldn't get into the

set, even with Cali with me. Ka tried as well, but he didn't get anywhere, either. The two ladies were really into each other, though. Oh well, moving on.

Sidebar: It's not a bad thing to move on from a group of ladies that you aren't getting anywhere with and start talking to another group. Don't believe your mind when it says that every other group has seen things go badly with that one group. Guess what: every other group is focused on themselves, not on what someone else did to you, unless a huge scene was caused. Just turn around with a smile on your face and move to a different group. No big deal!

Rockstar opened a 10 playboy girl at this club. She appeared to be wiping her ass with a dirty cloth, so that became his opener.

Sidebar: His frame was set because he gathered the courage to talk to this very hot girl and he didn't get shut down. So in his mind, he has this success to back him up with any other woman he talks to that night. No other woman can pull him down or succeed with pot-shots at him now, as long as he keeps this success in mind.

Bouncing to Graham's, I hit the second floor and immediately started talking to two nice-looking ladies. I bantered with them a bit. I found out one girl was from Texas, so I started talking about how I was going to be there in a few months. She started giving me tips about the cities there. She was hooked. Her friend was wanting in, but she was too drunk to really vibe with us; the target and I were having fun. We talked for awhile, and then I let them go. There were other, better sets around.

Sidebar: Normally, when you're gaming two ladies at the same time, the best strategy is to work them both. Tease them both, touch them both. Play one off the other, as in, if one says something, you ask the other for confirmation, and then still don't believe it, and be dramatic about it. In other words, you play with both of them; build comfort and attraction with both of them. The reason for this? Whichever one you want, you want her friend to like you.

A bit later I approached four ladies sitting by the window overlooking the river. I used the view as an opener on this one. "How much did you guys pay for this view?" I asked.

"Don't know," they said.

I gave them a strange look. "Don't know?"

More of the ladies turned and looked at me; the target looked up at me and smiled from ear to ear. I turned my body around and faced the set. I was against the wall, so I slid in next to the target without looking much at her. I started talking to all of them, telling them I was from out of town.

Sidebar: Note that I'm physically close to the target, even though I'm not giving her all

my attention.

The target's eyes were locked on me; she was smiling. Her body was leaning closer to me already. I was immediately in the power position, against the wall with all four ladies in front of me. (Remember, perception is reality.) I bantered with *one* of the ladies and fluff talked with *all* of them. I never negged (gave a back-handed compliment to) the target. I didn't need to. I just ignored her a bit. She was very cute, about a 9. All of the ladies were under 21, which was no big deal here. We talked more. I talk about L.A., about traveling. We talked about my rings (one looked like a Batman symbol, the other like a flame). The ladies laughed, the target kept smiling, leaning into me, maintaining eye contact with me. She had pretty blue eyes. The only drawback was that she was blond. Still, she was the hottest one at the table.

Rockstar was becoming more and more of a Rockstar, playing marry, murder, or shag with two different sets, parading them on his arms, bouncing them through the club. Excellent job, Rockstar. You're a great student.

Cali and I watched Rockstar on a couple of the two-sets. We were sitting by ourselves, against the wall, at a table, staying out of view as much as possible. We watched the dynamics, the body language, the interactions between him and the ladies. Things are going well. With one set, however, two guys come up to AMOG (intimidate) Rockstar, so I immediately jumped off the stool to go help him out. Unfortunately, by the time I got there, the guys had already taken off with the ladies. Fine, he moved on, which is good.

As I was walking up the steps to the third floor, this girl caught up and walked beside me.

"I'm looking for a friend of mine. He's here somewhere. He's an older guy who's been my friend forever," she says.

Sidebar: She may just throw this oddball information at you for help or comfort, but most likely she's interested and looking for a way to talk to you and hang around you more. If you choose to look, don't be surprised if you never find this "friend."

"Interesting. Looking for me to be a tour guide?" I was role playing.

"I've never been to this club before," she said.

"Neither have I. I'm with a group of friends myself. Working on finding each of them in all the different areas here."

I wasn't about to chase her around the club. No way.

She showed interest, following me as I walked through the crowd, smiling, staying close.

We walked through a doorway, and Rockstar ended up right behind her. He reached over her (nice), tapped my shoulder, and got my attention.

"Hey, man!" he said.

"What's up," I said.

She turned and looked at him with the *who is he* look in her surprised eyes. I smiled and told her it was a friend of mine.

Immediately Rockstar started backing off, not wanting to blow my set. I told him it was cool. I was more interested in what he needed to say to me, so I told him to stay and talk to me. After he spilled, he apologized again for blowing the set, so I explained that he didn't. If anything, he helped.

Sidebar: She sees you're a friendly guy already, and she thinks you're cute. Then, you have a friend search for you, find you, and ask you for advice or some kind of help. Yes, those things are attractive to her.

While we were standing there talking, the girl came up to me again, smiled, and told me she was still looking for the guy. I let her go again.

A two-set stopped in front of us. They were on their way out of the room we had just entered, but had stopped because the line stopped. I flicked the earring of the girl in front of me.

"That's just too big," I told her.

Rockstar saw that and touched the earring of the girl in front of him. He said to her, "It's just right."

They both looked at us, eyes smiling, mouths curving up. We could have, and, looking back, should have, hooked them, but we were still talking, so I let them pass.

At the end of the night, while Rockstar was gaming the coat-check girl, who he number-closed, Cali, Doc, and I were standing together, talking. I had my back to the line of people who were receiving their coats and heading out.

A girl walked behind me and said in my ear, loud enough for Doc and Cali to hear, "I'm 17," and slapped my ass.

Cali looked around as if to ask, "What happened?"

Doc laughed and said, "Disqualification." (*I'm 17.*) "And IOI at the same time."

I turned and looked at the girl. She was very sexy, with a nice ass. She was still smiling, still acting interested.

The three of us were laughing and a bit too shocked for me to push anything with the girl. Zip walked over and Cali related the event to her. We all left the club and headed back.

All in all, it was a great weekend meeting Doc (so smooth), J (very Socially Proofed in Graham's and a great guy in person), Kino (a guy everyone wants to hang around), Rockstar (formerly known as Locke), Ka and JoeBazooka. (These guys are shy, but laid back and cool as hell . . . and JoeBazooka is like J). Oh, and Par, very reserved, but a sweetie. Taller than I expected, too. But not nearly as tall as J and JoeB . . . my God, those two are like skyscrapers. There are some in this group I wouldn't hesitate to hang out with again.

20

I met my new wing tonight. He goes by Rusty. We went to two different clubs.

Considering he didn't have much, if any, real field experience, we started out at a club called Hammerhead's, which is one where I used to train.

We walked in and went downstairs, heading to the dance floor. At the moment, it was pretty dead, so we moved along the dance floor, checking things out. I opened a five- or six-set of ladies on the dance floor. Rusty was with me, but he didn't engage. I ejected us and moved on, trying to show him it's not hard.

We moved away from the dance floor area, toward the bar, and then past the bar. I saw a two-set of ladies sitting at a high-top. I moved Rusty and myself toward the table and opened it.

I asked them their opinions of my rings. We started talking with one girl. The other had disappeared. So, it was me, Wendy (the girl I just opened), and Rusty. We talked to her, laughed with her, and had a good time. We found out interesting things about her. I threw a few remarks here and there to catch her attention. She turned her body language a bit toward me. I touched her a little here and there; her hair, her necklace, and then we bumped hips to a song that came on. During another song, I had her dance in front of me, while I took her wrists, then hands. We touched while dancing to half of that song.

Sidebar: I was making the effort to show Rusty how simple gaming a girl really is.

We stopped dancing and started talking again, and Rusty joined in. After about 15 to 20 minutes of this, I had already missed two or three texts, a call or two, and a voice message. So, I asked them if they could get along for a minute so I could take care of some business with my phone. They agreed. As I came back from taking care of things, I was thinking that by now maybe Rusty would have gotten further with the girl.

When I came back, the other girl had returned and was sharing a lighter with Rusty. Another guy had shown up, too. They both took off, and we talked for just a minute more before Rusty and I decided it was time to leave. Before we went, I got the lady's number.

We bounced to Eddy's, my club. I feel at home there. I have social value. At this point, I thought we wouldn't have much of a problem with AA (Approach Anxiety) from Rusty. Boy, was I wrong. He froze up at the second club. I tried and tried to break through and get him to open sets. I opened some myself, trying to pull him in. No luck. I

threw out openers for him to use. No luck. I pointed out sets for him to open. No luck. I popped up on the dance floor at one point and tried to get him up there, too. No luck.

He disappeared, and right afterward, a girl yanked the sleeve of my coat and pulled me over to dance with her. I did, to finish the song. After that, I left the dance floor and looked for Rusty. I found him and we went outside to talk.

He told me about his problems with AA. He also told me he definitely wanted to get back together and come out more often, which was fine with me.

I got him to promise himself that he would open at least one set before we left the venue that night. After he had frozen his ass off again, we walked back inside. His glasses fogged up, and an opener hit him.

We started moving, with me a couple of steps ahead. I turned around and noticed Rusty had opened a two-set of ladies. He had asked them, "Glasses or no glasses?"

They proceeded to take off his glasses, and then to take off his coat.

I joined the set at that point and told the target, "Damn, you're stripping him already!"

She was touching him within 30 seconds. The ladies stepped back and looked at him. They told him he would look much sexier without the glasses and coat. I then busted on them for that, for saying he *would* look sexier. I was trying to give him openings to banter with them, but he didn't take them. A new song started, and they left to go dancing.

He successfully opened a set. He succeeded. We called it a night.

21

Another night, I met up with K, my wing man for the night, at Blush. We talked for about half an hour in the lounge, and then we bounced to Eddy's, since we were nearby. We immediately opened a couple different sets. Nothing spectacular, but at least we were getting our feet wet.

We hung together for a little bit, talking about the venue and what we were both looking for. We tested the waters some more and winged for each other in a couple of sets, mostly married women who were there to party.

Sidebar: Watch yourself in the bars/clubs. Married or attached women go to these venues a lot to find other men to have sex with. If you are OK with doing that, it's your choice. Be aware, though, that you may be bringing a raging, jealous husband or boyfriend down on yourself.

In one of the sets he went into, I messed around with a couple of other guys and a couple of other ladies, killing time, watching him at the same time. He turned to me, stuck out his hand to introduce me, and pulled me in.

The set had a birthday girl who was drunk and another girl, both married, who was drinking, but not near drunk. The birthday girl was the hotter one. Unfortunately, I started automatically bantering with her, then caught myself, backed off, and let him have her, since he had opened the set. I continued with the other girl.

Sidebar: It's disrespectful to take the lady your wing wants if he was the first to engage the group.

The birthday girl latched onto my name. "Tripp." She kept repeating it, in fact, all night, every single time she saw me.

"You have a great name," K told me later.

This girl was touching the hell out of me. I was trying to leave with K and she grabbed my hand and gripped it tight. She did not want to let me go. Eventually, I got her friend to take care of her, and I ejected, too. Sure, she was fucking cute, but she was drunk, and I already knew her friend wasn't going to let anything happen. It was time to move on.

So we did. K opened another set that started as a three-set of ladies. We ended up "crossing" each other in convo. He picked his target, and I set out to tackle the two obstacles. We both moved ourselves: he went behind me, and I slid in front of him. He went to the side of his target, and I engaged both of the obstacles, kind of playing them off each other. I love doing that stuff.

“If you’re going to lie, at least get your stories straight,” I told them.

Since I had one arm around each girl, I pulled the three of us together as a set for a few minutes, while he worked the target. For some reason he left the target, but as he did, more people joined the set. In fact, a two-set--a girl and a guy--walked right up to me, and the girl threw her arms out and grabbed me.

She said, “Hey, how you been doing?!” as we gave each other a big, tight hug.

The two ladies looked at her, then at me, then at her, and said, “You know him?”

She looked right into their eyes and said, “Honey, role play!”

I smiled, because I was trying so damn hard not to bust out laughing right then and there. I had no idea who she was, and she didn't know me, but it was awesome that she fell right into that. She and I bantered a minute, then the other two ladies kept bantering with me. I teased, they gasped.

The group continued to grow. More guys started joining, and I was expecting them to wrap their arms around some of the ladies, but none of them did. Apparently all the guys were just friends. Oh well, their loss.

I brought a couple of the guys into the conversation, or tried to. They just looked at me, holding their drinks of front of their chests, and shrugged their shoulders because they didn't have anything to say.

Sidebar: This is one of the top complaints I hear from men. “I don’t have anything to say.” Well, guess what--if your life is that boring, liven it up. In reality, your life isn’t that boring, you just need to realize this for yourself. Start sharpening your mind. You’ll find plenty to say to ladies once you do that.

I went back to the ladies and played some more. I started teasing one of my two ladies about her age, and got her to prove herself by taking her license out, which I promptly snatched. I stuck it in my back pocket. We played around with that for a bit, too.

Sidebar: Not only did I get compliance from this lovely lady; I also started playing with her; and got her to touch me. To chase me, in essence. You should try it sometime.

After a bit, the life went out of the group and K and I left. No problem. By this time, my ex-girlfriend, Red, had seen me in the club a couple of times already, and was watching me in this group. She watched the ladies have a blast with me, the other lady run up and grab me like that, and my interaction with the guys. We found some more

groups to open and play with, one by the dance floor. K knew her already, and said she was real cool, and was a friend of his. He opened her and talked to her other guy friend, then left me with them. I had no problem with that. I bantered with her a bit and had some fun.

“I’m gay,” I told her, as effeminately as I could.

She gave me a strange look. “You don’t give off the gay vibe,” she said.

“What kind of vibe do I give off?” I asked with my hands on my hips and a smile on my face.

She looked at me and said, “Not a bad one. But you’re obviously nowhere near gay.”

I told K that later, since she's his friend, and he was happy that she was into me. Meanwhile, as I worked with that two-set, K worked a three-set behind us. Although the girl I was with had her attention on me, I kept an eye on K so I didn't leave and jump into his set. After he ejected, he told me their bitch shields were huge. I recognized one of the ladies myself, from seeing her in the club all the time, and I told him I didn't doubt it, considering just that one girl.

I opened a couple while he went to the bathroom, and I ran into Red again. I tried to walk by her, but she put out her hand and stopped me.

“Why are you ignoring me?” she asked.

She had seen my Myspace page and noticed that I had started a PUA company, so she started talking about that.

K came up and I introduced him to Red and the girl she was normally with. I told him he didn't have to worry about the obstacle on this one. He looked for another set of his own, while Red didn't want to let me go for the rest of the night. Since it was about two in the morning, I went ahead and stayed with her.

K caught me later as Red, her friend, and I did our thing on the dance floor. He bid me goodbye for the night. The three of us danced the rest of the night away.

Red has been texting me ever since we left the club. Come to find out, she wanted to kiss me again, and she was grinding enough to tell me she wanted more, too. Something to look forward to later.

22

How many hook-ups can you count on in one night?

No club-hopping this time. I went to Hammerhead's for their 80s night. This was not my usual thing, although I love 80s music. One wing was already there, so I immediately started building social value. As we waited for the other wings and pivots to show up, some ladies gave us proximity, lightly flirting with us, but nothing heavy. This was fine, because we were talking to each other more than anything. Well, the pivots never did show, but it turned out we didn't need them.

Sidebar: Pivots are simply other women who are hanging out with you, but not with you in a romantic sense. These women help you to more easily attract other women to, in fact, be romantic or sexual with.

After a bit, we got a text from the other two wings. They had arrived and were looking for us.

Now, the first wing I was there with was G, and the two who just arrived were K and AJ.

G and I moved among a couple of all-female sets by the dance floor. The other two wings showed up and spotted us there among the sets. We talked among ourselves; they were finding out who my target was. We worked that set for just a bit, then moved on.

We each stopped at a couple of sets along the way, getting smiles from the ladies, who pressed their backs and asses against us. We threw glances at each other and stayed aware of what was going on around us, in order to make sure our wings didn't need any help.

We mingled among different sets right in each other's vicinity, so each set could see us wings together. We were the party. I threw cocky, sideways glances at certain ladies in each set. The ladies from one "Birthday Girl" set were taking picture after picture of themselves, so I put my hand over their camera to block the photo. I did this two or three times, and then started talking to a couple of the ladies in the set. I told the birthday girl congratulations.

My wings and I were ready to move on, so we bounced from that set. We headed away from the dance floor and toward the bathrooms, where it was quieter. I had received several texts on my phone by this time, so I quickly checked them. I didn't have much time to respond, though, before my wings engaged me in a conversation and we spotted some other appealing sets.

We split apart for a bit and found our own sets to work for a while.

I moved back to the dance floor and found a seven-set of ladies, six white and one black. Apparently it was another "Birthday Girl" set. One of the ladies took a friend of hers and started dancing near me. I didn't respond. They got closer. I looked at them, then looked away. The girl who was interested turned her back to me, pushed against my chest, and started dancing. I started flirting with another girl in the set, so this girl moved away from me, kind of upset that I didn't give her more attention.

Sidebar: Not a wise choice, getting the females upset with you on purpose. Teasing and angering are two different things.

After a trip upstairs to find nothing going on, I went back down.

Immediately a girl from a two-set came up to me as I hit the floor.

"Is your name Max?" she asked me.

I put one hand on each of her sides. "I need more info before I can commit to an answer." I give her a cocky smile.

"Max is an ex of mine who treated me like shit," she said.

"Obviously you still want him."

"He looks just like you, wears the same leather jacket and beanie."

Yeah, right.

I involved her friend in our little chat. I told them they were best friends, which they were, and that they even used the same shampoo. They glanced at each other knowingly.

The one who opened me said, "No."

Her friend said, "Yeah, sometimes we do."

We all laughed.

I asked them, "Have you two ever played a game called Marry, Murder, or Shag?"

“No,” they answered, practically in unison.

I explained to them what it was, and, as I already had one arm around each girl, I turned them and lead them to our first "target." (It's a simple game. You pick out a guy who looks dorky or who you feel not as desirable as you and ask if they will marry, murder, or shag (fuck) him. You can even pick out a cute guy among three choices if you want. You tease them about their answers, and you have them pick out ladies for you, as well.)

“Murder!” they said.

“You guys are fucking mean,” I responded.

We found their second target. They looked hard at him and chose murder again. I teased them for that. We found their third target. This time, they said they'd fuck him. I had a look of shock on my face. Playfully, of course. They laughed.

“It's my turn,” I said.

The girl who opened me grabbed the target's hand and the target took me. They led me among the people on the dance floor, looking for three ladies for me.

At the first one they found, I made a guttural sound and said, “Murder,” even though she was a bit cute. “Now do better and at least find me someone decent.”

They moved on, stringing me along, and found a second target. I acted like I was going to throw up, to which they both laughed. I looked hard and said, “Well, I'll marry her. She's not so bad that I'd murder, but not good enough that I'd fuck.” They laughed again.

They grabbed me and took off to find the third target. I told them, “You need to start doing better,” as they paraded me around the dance floor. We passed K and AJ, who gave me high fives and smiles, which the ladies saw.

They found yet another girl who was actually not bad looking. I looked hard again, and gave the two ladies the evil eye. They laughed once more. “You used the same choice twice,” I said, “So I'm gonna use the same choice twice.” They laughed more.

Since we were on the dance floor anyway, we started dancing at that point. I told the target as her ass was up against me, “You're cuter than any girl you two picked out.” She smiled. We were having a lot of fun with each other, but since I was ignoring the girl

who opened me, she grew bored and told the target she wanted to move off the dance floor. So, the three of us moved along. They headed toward the bar and said they were going to the bathroom. They took off and I found another set.

Upstairs, my wings and I saw a two-set walking out of the bathroom. One of the girls wore a paper crown on her head and was obviously drunk, staggering back and forth a bit, holding her friend's hand. They sat at a table. K and AJ told me that K had opened her earlier and that she had a major bitch shield he couldn't get through. K walked off to find another set.

AJ and I talked to each other, stealing glances at this set. We went over strategies about how to open this girl, how to get through the bitch shield, things like that. Sure, we had shattered the three-second rule, but we were still going to open her. Of course, the longer we stood there strategizing, the more people joined their set. Guys were drooling all over her because she was hot and it was her birthday. One guy was talking to her, and three or four others were standing around trying to talk to her. We watched the dynamics. I made the remark that the set was getting harder to penetrate by the second. AJ thought of the "You Suck" opener. We talk about some AMOG (intimidation) tactics to blow the guys out.

Sidebar: The "You Suck" opener is simply walking up to the lady and saying, "You suck because I've been standing there for like five minutes and can't get close to you. Your friends won't allow anyone in." Obviously, you have to say this in good humor.

AJ moved around to the bar, trying to find a spot to get to the girl. A couple seconds later, I slowly followed his path, checking the table as I walked. I made eye contact with him at the bar, saw an open spot at her table, and moved in.

I opened the girl's friend by simply asking, "Whose birthday is it and how old?"

She pointed to her friend and said, "21."

Since she had pointed to her friend and got her attention, I walked around the table, slipping up to the birthday girl.

"How old are you?" I asked.

"21," she responded, her eyes overcast.

I played with the age, saying, "23."

She looked at me and got to my ear, saying, "No, 21."

I said, “Yeah, OK.” Changing subjects, I asked, “Are the guys giving you any breathing room?”

She was so drunk she could barely comprehend what I was saying.

I asked her, “What do you have going for you besides your looks?”

She got a strange look on her face and said, “I’m fine.”

I said, “You’re fine?”

She repeated, “I’m fine.” I could tell she had no ability to have a conversation, so I ejected, walked a few steps toward AJ, and filled him in. K rejoined us and we filled him in, too. There was simply nothing you could do with that set, unless you just wanted to push the sexual part.

Sidebar: This is why I personally don’t like getting girls drunk or gaming girls that are already drunk. The reason most guys do go this route is because they are only looking for a one night stand and this makes that end result easier. I don’t look for that. All you could do in this situation is get both girls wanting to have sex with you, and then take them home. They wouldn’t respect you or want more from you. They may even tell their friends to watch out for you. In the long run, you’re hurting yourself. The best bet with these girls is to either completely leave them alone, or, if they aren’t bitchy to you, help them get safely home . . . without you joining them in bed.

23

I arrived at Hammerheads and waited just a few minutes for my wing to arrive. I started dancing and saw a couple of ladies already watching my moves. I ignored them. My wing showed up, we slapped hands, and the ladies started giving proximity.

My wing had two ladies he knew show up next to us, so we both started dancing with them, but just side by side, all four of us having fun.

The original two ladies moved even closer, along with another three-set of ladies. They started to surround us now. Plus, my wing had a couple of tall ladies a few feet away watching him.

I busted out some moves, getting more attention. The two ladies with us started laughing, cutting up, trying to copy my moves. When the ladies giving us proximity saw this, they came even closer. They started eyeing me, smiling at me, and turning their bodies toward me. Count them: five ladies at this point, all showing interest.

And this was within 20 minutes of my arrival.

I gave these five ladies just a slight bit of attention, and then bounced away from each and every one of them to bust some moves on my own. The two ladies with me were really checking me out.

Since I had bounced away from every one of the seven ladies around me, they all moved toward me.

My wing watched this closely.

A couple of the ladies got brave and came over to start brushing against me, so I bumped hips with them, smiled, and moved off again.

Sidebar: Ever heard of cat and mouse?

This process repeated itself a couple of times. Then, another three-set came out of nowhere and started dancing by me, taking turns dancing against me, spinning, all that stuff. I bounced away from every one of them yet again. There happened to be a clear space on the dance floor, right in front of yet another two-set of ladies, and the beat was about to drop. I went down almost to the floor with the beat. It immediately caught the attention of the blond in this latest two-set. The other nine ladies still surrounded me.

The blond looked at me, grinning from ear to ear, and shrieked when she saw the

move. She pointed me out to her brunette friend, and they moved over to me. I gave them a little, then moved away again.

A few minutes later, as all these ladies were trying to get a minute with me, one of the ladies with the two-set that was actually "with" us came right up to me. She started grinding on me a bit. I touched her just slightly; then we moved apart.

Sidebar: Most of you men would likely grab onto the first or second one of these hotties that pushed herself against you. While you may end up sticking with her, chances are you won't. Usually you're left wondering what you did wrong. Tease the women. Keep them wanting more.

This whole process kept building for a few more minutes. Then that same girl came up to me again, actually straddled my left leg, started grinding hard on me, and planted a kiss on my mouth. She said into my ear, "You're fabulous," hugged me tight for a minute, and then walked away.

And that right in front of every single lady who had been nearby. There was yet another new three-set to my left at this point, because I kept moving around. The new set, which was already giving me proximity, saw this happen, and as soon as the girl left, all three ladies moved over and started dancing against me.

By this time I had literally lost count of the ladies around me.

Eventually, I saw a couple of guys who I knew from another club I frequent. I slapped hands with them. A few minutes later, their ladies started dancing against me, giving me strong eye contact, exposing their necks, etc. I didn't care about crossing the line with these guys, for two reasons. First, they were not PUA's, just jerks who wouldn't care about crossing the line on a girl I'm gaming. They've tried to do it before. Second, I'm not friends with them; we just give each other social proof.

But that night, their ladies came to me without me actively pursuing them.

A bit later, as I took a break from dancing and went to the bathroom, I saw a friend of my first ex-girlfriend. She was with her mom. She caught sight of me before I did her, called me over to her, and gave me a big hug. She ended up hanging out with me for the rest of the night.

At one point, my wing said to me, in frustration, "I need to be more aggressive with these ladies after everything I've seen tonight."

The friend of my ex was hanging out with me, and my ex-girlfriend and her boyfriend came into the club. My ex was shocked to see me. I introduced myself to her

boyfriend, and I could tell he already didn't like me. Oh, well.

After the club closed, I was outside talking to the other girl when Army Wife asked me to call her. She'd been texting me a bit inside as well, toward the end of the night. After another half hour of talking to my friend, putting Army Wife on hold, I let her go and gave Army Wife a call.

She was so fucking horny, and she wanted me to come over . . .

My other ex also ended up texting me, along with her girl friend and my wing. On top of that, I had Army Wife on the phone, telling me what she wanted to do . . .

24

Another night I met G and R at Eddy's. They were socializing with two females. Otherwise, there was nothing going on in the venue. Well, the ladies went outside to smoke and talk. While we talked inside, we noticed a three-set of ladies walk behind us to the bathroom. I asked the guys if they had noticed the set, which they did. We talked about how the set looked too young to legally be there.

So, when the ladies came back from the bathroom and returned to their table, I looked at G.

"G, you want to work on your approaches, right?"

"Eh."

"OK, you don't want to, but you need to, right?"

"Yeah, I need to."

"Good. Go over to those three ladies and just ask them if they are legal. Tell them your buddies want to know."

"Oh, you're throwing me to the wolves!"

"Ha-ha, no, not really. You're not gonna get anywhere with the set anyway, because it's not the type you're looking for. It's just practice."

Then R looked at me and told me to go do it. So, I said, "Be right back . . ."

And I went over to the table and opened the ladies up.

"Girls, me and my buddies over there were wondering about something."

I got this look that said, *Oh brother*.

Then I popped out with, "Are you ladies even legal? Are you supposed to be in here?"

Their mouths dropped open and they gave me a "what-the-fuck-did-you-just-say-that?" look.

One pulled out her ID. She told me she was 24. Another said her age was 23,

and the other just stayed quiet. I could have teased her for being shy, but I was just proving a point to the guys. I told the ladies to have a good night and walked back over to the guys.

They asked me what happened and why I was already back. They couldn't believe I had actually opened the ladies that way. They started laughing their asses off. The two ladies who were with us came back.

G grabbed two paper napkins from the bar to show me this white rose bar trick. We each made a white rose, then I turned to the two ladies with us and asked one of them to do me a favor. I explained what I did with the three-set and asked one of them to walk back over there with me. They both happily agreed.

I had my arm around one girl and the other was right behind us as we walked to the three-set. I extended my hand just a bit, told the ladies I was sorry for misjudging them earlier, and asked them to accept the rose as my apology.

Their faces lit up, smiles showed, and I started passing the rose in front of all three of them. They all looked at the rose, but none of them grabbed it at first. Finally, the one who went for her ID earlier took the rose.

I turned to look at the two ladies with me and asked if they were ready to go. They said yes, so I turned and told the three-set to have a good night, and we took off.

Throughout the night, I gave R tips about how to act around some of these ladies. He was talking about a couple of the guys who he figured were just being crazy and were never going to get anywhere. I told him that those very guys would get laid. I started pointing things out, such as the ladies' response to the guys in question. They were touching their hair, smiling, and working to maintain the guys' attention. R watched the dynamics of the groups and started seeing what I was saying.

As the night progressed, I pointed more things out to him, which he found fascinating. At the end of the night, he finally had a blond start grinding her ass on him. She was dancing with a fucking hot brunette. The blond, all of us agreed, had that fake look, which made her unappealing, but she was fun. It helped that she was with the brunette.

I pushed the two ladies together, physically, three or four times, making them both squeal with delight. I also pushed them directly into R, since the blond was already grinding on him anyway. As a result, the brunette moved herself around, pushed her ass against me, and started dancing with me, so we became a four-set.

Sidebar: Usually, when you start pushing females together with other females, they will start directing their attention to you. For one thing, you're demonstrating that you aren't afraid to touch them. For another, you're demonstrating that you're not desperate to get inside them. Both are attractive qualities. It also works when you suggest that a lady get with a certain guy you've picked out, if she has any interest in you to begin with.

I then started smacking the brunette's ass. I talked to R about that move later. He noticed that she hadn't complained one bit about it. In fact, she enjoyed it, and moved her ass for more. He was laughing hard about that, though he was in a bit of shock. So, I was touching the hot brunette, and he was standing back letting the blond grind on him, but not getting anywhere with her.

Still, we were having fun with the two ladies. The song stopped, the blond stopped, and the brunette stopped, but she stayed where she was standing, right in front of me. She wasn't in any hurry to move.

25

"I'd love to go out with you," Army Wife said when I brought up going to a gay bar with a woman. We planned to watch a show and hang out a bit afterward. I wanted to start the night off that way, but the show started too late for that. No problem. I froze her out for a while that night because she ended up choosing to ignore me for a bit.

Sidebar: You can't reward a woman for bad behavior when she purposely ignores you or treats you badly. This is the same as giving candy to a child when they are misbehaving.

I met up with a wing. We opened a few sets without pushing anything. We hit the dance floor, and I noticed Army Wife and her friends. I told K, and we headed in the other direction, but not before I met eyes with one of her friends. She instantly turned and told Army Wife I was there. No matter; K and I lost ourselves in the crowd on the dance floor. We put some moves on display and got some attention. You've got to love drawing attention from other ladies when an ex is right by you. At least, I love it.

Anyway, we got a set hooked. Or rather, I got a girl from the set hooked. K didn't, but it wasn't important. I didn't plan at all to stick with her. However . . . *she* had other plans.

She was all over me, grabbing my clothes, pulling my shirt up, feeling my stomach, pulling my pants, while I looked around for help. I knew I couldn't push her back, because that would increase the attraction, so I let her continue for a while. I had figured she would get bored. Not so much.

Then she asked me, "Do you want to move off the dance floor?"

Oh brother. (Not really, honey, sorry).

I told her, "I want to keep dancing."

She asked me to get her a drink.

Fuck that.

I said, flat out, "No, I'm dancing."

Nothing, not even me being an asshole, drove this girl off. My wing had departed earlier to try to get into his own set. He texted me later to ask if I wanted him to get me out of this shit. Unfortunately, I didn't see that text until I had already shaken her. What helped me shake her loose was . . . none other than Army Wife.

I kept moving around the dance floor, directing my body language away from the clingy girl, with the intention of opening another set. But she was on me so much that the other sets thought she was with me. That is, until I got my back to Army Wife's back (yes, I knew she was right there, which is why I had my back to her, still maintaining the freeze-out). She knew I was there and reached her hand back to squeeze my ass. I was more or less frozen in place; otherwise, she would have taken a chunk out of my ass.

So I reached back, squeezed hers until she let go, then turned around and said, "Watch where you're grabbing."

She grabbed my hands, pulled me to her, and started dancing with me. She exposed her neck as she moved her ass against my crotch. I brought my mouth to her ear and told her to save me from this girl, and she complied. Later, the girl tried moving in again, and since Army Wife was still with me, she threw herself at me even more than normal to give the girl the message. What can I say? Army Wife redeemed herself to me just then.

About this time, my wing left.

I did spend the rest of the night with Army Wife and her two girl friends. Each of them was making out with the other, and they brought me into the mix, as well. We had the attention of every other guy, and almost every girl in proximity to us. I mean, there I was, one guy, with three sexy ladies sandwiching me, kissing me all over, fondling, grinding on me two at a time, hanging their arms around my neck. I even lifted two of the ladies off the floor while we danced. The ladies loved all of it. They blew out the few guys who actually had the balls to try to open them. A couple of guys looked humored . . . until they got close enough to try to talk to the ladies or kiss them and the ladies turned to me, laying it on me even heavier.

I actually felt sorry for a couple of those guys, but I couldn't complain. Army Wife and her two friends gave me so much social proof and pre-selection that I could have had any girl in the place, but she had redeemed herself and I was having way too much of a blast with them.

I even threw out a line to Army Wife, one that you guys may want to steal. After one of her kisses with one of her girlfriends, I told her, "I can no longer kiss you tonight."

She thought that was a bit mean . . . as she brought her mouth close to mine. And no, I didn't let her have the kiss.

Later, she kissed her girlfriend again.

This time I said, “After seeing that, I could never kiss you again.”

She *really* thought I was mean for that one, and even physically pushed me away, only to want me to come back.

What added to these women making out was the fact that I personally pushed their heads together a few times.

Today, she called me on the phone and fussed about those comments, as well as the fact that I had ignored her at the club earlier.

“Hey, Tripp, we need to talk. Do you still think I’m sexy enough to kiss again? Or do anything else with?”

I didn't answer. She wasn't happy about that. Still, I can guarantee she'll keep talking to me and hanging out with me.

26

My preferred wing contacted me tonight, inviting me out to a college night at a club.

When I arrived, he introduced me to a couple of other guys. Then he showed me that a girl he had introduced me to before was also there, with about a dozen ladies around her. So, I talked to my wing and the other guys for a few. We had some laughs and had a *good time* visibly before I told him I was gonna say hi to her.

I got social proof with the guys and picked up pre-selection by opening a set and teasing them just a bit. Getting them to laugh.

My wing came over while I was over there. He picked out two ladies to "challenge" me with. He said if I could get panties from either one of these ladies, he'd either buy me a drink or give me fifteen dollars. Well, he made sure not to pick hot ones. As he said, that would be too easy because most guys don't want to make the effort to seduce or have sex with a woman if she's not hot. One he picked was decent, from a distance anyway, and one was flat-out fat.

Sidebar: Whether you're out with male or female buddies, if you're having trouble getting out of your comfort zone and engaging women in conversations, bet with each other. Lay money down, or a beer, or go for a pair of panties, or anything that can be used for motivation. You might not get with the target of the "challenge," but you may attract other women around you in the process. After all, isn't that the whole point?

I told him I couldn't do that challenge, but he kept pressing me. We bounced to the other side of the club, where we saw those same two ladies, and he started pushing me more. At that point, I decided to start playing around with them. I played, I teased, I bantered, I touched. I was flipping the attraction switches, *bam, bam, bam*. I got one of the ladies to point out a guy she thought was cute, and then I offered, several times, to introduce her to him. She turned down the offer. All the while, I was flipping more switches--not just hers, but those of many other ladies around us as well.

I let her go on her way, and I suddenly found myself playing with three other ladies on the other side of me. I had a couple of the ladies who were on the air for a radio station playing with me, too. A nine leaned into me, and I had my hands on her back and her sides, holding her, pulling her against me as she pushed against me, smiling as she turned her head to me.

I went out with the sole intention of taking some business cards to a DJ friend of mine. When I arrived at the club, a couple guys recognized me and called me over. I talked to them for a bit. Unfortunately, these were the type of guys who are basically pillars in the middle of the floor. They stand around watching everyone, rarely speaking. I managed to get at least something of conversation going while I stood there. There was a two-set of ladies to my right, and a five-set of ladies to my left. The guys were eyeing a girl in each set and telling me which ones they liked . . . but still not talking to them.

So what do I do? *Voila* . . . I opened my mouth and started talking to them. I teased them a little, played them off each other, and then turned my body away from them.

The guys saw the ladies talking to me and noticed how one of the ladies in the two-set leaned her head toward me. They also saw me talking to a girl from the bigger set, who I found out was in the Air Force. She shot the gun on the plane. I had her show me her Air Force ID for proof.

The guys asked me what these ladies' stories were, and I told them about the Air Force girl. I then told them to talk to the ladies themselves, but they were too busy being pillars to do that. Oh well.

Sidebar: If you've ever asked yourself why you have no "luck" finding a cute woman yet you don't initiate conversation with them, expecting her to come to you, you've found your answer to why you have no luck.

28

Even if a woman *is* seeing a man, it doesn't always mean she's committed. Sometimes she will say she is single when she isn't. Other times, she will say she is seeing someone when she isn't. It all depends on her level of interest in you at that moment.

In fact, in my experience, about ten percent of women who are already dating will not cheat on their men, no matter what you say or do. They are totally committed and wouldn't even think of breaking that. These are the women you *want* to find: the ones who will commit to you. Another ten percent of women will cheat no matter what. It doesn't matter what their men or husbands bring to the table. That leaves 80 percent. This 80 percent depends completely on how you present yourself on a particular day or night, as well as their current life circumstances.

The band started playing and I spotted a two-set, a guy and a girl, in front of the stage.

The band wasn't all that great that weekend, so I asked the cute girl, "Does your man really love this band that much? He's going a bit crazy for them."

She immediately made it clear that he was just a friend. He was watching her, though, so obviously he wanted to be with her.

The girl and I hit it off and she ended up spending the rest of the night with me.

When she was ready to get a drink, she grabbed my hand and said, "I want you to come to the bar with me. I'm thirsty."

I wasn't buying, mind you.

We went to the bar, where one of my friends was sitting. We said hi to him. The DJ and his girl were there, too, so I introduced her to them.

Throughout this time, she had been asking me my name.

I had only answered, "Tripp."

She asked the DJ and his girl what my name was, since they obviously knew me.

They said . . . wait for it . . . "Tripp."

She looked at me and smiled an evil smile. I was teasing her, and she was pushing me away. As I turned my body, she grabbed my hand and pulled me back. She playfully punched me, the whole nine yards. She had already started wrapping her arms around my neck, pulling me to her, and we had already kiss closed. Now she was straddling me as I sat on the bar stool.

We continued talking there for a bit. The male "friend" was watching us, and my friend let me know this. I told her he was watching. She blew it off and said, "Oh well, he's just a friend, so don't worry about it." I said, "OK." We continued to touch and kiss.

We headed back to the dance floor for a few minutes, and then she wanted to go to a quieter place again. No problem. I started out leading her as we worked our way through the crowd. Then, in the places where the crowd thinned out, she usually came up beside me. This meant she wanted to remain physically close. We talked to some more friends outside, and she took me to her friend. I number closed now. We then headed back inside and talked some more.

Back to the dance floor we went. It was nearing the end of the night. We were dancing more, kissing more, and she had her arms wrapped around me, pushing her breasts against my chest.

It was three minutes until the club closed, so I told her we should head outside. She agreed. She wanted me to come to the casino across the street with her, or at least to go somewhere and do something with her. I let her know I wouldn't be fucking her that night.

Then a bouncer who knew me came up behind us and told us to go fuck already.

After we talked and talked and kissed a bit more, she saw another bouncer who knew me, and she asked him about me. He told her that I was gay. She said, "Really?" He and I both laughed, and he told her that I also love to eat the pussy, and I'm good at it. She asked him what my name was. He replied, "Milk. He does the body good." 'Nuf said.

She was so ready for me to take her away.

29

This is my last example before I move on to the event that changed my life.

It was Thong Thursday at my favorite club. I had been hanging with the DJ all night long. We spotted a couple of cute ladies on the dance floor. Saw them shoo away some guys. Blatantly.

The DJ and I were talking about the contest, how only one girl was in so far. I stepped out of the booth, walked onto the dance floor, right up to these two ladies, and said, "You ladies are in the contest tonight, right?"

They looked at me and hollered, "Fuck no!"

I gave them a "your loss" look, turned away, and both ladies started touching me, smiling at me, etc. I smiled back but still walked away, back to the DJ booth. Obviously they had seen that I was with the DJ, so automatically they treated me differently. I thought it was hilarious.

I talked to the DJ about the guys paying for the thong contest. "These guys pay \$50 to \$100 and up to be this 'booty judge.' They just hold signs with numbers from 1 to 10 to rate these ladies. They aren't allowed to even touch the ladies. The guys get a t-shirt out of the deal and get their face plastered on the club's website. Why? Why pay that much for nothing?"

He pointed out . . . "If you notice, the guys that pay are the losers that can't pick up the ladies."

This roughly covers one year for me.

30

This was the night that changed my life.

I went to my normal spot, Eddy's. There wasn't much of a selection that night, at least not that I saw right away.

I hit the dance floor, started getting loosened up, and a girl who was engaged to be married at the end of the month started dancing dirty with me. She wasn't the hottest girl in the place, but she was all right, so I danced with her a few minutes, which in turn caused a couple of sets on either side of me to give me proximity.

I merged into one of the sets and started dancing with a girl who had a tight body, but a so-so face. She was also married, and she and her friends were having a girls' night out. At this point, I was considering bouncing anyway, but when I noticed a really cute girl, I gave things a few more minutes. I heard her tell her friends she was bouncing to another club, so I figured that was my cue.

I walked outside . . . and paused. I just had a feeling I shouldn't leave yet.

I started texting a friend in another club.

"Hey man, how's the crowd there?" I asked him.

"It's pretty good. You should come over."

"I'm thinking 'bout it."

"Don't think too long. Come join."

I waited around a bit, too lazy to drive to the other club.

"Still hopping there?" I asked him later.

"Yeah, but I've got a friend here now. Entertaining someone."

Obviously a female.

"OK, cool. Hope that's going well."

Go back in, give it one more time through.

This “one more time through” rocked my world. Whether it was for the best or the worst is yet to be seen. Funny how one night-- in fact, one decision-- can have such an impact.

I’d already gained the reputation of being a ladies’ man. I’d solidified my own body language and rapport skills. I knew I was good.

But nothing prepared me for what was about to happen.

I headed back in, walked around the bar. I slowly, subtly checked for any additional girls who may have just walked in. Rounding the first corner, I saw it was still boring.

As I rounded the second corner, I saw a set of three girls. Two were sitting; one was standing. Two were getting drinks; the one sitting was pregnant and not drinking. The one standing wore an interesting hat. She had a very nice body, too, but I couldn’t see her face at first.

“That’s a cool hat,” I told her.

Now, I use and teach the Mystery Method, where you’re technically supposed to ignore the target at first. However, with this set, I disregarded that rule. It was one of those “fuck it” nights where I just didn’t care.

She turned and looked at me. Damn, she had a cute face, as well. Instant attraction.

“Thank you,” she said with a smile. She was slightly dancing.

“You should do that out there, on the dance floor,” I told her with a confident smile, and she took right to me.

I stayed and talked with the three-set for a bit, bantered, and started touching all of them right away, including her non-pregnant friend.

The first part of our conversation became a blur. The ladies weren’t getting served, so her friends wanted to move to another part of the bar. She and I were still talking, so I went with her. Then they went to the bathroom. I was about to take off because I don’t make it a habit of waiting around like that. I do have a social life, and better things to do.

However, a guy approached me and started talking.

“Dude, my bro, he parties and he was getting into shit last weekend.”

And I care why? Oh yeah, because he's drunk and has no idea he's talking to me.

“Sorry, man. Gotta keep your bro out of trouble, I'd say.”

“Are you a cop?” he asked.

What the fuck? Where did that come from? I raised my brows at him.

“I mean, I'm not a cop. I don't want to get narced on or anything.”

Yeah, that's my whole purpose for living. Seriously.

“No. I'm not.” This guy was making me uncomfortable, which doesn't normally happen. I'm almost always in control of my environment when I'm out.

He kept trying to talk. I barely responded and turned my body away, trying to give hints. He was clueless, the typical guy. Fucking creeps . . . this is how girls feel.

This girl and her two friends came back. She gave me a big grin.

I returned the grin, took her hand, and led her away from the talkative guy.

“I work in a pharmacy, what do you do?” she asked.

“I'm a writer, I work on computers, and I teach guys how to attract women.”

“Really?! That's so interesting. What's your name?”

Sidebar: When the girl asks you what your name is, she's genuinely interested in you. I'm not one of those guys who sticks out my hand and immediately tells the girl my name to introduce myself. I wait to see if she asks me. If she doesn't, she's not interested.

“Tripp. That's what everyone calls me. What's yours?”

“Kara.”

Later, I found out that she was relieved I didn't ask her if she could hook me up

with any drugs. Apparently, immediately telling a guy she worked at a pharmacy was a test. I passed. Honestly, that thought never once crossed my mind.

As we talked a few more minutes, I told her, "I'll leave you alone now." This was a test on my part to see how interested she was.

"No," she said.

The magic word for me.

I led her to the dance floor. She complied.

We started dancing. I checked her out more, feeling her body. She absolutely loved it. I have to admit, I wasn't hating it either.

She was pretty damn attractive, in more ways than one, I could already tell. Within 45 minutes, we were making out on the dance floor. I mean, hot and heavy. So much so that I'd lifted her up, carried her across the dance floor and sat her ass on the stage. Her legs were split wide open for me.

The bouncers, the DJ, the waitresses, and the patrons saw this. It was so electric that her two girlfriends were watching. Amazingly, they didn't step in to stop it, as girls often do. Remember the lady on the dance floor and the guy who said he was married to her, but wasn't? Yeah, now remember how his wife came up and pulled her away, saying she was her lesbian?

We pulled on each other's clothes, our lips barely coming up for air. If there had been windows, they would be completely, utterly fogged up.

What led to this heat?

The first time I kissed her neck; she smiled, took a second to compose herself, and then told me I sent shivers down her spine.

"Good shivers or bad?" I asked.

"Oh, definitely good," she said with a smile.

I kissed her neck again, after which she continued to expose her neck to me the rest of the night. I enjoyed tasting her skin. Next came her mouth, starting slowly at first, then getting heavier.

All the while, her friend was hanging with us, pointing out a couple of guys she thought were cute. We were trying to hook her up so that she could have fun, too.

She pointed out a guy, and I walked the three of us over to him.

Kara said, "Excuse me, my friend thinks you're cute."

He was unsure. He gave us a questioning look, so I came out and said, "Dude, she wants you." After that, he immediately took to her.

After awhile of increasing the touching, dancing, and talking, Kara and I were getting hotter. While dancing, I leaned back, arching my back over the floor. I did this while wrapping my arms around her stomach, holding her back against my chest, so she arched her back over my body. She leaned her head back and gave me the control, trusting me. We were almost parallel with the floor. I had her tight, and I raised us both back up. She enjoyed that so much that she was grinning ear-to-ear.

After a while, I pushed her against the stage, and we started making out again.

I told her, "The most you're getting from me tonight is swapping numbers. You're not getting sex." After that, she started looking for more ways to turn me on.

Our hands were grabbing, squeezing, roaming. She pushed her ass up into my stuff, trying as hard as she could to feel me through our clothes. My tongue explored her mouth, and hers mine, seductively sucking each other's lips. Our mouths tasted each other's sweet skin. Necks were kissed, nipped, trailed with tongues. Our breathing grew heavier. Our groins started grinding harder, faster. Her hips raised up, and her legs went around me. Her mouth closed on mine in a hot moment. I pulled her hair. My hand slipped down the back of her pants, squeezing her tight ass. This brought on the onslaught even more. She raised her head, looked into my eyes, and I saw the deep, clouded look in hers. Her mouth closed over mine just before she devoured my neck again. My other hand roamed her back, feeling her silky skin under my fingers. I raised her up slightly off of the stage, enough to get my hand lower on her ass and then put her back down.

Since I'd been practicing this art, this was the one girl who had completely chased my wife from my mind.

At the end of the night, we exchanged numbers and started texting each other.

Sidebar: Don't ever let anyone tell you it's not cool to text a girl the same night. That's

bullshit. She's interested in you at that very moment. When she is at her peak interest, why would you want to let that interest wane? You don't. You want to feed that flame. You can do that by dropping her a quick text that night with something witty or at least cordial, depending on the girl.

Two days later, Kara and I saw each other again. We had fun, just talking at first. It escalated from there. I took a couple pictures of her, though I didn't take pictures of most girls I hung out with or picked up. Kara, though, I already liked more.

31

I met this cutie for her lunch break.

This girl was a 32-year-old single mom of a five-year-old boy, so don't think single moms can't be fun.

“Would you want to see me for my lunch break?” she asked via text.

I was honest with her. “I’ve got a lot of work to get done first, but I’ll see what I can do,” I answered. What I didn’t tell her were my thoughts . . . *Hell yes, I’d love to see you.*

Assuming she wouldn’t be seeing me then, she asked, “Can I at least talk to you on my lunch break?”

I told her, “I’m currently on the phone with someone and instant messaging someone else at the same time.” Again, I didn’t share my thoughts . . . *If I don’t see you; I’ll definitely talk to you.*

I did meet her at work. She was happy. We talked for about 30 minutes, enjoyed each other’s company, and got to know each other a bit better. We talked after she got off work, too.

One thing that was nice about her was that she had a better body than a lot of single girls who don’t have kids.

Our next meeting was interesting, as well. We had been texting and even calling each other a bit. There was some seduction going on over the texts. She brought a change of clothes to work with her. I hadn’t even said we would be meeting after she got off work, but she was prepared for it.

“Meet me at Eddy’s,” I said. She left work and asked me where she should park. I told her, “Someplace dark . . .”

The venue would close in fifteen minutes, so we went across the street to the casino. She ordered a beer; I used a phone book. I called a couple other venues and found one that stayed open till three. Good; it was just after midnight.

“Why don’t we take your car and head on over?” she suggested.

My car had been dying, but I didn’t mention that. Instead, I teased her about

other things, touched her, just enjoyed her. Amidst the laughter, she asked again how we would be bouncing.

Sidebar: She asked twice. She was ready.

“We should use your Jeep. More room than my Caddy.” I smiled and wrapped my arm around her. We hopped in.

She had already had a little beer, so she had to pee when we arrived. When she came out of the bathroom, I waited for her in a dark spot so she couldn't see me. I watched her for a second while she stood still, looking around for me. I'm mean, I know. I whistled. She heard me and looked around again, but still didn't find me. Finally, I stepped out of the shadows and walked over to her. She hugged me and sighed, holding me.

At the next bar, she had another beer. She wasn't drunk, or on her way to getting drunk, so we were cool. I don't like picking up females or hanging out with females who always get drunk.

While at the bar, I got some change from a quarter machine to play pool.

A guy next to the machine told me that the empty pool table we were about to use was "his," even though there was more than one table available. I took the comment as an attempt to dominate, but of course, he could have just been asking for a game. Either way, I only wanted to have some fun with Kara.

I responded, "That's nice to know."

I walked around to Kara and led her to the table. We both found a cue stick and set up the balls.

In the process, the guy came up to me and asked, “Do you have any qualms about this?”

I looked in his eyes and said, "Nope."

He walked off for a minute.

She asked me, “Is everything OK?”

I said, “Yep, no problem. Don't worry about it.” The guy sat at the bar now, next

to our table.

Kara and I were flirting heavily, with strong eye contact, hugging, pecking, kissing, and groping.

After a bit, the guy walked back over to me and said, "I'm not trying to come across as an asshole. You and your girl can play as many games as you want, but if you want to play one with me, let me know."

I replied, "That's cool. We got it. We're OK."

He said something else.

I repeated, "We got it."

He walked away again, for the final time now, but put change down on the table before he left, leaving his mark.

She asked what that was about, so I filled her in. We both laughed at it. She touched me more.

During the game, another hot girl made repeated trips to the bar, then back outside. As she kept walking past us, it was obvious that she was trying to catch attention.

Sidebar: If you like the woman you're with, absolutely do not stand their gawking at another hottie. Actually, you shouldn't be gawking even if you're alone. This applies especially when you're with someone you really like. The attention from one female will help to increase the attention from the other female. Enjoy that attention from the one you like.

We finished our game, but were so into each other that we decided to quit playing pool and head outside to her Jeep, where we topped our night off.

We met again on Saturday, talked Sunday, and went back out Monday. She said I was cool so she wanted to hang out more.

32

“I don’t think I can get inside you.” The first time we had sex, that’s what I told her. It kind of worried me. I wanted to feel her.

“Oh no, you’re getting inside me,” she said. She put her hands down there and practically forced me inside her. She was wet, so that wasn’t the issue.

We both widened our eyes as I entered her for the first time. Moans involuntarily came from both of us. I couldn’t tell you how long that first time lasted, but it wasn’t over in two minutes, I can say that.

“My goal, when I’m with a girl, is to be the absolute best lover she’s ever had,” I said to her after our first time. Her hands were roaming my body, caressing my face.

Sidebar: When the woman is that affectionate after sex, she really enjoyed it. This is not to say you can’t still improve the experience, but know that you’ve started well.

“Is that just your goal for the first time? Or . . . every time?”

“I take it I achieved my goal for the first time.”

She smiled, shyly.

“And you want more of it.”

She pushed her body against mine.

I pulled her close to me, looked into her eyes. “If I like it, yes, I strive to make every experience with that girl better than any other guy she’s been with.”

Enough said; she was ready to blow again already.

“Where can I fit into your rotation?” she asked me.

Remember earlier, when I said to watch who asks me that question? Yes, it was this girl here. Kara knew I had other girls, though she didn’t know who or how many. She also knew she absolutely loved the sex and wanted more.

When Kara and I first started seeing each other, we mutually agreed there were no strings. It was just a fuck-buddy relationship.

For that first week, we saw each other every day and had sex. Lots of it. In fact, more sex than I was having with my wife, with whom I was also getting laid every day.

I was giving Kara more positions than she'd ever dreamed of, too. Like Red, she had never had sex standing up.

It was kind of a funny moment when I stood us up.

“Stand against the wall,” I said as I motioned for her to do so.

She looked at me weird.

“Stand against the wall, facing it. We are gonna have sex that way.”

She stood straight. I had to position her body.

I can't believe so many guys out there are so fucking simple.

We had sex with her on top, with me on top, from behind. We did it inside her house, inside her Jeep. And that was just the beginning.

After the first three days of sex, she said, “I've never had so many orgasms in my life.” She lay beside me, rubbing my chest, as we talked.

“So you're enjoying it.”

She kissed me, rubbed me.

“Yes, I'm very much enjoying this. Tell me more about you.”

Click! That's a sign. A pretty damn blatant sign.

I'm liking you and want to know more about you!

She was mentally transitioning to being more than just a fuck buddy.

“I don't know if you want to know all about me. I'm one of those guys you don't introduce to your mom. Moms don't like me. I'm the bad boy.”

“Really. I don't care. I want to know about you,” she insisted. She also started saying, “You're just the perfect fit. Seriously, perfect.” In the beginning, she meant it sexually. Later, as she got to know me, she used the same phrase repeatedly in reference

to our entire relationship.

I looked at that amazing naked body as she raised it over me. My eyes feasted on her curves as she explored my body, kissing me, rubbing me, taking in every inch of me. We continued talking as she did all this.

This is what we call being intimate: completely naked and open with each other. Well, almost.

You see, at this point, I'd tell any other girl I was dating that I was married. I didn't care if I lost the girl or not. Usually, with a few exceptions, the girls didn't care because of my confidence.

However, I liked Kara more and more, and had started to break yet another rule of mine. I didn't tell her about the intimate parts of my life yet.

Ever find yourself breaking all your "rules" with a particular lady? Might want to look more deeply into that relationship. Same for you, ladies.

33

“What would you like to eat in the morning?” she asked me a couple days later, through text.

Here’s the thing: since I wasn’t looking for another girlfriend, I had never spent a night with someone else.

However, Kara tempted me.

But I did still have a kid to take care of in the morning.

“You don’t have to go through all that trouble, hon.” I told her.

We still saw each other and had sex every day. We were still getting to know each other on a deeper level. And, honestly, the better I got to know her, the more I liked her. It seemed to be the same on her end.

We texted every day while she was at work. I would always ask her how her day went.

She told her friends, “This guy is too good to be true.”

34

One night, in her Jeep, she was sitting on my lap, facing me. “I want to know all about you,” she told me.

“That sounds good to me,” I said.

“Tell me what’s wrong with you,” she said, but not in a demeaning way. “Come on, tell me the worst about you. I need to know. I don’t want the bottom to drop out of this.”

I could see it in her eyes. There was so much life there. And she was so vulnerable. She was falling, hard and fast.

So was I.

That was the scariest part. There was a girl grabbing hold of my heart, and I seemed to have absolutely no control over it.

Still, I could not bring myself to tell her the worst part about me.

She was picking up on it, though.

“Come on, tell me. Are you married?”

I turned away. That should have told her, but I managed to avoid it a bit longer.

She looked deep into my eyes.

“I’m really, really liking you.” She caressed my face so gently. “I’m falling.” Her head tilted sideways as she talked. I watched the tenderness reveal itself in her eyes. “I’m falling and I don’t want to get hurt. Please, just tell me everything. Please.”

When I saw her amazing innocence, the vulnerability she showed, I wanted so badly to let the words come out of my mouth, but for the life of me, I could not spit them out.

I had already reached the point where I didn’t want to lose her. I hadn’t let a girl get to me this way since I started practicing this art.

She leaned onto me. I held her.

“Please tell me everything.”

She raised back up and looked at me deeply again. She cupped my face in both of her hands.

“What do I have to do to get you to reveal yourself to me?”

God, it was tearing me up. But as badly as I wanted her to know, I also wanted to know for sure that that one fact would not drive her away, and since I couldn’t “read” that, I couldn’t force myself to say it.

We kissed and shared a few more tender moments until we both needed to go.

Yes, the shame hit me. I already felt so torn. This girl had somehow grabbed so powerfully, I couldn’t understand it . . . and I couldn’t lose it, either.

35

A few days later, I invited her to my place, to her shock and amazement. She didn't stay long, and I didn't expect her to. I was just revealing a bit more of myself to her, as she had asked. There were no obvious signs that another woman lived there, other than the presence of my kid.

Before she left, I could read on her face that something was wrong.

"Tell me, baby. Tell me."

She hung her head low.

I took her in my arms and held her.

She started crying. Finally, she started speaking. "I've got a doctor's appointment in the next few days."

"OK. What's going on?"

Her lips trembled as she spoke, her body started shaking. Tears streamed down her face. She said, "I may have cancer."

I pulled her close and held her tight.

She pulled back a minute later. "Damn it. I never thought I'd meet a guy I liked *so* much. And now, I may have this thing, and I don't want to lose you. Damn it." She broke down again.

I held her tight for a while. I rubbed her hair, her shoulders, her back. "It's OK, hon. I'm here. I'm not going anywhere. Do you want me to go with you when you find out?"

"No, you don't have to. I know you have stuff going on."

"I'm willing to."

"This isn't fair," she said. "I just meet a guy I really, really like. I didn't think that would happen. This just isn't fair."

I kissed her.

“It’s OK, hon. We don’t know anything for sure yet. Wait and see what happens. Why don’t we go out this weekend and just have some fun?”

“Oh, I meant to tell you, one night this weekend, my girlfriends and I had already planned a girls’ night out.”

Immediately, flags went up in my mind. I’d been in the field long enough to know what “girls’ nights out” were. I’d seduced enough girls on those infamous “girls’ nights out” myself.

“OK. Any other guys gonna be there?” I asked.

“No, it’s just girls. I want to be with you, but I’ve already made these plans.”

“OK.” I let it go.

She left, with a kiss.

You remember earlier, when I said, “All girls lie”? Somehow, that phrase seemed to have fled my mind.

36

No one is perfect.

I handled my Saturday night the wrong way, and it ended in a situation that I've never had before, and plan to never have again. I was kicked out of a club for the night.

Looking back, I know where I fucked up, and how I should have done it differently. I *will* do it differently if I'm ever in a similar situation. Hopefully, this will keep some others from falling into the same mistakes.

I made a point to ask Kara, specifically, before she started that night, "If you girls get done early, get hold of me. I want to see you."

"Oh, baby, I want to see you too. I really do. I'd rather be with you, but I'd already made these plans."

I hit one of the clubs that night. As usual, I talked to some other girls, but this girl was completely on my mind.

Suddenly, I saw her. It wasn't a "girls'" night out at all. It was a couple of girls . . . with a couple of guys.

Kara noticed me and looked away.

I know, I know, there should have been red buzzers going off and flags waving at that moment.

Her group turned and went to another spot. I checked them out a bit later. She and a guy had their arms around each other's backs, but more in a friendly way than sexual. Noted.

I sent her a text. She didn't respond. I approached to her, and said into her ear, "Check your phone." I walked off. Yes, I was trying not to interfere with her "girls' night out," while at the same time, I felt jealous because it wasn't a "girls' night out."

She texted back, "I'll explain later."

This was my first, and worst, screw-up for the night. I should have opened her group as if they were any other set. Sure, she would have known what I was doing, but her friends wouldn't have, and her friends didn't know me at that time. In that way, I

could have found out what the guy thought he was to her. If I had handled the situation like that, the rest of the night would have been different. Lesson learned.

Fast forward. Her group was moving around the club. I watched them while mingling with others.

A bit later, I saw her and her group stationary again. One of the guys was leaning against a wall. And . . . she stood with her back against him, his arms down her side.

I watched for a minute. She spotted me and looked away.

I walked slowly around a few people in front of the two, and then walked right in front of her. I bent down to her ear so she could hear me, and started talking. I planned to find out just what was going on.

The guy she was pushed against threw his arm out and put his hand around my neck. I saw the cop coming, but my mind didn't register it. Another fuck-up on my part. I shouldn't have done anything, but I physically knocked the guy's hand off of my neck. Once I did this, the cop grabbed me and took me out of the club.

I called her several times after that. She didn't answer.

I eventually went home and to bed.

I talked to Par and my wife about this incident. If it had happened in my club, they would not have kicked me out, because they would have known I wasn't trying to start trouble.

Sigh . . . sometimes the bad boy persona is not a good thing.

The next morning she finally called. I ignored her.

She called a couple times that day. She left a message, literally begging me to talk to her.

Finally, that night, I called her back. I agreed to meet with her the next night, but let her know she was going to have to explain her actions.

We met.

"I swear, I swear to you, I did not take him home. I did not have sex with him. I swear this to you," she said. She penetrated my eyes with hers and held my leg with her

hands.

“Did you kiss him?”

“I don’t remember.”

After a bit of discussion, she made the situation clear to me.

“I really, really want to keep seeing you. I’m so sorry I hurt you. I didn’t mean to.”

“Look, if you want this to work between us, don’t you ever do anything like this again. You don’t just shut up. You talk to me. You fucking fill me in on whatever is going on, or I’m gone from your life, period. You pick up the phone and talk to me.”

“OK, I will,” she said with tears in her eyes.

Girls. Liars. Catching a pattern here? Maybe it’s not so much that the girls lie as it is that they simply can’t keep their word. Come to find out, she drove by my place Sunday night. She hadn’t stopped in, but she wanted to see if I was around since she hadn’t heard from me.

She did say, concerning that guy who grabbed my neck, that after I was kicked out he asked her if he stepped out of line, and if she knew me. She said yes to both. She did give me names of the people and how she knew them, including the name of the girl who was with her and who didn’t like me. I knew her from somewhere, but still couldn’t place her. The name didn’t help.

She agreed that the guy had no business laying a hand on me, and that I had every right to knock his hand away, even though I was kicked out for it. This was two weeks into seeing her.

“How long did you keep seeing her?” you ask. For a total of three years. Sort of.

Her explanation was that the guys were friends of one of the other girl’s husband. The husband wanted to come at the last minute, so the other guys came, too. One of those guys happened to “pair up” with her. But, “I wasn’t interested in him like that.”

I’ll let you judge whether you believe that or not.

This was a brand new relationship, true enough. I mean, maybe you couldn't even call it a relationship at that point. I have to say, though, it definitely felt like one. Yes, it was a whirlwind romance.

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“Is this what it’s like to be a family?”

The question almost zoomed over my head.

“I’ve never done this before,” she said, looking directly into my eyes. She was standing against me, her arm around me, mine around her. Our feet were planted on the pavement of the parking lot of the park grounds. A basketball court bustled with guys playing ball. Vehicles slowly drove by as they passed through the park or stopped to join the fun. All the normal recreational activities families engage in suddenly shifted to the back of my mind as she dove into my eyes with hers, giving me an insight into herself, giving a part of her soul to me.

I was in a bit of shock. I couldn’t believe what I was hearing.

It was almost a picture-perfect day.

The grass was lush and green. The trees swayed beautifully in the soft breeze. People hung out with friends and family. Laughter, fun, good times all around us. Guys and girls were catching tans and showing off their athletic skills to the opposite sex.

The day seemed so ideal that we automatically planned to get some pizza after leaving the park.

That was one day and one aspect of our life.

Kara also supported me in my career paths. She gave me time to write during the day while still being physically present in the home with her. She even helped tend my kid so I could focus more on writing.

I gave time to guys to consult with them about their dating lives. Kara supported me on that as well, in the same way.

At night, we found sitters to watch her kid while she and I went out. We visited some local clubs and became regulars at one of them. We’d go out, meet others, give guys advice, meet girls and flirt with them. We had a lot of fun.

And we’d dance. When we danced, it was just Kara and me on that dance floor. That’s when we focused completely on each other. I’d get her to loosen up and lower her shield a bit more. She would wrap her legs around my hips and straddle me, or stand on

the dance floor and move her body against mine. She wouldn't normally do this in her day-to-day life, but in those moments, we stared into each other's eyes and blocked everyone else out. Period.

Sidebar: Guys, though you wouldn't normally call a moment like that romantic, that's what romance is all about: blocking the world out and focusing on just you and the special lady for that moment.

We shared such chemistry that one week after we started seeing each other, our fire was apparently more obvious to those around us than it was to us. We visited a small pub in an underground spot; it was a popular spot at the time. On the band's break, while the DJ was playing, everyone went to the bar. Kara and I stayed on the dance floor, holding each other, looking into each other's eyes.

We were oblivious to what was going on until about three different girls came up to us. I looked up at them. Kara still focused on me, looking into my eyes.

The girls, one by one, commented, "You guys are so in love."

I looked at them, a bit shocked. Kara smiled at me. I didn't realize at the time, but now it makes sense that she was likely thinking, "*Am I? Is this what it's like to be in love?*" Later, you'll understand why I say that.

I responded, "No, we've only known each other a week. That's impossible."

But the girls re-affirmed that we indeed looked like we were in love, and it was so cute, so adorable, and that they wanted it themselves.

Hmm. Maybe those girls had a point.

Kara was so proud of me, of being with me, that she paraded me around her workplace.

Yes, that was a bit unusual, especially for someone who worked underground, in a pharmacy.

"Come with me, I want you to meet the friends I work with."

That's what she said to me one day when she met me for a quick lunch. She led me through the lobby, into something like a special elevator that took us to the basement.

"You can't come down all the way on your own because we need our special keys to get into the pharmacy. Security measures," she told me.

I understood that. Protect the employees and the pharmaceuticals; made sense.

“We go this way,” she said as we wound through. “And, in this door here, this is where I usually work.” She started explaining what she did every night, where she stood, where everyone else worked and what they did.

“Come here, babe.” She took me to each person who was on duty at the time and introduced us.

“This is the guy I’ve been seeing.”

Their eyes would light up.

“She’s talked a lot about you. All good, don’t worry.” And a smile would grace their faces.

I listened, took everything in, and greeted each of them.

“Well, babe, I’m gonna walk you out. I’ve got to get back to work.” She looked around. No one was watching, so she kissed me. “I love you.”

“I love you, too.”

I found out later that she had also told them all how our sex was. I know that girls talk about this stuff with other girls, but she didn’t just tell her close friends . . . apparently she was so happy about our relationship and our sex life that she filled a lot of people in.

I had no problem with any of this. It told me she was very interested in me. Which was good, since I was very interested in her as well.

I know, I sound like an asshole. Well, in many ways I was . . . and still am.

I could leave a wife and kid at home to date someone else. It doesn’t say a whole lot for me, don’t you think?

Kara had even asked me, that first summer we were together, something that felt so right for the moment . . . yet I felt I had to hold back. What did she ask me?

She sat on my lap, in her house. We were talking. She faced me, looking into my

eyes. I could see the life, the sparkle I loved so much, shining brightly. She just glowed. She said to me . . .

“Why don’t you just move in with me? I think you’d be a good father figure and husband.” After this question, she kissed me.

I sat there, feeling that incredible warmth inside me. Knowing I absolutely loved being with her. Knowing she made me forget about so many things. Knowing I treasured that glow I brought out of her.

Her son was running around the house, inside and out. It was summer, after all.

The words were on the tip of my tongue . . . “Yes, baby, I want nothing more than to do that.”

And then - I thought about my wife. She knew I was dating Kara, but had no idea our relationship had progressed so far. If I moved in with Kara, I’d leave her completely shell-shocked. I’d leave her lost, and with a child to take care of. I couldn’t shatter her world like that.

Those thoughts kept me from telling Kara yes, right then and there.

The first time I stayed a full night with Kara, I’d had another major fight at home. I had planned to see her anyway, so I sat down with her, on her bed, looked at her, and said, “I want to stay all night tonight. Is that OK with you?”

“Yes!” She was overjoyed. With a bright smile and shining eyes, she kissed and hugged me. She immediately prepped the bed and the towels for the shower.

The first time I finally moved in with Kara, my relationship with Sheri had deteriorated. There was more affection between Kara and me than between Sheri and me. Kara stepped up and showed love in the little things more than Sheri did.

I couldn’t blame Sheri. I’d focused more on Kara than I had on my home life. This was a year to a year and a half after Kara and I met.

So, I finally said, “Yes, let’s see how this will work. I want to do this.”

Kara was elated. The life within her burst out. It thrilled me to see her that way.

I didn’t feel any urgency to pack all my stuff from home and move it to Kara’s. For my part, I treasured the time with Kara, the intimacy, just being with her. I’d grab the

material stuff later. I brought only what I immediately needed: my cell phone and car charger (as for most of us, that's a top priority), some chocolate, and a couple outfits. I had a computer at Kara's house (which we now called *our* house) that she'd had for a while and wanted me to set up for myself, which I did. That's where I focused on my work.

We started spending the days and nights together. At that time, I didn't consider how the change affected my oldest son with Sheri, Noah. He didn't know what was going on. I made the effort to still go over to Sheri's place and spend some time there each day to keep him from being shattered.

I also had to explain something else to Kara. "I'm still going to have to go there early in the mornings to watch the kids while Sheri works." Kara didn't particularly like it, but she understood.

At the time, Sheri and I had no agreement for me to bring Noah to the house, so I couldn't just take him there anytime I wanted. Later on, Sheri and I did make up an agreement. In fact, we started laying out our divorce in detail, working it out rather than fighting it out. For instance, we talked about who would get what vehicle, who would pay what bills, how much child support would be required: all the details you'd have to work out in court anyway.

So, this was the first time I lived with Kara.

What stopped it?

One night, when Kara was working, my phone started to die. I let her know, "Babe, if I don't answer your text immediately, it's because my phone is charging in my car. I don't have the house charger yet." To get the house charger would have required going back to the home I shared with Sheri. "I'll be inside working on the computer, but will come out periodically and check my phone."

Well, I missed a few of her texts.

"This has been a long day," she had said. "I can't wait to get home and see you." Then, "I'm so tired babe. I want to just crawl into bed with you. Can you change the sheets? Put some clean ones on, please?"

Oops. I didn't get that done. I was pretty tired myself, so I crawled into bed with the dirty sheets and waited for her. I woke up when she got home.

She was upset that the sheets weren't changed.

I fell back to sleep. I woke up a couple of hours later to find that she wasn't in bed with me. I got scared. My heart started racing. I jumped out of bed, not knowing what the hell was going on. I ran through the house, trying to focus my eyes, looking for her. Her Jeep was there. Good, she was still home. I walked into Kabel's room. He was staying the night with Kara's mom.

I found Kara asleep in Kabel's bed. I looked at the bed to make sure she was sleeping alone. I know, it was petty and stupid, but I did anyway.

I woke her just enough to ask her what the hell she was doing.

She only responded, "The sheets weren't changed."

"You couldn't sleep next to me for a couple of hours until I had to get up anyway, just because I didn't get the sheets changed?" I was starting to feel furious . . . and *betrayed*.

"The sheets are dirty," she insisted, as if that excuse explained everything.

Well, it didn't to me.

"Fine. I'm heading out now, then. Unless you want to join me for the last hour before I have to leave."

She lay there.

"Fine, I'm leaving. I'll finish my hour of sleep over there if I can't have you next to me."

When I returned home that night, she had changed the locks.

When I brought that up to her, she said, "You could have joined me in Kabel's bed."

That thought wasn't exactly on my mind at the time. She could also have not changed the locks. Quite honestly, the thought running through my mind was, "Fucking petty bullshit."

Remember the whole "self-sabotage" thing?

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One key may that help you understand is this: two separate, but remarkably similar incidents had happened.

First, Sheri caught onto the fact that I was seeing Kara and that I was fucking her more than my own wife.

Sheri looked me in the eyes and said, “Kara is going to hurt you. I know you don’t think she will. I know you think she’s the greatest thing, but she’s going to hurt you bad. She’s going to tear your heart out.”

No, of course I didn’t want to hear that. I wanted to believe Kara was perfect . . . Well, almost. I knew better, but I wanted so badly to believe it. I could see the glow I brought out of her and I loved it.

The second incident was a bit more dramatic, and impacted Kara directly. Before this incident happened, Kara had made a comment to me one night at our local IHOP.

We sat in the back of her Jeep so we could talk a bit.

“I really like you, but I--” she paused.

“What, hon? Spit it out. Don’t worry.” It took a bit of persuasion before she finally finished the sentence.

“I can’t marry you.”

Whoa, really? You’re going there already?

“Hon, don’t worry about that right now. We’re not talking about marriage, we’re just enjoying each other. Let’s not spoil that.”

That brightened her up a lot.

“What made you say that, anyway? What brought that to your mind?” I asked her.

“My mom would never approve. So I already know I can’t marry you.”

I see.

With that bit of background, this is the second incident.

Kara and I sat on her couch, cuddled up, in what was her home at the time. We were watching a movie, enjoying each other's company.

Next thing I knew, someone pulled up outside.

Kara looked up. I could tell by her reaction that she knew who it was.

She looked at me. "My parents are here."

Great, interrupt our time.

"Well, just tell them we're watching a movie. Can't they come back?"

Little did I know . . .

Kara didn't have to open the door. Her parents had their own key, and they walked right into the house that *Kara* owned and paid the mortgage on. Now, realize, my car was parked in Kara's driveway. There was no way her parents couldn't have known someone else was there. It's not a fancy car, mind you. It's a '91 Firebird.

Did this show a lack of respect from her parents? I think so.

They walked in. Kara's mom, Barb, didn't shake my hand, didn't say hi, didn't acknowledge me at all. She only took one microsecond of a glance before she motioned Kara into the kitchen. She had already seen all she needed to see.

Since I didn't drive a nice new car, didn't wear a business suit or casual dress clothes, wore my hair long, and didn't shave every single day, I automatically wasn't worth shit in her eyes.

Her dad didn't acknowledge me, either. He walked into the dining room, which was situated between the kitchen and living room. He picked up a paper and started thumbing through it.

I continued to sit on the couch, wondering what was going on. I tried to speak to her dad; he ignored me.

Kara and her mom spent a few minutes in the kitchen, then her parents left..

Kara joined me back on the couch.

“What’s going on?” I asked her.

“Don’t worry about it,” she replied.

“No, tell me. I want to know. What’s going on?”

Kara had shame written all over her face.

“She doesn’t approve of you. She gave me the look of disapproval, shook her head, and said ‘no.’ That was all she needed to say.”

Nice mom, eh? Congratulations, Barb, for having such incredible power over your, at the time, 33-year-old daughter.

So I dug in, preparing to fight for this woman, even though having to fight against a parent is pathetic.

During this whole relationship with Kara, I still had to take care of my family at home. Even at this point, Kara and I were inexplicably drawn together. It took me at least two years to start figuring out the reason why. Kara gave me things I wasn’t getting at home, things I needed in a relationship. Things that help inspire me, make me feel more alive, and give me motivation.

I wasn’t getting any of that from my wife any longer, but I didn’t realize that was the issue. So, this entire relationship with Kara prompted me to do a lot of soul-searching.

My wife, bless her heart, actually tried to help me figure out why Kara acted the way she did in the beginning. She helped me figure out how to salvage that relationship.

You see, it was a strange situation for me. I had helped tons of other guys learn about women. I went out each night and flirted with, attracted, and escalated with many women on my own. Yet Kara and her actions baffled me.

I ended up talking to another guy who would become a good friend. He made one comment that pretty well explained Kara. “She doesn’t know who she is.” She wasn’t living for herself. She only knew what Barb told her to be and to do. I saw this first hand . . . when the girl was 35 years old. When Barb said, “Jump,” Kara said, “How high?”

When Kara tried to think for herself, Barb would apply pressure and guilt to force Kara to do her bidding. As it turned out, we weren't figuring out Kara . . . we had to figure out her mom.

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After I met Kara, I continued to work in PUA. In some ways, the work became even more interesting. The number of girls watching me and growing attracted to me increased, as well. Here's how some of that went.

"Take a picture of him, it might last longer," I'd say with a slight grin when I saw a girl who was watching another guy closely.

The girl would usually start off being a bit embarrassed, but that's OK.

"Hey, if you like the guy, go talk to him," I'd encourage her.

"No, no. That's OK. It's not like that."

"Yeah, that's what they all say," I would say.

All I did was notice something going in her mind and comment on it. I would run with that for a bit of the conversation. I would talk about her, but in the way I would talk about the female population in general.

A few seconds into this, the girl would immediately focus her attention on me.

Along with this technique, I started touching the girls right away. In fact, I would bump their arms at first, or their hips. I would tap their arms or shoulders with my hand while we went back and forth with the rapport.

I would have already checked their ring fingers, just to satisfy my own curiosity. I knew the presence or lack of a ring didn't mean anything. Some girls will not do anything if there is no ring, and others will open their legs if there is a ring. Still, I like to see what kind of message a girl has on display.

"Do you have a girlfriend?" she would ask, looking right into my eyes. She wanted to see if I would lie or tell the truth.

Sidebar: they wouldn't ask that unless they were interested already.

The problem is, girls are usually better liars than guys.

But are they really?

Think about this: girls tell small lies all the time because they want to surprise their guy. They say they are busy doing one thing, when in fact they are busy buying something to surprise their guy with. That means they are used to the little tells and watch for them. Plus, guys are stereotyped as being cheaters, so girls look for those signals, as well.

Yes, it may be a sign of insecurity in the girl, but it's true nonetheless.

Guys, on the other hand, don't always watch for these things. See, most guys just assume, most of the time, that their girl is telling the truth. Why? Because the guy wants to believe the girl. Can you blame him? I don't. He wants to believe his girl is different, is truly committed to him, and that she loves and cares for him.

This is what the girl wants, too. But, there's this thing called self-sabotage.

"I have several, actually. Which side of town are you talking about?" I would reply when a girl asked whether I had a girlfriend. I'd look right back into her eyes as I said it.

"Wow, you're serious. I've never seen a guy openly admit to having several girls at the same time. They always want to hide that. This is so refreshing."

Right away, I had set myself apart from every other guy and raised her interest. This statement also indicated that that I didn't have a lot of time, so I wouldn't be clingy, and that was valuable to me. I didn't need her, because I already have options. Plus, the fact that several other girls wanted me showed that I had something or knew how to do something, which is rare in guys. Girls love discretion at first, and she already knew I'd be discreet. Girls find all of these traits attractive.

Before long, the girl would start touching me, moving her body closer to mine, turning herself toward me, and giving me more eye contact. All of these are little things she does with her body to let me know she's interested.

And I'd be adding another name to my list of girl friends. "Which side of town is this one on?" would be the next question I want answered. How could I avoid her getting tangled up with whomever is already on that side?

Understand, these girls didn't have to be full-fledged girlfriends. They had their own lives, their own things going on. Some of them even had boyfriends or husbands. One thing they all had in common, though, is me. They all wanted something or someone else to give them what they weren't getting at home.

Let that be a lesson in two ways. First, you better learn how to satisfy your girl if you really want to keep her to yourself. Secondly, most women are stuck in a relationship that doesn't satisfy them at all, which means you can have a ring of sexual partners without any real further commitment.

If you go by numbers, about ten percent of the attached females won't cheat, no matter what you do. These are the girls you want to be involved with, ideally. Ten percent will cheat, no matter what you do. For the other 80 percent, their actions will completely depend on their personal relationship and what else is offered to them outside of that relationship. Timing, it's all about timing with that group.

So, at this point, the girl would be holding onto my arm, grinning all over the place, putting her face close to mine . . . which means looking for the kiss, in case you didn't know.

“Do you dance?” I would ask her.

“Oh yes, very well,” she would say, without exception.

This meant she was qualifying herself in terms of what she thought I wanted. She wanted my approval, and to build my interest in her.

So, I would take her hand and lead her to the dance floor. This meant more touching, or kino, and that I was leading her.

We would get to the dance floor, where I'd place my hands on both her hips and pull her to me. I would start moving in order to show her how I want to move, and she would fall in line with me. Normally, she would start pushing her breasts against my chest, trying to turn me on. After a bit of this, I'd take one of her hands and spin her, putting her back against my chest, with her ass against me. I'd then alternate between circling my arms around her stomach, pulling her to me, or rubbing my hands up and down her sides. This demonstrated that I was completely comfortable with letting my hands roam her body; therefore I must have had plenty of experience with women. I'm not afraid of the female body, or afraid that I may scare her away.

My hands were steady, not shaking. My eyes were steady, too. My movements were controlled. All of this shows confidence. We would be so close that we could see the colors of each others' irises. I could also easily kiss her neck when she moved her hair, which she would inevitably do, because she was turned on. By the way, kissing the nape of the neck is almost a requirement.

Some advice: when you're about to taste her lips, absolutely do not slobber, shove your tongue down her throat, or bite her lips. Not on the first kiss, anyway. Save the biting and tongue probing for later, when things are hotter. Right now, be subtly seductive.

To me, that's what the dance floor is all about when it comes to picking up a girl: seduction.

Guys pay me to shatter their realities. You see, guys have built their own little box in their minds of what they believe is possible to pull off and what they believe isn't possible. Then, they hear me tell them something is possible and they don't believe it. So when they witness it, they are blown away.

I tell them ahead of time, "You can start with your hands on a girl's shoulders at the beginning of one song, and by the end of that song have your hands between her legs, and have her accept that your hands are there . . . because she already wants you inside her."

Of course, they don't believe this until they see it. Then they ask me how I did it . . . when they watched the whole thing. The key to that fast type of escalation is being extremely aware of that particular woman. You have to read her desires as you go along. You read her body language. She will tell you through that where she's turned on the most and what you're doing that turns her on the most. You also have to know how to find her buttons to turn that lust up second by second. Yes, I said second by second. In other words, you must be completely tuned into this one woman, aware of how much she wants you or doesn't want you, every second. Be keenly aware of how comfortable she is with you, and increase that trust.

Guys are also shocked when I tell a girl blatantly that she'll want to kiss me soon, but that I'm not looking to do that with her. In these situations, the girl normally starts out not wanting to kiss me, either to prove her self-control or to prove me wrong. But by the time we are done, she wants badly to kiss me.

So, I went through about three years of picking up and partially seducing many girls after I met Kara, both while she was with me and when I was alone. She knew I was doing this. She also knew I wasn't fucking all these girls.

In fact, the first girl I turned down in front of her happened like this: I was sitting on Kara's bed one night and got a text. Well, I got texts all the time while with her. But this one was from one of the girls. I showed it to Kara right away because I thought it was funny. The girl had texted me her address. She said, "Come fuck me, I want you, don't make me wait."

I said, "I'm with my girl right now."

She said, "I'll do you better than she will."

I was laughing, while Kara looked at me, wondering what was going on. I showed her all the texts. Needless to say, Kara made it well worth my while to not go take care of the other girl.

To this day, the last time I was in the club and saw this same girl, she still wanted me. When I saw her, she was with another guy. She didn't act particularly into him until she saw me. When she noticed me, she turned to the guy and started kissing him, then looked back at me. I laughed. Yet, I'm so glad I didn't give her sex. I have no idea where she's been or who she's been with. I've kept myself clean, and I don't intend to change that.

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In the middle of the summer of 2009-- July 18th, to be exact-- Kara and I received a text from a girl I knew before we went to the club. This other girl wanted me to stop by a different club and see her outfit.

I asked her, "Is it worth my time?"

She said, "I look hot and want to show off."

"All right," I said, "Me and my girlfriend will stop in before we head to our club."

She and her boyfriend came to the door to show us. I wasn't going into that club tonight. We talked for a bit, the girl showing off this outfit.

Kara and I went to our club together. We spotted a sexy woman with another girl. They weren't lovers, though. We looked over the two girls, decided who we thought was sexier, and who we'd invite back to our place.

Then I get a text from a friend of mine in Florida. He was supposed to meet Kara and me for a workshop less than two hours from his home one weekend, but he had chickened out.

I shared this text with my girl and we talked about it.

She said, "He should be here right now. You'd have a field day with him in here." Kara used this for an opener with the two girls next to us. She quickly told them about the text and asked them if they would take a picture with her so we could send it to him. They agreed.

We took two pictures inside. Neither of them turned out on my cell.

"Let's go outside to the smoking patio and see if my phone does any better," I led.

They agreed. We went outside, where I took two more pictures. These turned out a bit better. I showed the pictures to the girls, who liked them, and then I sent them to my friend.

Kara and I were getting to know this girl and her friend. I took over the conversation with the cuter one, while Kara chatted with the other. As I built momentum

with the cute one, Kara found a spot for her and the other girl to jump in, so we all joined the same conversation and turned the whole thing to my "job" as the Hitch of Evansville.

This sexy girl worked at a doctor's office. Come to find out, she was fucking the doctor, and he was married.

The friend said, "She's going through a divorce herself right now. She's just trying to get her mind off of things."

Guys were hitting on this girl all night, trying to kiss her and do whatever they could to get into her pants.

After talking awhile, the cute one told us about the two guys she milked two drinks from. They talked to her about dancing. Well . . . she just hit my thing, so I challenged her myself. I told her that if she could dance, we all needed to hit the dance floor. She jumped on the offer and we all moved inside. As we walked by, the staff stopped talking and watched us pass.

We hit the dance floor, all of us staying in the group. All the guys started watching us. My friends gave me a look of shock and disbelief, as in, "Damn, again?" A couple guys who tried to get into the set got blocked out. I switched between all the girls as we danced. I also told all three girls to dance together while I, at times, pulled away from the group, dancing by myself. We drew attention from others and generated attraction in other girls, as well.

As I danced in front of the target, with her friend and my girl behind her, a guy came out of nowhere and started grinding behind my girl. She signaled to me that he was back there and that it was making her uncomfortable. She knew, however, that I was warming up the target, as well. I continued with the target, then saw the guy lift his hands into the air to high five me. I stuck my right hand up to return the high five, and when his hand met mine, I grabbed it and pulled him towards me, leaning around the target. I simply told him to be careful because that girl was mine. He pointed to my girl, and I answered yes, and that the other girls were also with me. He asked if I want to switch spots. I told him no, that he was fine at the moment. Later, my girl told me she appreciated me doing this. She also repeated something she noticed about me long ago: that I can be intimidating to everyone around me, even though I'm not a big guy.

The target's friend later danced with the guy and even gave him a kiss . . . after which he left her, bouncing up and down, excited about the kiss.

After a bit, a waitress in the club who was off that night came in with a friend

and coworker of hers. They briefly joined our little group. So there I was with four hot girls, hugging on me and all, so I caught some looks and stares. What can I say . . . pre-selection is nice.

These two girls hung around with Kara and me most of the night. The bouncers kept an eye on us because so many other guys had been bothering the girl. Plus, the bouncers knew Kara and me, and were helping protect her, as well.

The bouncers also saw the dynamic between the three of us. At the end of the night, I saw a guy try to pin this girl against the wall to make out with her. She turned away from him.

Kara started talking to three of the bouncers who knew us well. While she did that, I walked to the girl. Kara knew this was happening.

I pushed the girl against the wall, heard the sigh from her. I teased her, and she teased back by licking my lips.

I thought, *fuck this, I'm not going with all this licking shit, you wanna kiss, we'll full-on kiss.* And, less than a minute later, her mouth opened wide and I closed the space between our mouths.

I started biting on her neck, and then said, "I have to stop that."

"Why?" she asked.

I said, "If I don't stop now, you won't want me to stop. You'll want me to be inside you. You'll want to go home with us. You'll be all over me."

She said, "Maybe I don't want you to stop."

I bit her neck again, then grabbed her hair, pulled her head back, and made her look up. She sighed again, and I kissed her. More biting, more full on kissing, and the kisses grew more intense each time.

"Don't stop," she said. "I don't want you to stop, but I'm afraid your girl will get mad."

"Don't worry, babe. Me and my girl talked about you earlier. We decided when we first saw you that you should join us in our bedroom tonight."

She then kissed me even heavier.

I pulled her hair and the animal in her started coming out. Our lips locked, hard. Her back arched against the wall as she grabbed my hair. I could feel the heat from her mouth as she tried to inhale me. Her other arm grabbed me and pulled me hard against her body. We pressed into the wall. Moans escaped her mouth.

Sidebar: You can't get much more blatant. If this has ever happened to you, if you've had this many signals, and you let the girl go . . . I feel sorry for you.

The bouncers were all facing the two of us. They were also facing Kara, who had her back to us at the moment. A couple of them had their mouths open. Kara laughed.

"Do you know what's happening?" one of the bouncers asked her.

"Yes," she laughed again. "She's cute. We've talked about bringing her home and she wasn't open enough to my advances, so I sent him in."

"Damn, I wish I had a girl like you."

Kara laughed again.

The bouncers kept watching as this girl and I get even hotter. We've gotten so hot that, when her girl friend walked up, she was stunned. She looked at her friend and asked if she needed a room or something.

My friend later asked me, "Where did you find those girls?"

All in my club.

Yes, this is what happened when girls hung out with me.

This is the type of stuff that led guys to say, "I want what you have." I'd always tell them, "No, you don't." I admit, part of it looks like paradise. But what you don't see is the other side.

41

I remember nights when I was by myself and talking to some of the other guys in the club. We'd see some hot girl and they would want to talk to her. So, I'd go talk to some other girls.

You see, when one girl in the club is especially hot, she will draw the attention of most of the guys. This is a natural dynamic, and it's what she wants, otherwise she wouldn't have made herself up to look so hot.

Here's the trick:

I'll let her know that I've seen her. I may even make a remark to her. But I won't hang around her. I won't watch her in any obvious way. Instead, I'll give my attention to the other girls in the club, the ones who suddenly have no attention on them because of this one girl.

I'll talk to them. I'll dance with these other girls. In fact, I'll really get into the dancing with them.

"I love the way you move," I'll tell them, and it will be honest. "I love that outfit you have on," I'll say. They can tell my compliments are genuine. These girls also love the fact that I'm ignoring the hot girl and giving them attention.

Before you know it, there are several girls hanging around me. I'll give them all attention. I'll dance with them all. I'll build rapport with them all.

When I do this, some guys will ask me what the hell I'm doing.

"Tripp, why are you hanging with these girls? You, of all guys in here, could have that girl who's shooting down all the guys. Surely she wouldn't shoot you down."

I'll just smile. "It's OK. Trust me. I'm just having fun right now."

I'll get some phone numbers from the other girls. I'll keep dancing with them, seductively, getting them turned on.

Before you know it, that one hot girl will pull me to her, grabbing me away from the others.

Why?

Because I'm the only guy not giving her attention, and she doesn't like it. I have all the other cute girls flocking to me, and I'm ignoring her. So, she decides to break that trend.

One night, a girl did this to me. She was smoking hot, and a lot of guys asked her for dances. I, on the other hand, did what I outlined above: I ignored her. Eventually she pulled me to her. Actually, she yanked me to her. I looked at her and stood still.

“Hey, I want to dance with you. Please.”

Cool, I started dancing with her . . . for half of one song. Then I turned away.

Oh, she did not like that.

Another guy sprang to take my place. She ignored him and reached back for me.

At the same time, other girls saw that this one was grabbing me. The one the other guys were drooling over was grabbing me and shunning them.

Who do you think, at this moment, had the absolute highest value in the club? Yes, I did.

It's all about perception, as I've told you. And how others perceive you is all about knowing what to do and when.

So, these guys who thought I was crazy started seeing differently.

This girl practically forced me to keep dancing with her. She put her leg around my thigh, getting more sexual with me.

After this song ended, I walked away again. I went to the other girls. Another guy took my place. She danced with him for one song, while watching me. After that song, she grabbed me once again. This time, we danced for two songs. And it got hot in there. The guys standing on the sidelines, and the girls all around us dancing and watching, were suddenly making the “oh” and “ah” and “ooh” sounds.

This girl was pulling me against her now. She turned and started grinding against me, hard, almost fucking me through her clothes.

It's a different mindset. That's what guys need to have. They need to get a clue.

42

One night when I was out with Kara, a friend of mine pointed out some people he knew at a bar.

“Tripp, who do you think is with who, in that group?”

I watched for about ten seconds.

I saw a girl standing up next to one guy seated on a bar stool. The group faced the bar. She was almost in his personal space, but not exactly pushing in all the way. The comfort zone that couples normally share between each other wasn't there.

Another girl came up behind him and touched the upper part of his back, then spoke to him.

I pointed to that couple.

My friend's mouth dropped. “How the hell did you know?”

“Their body language. Simple as that.”

Kara stood by my side, smiling, while I “worked.” She had no doubt I'd pick out who was with who. She felt proud that her man could watch interactions and know what was going on, and that I was respected and had many friends.

Occasionally people would “test” me like that. Sometimes, they were skeptics. Other times, they were friends trying to show their skeptical friends that I had something and could help them.

It's amazing how much you can tell by which direction a person's feet and upper torso are pointed, by how long a smile or eye contact lasts, and by how a person plays with her hair.

43

Girls also approached me to ask how to tell if a guy was truly interested or just playing them.

“Tripp, I’ve seen this guy twice. Now he won’t call me back.”

“Um, what did you do to scare him off?” Of course, I was kidding . . . somewhat.

“Nothing, I don’t think.”

“Did you already give him some?”

Silence. And therefore the answer.

“Well, you likely won’t hear from him again until he wants some from you again.” Of course, this is never the answer girls want to hear.

“But I think he really likes me,” she would say.

“Yeah, and that’s what players do. They make you think they really like you, even when they just want your pussy.”

“How do I know the difference?”

“Don’t give him any right away.” I laughed, but I was completely serious. “Not all guys are like me. I’ll sleep with a girl right away without making it a one-night stand. If I have sex with a girl, I fully intend on having sex with her many times. If I only want her just once, it isn’t worth my time to begin with.”

She’d be fairly quiet.

“Most guys, though, look for that hit-and-quit scenario, then move on to the next one.”

“I hate that,” she’d say.

“Yep, me too. And I teach every guy I work with not to do that. But many guys are exactly like that. They don’t seem to realize they are making it harder on themselves in the long run.”

“So, really. How do I avoid that situation?”

“Seriously, don’t give your pussy to him right away.”

“But . . . what if I really want him?”

I laughed again. “Well, that’s what he wants to accomplish, obviously. But, if you don’t give it to him right away, and that’s all he’s looking for, just a trip down your pants once, he won’t stay around long. The extra effort won’t be worth it to him.”

Again, she would not like that answer. Oh well. That’s the truth. I can’t change that, I can only tell you how it is.

“So, can I salvage this?”

Damn, she sounded like every average frustrated guy out there: “I told her I love her the first night; now she won’t talk to me!”

“He said he wants to take me to play golf,” a girl might say.

“OK, so he wants sex after,” I’d say.

“No, he doesn’t. He’s not like that. He’s just a nice guy.”

Oh, the phrase of death.

“Well, he may be a nice guy, but I guarantee you, and would put money on it, that he wants to have sex with you after a round or ten of golf.”

“How do you know this?”

“Ha! Two reasons. Last I checked, I am a man. Secondly, I teach tons of other men. I know how we think. Just a bit, though. I could be *way* off base, but that doesn’t stop me from guaranteeing what I said,” I would say, with a smile, of course.

I even gave my wife some advice about one guy she was talking to. You know how spouses are, though. They refuse to listen to each other.

I saw the exchanges between my wife and him.

“He wants you,” I told her.

“I don’t know if he does or not.”

“He does,” I laughed.

“I guess I’ll see,” she said.

“If you ever have him over without me here, just let me know ahead of time. I know he wants you.”

Well, he popped up where she worked. She didn’t expect that.

“I told him where I work, ‘cause I trust him. I figured he wouldn’t stalk me or anything like that. I feel comfortable with him.”

Uh-huh . . . comfortable.

“He didn’t hang around long. He looked cuter in his picture, though. He’s also married, remember that. He’s just been talking to me.”

“As I said, if you have him over . . . “

“I have no plans of that. He’s mentioned it, but I’ve told him no.”

“He’s mentioned it?”

She sighed. “Yes, he’s mentioned it.”

I smiled.

“Don’t you dare.”

“What?”

“Don’t you dare say I told you so.”

“I didn’t.” I laughed.

“You did without saying it,” she said, with another sigh.

Well, they kept talking, and she continued to tell me what was being said. I told

her exactly where he stood.

Then, one night, I went to see my girlfriend, Kara. For some reason, I took my toothbrush on that night. To this day, I don't know why I took it, but I did. So, my wife automatically assumed I was staying the night. I did end up staying, because of what my wife did.

When my wife saw that I'd taken my toothbrush, she called the guy she'd been talking to. His name is Neelson.

"Hey, why don't you come see me tonight," she said to him.

"Only if you make it worth my while."

Later, she and I talked about this.

She said, "When he said that, I had absolutely no intention of him having sex. In fact, I told him clearly that he would be lucky to get a kiss."

"I'm only coming if you make it worth my while"? Yeah . . . sure, he's settling for a kiss.

"I see that now, but at the time, my mind wasn't thinking that," she said.

Neelson showed up, and she met him in the parking lot.

Immediately he hugged her, roamed his hands over her back, and then opened his mouth and laid a big kiss on her. Right away, he tried to get her to fish a peppermint out of his mouth.

She refused, but he kept trying to escalate. Right in the breezeway, while our kids slept inside.

"If we're going to do this," she told him, "we need to take it inside. My husband doesn't want all our neighbors knowing our business."

At least she showed me that much respect.

Yet it still wasn't clicking in her mind that her statement had just given Neelson permission to come inside and fuck her.

They entered. He sat on a chair she and I have sex on all the time. Of course, he

didn't know this. She sat on his lap, facing sideways.

He took her head and started kissing her mouth.

She turned further toward him.

She was wearing some shorts that I absolutely love. Her ass almost hangs out of them. Almost. She wore them to work; she got more tips with them.

So, his hands roamed up her legs to the bottom of her ass, then snaked their way up her shirt.

By the way, he'd already told her, before this night ever came, that he had a breast fetish. But . . . he wasn't looking for sex from her. Nah.

She grabbed the back of his head. The kissing grew hotter as he squeezed her breasts. Still, she was thinking, "We are not having sex."

Before long, he picked her up, very uncomfortably, and carried her to the couch. He sat back down, with her still on top of him.

The kissing grew intense. He continued to fondle her breasts, squeezing her nipples, feeling her ass.

Within just a few minutes, he started leaning to the side and back, lying down on the couch, positioning her on top of him. She noticed this and stopped kissing him, sitting up.

He laughed and sat back up, too.

You know he was thinking, "Damn it."

He had only been in our home for about ten minutes.

They resumed their make-out session. Before long, she started grinding against him. It was only then that she finally started to think, "OK, we are going to have sex."

Her phone had gone off a few times while all this was going on, and it went off again now. Apparently, it irritated Nealson.

"You better get your phone," he said.

She didn't.

They rose and stood at our door.

"Aren't you curious about my piercing?" he asked. "Most girls ask me to show them."

"No, not really," she said.

See, he has his dick pierced, with two or three different rings, specifically to hit the girl's G-spot.

"Girls are always curious about it. As far as sex, they always say it hurts at first, but then it feels better than they could imagine."

He pulled his dick out and placed her hand on it.

She started to rub it.

He put his hand up the edge of her shorts and started playing with her clit.

She gasped for a moment.

They continued to kiss while she rubbed his dick and he played with her clit.

At this point, he had felt every part of her body except inside her pussy.

Her phone went off again.

"I better go," he said.

"You started it; you should finish it," she said. In other words, "FUCK ME, NEALSON."

Of course, that's what he wanted to hear.

"My wife was asleep when I left, she doesn't know I'm here." He turned and walked out the door.

That was all my wife needed to hear. She hadn't known that little piece of information. Suddenly she didn't want him inside her at all. As soon as he left, she called

me. She was crying, unable to believe what she had just done.

I didn't come home that night.

Here's the thing: I had specifically given her my permission to fuck any guy she wanted, as long as I knew ahead of time, except for two specific men. One was Nealson. Why? Because I knew he and one other guy weren't on the same page as she was. She didn't want a guy to just hit and quit her. I still loved her and didn't want her to get hurt by another man.

She also knew where I was and who I was fucking, so I expected the same from her. Yet she didn't tell me she'd invited Nealson over. I found out through a mutual female friend. "You need to get home. Just trust me. I'm not saying why. You just need to get home," she told me. That was all I needed to hear. I knew it was Nealson, because I knew what had been going on.

44

Back to some of the nights in the club.

“Tripp, check this girl out,” one guy would say, and point out a girl. “I like her.”

“OK. You need to talk to her, then,” I would tell him.

“You talk to her.”

Seriously?

“If I talk to her, I’m going to make her attracted to me, so you better talk to her.”

Hey, these guys weren’t paying me, so I didn’t have to work for them. Sometimes, though, to humor the guy, I would start talking to the girl. While in conversation, I’d throw out, “Hey, this guy likes you.” I knew what effect that would have, even though the guys didn’t. I tried to tell them, but I couldn’t help it that they wouldn’t listen. Once I would tell the girl about the other guy, she would immediately find herself more drawn to me.

Hell, at times, I’d even push the girl into another guy. Not a shove, mind you, just a slight push. Then I would tell her he would be perfect for her, things like that. All of this turned her attraction up for me.

These guys were blind as bats.

I would think that, since they watched me do my thing night after night, weekend after weekend, they would catch on to some of it. Apparently, it didn’t work that way. Four years later, they are still in the same spot, romantically speaking.

After Kara had been hanging out with me for awhile, I started teaching her how she could help me wing these guys. She started talking to girls for them. After a bit, she did it on her own, without being prompted. She wanted to see the guys actually have some success, so she would spot cute girls and try to help them out.

Through this process, we found out that a few girls actually did think the guys were cute. But when that happened, the guys would inevitably screw it up. Why? Because they didn’t feel worthy.

45

Another night, I already had requests from different groups I socialize with to visit at least two clubs.

I arrived at the first club with Kara. We stayed a bit. She finally got her drink, and we moved toward the dance floor. We stood, talking, interacting, watching some of the dynamics. As we did this, I spotted a girl I used to see . . . Army Wife. She noticed me, too, and we gave each other a hug. I had been wanting to introduce her to my girl anyway, so this situation was perfect. After that, she went back to her friends.

Sidebar: I know many men are afraid to have a new lady meet someone they used to see, but it's not always a bad thing to see a previous lover. There are a few tips to keep in mind with these situations. First, prepare the current lover beforehand. Let her know about any exes you might run into. Also, make it clear to the current lover that you're not going back to the ex, but that you would like for them to meet. When they do meet, you keep the atmosphere warm, friendly, and inviting. Don't make the ex hang around or overstay her welcome. In fact, after you feel or see the interaction about to turn, take yourself and your current lover out of the situation by excusing yourselves and leaving the ex to her friends. Some things to watch are eye contact (direct or avoiding), smiles (real or fake), shakes (forced or friendly), and which way the ex and the current have their feet and torsos turned.

After our encounter with Army Wife, we saw a guy I had been working with lately. We called him over to join us. We talked to him for a bit, giving him some social proof, although he wouldn't use it, unfortunately. (How much blatant help can you give someone, only for him to waste it?)

My girl finished her drink, and we hit the dance floor. Army Wife started watching us. She was with her husband and a girlfriend of hers, yet her eyes were on us. My girl and I managed to get some attention from other ladies, too.

The more we danced, the more my ex watched. My girl and I started kissing, and the ex took off to another part of the club.

Sidebar: Ever notice how someone you used to be with takes off when you're thoroughly enjoying your new partner? It goes by several names: jealousy, envy . . . you get the idea.

We danced through a few more songs, trying to help my buddy out with some ladies. We spotted a cute two-set. I told him how to move in, but he didn't do it. My girl asked me if I told him that she said to do it. I said no, so she told him what to do. He still didn't do it.

During this time, my ex, her husband, and their friend joined the dance floor.

They danced right behind me. We were still trying to get my buddy hooked up, so we were hanging out in the same area, not moving across the dance floor like I sometimes do.

We got more into the dancing and had some other ladies check us out. My ex continued to watch . . . closely.

In fact, she watched so closely that when my girl and I started kissing, it felt like an eagle eye was on us. Not long after that, my ex pinched my ass, then grabbed it, prompting me to turn around. She told us, “No PDA,” with a smile. Then they left the dance floor. My girl and I were about to bounce, so we looked for my ex to say bye.

Sidebar: See the mixed signals? See the lust fighting with the desire to be a good girl? See the attraction lingering?

We found her and her girlfriend, talked to them, and said goodbye. Her husband came up to us and we talked to him for a minute. Since I hadn't seen them in awhile, the ladies caught me up on what had been going on. Then, after her husband left, while my girl was standing there, my ex lifted up my shirt, felt my abs, and then started to lightly punch them. She looked at her friend and told her that I have some nice abs, so they both punched my stomach.

After that little display of affection, they backed off. My girl was still standing there, patiently waiting, and watching the interaction, not getting mad at all.

Kara did comment to me that my ex still wanted me, but she didn't say it out of jealousy at all. She thought it was interesting. I find it interesting that even though the ex's husband was home . . . she wanted me.

46

Army Wife called me one day.

“My friend is wanting us to go out tonight. If we do, I’ll let you know where we’re going so you can meet us there,” she informed me.

“Cool,” I said.

She dropped me a text later to tell me where they were, as an open invitation. I met them and talked a bit, then bounced to the other side, where my DJ friend was. I talked to him for a minute, asking him if he knew any girls who want to make some money working with me. I explained what I was looking for, and he said he had a couple girls in mind. He pointed one out. I made a mental note of her. I walked back over to my Army Wife and her girlfriend.

Her friend met her fuck buddy and moved off with him, which left Army Wife and me there to talk. We started people-watching. We talked about the people in the club and what I look for, what I teach guys, all the fun of what I do. She talked about the dynamics of it from her perspective, and it made for some interesting conversation. The girl who my DJ friend pointed out came over to our side of the club and I pointed her out to Army Wife. She didn’t think the girl was cute. Typical. We talked for a bit more about people’s body language and things like that.

Then, she took me aside and dropped some info on me about her hubby in Iraq. I won’t give out the details, but I told her I’d back off from her for the rest of the night to make things easier on her. She said no, she didn’t want me to, but after talking more, and her being physically close to me, it was obvious the info was bothering her. She was letting it tear her up, so I told her again that I’d leave her alone the rest of the night. I went back to the other side of the club.

At this point, the girl he had pointed out to me was standing by his DJ booth. I told him what I would pay the girl if she worked out, and he told her to talk to me.

She moved over to me and began flirting.

“Right up front, I’ll be clear with you about this. I’m looking for a girl to work with me, not a girl to fuck tonight,” I told her. I also told her what I’d pay if she was any good.

Within moments, I had her number in my phone. From there, she pushed against

me, wanting to dance, so I did. She enjoyed what I put forward. In fact, she enjoyed it so much that within just minutes more, I kiss-closed her. That was but the first of a few dozen kiss closes with her. In short, we made out. She wasn't too bad at it, either. I let her know she was . . . "OK." She punched me for that one.

She even had a couple of complete Average Frustrated Chumps, her "friends," try to talk to her. You know, asking her things like, "What are you doing? And why with a guy you just met?"

To the men reading this: would this be you?

She ground the hell out of my groin and kissed me hotly right in front of them. Each guy in turn just stood there, watching. I know they wished they were me. I could see it.

Are *you* one of these guys?

Every time we were playing around, I would push her away from me. She would grab my leather coat, pull me close, and kiss me again.

Her guy friends didn't understand what was going on.

I sincerely hope you're not this type of guy.

The new girl asked, "Would you go outside with me while I smoke?"

"Sure, just don't be rude and blow it in my face."

We leaned against a cop car and made out some more. We laughed, having a blast. I continued to push her away, and she continued to pull me back, kissing me more, grinding her hips against me.

Imagine . . . a Bad Boy and a Bad Girl playing together.

We headed back inside and returned to the DJ booth, still having fun with each other.

"I'm gonna leave soon," I told her.

She pulled me to her and laid yet another hot one on me. "Stay longer, please."

I asked her, "Should I really call you?"

She replied, "You better!" She looked me over, then added, "My car isn't here tonight. Do you know how I can get home?"

I told her, "I'm not giving you sex tonight."

Once again, she was not used to a guy saying that. She was so drawn to me that all night, she constantly lifted her hair, fanned herself, told me she was hot. Each time she told me that, I told her it was because I was there. Her mouth would drop, and she would kiss me again. We ended up kissing and biting each other's necks quite a bit. She couldn't get enough of my mouth on her neck and lips, or my body against hers.

She continued to grind on me. She went down as if she was going to give me a blow job in the middle of the club.

We went back outside again and I saw my Army Wife leaving. When this girl was ready to go back in, I told her that I'd be back in a minute. She went on in. I went to Army Wife, talked to her a minute, told her goodbye, and then returned to the other girl.

Things got hotter and hotter between us. We slapped each other's asses; I pushed on her pussy through her pants, making her want me more. No other guy has the balls to do this.

You won't get very far with most women unless you have the guts that most men don't have.

47

I went to another Wednesday College Night at a local club.

The one important point I want to get across to you from this night is how girls will pay attention to your conversation with others if they are interested in you.

I talked to a guy named Larry, who looks like Freddy Kreuger. It's his local trademark. He wears his hat almost everywhere specifically because of that.

A girl sitting next to him kept trying to get my attention.

"You're hot," she said to me.

"It's the beanie," I told her.

I talked to Larry about this past Saturday when my girlfriend, another DJ, his girl, and I all hung out at a more upscale club. Larry and I laughed quite a bit, discussing the other venues in the area.

Later, when the girl tried to get my attention again-- and I gave her *some*-- she asked me if I had a girl. She was listening...

I said, "Yeah. In fact, I've got two."

She wanted to be turned off, but instead she was turned on more. She kept repeating, "You've got two girlfriends too many." Yet she couldn't keep her hands off me, couldn't resist looking into my eyes. "Are you satisfying both of them?" she asked.

I said, "Hey, I can't help it if I got it," which drew her into me that much more.

At that point, she wanted to start dancing. She was touching my head, my arms, and so on, looking deeply into my eyes. We had already kissed, and she wanted to grind on me.

So we started to dance and talk some more. She switched between grinding her ass on me while we moved together and turning so she could kiss me, hot, heavy, and deep.

I told her, "I'm gonna have to leave soon, because one of my girls gets off work in 30 minutes, the other in an hour."

She repeated that I had two girlfriends too many, but then kept pulling me closer.

I said, "We should hang out this weekend."

She immediately agreed. Then, realizing what she should do, she said, "I should give you my number!"

I laughed and replied, "Yeah, you should."

I took out my phone and she saw a picture of the hot brunette and me on the background.

She pointed and asked, "Is that one of your girlfriends?"

"Nope," I told her. "She's just a friend."

She entered her name and number into my phone. We danced a little more, kissed. She didn't want to let me go.

Thankfully, a friend of hers showed up and she grabbed her hand and went to the bar with her. I took this as my chance. I walked to the bar and told her I was leaving and that I would see her later.

She said, "You better call me."

I replied, "I will. What time?"

She told me. I walked away from her as she grabbed my hand, then my fingers, while staring into my eyes and smiling. Finally, she let my fingers go and I left.

48

Self-control is a valuable asset. It includes not only the ability to control yourself with the women you attract, but also to control yourself with other men. Some men think being macho, or being a “man,” means getting into fist fights. Not so. Realize that other males *will* get jealous of you as you gain more success. How you handle them will make all the difference. Remember how I fucked up one night and got thrown out of the club? I have grown since then.

I went out knowing that my girlfriend Kara and I would be meeting with the DJ's girl. The DJ was doing his thing and the three of us were enjoying our time together. The DJ's girl even took some of my business cards and started handing them out to guys who were standing around spectating. She would ask, "You want to get lucky?" Obviously, the guys would look at her and say yes. "Not with me! Check out what's on this card." She'd hand them the card, smile, and walk away.

Later, we hit the dance floor. The three of us were so physically close and in sync that we drew attention. The girls started making out, which also drew attention, of course.

Then, I moved us by, telling my girl to grab the other girl and follow, as I backed myself against the stage and let the two girls dance in front of me, my girl against me and the other girl in front of her.

The DJ's girl and my girl started to make out hotter and heavier. My girl was grinding against me, and, of course, other guys wanted to get in on the action.

So, one guy, a complete stranger came behind the DJ's girl and started grinding on her.

She let that fly.

Then he started to kiss her neck.

She tried to move away, but he persisted.

Seeing that she wanted him to stop and he wasn't, I pushed his head back.

He still persisted in other ways.

She then told my girlfriend and me to get rid of him.

Without either of us realizing this, we both pushed him away.

He stood back, spread his arms, looked at me, and said, "What the fuck?"

I said, "They don't want you."

Immediately another guy, who was not a part of his group, tried to get behind her, too.

She was tired of all this shit, so I told my girl we were going to turn the group around, positioning the DJ's girl against the stage, pinned by my girlfriend, with me behind her.

The guys saw this and got pissed.

The first intruder's group started trying to get me pissed at them. They took my beanie off my head. Whatever. They dropped it on me. Big deal. They saw that none of it fazed me. In fact, I laughed it off. Then, they threw drink on my pants leg. I looked down, ignored it. They threw a second one. I looked back down, moved the pants leg a bit to shake off some of the liquid, and focused on the girls again. By this point, the guys were irate.

I had these two hot girls making out with each other. My girl was even kissing the breasts of the DJ's girl, who curled her legs around me. My girl's dress rose a bit and I covered her half-exposed ass. It was obvious what was coming.

These guys realized their previous attempts hadn't bothered me, so one of them flicked my ear.

I turned and placed a hand on his chest, pushing him away.

He stumbled off the dance floor. One of his friends then stepped up and pushed me.

I stepped back, and then my girlfriend lunged after the guy. I grabbed her and pulled her back, telling her to leave him alone.

Security was already watching, so I pointed to the group and they turned their attention to them. These guys didn't know who they were fucking with. Not only did security know I wasn't there to start shit, they also knew that my girl and I were with the DJ's girl.

The guys kept mouthing off to me, in response to which my girl kept lunging after them. I had to keep grabbing her around the waist and pulling her back. She started making out again, while the guys started mouthing again.

They were so fucking jealous.

Security was waiting for their next move. The biggest security guy in the place came over.

The guys gave one last attempt. They knocked my head aside slightly and said, "See you later, big guy." They walked off before security could get to them.

I looked up at the security guard, who looked back and shook his head at those guys.

The make-out session continued passionately and by the end of the night, we had formed some plans about what to do next.

We stayed in the club after hours for an hour, and the DJ's girl continued to text my girl after we left. She was looking forward to this week. She had even invited us to go to Florida with them for Spring Break next year and get VIP access to the clubs down there.

49

Among all of this action and suspense of our daily life and night life, I had a bomb dropped on me.

Kara told me she was pregnant. Then she started becoming slightly distant. “Chalk it up to stress,” she said. Oh well, whatever.

For the next week, a girl I had previously introduced her to, L, had become more a part of her life. At this point, they were so close that my girlfriend was up this other girl's ass constantly. Or maybe it was the other way around. This girl couldn't make a move without telling my girlfriend what she was doing and asking her to come along. She would text my girlfriend and ask if she was home, then just drop in, regardless of what my girlfriend had going on. I'm surprised she didn't talk my girlfriend into staying the night with her.

She even went so far as to read my texts to Kara over her shoulder. I told Kara that I absolutely did not want L reading my texts to her, because those messages are meant for Kara alone. They were supposed to be between me and her, period.

Then, for the culmination of that week, all day, my girlfriend hung out with this girl, so she didn't talk to me much. Then she texted me and said she had found a baby sitter for that night so she and I could go out.

I arrived at the club . . . and saw that L was hanging on her.

The DJ's girl saw me and gave me a hug, and I told her about an incident that happened to me just minutes before, outside the club. My girlfriend heard parts of it, and wanted to know what was going on. I basically ignored her. This is what I was telling the DJ's girl:

On my way into the club there was a five- or six-set of girls who were teasing some guys. The guys walked off. I made a passing comment to the girls as I walked by, giving them a hard time about teasing those guys. Two of the girls immediately wrapped their arms around me and sandwiched me, though I'd never met them. They started telling me about how they got into a fight and were kicked out of the club. Then, one volunteered that, well, they started the fight. At that point, I was commenting about her statements to the rest of the group, getting their attention. After a few minutes of this, I started to focus on the one who was still talking. After saying they were headed to a smaller club a block over, the rest of the group sat down.

So this girl was talking to me, going on and on. I told her I would talk to the DJ to see about getting them back in. She lowered her head and said he was the one she punched. I said, "Well, fuck that idea." They were about to head off when I told her we should swap numbers so we can get together another night and just have some fun. She put a finger in the air and said, "That's a great idea."

Now, back to the evening.

I told my girlfriend we needed to talk, but she chose to stay with her friend. . . "Because I'm not talking to you while you have this attitude."

I found other people I know at the club. A couple of guys showed their amazement that I wasn't with a girl. They asked me why, because, in their words, I always have a girl with me.

A girl I know spotted me. I didn't see her yet, then she called out, "Tripp!" So I looked, and she extended her arms for a big hug. She was standing with two other girls. As we held each other, she told the other two girls how great of a dancer I am . . . *hint hint*. This girl was one of Army Wife's ex-friends.

For the rest of the night, she and her little group periodically bounced back and forth between the dance floor, the bar, and the bathrooms. Whenever they crossed paths with me, they had to give me attention. One of her friends even complained that I had danced with the rest of the group, but not with her. I asked if she was requesting a dance. "Just making a point," she answered.

One of the guys I was talking to throughout the night looked at her and said he would fuck her. I wasn't going there, though.

During all this, my girlfriend, who at this point I figured was my ex-girlfriend, stayed near me with the other girl, watching me the way girls do. My girlfriend made sure I noticed her dancing with other guys, then took the nerdiest of them all and sat down at a table to talk to him for the rest of the night. She had probably found the one guy she could manipulate. I noticed that even while she was with this last guy, they were both looking for me to see if I was watching. I had moved to a different part of the club, so both girls started scanning the place for me. In fact, Kara's girl friend stood behind me at one point, texting Kara everything she saw me doing.

This was the second time Kara had pulled this shit on me, so I should have said I was done with her. Completely. But now there was this pregnancy hanging in the air . . .

I tried about a dozen times to talk to her that night, yet I was the one acting like

a child, in her words. The talking would have to resume later. The question was, how and when? Basically, as long as she had her head up this girl's ass, there wouldn't be much communication between us.

It was funny, though. I took my wife out to that club after that and we talked to my friends, the DJ and his girl. The DJ's girl had told Kara through text not to talk to her for at least a few days. My girl had been shunned, temporarily, by some of our mutual friends.

That should have flipped a switch inside her brain, but it didn't appear to.

What it boiled down to was that my girl and I had been talking less and less already, ever since L slithered her way in. My girl, or ex-girl, was blind to it. And no, it didn't matter how I tried to talk to her. When I tried to talk to her that night, the other girl pulled my girl away from me. Then, when I put my arm out to stop my girl, the other girl hit me to knock me away. My girl allowed all this.

So, until she came back to her senses, there wasn't much I could do about it.

I didn't yet know positively, from a doctor, whether she was pregnant. She said her breasts were getting sore and she was getting nauseous. I did know she was supposed to start her period, and I hadn't seen any evidence of it when we had sex. Then again, she had just switched birth control. When we talked at her house one night, I told her I would be around almost constantly with the newborn because she already has a five-year-old who suffers from autism. She said good, that she would need to have me around.

I would've loved to have a serious one-on-one conversation with her without L being around. It just didn't seem possible anymore.

Oh, and as far as the kid being mine . . . from what she said, I was the only one she had been with.

The situation wouldn't have been as it was then if it weren't for L being in the picture. Without her around, Kara and I could talk like we used to. But, I didn't see a way of changing the situation. Of course, now I was seeing this behavior (shutting me out, being disrespectful) from Kara for the second time, and I was tired of being shit on by her, too.

Later, Kara and I did talk at her house. As it turned out, she had noticed L "invading our space," but didn't think it had gone on long enough for me to be upset over it, or for her to make a judgment about it. She did say she at least saw why I was

aggravated with L. I wasn't looking for Kara to cut L out of her life, and I had told her as much. However, this invasion of space would continue to frustrate me if it kept going.

L couldn't stand me at that point, so there was no chance for me to go back and make amends with her. Funny, as I was L's friend to begin with.

L would have loved for Kara to move on and find another guy. Kara felt torn between L and me. All I wanted, and had wanted from the beginning, was space for me and Kara as a couple, without L sticking her nose in.

50

Well, last weekend I went solo to my club. I wasn't there long before I saw two different girls, in different groups, who wore hats just like my girlfriend's.

I positioned myself by the stage on the dance floor while the band was playing.

One of the girls with those hats was to my left, with a guy between us. I glanced over; she was dancing a bit, moving her body pretty well.

I actually had to do a double take because she was even built like my girlfriend.

I opened her, got her to lean toward me and talk to me for a second, and then she moved closer to me.

She then turned to her girlfriends and motioned them over.

"Have you heard of that Thong Thursday contest they have here?" I asked her.

"I could not do that," she said.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Have you looked at my ass?"

I squeezed her ass. "Yes. In fact, you should enter it next week."

"I really can't because I'm a school teacher. If they knew I did that, or was even in a place like this, it wouldn't look good for my job."

"Look around, honey. Do you see any of your colleagues?" I couldn't resist giving her a smile.

"They do put the pics up on their website."

"While that's a good point, if your co-workers are looking at that website, they don't have room to complain about you being here." I winked at her.

She was speechless.

Then she turned her body towards me and danced. She pushed her back against

me and pulled her friends closer to her. She introduced me to them.

We all hung out for a bit, dancing and laughing. Then the target saw other girls dancing on stage.

She looked into my eyes. "Would you take me up there?"

"Sorry, honey, I can't. I'm a guy," I smiled, "and they don't allow guys up there."

She said, "You act like you know somebody in here."

"As a matter of fact, yes, I do know people in here. You can get on stage if you want." I motioned my hand that way.

"Who do I need to ask for permission?" she asked.

I laughed. "You just asked. Now get up there."

So, finally, she did. She moved pretty well up there, too. I laughed and made fun of her while talking about her to a buddy of mine. I reached on stage and slapped her leg.

She left the stage after a bit and found me.

"Can you help me get my other friend up there, too?"

We talked about that for a bit, and then I told her to grab my hand. She didn't understand why at first.

"Take my hand, then grab hers. I'll lead you two to the stage."

"Oh, gotcha."

She followed and her friend grabbed their other friends' hands, so I was leading three girls up to the stage.

We reached the edge of the stage and her friend realized what was happening. She stopped.

The target tried to convince her friend to get up there.

I stood there, holding the target.

My guy friends watched all this.

The target turned and looked at me, defeated because her friend wouldn't go. We headed back to the dance floor, had some more fun, and then parted ways.

I returned to one of my buddies and talked to him some more.

“You're like me tonight,” he said. “In here alone and looking for fresh meat.”

Sorry, man, I'm not like you. I either have girls come in with me every night, or I pick new ones up while I'm here. If I want to leave solo, I have pussy at home waiting for me.

Of course, some guys just never learn.

But come to think of it . . . he ditched his baseball cap last night to don a beanie.

51

Had a girl out with me this past Wednesday. She wasn't looking for a guy, though. She was looking for other girls. There's an angle most people in PUA don't think about.

She did talk to a few other girls, and even flirted with one.

We were on the dance floor with another cute girl nearby. They caught each others' eyes. She even gave me the eye a few times. However, this girl was hanging around with another guy . . . one who was coming across to everyone as a troublemaker. Even the cop on guard went over to this girl at and asked if he was bothering her. The stupid girl turned down the cop's help, and everyone else's, too.

Anyway, the two girls kept locking eyes with each other. The seduction was beginning. The first girl danced with me while the other girl stared into her eyes, flirting by rubbing her finger across my partner's mouth, nose, etc. She got her body up on my partner's body and pushed herself against us to the point where I had to plant my feet. This girl wanted her badly. You would think it was a done deal.

Well, just as things would start heating up, the troublemaker would start pulling that girl back.

We took a break from the interaction for a bit and I talked to another guy who looked in need of help. I gave him my card and talked to him about my service a bit. He was appreciative, and we talked more about what to do and look for. We parted ways and he thanked me once again.

After talking to a few other girls, we saw this other one again. Kept an eye on her. She kept an eye on us, as well.

Toward the end of the night, I was dancing with the girl with me, waiting for this girl to come by us.

Once again, the troublemaker was at her side, so I watched for the window. The troublemaker left the dance floor. As they passed right in front of us, the girl stayed back a second, so I grabbed her sleeve and pulled her over.

I told her, "You should give this girl your number."

Instead, the girl turned around and backed against me. She started grinding on me. The troublemaker saw this, came up to the girl with me, and attempted to invade her

space. She had her hand up in front of her, keeping him back, showing her lack of interest.

"His" girl asked me if we all want to dance.

I said, "No, you should just give this girl your number."

The troublemaker pushed further into her space, so I put my hand between them and pushed him back. He gave me the typical "fuck off" look. I kept my hand there. He tried again and I pushed him back.

He said, "You want my girl, so I'm gonna get on your girl."

Mind you, "his girl" had told this girl earlier that she "wasn't proud to have been with him." Her actions said differently.

At this point, that cop who tried to step in before was standing right in front of us. We caught his attention. He escorted the troublemaker away from the dance floor. The girl, stupidly enough, followed him instead of walking through the open door to what she apparently wanted. Another case of a guy taking the "bad boy" persona to the dangerous extreme, and the girl having low enough self-esteem to stay with the jerk.

Oh well, we tried.

52

Isn't it funny when girls use you as a scapegoat, then don't want to let you go?

A great song came on and I started dancing. A girl friend of mine smiled and yanked me to her and a girl she was with.

She moved my ear close to her mouth. "Can you help me get rid of this guy?"

"No," I told her. I paused a moment. "Why?"

"We've been trying to shake him."

I leaned toward the other girl. "Are you trying to get rid of this guy?"

"Yes," she answered, her eyes wide.

I took a visual. His arms were wrapped around her, his hands on her stomach. He held her in place, as if she were his.

I looked back into her eyes, put my right hand behind her head, and pulled her mouth to mine until our lips met.

We pulled away. He was still holding her.

I asked, "Do you really want to get rid of him?"

She repeated, "Yes."

I took her left hand with my left hand, put my right hand on her left hip, and told her to come here as I physically turn her body toward my chest. She gladly accepted the move and pulled out of his embrace.

We stayed like that for a few minutes, until I started to pull away. She immediately grabbed my hand and pulled me back.

I positioned my friend in with the two of us. They danced together and I started to back off.

She immediately pulled me back.

Her lips touched mine several times, but I didn't kiss most of those times. She

wanted more.

My hands caressed her body. Then I stopped and became the "good boy" temporarily, pulling away.

She pulled me back and made my hands tantalize her body more.

She wanted more than I was willing to give at that point. I took the available escalation points and windows . . . slowly . . . steadily.

I could have had this as one of those 30-45 minute SNL's (same night lays). I didn't want to go there that night, though.

I turned to my friend. "Your friend won't let me go."

She encouraged the girl to hold onto me.

Once my friend had pulled me into this set and I had gotten rid of the guy, I teased both girls about the two of them showering together, how much they wanted each other, and similar things. They had only met 20 minutes before, in the bathroom. They both had the same name, so the new girl thought that was really cool and hung with her. The new girl had at least three other female friends with her that night, all of whom were a part of our set.

At one point, I stopped focusing on this girl's pleasure and enjoyment and looked around me. There wasn't a single opening for a body to get close to us. We had all the spots filled. At least two levels deep, at that. And every one of the bodies was a girl.

I noticed a few really hot girls close by who were watching me/us. Hilarious. Those girls tried to get my attention and keep it, but I didn't reward them. This girl wasn't about to let me go, and I wasn't complaining. She was cute in her own right. Brunette, almost as tall as me, nice body and very fun.

"Since I'm your bodyguard tonight, I'm at least getting your number," I told her.

She smiled, kissed me, and said, "No problem!"

Guys, don't forget about the grading gambit. The first time she kissed me, I gave her a five. She turned around and told all her girl friends immediately that I had only given her a five. She playfully punched me, and turned her back to me.

I pushed her off, and she turned back around and pulled me close, saying she wanted a ten. I proceeded to give her an eight, then an 8.5. That was the *beginning* of the kissing.

I had also found out, right after I "saved" her, that she and her husband had divorced a month prior.

"Where's your girlfriend tonight?" my friend asked.

"We just broke up. She forgot my birthday, so she's a bitch." I turned to the other girl. "Why'd you get divorced?"

"Because," she paused, "I've got a boyfriend I've had for four months."

"You're bad," I told her.

"He's not here tonight. I'm just looking to have fun and it's all cool."

As the night went on, I felt this girl's ass (nice) and her breasts (also very nice, a small cup).

"I want to feel your nipples in my mouth. I know they'll taste good."

"Shut up," she said with a smile and a laugh.

I said, "Well, your kisses taste good, your neck tastes good, so I'm sure your nipples will taste good, too."

That led to more kissing, more of her squeezing her breasts and whole body against mine, more biting my neck, my ears, shoving her tongue down my throat.

I could have had this girl in my bed that night if I wanted. However, I didn't want to. I had options, and that night didn't belong to that girl. However, I did get her number. I texted her, and she's cool to hang out with.

All in all, it was a fun night. Oh yeah, my guy friend saw me with this girl within minutes after I left him. Once again, he smiled and half shook, half nodded his head.

53

I went out to my favorite club tonight. I knew I would be meeting Red, her friend Lindsey, and G, a guy friend who has watched me do a lot at this club, like making out with girls in minutes, leaving with them shortly after, and having multiple girls walk in and leave with me. He had even told his friends that I'm the "real deal."

I walked in with Red and Lindsey. Lindsey got a pitcher from the bar and the three of us headed to the dance floor. The dance floor was empty; everyone was standing around it, watching. The band wasn't all that good. Red and I started to dance a little by the edge of the dance floor, but she wasn't ready to get out there yet. We talked while we danced and threw glances around, checking the place out.

Then, the band stopped and the DJ played a kick-ass song, so I looked at Red and told her we were going to the dance floor. She felt hesitant because no one else had stepped out there, so I grabbed her hands and led her. She fell in with me and started loosening up. Within seconds of breaking the ice, girls started flooding the floor. A few of them circled around us. One started bumping against me, grinding her ass against mine. The next thing I knew, a girl came up to us, grabbed us, and started dancing with Red and me. More girls circled around us.

One girl moved behind me and thrust her chest against my back, with Red in front. I put my hand on this girl's leg to let her know it was cool if she stayed a minute.

By this time, most of the girls and all the guys around the dance floor were watching the three of us. We all danced away from each other.

Then a new girl, Jennifer, joined us. Jennifer said to me, "These other guys are so jealous of you right now. You're the shit out here." I laughed and replied, "I'm used to it, honey." She looked at Red and Red backed me up. After that, Jennifer clung to us even more; she was more or less glued to us for the rest of the night. I put the two girls together and backed off a few times. Each time I did, Red or Jennifer pulled me back. The guys and girls around couldn't help but see this.

The two girls started to make out. Red told me she loved Jennifer and wanted to make sure I got the girl's number. Not a problem. I number-closed her much later, after pretty much every other close was already done. Jennifer started trying to kiss me. I refused. She bit my neck . . . hard. She tried kissing again, and again I refused. She looked in my eyes and told me I was I laughed. Red overheard the comment and assured her that I was in no way scared, then proceeded to tell her what I've got downstairs and what I can do with it. If ever there was a sealed deal, that was it.

Jennifer kept telling me how hot Red was. She told Red how hot I am, too. Red agreed. They were already talking about a threesome. Both girls were on board for it.

At some point I saw G and said hi to him. He noticed Jennifer all over me and asked who she was. I told him her name and that we just met her tonight. He didn't believe me.

Oh yeah . . . Lindsey. She stayed off the dance floor all night and hung out in a corner. We tried to involve her, but she just wasn't doing it. She did join us for a few minutes at one point, so there were girls out there with me. Oh well.

Oh, and, this Jennifer . . . she's another MILF. Go figure.

54

Talk about escalation.

Last night I started out at one club, knowing I would be meeting two different girls there. I also knew beforehand that I would bounce to my club and meet a couple of other girls there, too.

I first met with the girl I had picked up on Wednesday. As soon as she saw me, she kissed and hugged me. We talked a bit, danced. She was laughing, smiling, and having fun. I was being myself, the “bad boy,” as she said. She continued on the old subject of my two other girls, asking if I would ever settle down with one. I told her yes, eventually. She let me know just how attracted she was to bad boys, but especially to me. She was already throwing hints that she wanted me to stick around and go home with her.

After a bit, I received a text from Army Wife, the other girl I knew I would be meeting there. She brought a girl friend with her and we all hugged and talked for a minute. The whole time we talked, the other girl held onto my hand, even when I pulled away from her to get animated in the conversation with Army Wife. I never introduced them, purposely.

Army Wife and I hugged again as we parted. After she and her friend left, I continued talking to the other girl. She asked me again if I really had to go to the other club, because she wanted to get to know me better. I told her we needed to get together outside of the club, during the day, to get to know each other. She told me how much she loved sex, and I changed the subject.

Now, back up a bit. On the dance floor, I had grabbed her crotch. She was wearing shorts. She told me it took balls to do that. I replied, “Yep, it does, and I have balls.”

Fast forward. Since she took the conversation back to sex, I brought that incident up and reinforced the fact that I have balls.

Then, I got a text from my girlfriend, notifying me that she was the other club. I told this girl I had to go. We kissed, and kissed, and kissed some more. Then I left.

I headed to the other club and met up with my girlfriend, who was waiting in the parking lot. She told me that the other girl had already been texting her, wondering where we were. So, we headed inside.

On the way in, the DJ met us outside the door. We were in line, with half a dozen cute girls in front of us. He pointed his finger at us, said, "You two are on the list. Tell them you're Tripp and you're with me." The girls heard this, obviously. Nice way to start the night.

When we got inside, the DJ grabbed the beer for my girlfriend. Very cool. He left his girlfriend with us and told me to take the reigns. After that, it really became fun.

The three of us hung out, close, kinoing each other, laughing, and generally having a great time. We got attention from everyone around us. Typical. Then, the DJ's girlfriend added yet another girl to the mix. So now I was there with four girls, all of us cutting up, talking, and having fun.

The new girl asked my girlfriend if she could dance. She answered, "Yeah, a little." Then she asked me if I could dance. My girlfriend said, "Oh yes, he can dance." She suggested we go dance.

We hit the dance floor, forming trains and circles and just about any other formation we could to keep us all touching each other.

Eventually the newest girl fell out, which was fine, because the three of us got more intense later. At that point, though, we bounced off the dance floor to hang out in the DJ booth and a couple of other places. We hit the dance floor again later.

Toward the end of the night, my girlfriend wanted us to leave because she wanted me so badly.

Excuse me, minor detail I forgot about: during this entire time, the girl I met first at the other club was texting me, giving me her address and begging for me to come to her place. She wanted me *bad*. She even called to try to get me to come over. From the texts she sent the next day, I could tell she wanted an LTR with me.

Back to the matter at hand. My girlfriend was horny as hell, so we decided to cut out early. We wanted to say bye to the DJ and his girl, so we found them. She asked why we were leaving, and I told her that hormones were calling. She offered us the keys to either her car or the DJ's Lexus SUV . . . so we could have a quickie and come back in to finish the night with them.

We finally decided to go back and dance to wrap up the time at the club. At that point, things between the three of us got *hot*. She had already made an innuendo about a threesome when she offered us the keys to the Lexus. Guys were drooling all over us as we danced. The DJ's girlfriend commented to me about how I was the luckiest guy in the

club, how all the other guys wanted to be me. She watched them, pointing out what I was seeing: all the guys literally standing and staring, mouths agape, and even girls checking us out.

The DJ's girl's shirt started letting her right boob fall out, so we messed with her about that. It escalated to the point of playing with her breast and nipple on the dance floor while my girlfriend was grinding on me. She started talking even more about how the three of us needed to get together later for some other fun. She hinted about after hours and told us where she lived.

At one point, a couple guys tried to steal the girls away from me. One of them even had the balls to motion to my girlfriend to come with him. He got his body into her space, put his mouth up by her ear. She didn't budge. In fact, neither girl budged. They were right where they wanted to be.

The guys dropped like flies. The girls watched like hawks, too.

The more things escalated, the more I played with her breasts (we even flashed the dance floor), the closer the three of us got. Our faces were almost touching. We shared a bit of kissing.

After this, we returned to the DJ booth and hung out up there while the crowd finished on the dance floor.

We bounced to my girlfriend's house for the lay.

55

Aside from my PUA career, Kara and I continued to live a life of our own.

I was with Kara one day, helping her clean a lady's house. It was extra work to help pay her bills. I loved her, so I had no problem helping her get done faster. Plus, I'd get to spend more time with her after she was finished.

We were sitting in her Jeep when I asked her if she wanted to see a movie. As in, an actual date. You see, I didn't, and don't, make a habit of dating girls. Dates imply spending your money on a girl. First of all, spending a chunk of money on a first date sets a bad precedent for the rest of the relationship. Sure, the lady wants to know you can and will take care of her, but that doesn't require you to spend all your money on her the first night. Before you do that, she should know she's worth it. Second, dates imply dinner and a movie, and you can't actually get to know the other person with dinner and a movie. A first date should be about getting a real feel for the other person to find out if there's a reason to give him or her a second date. So, when I suggested a date, Kara was shocked and thrilled. She had to call her mom, who was watching her son.

"Mom, I have a question for you. Are you able to stay and watch Kabel for a while?"

Have you ever been pissed and ready to bust out laughing at the same time? Well, the rest of her conversation with her mom took me to that very point.

"Well, I'm done with the house, but want to go see a movie. Actually, MacKenzie asked me to come see a movie with her."

Who's MacKenzie, you ask? She was Kara's closest girl friend at the time. Kara couldn't tell her mom that I was with her and that we wanted to go on a date.

"Yeah, she wants to see this new movie and wants me to come along. Can I?"

Yes, you heard that right: this 35-year-old woman was on the phone asking her mom for permission to go see a movie with her girl friend, as if she were 13.

"Really? I can?! Oh, good! Thank you, Mom, thanks so much. Yes, I won't be long."

We arrived at the theater.

Kara looked at me. "Am I paying, or are you?"

Keep in mind, it had taken at least two or three months for me to buy Kara one beer.

“I’ll pay,” I said.

Her eyes widened. A huge smile spread across her face.

“Really?” She was giddy.

After the movie, we were both hungry, so I suggested we stop to eat.

“Are you paying again?”

“I figured I would.” I watched her eyes. Again, I saw that she was shocked.

This was the one and only time I’d ever spent so much on her. After the food, we agreed to get back together that evening.

“I want to see you tonight,” she told me.

Well . . . girls are fucking liars.

Not even a couple hours later, as she was putting Kabel to bed, she already had another guy, Greg, at her house. She hung up the phone on me. She made the choice, after the day we had and after telling me she wanted to see me that night, to see this Greg.

Well, she didn’t just see him. She fucked him. I knew she was fucking him; in fact, I was sitting outside her house, since I was supposed to be there to begin with. I left, pissed that I had splurged on her. I thought seriously about sitting on her porch swing, waiting for him to leave, and letting him know that the girl he was trying to get involved with had been seeing me for awhile.

I would’ve looked like a fool if I had. Turns out, he blew her off after he got her pussy. That was all he wanted. Yet, because her mom wanted her to be with Greg, because he “has money, a good job, a house, a nice car,” her mom pushed Kara to be with him instead of me.

After Greg was gone, I asked her how the fuck was. You see, she called me while she was cleaning herself up after sex. Yes, while she was in the bathroom, she called me, so I went over there again. I stood in her bedroom as she sat on her bed.

“Was it worth it?”

Her head went down in shame. Major shame.

“No, it sucked.”

She’d had this guy’s dick in her probably less than 15 minutes earlier. She chose that night to cheat on me, all the way, for the first time that I know of.

You’d think that would make me flush the bitch. But no, it couldn’t be that easy.

After she said it sucked, I said, “I really wanted you tonight.”

You know what she had the nerve to say?

“I really wanted you, too.”

Really? *Really?!*

Then why the fuck did you stick his dick inside you?

I was figuring out that this girl was majorly fucked up in the head, and that it was because of her mom.

Barbara stood right in front of me one day, in Kara’s house, while Kara sat on her bed listening. Barb and I were in Kabel’s room (Kabel wasn’t in there, thank God), and she looked me straight in the eye.

Barb said, “You’re sick in the head, and everybody knows it,” with a hard frown on her face.

“Really? Who’s everybody?”

“Oh, everybody. They all know it.”

“Who is everybody?”

“Everybody,” was all she could say.

What was so wrong with me? Well, let’s see: my look, my vehicle, and anything else she could find to pick on.

To this day, I believe the real problem was that I was more of a threat to Barb than any other man Kara had been with. I actually had such a draw on Kara that I pulled her away from her mom, and her mom could not stand to lose her power over her daughter.

Or, perhaps, Barb has always been embarrassed by Kara, and that embarrassment came to the surface when Kara was truly happy, with me.

Nice parenting, huh?

Barb used the next three years to do everything she could to get Kara to see other guys, no matter what those guys actually wanted from Kara. Anyone was better than I was.

Kara, as weak as she is, caved in to her mom's wishes every time I turned around.

It was so bad that one of the times I lived with Kara, her mom absolutely refused to set foot in Kara's house. One day, Barb brought Kabel home from school. Kara and I were inside, talking to each other, letting the sunlight in through the windows. She was cleaning, I was working. We knew Kabel would be home soon, so we were discussing plans for that evening.

Barb pulled up. Her white Jeep stopped on the street in front of the house. Our door was open, so we could see everything from inside. Barb saw my car there, obviously. She sat in the Jeep. Wouldn't get out. Kabel wasn't getting out, either. Barb called Kara on the phone.

"She's not coming in," Kara said to me.

"Because I'm here, right?"

"Yes, because you're here." Then she sighed, feeling the heavy load on her. Honestly, I don't blame Kara for being disgusted and worn out by her mom's behavior. She was torn between the love of her life and the mom to whom she's been brought up to be loyal. After all, God says to respect your parents.

Kabel was so poisoned against me that he cried and said he didn't want to come in. So, Barb just drove off with Kabel, taking him to her place.

Here's the thing with Kabel: he had moments when it was just Kara and him at home. He'd be playing his games, and he'd look at Kara and say, "Tripp's the greatest. I wish he was here playing this game with me." As soon as Barb was around, though, his entire world was different. Funny thing, the way the mind can be so easily influenced by good . . . or bad.

Kara was understandably upset by her mom leaving with Kabel. So was I. I couldn't believe Barb was that immature. Though I should have known: she kept showing her immaturity in absolutely everything that she did.

Kara told me with her very own mouth something I couldn't believe a loving parent would say.

"My mom said that if I make things work with you, a relationship, she will cut me off. No help from her, no holidays with the family. She won't watch Kabel. Nothing. You know I can't survive without her help, so what choice do I have?"

That last fact became evident when Kara and I took a trip to Florida.

Originally, it was arranged to be a business trip for my company. We had three people planning to be there and learn from us. We figured that at least our expenses would be covered.

Kara told me, "I can't go to Florida with you." The trip was already booked and plans were in place. This was days before we were set to leave.

"Why?" I asked.

"My mom found out, so she said she won't watch Kabel for me to go with you."

If I remember correctly, I think Kara's brother found out and told their mom.

"I see. And there's no one else you'd feel safe leaving him with?"

"Not on such short notice, no, babe."

You see, Kara didn't have a stable lineup of sitters because her mom always stepped in to take care of it. Barb didn't want anyone else watching Kabel. Power play, possibly? Plus, her mom didn't charge Kara for babysitting.

"All right, so your mom throws another wrench into things because it's me."

“Yep. Sorry, babe. I really wanted to go.” She leaned against me, hugged me. “I really, really need this trip. I told her that, too. She still wouldn’t budge.”

“That’s just shitty. Especially if you told her you really need this break.”

“Oh, she told me to feel free to take a trip somewhere else, by myself or with a girl friend, if I need a break.”

Then, two days before we were scheduled to leave, Kara contacted me.

“Can I still go with you?” she asked.

I went to talk to her in person.

“I can’t be without you. I just can’t do it. I can’t pull myself away,” she said.

By then, I had heard that same thing I don’t know how many times. As I said, Kara sabotaged our relationship all the time, because Mom wouldn’t let us be. It was almost like Mom was God. Every time, her mommy pulled her strings and pulled her away from me. We wouldn’t talk for a couple of days. The longest this had lasted was four days. Kara would always say the same thing . . . yet later on, she would push me away again.

“I’ve already canceled the whole trip,” I told her.

“Wow.” Her eyes widened, and she didn’t say anything else. She was surprised that I had canceled the trip when she backed out. Later, she told me that my actions had shown her that I really wanted her, loved her, needed and missed her.

Well, I put that trip back together, on the spot.

Kara told Barb that she was going alone to Florida. The one time she called her mom from Florida, Kara walked outside so Barb wouldn’t hear me in the background.

In Florida, I watched Kara undress as soon as we got into the hotel room. I could see the stress physically drop off her. She raised up, breathed deeply, let it out, and looked at me with bright eyes.

“You’ve said it before, but I never realized just how right you were,” she said.

“What’s that, hon?”

“You’ve told me how much my mom was pulling me down. I knew she was. I knew she has always made life a living hell for me, but I didn’t realize until this moment how bad it was. I feel so much better being here.” Kara basked in relief.

Later, we went to eat at a restaurant next door. When they brought out the food, instead of digging into hers right away, Kara took my plate. I watched as she started cutting up my meat, putting the dressing on, mixing it up. Still, I watched. She was almost done when I finally spoke up.

“Wow.”

She looked at me, genuinely not knowing what was on my mind. “What?”

“You really are in love with me.”

She smiled, ear-to-ear.

She finished and slid the plate back to me. She took my hand and held it, still smiling. “Yes, I am,” she said.

We enjoyed the next four days. We spent one night teaching a guy. The rest of the time ended up being a break, as the other two people never showed.

We visited a few shops, walked the beach. Admired the sand, the water, the cool beach air blowing across our skin. We picked up shells and watched the parachutes flying above the water. We considered getting a ride ourselves. We sat on the deck of the hotel room. We even had sex there, on the deck. Kara was truly feeling free at that point.

Kara also gave a part of herself to me that weekend. She gave me an experience in the shower, something greater than *just* sex. She lathered me up, head to toe.

“Let me do this for you, babe,” she said. “Let me enjoy, explore, and clean your entire body. Please. I want to give this to you as something special between us.”

Who was I to argue with that?

So she did. She covered me. Moved the washcloth along every inch of my skin, making sure she didn’t miss a spot. She focused on my body. She caressed every curve, every bend, and every muscle. Her right hand moved lovingly over my arm as she held my hand in her left. She washed my shoulder, down my upper arm, lower arm, and then switched to the other arm. She took the washcloth over the full width of my chest,

covering all my hair, moving down over my stomach. I treasured the concentration in her eyes, how her mouth opened, her lips almost curled. The look of her breasts in front of me, the love radiating from her. Then, this lovely woman bent down to move the washcloth over each of my legs, picking up my feet to wash them, as well.

This beautiful woman washed my hair, too. Scrubbed it with the tips of her fingers. She made sure her hands touched my entire scalp and every hair. She soaked in every part of me with her eyes. Those magnificent blue eyes. I watched them trace the path her hand was following over my skin.

“Turn around, babe,” she told me as she lifted her gaze and met mine. “I want to get your back.” She smiled, put her lips on mine. “I love you. This is my special gift to you. I want us to always have this between us. I’ve never done anything like this with anyone else. Never had the desire to.”

As I turned, Kara moved the cloth over my shoulders, down my spine, and wiped my entire back.

After she was done sharing this experience with me, I took the washcloth and put soap on it. “Come here.”

“No, babe. Another time. I know you’ll return it, but not now. I want you to do it later.”

Seemed she wanted me to stick around.

I believe those were the greatest, freest days of Kara’s life.

We used Kara’s Jeep for transportation. I drove us around Panama City Beach as we explored and shopped. As I started driving back through PCB to come home, we began talking about how we could move there.

“I wonder if I could find a job here,” she said. “Do you think we could find a place to live?”

“Like, while we’re here?”

“Yes,” she said. “I’ve been thinking.”

I looked at her, listening closely.

“I’ve been thinking about having my mom just fly Kabel down here so we wouldn’t have to go back home. We could just set ourselves up here.”

“You’d like that? You’d do that?” I asked.

“Yes. Definitely. I’d love to.” Her eyes sparkled.

We drove down some streets, looking at beach homes, apartment complexes, homes away from the road. The area looked very nice. We were inches away from going through with the plan. Then, as we left town, Kara started shaking.

Seriously . . . her whole body.

I rubbed her back, asked if she was OK.

She looked at me, tears flooding down her face, her body almost convulsing with sobs. “I’m scared, baby. I don’t want to go back home. I don’t want to leave here. I’m scared to go back.” After more audible crying, she added, “I know when we get back everything will just go back to normal. I’m scared of that. I don’t want it to be that way anymore. I’m happy here. With you.”

“Hon, it’s your choice whether things on your end, with your mom, go back to what they were before. Stand up for yourself.”

Of course, she was too weak to do that. If only Barb could have seen how Kara was in that moment, maybe it would’ve cracked Barb’s ice shield. Then again, probably not. She already knew Kara’s heart was with me. It didn’t matter. Kara’s true happiness wasn’t Barb’s goal.

So, Kara took that backpack of lead and slipped it back on, to carry it with her and weigh her down yet again.

56

Another major incident took Kara and me out of town together. Looking back, I see that this one was a huge fuck-up on my part. I took Kara with me when one of my boys was on his death bed, when I should have had my wife with me. She'd been in his life for years at that point.

Sheri, I've told you personally many times that I'm sorry for this. Now, I'm telling the world, as well.

One positive thing did come from the incident, seemingly. Kara saw the intense hatred from my ex-wife and her family, aimed directly at me. By association, they directed it at her, too, so much so that, when Kara tried to put drops of water in Christian's mouth to keep the carbonation of the soda from burning his throat, my ex-wife's mom threw a fit. Kara was acting out of compassion.

My ex's mom threw words of superiority at her. "I'm a nurse. Are you a nurse?"

"I work in a pharmacy," Kara said.

"Well, I'm a nurse. I know what I'm talking about. He gets the soda, not the water."

Intense hatred. She felt it. Heard it. She even texted a friend of hers and told her about it, claiming she was going to make her home life different when we returned. Kara experienced my ex cussing me, bad-mouthing me in front of the boys, and my ex's dad doing the same.

"If he's sitting next to Christian's bed, I'm not sitting by Christian. Why can't he just move so we can spend time with Christian?" Kara heard, crystal clear, the pettiness of the family.

"When we get back home, I'm telling my parents that there will be no fighting, no hatred in my home anymore. I don't want to have a home like I just felt with your ex-wife," Kara said.

Nice words. Nice sentiment.

To her credit, Kara did at least *tell* her mom this. But it went no further than words. As soon as Kara was in her mom's presence, all the good intentions vanished.

Her mom wasn't just too powerful of an influence on Kara; she affected the whole family. In an unguarded moment when Kara and her dad were alone, he told her, "Kara, I actually like Tripp." If Barb had been around, he never would have spoken those words.

It seemed everyone turned spineless around Barb . . . except me.

When Barb was around, no one, *no one* else had a chance. No one who was a positive influence on Kara, anyway. When Kara was geographically away from her mom's influence, she was a much more liberated person. She could be "herself." When Barb was around, Kara felt the intense weight of Barb's presence and couldn't overcome that.

Hell, Kara wasn't even allowed to have beer in her own house without her mom throwing a fit about it. Kara had headaches almost every day from that type of stress.

Note: Drinking a beer does not a drunk make.

57

As I've mentioned, Kara and I broke up several times. We would get back together, but every time we broke up, I would also go out and meet someone else.

"What about a grace period? Can't you even give us a week before you see someone else?" Kara would ask me, each time.

"No, because if you don't want to be with me, I have to force myself to get past you, which is proving to be an impossible thing to do. I don't want to get past you, but if you refuse to be with me, then quit bitching about me getting with another woman when we're not together."

That was my standard answer to her.

She didn't like it much.

I became wild there for a bit. I went through phases of fucking three different girls in the same day. I did that many, many . . . *many* days. I would even fuck each of them more than once in the same day.

"How could you have that much sex? Didn't you get drained?"

I've heard that question asked countless times. After a lot of that, yes, I did start to get worn down. But, you see, I have a high sex drive. Very high. Higher than most guys.

The reality is, most girls actually have a higher sex drive than most guys do. Most guys are content with having sex a few times a week, and they believe that's a lot.

In my experience, women would prefer much more sex than that.

My sex drive fits more into the female realm, I suppose. We're talking three times a day as an average.

At some of these points, Kara would be dating other guys. She told me as much, mainly because I pushed her until she did. Her mom was pressuring her, as usual. She talked to one on the phone in front of me and set up a date.

Another night, she went to this guy's house for a date.

“I won’t be there all night,” she told me.

After she had been gone for a few hours, I started wondering. I texted her a couple of times. It ended up being about midnight before she finally got ready to leave his place. Then she texted me and said her Jeep wouldn’t start, and that she may have to stay the night.

“If you do, it’s over between us. Don’t ever, ever talk to me again.”

“Well, I just may have to, so be that way,” she responded.

This guy told her to come in and stay the night. Of course, he wanted pussy.

She finally decided to start the Jeep, though. Then she texted me after she left, letting me know she was on the way home.

I didn’t believe her Jeep wouldn’t start. I believed she was considering whether she should stay and please Mommy or leave and follow her heart.

58

After work one night, Kara went to a bar next to the hospital where she worked. A male co-worker had invited her and a couple of other females to go eat there, but it ended up just being Kara and this guy. She said he was married to someone else whom she was friends with, so she and her co-worker were just friends.

I called her while she was eating dinner. She had been there a while. I heard the laugh Kara gives when she feels sexual, along with some mumbled words, and the two of them sharing each other's food. It sounded like a bit more than dinner. She said, "Honey, I'll call you back." No "love you," just a dead line.

After a bit, she returned my call. She was panting. I didn't say anything, just listened to the sounds on the other end.

"Oh, I'm panting because I'm running back to my Jeep from Fred's Bar. OK?"

Do *you* believe her?

Ironically, Kara had always told me she hated drama. Well, as a result of the constant drama between us, and me getting wild, I started fighting another internal battle. I was torn between the intoxication of pulling off all the sex with different women, and having my heart ripped apart because of Kara's selfishness. In other words, I was clueless as to how to handle the heartache. So, I medicated myself the only way I knew how without alcohol or drugs. My drug of choice was sex. And I made damn sure the other girls enjoyed it and wanted more, too.

One of these girls lived an hour away. Her name was Felicia. She drove an hour both ways just to get some. I guess it was good for her.

Felicia, if you ever read this, I apologize for how I treated you. You deserved better than just seeing me for sex. You're a super sweet girl.

After a bit of this, I actually stopped. Why? Because Kara *seemed*-- that being the key word-- to be coming around. I thought she was realizing she couldn't be truly happy living the way her mom wanted her to, because she wanted me.

I was blind for far too long with this woman.

I've reflected on all of Kara's statements many times, though. To this day, I'm still trying to figure out if she was telling the truth or not. She had lied so much that I'm

not sure. But, in my dating and seduction coach, or PUA, profession, I make it a point to read people. And in those moments I saw nothing but innocence, nothing but truth.

59

Kara and I hit another point where she wanted to break up. She told me, via text, "Goodbye, Tripp", so I told her to be an adult and finish it face-to-face.

I was tired of being played, lied to, and used. Just fed up.

I went out and hit my regular club. I didn't go with any expectations. Of course, there was the usual: meeting and talking to the regulars I know, and the staff.

I hit the dance floor.

Then I spotted the main target of the night. She was in a three-set with her best girl friend/roommate, and an ex who is trying to get her back. The guy had his hands on her. He left soon and I started dancing with her. A bit after that, I talked to her friend. She and I end up getting along great, and I found out about the guy from both of them. They told me how jealous he was. When he comes back, the target became worried and looked at me a bit fearfully.

I looked right at her and said, "If you don't care, I don't care."

She was cool with that.

I said, "I know the bouncers and they know me. If he tries to start shit with me, they will kick him out."

She said, "I know the bouncers, too."

I said, "Good, then there's no problem."

This girl was really cute, so throughout the night, a lot of other guys approached her and danced with her, too. No problem.

What did I do? I danced with three or four other girls.

Each one danced well, flirting with me, talking to me, laughing with me. Every girl was in front of the target, as well, unless she went to the bathroom or to the bar, at which times I stayed on the dance floor and danced with another girl.

Each time that happened, the target would come back and see me with another girl, lock eyes with me, and stand nearby, waiting for me to finish with the other girl.

I even had a girl catch my attention and ask if I remembered her. I danced with her a bit, too, the second time she came around.

I told the target's friend, "I don't even remember the girl."

She said, "Obviously she remembers you."

Well, after a little bit of this, I would return to the target. Sometimes I moved the other guy out of the way, and sometimes I would wait until he was gone, then bounce from whichever girl I was dancing with back to the target.

At one point, while the target was grinding her ass against me, she turned her head to me and said, "I like you."

I said, "Good, you're pretty cool yourself." In other words . . . it's on.

I still didn't monopolize her time. We made excellent eye contact with each other. Her jealous ex-boyfriend was making his presence felt, too. He was still coming in and getting mad about me and the other guys. At a couple of points, I pushed the two of them together, as well as getting her to dance with or talk to a couple of other guys.

Guys were telling me, "Dude, that girl is so hot."

I would say, "Yeah, I know."

"Do you think she would dance with me, dude?"

"I don't know, go ask her." Usually she would give them a little dance.

Later in the night, she started telling me about what she did for a living. I told her she needed to call me tomorrow and tell me more about it. She smiled and said she would.

Her roommate encouraged all of this. In fact, she told me I needed to move in and get the ex away from this girl. No problem. Plan in motion.

See ya, Kara.

60

Now, throughout the three or so years I was seeing Kara, she, Sheri and I had a bit of a journey of our own.

There was always chemistry between Sheri and me, and early in our relationship, I felt she was the one for me. No other woman had diminished that once I felt it. Then, along came Kara. This started a sudden, intense battle within me. I was being pulled in two different directions.

Enter earthquakes, hurricanes, and tsunamis. Storms raged on both ends. Sheri and I struggled because I was swept away by Kara. As for Kara, she didn't see me pulling away from Sheri, though I was.

In reality, it was me.

I was the one tearing the hearts out of both women's chests. And I didn't know how to stop it. To top that off, both were jealous because they knew I was still attracting other women, purposefully or not. They were trying to learn how to deal with being involved with a hot guy who was in demand. Whether or not I was fucking these other women didn't matter.

Neither woman ever got over that jealousy.

Frankly, I got sick of the intense jealousy. I've been told for years that I'm a natural flirt. Ladies, if I'm a natural flirt, and you know that when you get involved with me, then you know that you have to deal with it.

However, inside I was extremely conflicted between love and loyalty for Sheri and intense love for Kara.

Sheri had been with me through thick and thin. More thin than thick, when dealing with two other exes who want to bleed every penny from me and living in a town where a *good* income provides about \$2,000 a month. Sheri knew all of my particular quirks, strengths and weaknesses, and fantasies. I think she knew me so well she was comfortable. Too comfortable.

She admitted that when I got involved with Kara, it shook her world.

Then Kara learned my little idiosyncrasies. She picked up on them fairly quickly, which meant she was paying attention. It also meant she was interested. Very

interested.

I was in the position of having two *very* attractive women wanting me, fighting for me. I started leaning toward one of them: Kara. Then all hell broke loose between the combinations of her mom, Sheri, Kara learning about my exes and concluding that she couldn't deal with them, and me being such an unconventional person. Well, that last part she loved, honestly.

In spite of all the problems she and I had, Kara was the only girl I've ever met who made me doubt that Sheri was the one for me. That's how strong our connection was.

But because Barb pulled all of the strings in Kara's life, Kara had never actually grown up. She remained the little girl who had to have someone tell her every move to make. This was poor parenting and severe control issues on Barb's part. Hell, even Kara told me that Barb had interfered with Kara's first marriage, too. That's why that one didn't work: Barb couldn't stand back and leave things alone. Throughout Kara's life, it's always been Barb's way or no way at all.

This influence obviously extended to Kara's brother, Kurt, too. The man had never even met me. In fact, when he had the opportunity to meet me, he flat-out refused. He had no idea who I was or what I was about, but Barb had already told him all he needed to know to make him set against me.

Once, when I stayed all night with Kara, Kurt actually drove by that morning, saw my car there, and called Kara.

“What the hell are you doing?! Why is he there?!”

That ended our peaceful morning. Just that call was enough to stiffen Kara. Her fear was at such a high level, constantly, from the pressure her family applied.

Still, we were trying to make a family work.

It didn't matter that Kurt himself was sleeping with more than one girl and staying at their houses on different nights. It also didn't matter that both Kara and Kurt were single. Kara was, and is, the family's puppet.

Keeping with the idea that we were trying to make a family work, one winter, Kara's Jeep had no heat. She told her dad.

“He said he'll fix it next week, when it's supposed to be warmer,” Kara told me.

“Shouldn’t it be now, since you need the warmth now?” I asked.

Kara looked down in shame.

So she and I went out to her Jeep and fixed the thermostat. I loved her; I couldn’t let her go without heat when it was freezing outside. I did that even though I don’t know anything about mechanics. Yet . . . I was the one who was bad for her.

61

You see, I had the reputation of being a player, and the girls all thought I could never settle with any one female. According to them, I just didn't have it in me. It didn't matter how many times I told them otherwise.

Yet my ultimate goal was to share my life with that one special girl. That didn't mean I would stop teaching others how to improve their dating lives, but in my personal life, that's what I wanted.

But the girls, especially Kara, wouldn't get that through their heads.

Enter Steph around Christmas of 2009. The closer Steph and I grew, (and we grew close because of the fact that Kara had once again pushed me away), the more jealous Kara became.

62

A couple years later, at the end of 2009, I tried living with Kara again.

This is when she was telling me, “Babe, you just need to move back in with me. I just can’t live or breathe without you. You are the only one for me. No one else even turns me on. You are the only one I think about. I want you in my life. I want to share my life with you, share everything with you. I need to feel your arms around me.”

So I did it again.

This time lasted a bit longer. Since it was near Christmas, we were busy figuring out how to handle “our” family and working out the holidays with her family. My family accepted my decision, but Barb’s disapproval was on Kara’s mind.

“How do you want to handle that?” I asked her.

For awhile, she didn’t say one way or the other. After asking her a few more times, she answered, “I don’t know. I know they don’t want you around. I’ve thought about me going with Kabel for a bit and letting you go with your kids at that time, then getting together later.”

I didn’t particularly like that idea. Not because I didn’t want to see my kids, but because I was trying to build a solid life with Kara.

Kara and I bought each other Christmas presents. I told her I was hard to buy for, because I am. I get what I want during the year, if at all possible, so there’s not much for someone to surprise me with come a major holiday. I’m fine with that. I figure I know what I want better than anyone else.

Anyway, she bought me this amazing book by Glenn Beck. Something to do with the Christmas Sweater. You may have heard of it.

We decided to sit down each night and read some of it as a family. That was fine with me, too. It started as a very moving story. It was so moving, in fact, that Kara and I both ended up crying over it as we shared it and thought about how it related to experiences in our own lives. Kabel, well, he didn’t get into it, though we tried to explain some lessons from it.

That story time was something we started looking forward to. It built on the emotional connection between the two of us. We’d all three sit on the couch. Kara

snuggled up against me, me reading the book. We seemed to be starting to nestle in as a family, getting our nightly routines down.

Then, I put an ad on Craigslist for a wing woman to help me with my dating and seduction coach career. Hence this book.

The ad attracted some replies, one of which came from Steph. I immediately brought Kara to the computer and shared everything about Steph with her.

“Look at this, babe. She’s replied and I think she shows promise.” I read Steph’s initial email application to her.

Kara listened to it, standing next to me, hand on my shoulder. She looked at Steph’s picture. I asked her what she thought.

“Sounds all right,” she said.

“Of course, we won’t really know until we meet with her,” I said.

“Right, so are you setting that up?” she asked.

“Yep. I’m telling her to meet us out this weekend, at the club. It’ll be casual at first. We’ll just see how she is in the club environment. If I like what I see, we’ll go from there.”

63

When we met Steph, Kara seemed fine with her, even though Steph was very attractive. I stayed with Kara all night, and we watched and talked about Steph together. We discussed the pluses and minuses Steph presented.

As we were all leaving the club, I stopped Steph.

“We need to do a formal interview now.” This was a Friday night. “Are you free this Sunday?”

“Yes,” Steph said. “So you like what you see, I take it?”

“I do. I see potential. Meet me at Barnes and Noble.” I gave her the time. Kara was standing right there with us, hearing everything.

I asked Kara that day, actually pleaded with her, to go with me.

She declined, saying it was fine and that she trusted me.

She texted me a few times while I was interviewing Steph. Since I was trying to push through the interview, I didn’t answer her messages.

I called Kara immediately upon walking out the door of Barnes and Noble.

“Pack your shit and get out,” she said.

Nice.

Kara later acknowledged on this one, “She’s a brunette with a pussy!” She knew I had a thing for brunettes.

So, self-sabotage again? Jealousy? What label would you give it?

64

On New Year's Eve, I had a client (also a friend) coming in for the big weekend.

That same New Year's, Kara begged me to spend the evening with her. I wanted to . . . *badly*. So badly. Yet I also wanted to break the cycle she'd been putting us through, so I thought if I didn't give in that one night, something might go better this time.

New Year's Eve, Kara was wearing this black mesh shirt half unbuttoned down the front, no bra. Her breasts were popping out. She *knew* I'd keep her breasts from being exposed to everyone. I always protected her like that.

She said, "Babe, I'm so sorry I hurt you. I miss you *so* much." Tears welled in her eyes; she was sincere. She said this around midnight, while we were blocking out the party and focusing on each other. We kissed at midnight and she broke down crying. "I want you to come home with me, babe. To our home, our bed. I need you."

I didn't give her that night.

I did stay with her the next night. January 2010.

By the way, she also made, rather than bought, a Valentine's Day card for me the following month.

A few times after that January, she asked me to come over and work on my writing at her place again. She didn't care how late it was, as long as I was there.

She asked a couple of other interesting questions during this period.

"Babe, I want you to come to my nursing home and meet the people I'm sitting for. I'd really like that. Would you consider doing it?" she asked, so sweetly.

The work itself was very fulfilling to her, which is always a good thing for a person.

"Yes, babe, I'd love to meet the people you're sitting for."

Then she asked, while we were lying in bed one night, holding hands, "Will we be swinging in the porch swing, you and me, holding each other, when we're old and retired?"

"I'd love to, yes," I answered.

Seems she wanted, inside herself, to be with me for the rest of her life.

Another sign of that would be the fact that Kara later told me, “You were supposed to be the one for me.”

Interestingly, when she asked me that very question about us and the porch swing, she didn’t even own her house anymore. The house she loved. She had gone down to the courthouse and signed it over (*given*) it to her parents. Now . . . *they* rent it for income.

One other question she popped around this same time was, “How soon will your book be out? Will it be in a couple of weeks? In a month? I think you need to go whatever way is faster.”

A girl friend of mine said she thought that comment came from a gold digger. Was Kara just looking for the financial quick fix? Maybe.

Not surprisingly, her mom was pushing someone else on her, once again. A guy named Jeff.

65

Kara had started talking to me less. When she did talk to me, she treated me even more like shit. I discovered later that this was because Kara had started seeing Jeff. To this day, Kara has never spoken a word to me about this other man, to whom she is now married. Not one word.

But she did start letting some things drop, such as, “We can’t agree on child rearing, so what point is there in discussing anything else?” The sign didn’t hit me at the time. I was used to Kara vacillating on the subject of our relationship.

Apparently Jeff was her way out of our relationship and in with pleasing her mom.

It was after that comment that, out of the blue one day, she asked, “Are you still going to Bob’s gym?” That question struck me in an odd way. I didn’t know where it came from or what its purpose was. I was trying to figure out what she was really asking. I never answered it.

At first, I came to the conclusion that she wanted Jeff and herself to go there without me being around. So I continued not to answer. I didn’t want to give her that satisfaction.

However, it occurred to me months later-- in fact, when I started writing this book-- that she may have wanted to have a way to “sneak in” seeing me.

After all, she didn’t tell Jeff about the day she came to my place and said, with tears in her eyes, “I just can’t pull myself away from you. I just *can’t* do it!” I had no idea that her real intention that day was to tell me goodbye. I just knew I had heard those same words many times before. And I knew she and I had barely seen each other lately, and that I had really missed her. She said she’d missed me, too. She showed it as well, hugging me tight and not letting go. Crying in my arms. Looking deeply into my eyes. Kissing me.

And all of this while she had already committed herself to Jeff. Whom I still didn’t even know about yet.

Remember, women lie.

I had to interview someone that day, so after the interview, Kara, who had been hanging around that side of town, came to see me again. She held hands with me inside a bookstore and we walked to her Jeep together. We kissed. It was just a small kiss at first,

then it became hotter.

“I’m glad we’re not home,” she said.

“Why?” I asked.

“Because we wouldn’t be stopping. I want you,” she said. Yes, all this happened after she had started seeing and fucking Jeff and had already decided to leave me, without having told me any of this.

Obviously, Jeff was not satisfying her, and she didn’t love him the way she loved me. Yet she decided to go that way because that’s what her mom wanted. Remember, Barb manipulates Kara’s life.

“I look forward to the day I can give you that release,” I told her.

She agreed, although she knew that day wouldn’t come.

While leaving, she kept looking at me, longingly. I could see then that she really wanted me.

66

I called Jeff before he married Kara. Well, first I called his dad, who was one of the biggest assholes I've ever talked to. He grew irate because I had let Kara's dirty little secret out of the bag . . . me. They didn't know she was with me. When I brought that to light, he blew a gasket. After that, however, he laughed "in my face," so to speak. I told him I wanted to talk to his son, to let him know what kind of woman he was about to marry.

He talked to his son, the 42-year-old who owns a car wash and has his own house, which fit Barb's qualifications. Jeff decided to be a coward and not talk to me. So I called his car wash one day. His female receptionist answered and put him on the phone.

He said he had known Kara for a couple of months. I asked if he knew she had been with me recently at the bookstore, and whether he knew she said she still wanted me. He said no. Well . . . he went ahead and married her, just a couple weeks later.

You're 42, have your own car wash and your own home, but you jumped into marriage with a girl you don't even know?

Kara issued a restraining order against me, but just for the period of time around her wedding.

My wife said, "She's an idiot. She's making herself marry Jeff. She doesn't want to, but she's forcing herself to, and the only way she can do that is to make sure that you stay away."

I don't know. Maybe my wife is right. I know somewhere inside Kara she loved me, at one point. However, I also think that if she truly loved me, she couldn't have done this to begin with. But what do I know?

I digress.

67

Steph and I got closer. Eventually this closeness turned into more than friendship.

The thing I liked most about Steph was the idea that 99 percent of the guys out there thought she was smoking hot. Kara's breasts were much better, though, and I absolutely loved the way Kara came on me. I also loved the way Kara loved me, though apparently she never loved me the way I thought she did.

During this time, I felt guilty that I was growing closer to Steph, because my heart was still with Kara. Steph knew this, and she talked me through it. She convinced me of how badly Kara was acting toward me. I could see her points.

In fact, during this very time period, when Kara was seeing Jeff and being so jealous about me hanging out with Steph, Kara begged me to spend time at her house writing my book. The first book I published. I told her I didn't want to wake Kabel by having the computer on and working.

Truth is, I wanted badly to work on it at Kara's. I longed for Kara to still want me the way she always had. I missed Kara showing me the love she used to show me. On the other hand, I didn't want her to complain that I was keeping Kabel or her up with my work. Was I right for not giving Kara what she wanted? Or should I have? I don't know. And how would that have worked out, since she was already seeing Jeff?

Kara mistakenly sent me a text one day, meant for Jeff. Jeff asked, "When will you have 20 minutes like we did the other day?" She said, "I don't know, it may just be when I call." She was calling and having a quickie with Jeff, while still telling me that she was too busy to call, or that her boss was around, and so forth. I went ahead and called her on this one. She whispered to me on the phone and said she'd call back in a minute. Ten or so minutes later, she called. She claimed she was meeting with a male co-worker to sell him some pills to pay her bills.

A year later, I decided to check on this tidbit, too. It turned out to be another lie. I had pushed her to give me the number of the guy she said she was selling pills to that day. When I called, it was Kabel's old tae instructor, who had moved away.

68

“You know what would be perfect?” I asked Steph one day.

“What’s that?”

“To have someone fix the meals I like, give me sex throughout the day, watch some movies with me at night, tend to my kids, and let me focus on writing the rest of the time. That way I can get the work done, keep the sales going, all that.”

“Pfft. I could do that,” she replied without any hesitation.

In PUA lingo, this is called qualifying. She was telling me that she could do something I required of a partner, because she wanted to be in that position in my life. However, I didn’t say it with the intent of pushing her to qualify herself. I said it because I was being completely honest about what I wanted in a partner.

“That would be easy. If all I had to do was fix your food, give you sex, and take care of things while you worked, then yeah, no problem.”

She was completely serious.

It was at that point that I started doing most of my work at Steph’s. I couldn’t work at home, as my kids wouldn’t leave me alone. I couldn’t at Kara’s, because I was afraid I’d disturb her and Kabel’s precious sleep. I didn’t like her being irritated when she didn’t get enough sleep. Steph was willing, so I used her place.

Just because I was working there did not mean the set-up above went into effect that minute. That set-up was meant for a permanent relationship, for a partner I lived with and built a life with.

I had told Kara the same thing. She also loved the idea and said she could do it. The difference was, I can still remember Kara’s smile when she said she could do that. Steph’s? I’m really not sure if she smiled or gave one of her signature surprised head jerks. Either way, Steph was open to it and happy to oblige.

Even at that point, I would have preferred it to be Kara. I didn’t know Kara was probably already seeing Jeff when I posed this scenario to Steph.

To this day, I can’t believe Kara turned out to be someone completely different than the wonderful woman I thought she was.

Anyway, back to things with Steph.

“What are we doing tonight?” Steph would ask this most every night, automatically expecting us to spend it together. It was a bit of a push on her part. At the time, I didn’t mind. I wasn’t getting any peace or cooperation from either Sheri or Kara, and Steph was giving me both.

If it was during the week, I’d normally answer, “We’re going to shoot these videos and then maybe watch a movie, if there’s time.” Steph liked horror, so I thought, *Wow, someone I can actually watch horror with!* That excited me.

If it was a weekend, I’d respond, “We’re going to hit the club, then have sex, and then I’ve gotta get home.”

“I’ve got a surprise for you tonight,” she’d say, after shopping.

“Really, so we’re not talking about sex tonight,” I’d say.

“That’s a given. No, I got something at the store for you.”

“Really, giving gifts now?” *I’m not giving one right now, sorry,* I’d think.

“Not really. Just a little something I know you’ll like. At least, I hope you will.”

She bought me a bag of Dove dark chocolate with almonds one day. She knew I absolutely love the stuff. She tried Ezekiel bread with me one time, too. I told her the stuff is good, and the healthiest bread you can buy. It’s true. She knew I watch what I eat.

She’d also bought me pineapple juice and a few other things she knew I liked.

So, that night she would “treat” me.

She always said that she never wanted to be one of “Tripp’s girls,” though she acted the opposite of what she verbalized. This became apparent when she started bitching because I wouldn’t spend one full night a week with her.

“Why won’t you give me one goddamn night each week? One night where you sleep here all night and wake up with me?! One morning where we could actually have morning sex?!”

Thing is, Steph and I had always agreed that we’d never be a permanent thing.

Ugh, women.

Before that, though, things were all right with Steph and me.

69

“How are you two doing tonight?” That was the typical line from the lady taking cover at the club when I’d show up with any girl.

Steph was just as much of a center-of-attention person as I was, so we’d attract that much more attention together.

“We’re doing great! I’ve already had me a little, so the night’s starting off right!” Steph would say.

A little what? Alcohol or sex? Usually both.

So, we’d roll into the club, she’d run to the bathroom, and I’d greet a few friends. After she exited the ladies’ gathering hole, we’d make our rounds, trying to actually get somewhere in the club. On the way, people would stop us every few feet to talk to us. Yes, we were well known.

After a bit of socializing, we’d hit the dance floor. Steph would look deeply into my eyes. Her smile was seductive.

It was funny to watch other guys. She would play with the few who had the balls to hit on her blatantly, and then blow them off and kiss me in front of everybody. The rest of the guys would wait until I walked off to come up and try to grab her attention.

We did end up reaching the point that, in Steph’s words, “We can’t be out without each other. Why are we kidding ourselves?”

Something that’s funny is, that client I had for New Year’s . . . even he saw that I’d end up being involved with all three girls. He saw all of them, their interest in me.

“Tripp, you’ve got three girls. You can be in any one of their beds each and every night. They all want you all to themselves. I want what you have.”

Once again, I replied, “No, you don’t. It’s a headache.”

He said, “I just want the options. I want to be able to say I can have this and this girl, if I want.”

I said, “If you listen to me and do what I teach you, you’ll have those options. Just be careful how far you take those options. Don’t go as far as I have.”

70

Steph had become a contributor to my online forum, too. She helped draw more guys to us, and she became familiar with them and their problems, so that if and when they hired us, we both knew what we were working with.

“God. I had no idea, I mean none, that some of these guys were *that* clueless!” she commented a few times. She became more and more amazed over the men with so little game and so little comprehension of how to handle a female.

With a few males, Steph reached the point where she was ready to stop giving them advice. They were so stubborn that they wouldn’t listen, anyway.

There was one guy on my forum, Se7en, who constantly hit on her, thinking he was actually getting somewhere. He had no idea that Steph laughed and laughed about him. When it stopped being funny, she became annoyed.

Guys just like him think they are God’s gift to women and don’t get it through their hard heads just how off track they are.

71

“Hey, we may be out of work,” I said to Steph on the phone one night.

“Why?” she asked.

“Because Se7en, that forum member we’ve been having problems with, has hacked in and erased the entire forum. There goes our client and potential client list.”

“Oh, wow. I knew he was trouble, but I didn’t think he’d go that far.”

“Yeah,” I sighed. “I’ll let you know what happens.”

“OK, babe. It’ll be all right, one way or the other. I love you.”

“Love you, too.” I hung up.

Then I called Kara.

“Well, the past three years of my work may have just been wiped out for good. Everything I’ve put into this, all that we have done, gone. In about an hour.”

“Oh, wow. I’m so sorry, babe. Are you all right?”

“Not really, but I don’t guess I have a choice.”

“Can you fix it?” she asked.

“Trying.”

“Well, babe, will you let me know what happens?” Kara asked. “Keep me informed?”

“Yes, I will.” I sighed, thoroughly disgusted with the situation.

“It’ll be OK, babe. I love you,” she said to comfort me.

“I love you too. Very much. I’m gonna let you go for now and see what happens.”

“OK, good. Thank you for calling. Let me know what’s going on.”

“I will.”

In the end, my wife managed to save the forum. She dug into the hosting company and found a way to get a backup of the forum. We had lost a few days' worth of posts, but at least it wasn't a total loss.

These were a few of the problems we've had with the [very] people we tried to help. Nice, huh? Unappreciative bitches. Oh well. Their loss.

72

It wasn't long after this that my wife showed up one day while I was at Steph's.

I could tell something was going on just by the tone of my wife's texts. I started looking out the window, watching for her to pull up.

Steph caught me looking. She started wondering what I was watching for.

I had a feeling we had just minutes before Sheri arrived.

I was right.

Sheri pulled up and got out of the car. Remember, I watch body language. I saw how Sheri carried herself and noticed how she took a deep breath to calm down. I could almost see her heart pounding in her chest, even though I was inside.

She knocked on the door. Steph's daughter, as well as mine and Sheri's two kids, were at the apartment. Sheri didn't hold back much, though. She started nice enough, but then her anger started getting the best of her.

Before long, she got loud. Steph's daughter looked at us with an amazed expression.

I knew Sheri wouldn't leave unless I did. So, I told Steph I was leaving.

Steph said to me, our faces nearly touching, "I'll see you tonight."

While I was on the road, Steph started thinking. She called Sheri after we returned home, and they talked for a while. Next thing I knew, Steph had taken a 180-degree turn. She thought I was dirt, and assured me I'd never see her or fuck her again.

"He's just been biding his time, hasn't he?" Steph asked Sheri.

"I think so," Sheri told her.

After that night, Steph and I were finished.

The bad thing was, Steph couldn't just talk to my wife; she had to talk to Kara, too. Steph wanted every woman in my life to dump me.

It actually didn't bother me so much that Steph had made such a dramatic swing. What did bother me was her decision to interfere with my life with Kara and Sheri.

I actually loved those women. It was becoming clearer that the more space I had from Steph, the more I missed Kara. Kara still had that hold on my heart, and she was the one I wanted, not Steph.

As for Sheri, well, a part of me didn't think she'd ever again be the woman I wanted her to be, the woman I had married. A part of me still held onto hope, though.

I tried calling Kara a couple of times. She didn't answer my calls, but would text me back. At the time, I knew it was strange, but I didn't pursue it in my mind. I was ignoring more warning signs.

Shortly after this, Kara met me at my apartment one day when I had a sitter. I met her outside and gave her a big hug at her Jeep. This was the day Kara told me goodbye, though I didn't know it at the time.

Once that day had passed, Kara also did a 180-degree turn. Suddenly, she couldn't see me, talk to me, or have any contact with me.

Though, I did leave a kiss face on a Post-It note on her Jeep. Days later, she still had it in her console, where she would see it every day she drove. But she didn't want me anymore . . .

What's sad is that I saw Kara again just recently at a school event, after about a year apart. I wish now that I had made eye contact with her. She saw my wife, then made the effort to look around for me. Some women have said it's because she needed to know if she needed to leave. Well, she didn't drive herself; she came with Kabel and his class, so that's not it.

The simple fact is, she's not over me.

She puts on the appearance of loving Jeff to gain her family's acceptance. Inwardly, she never has been and never will be over me.

Note: Carrying Jeff's seed does not mean you're meant to be. If that were the case, when you were carrying our child, Calin, we were meant to be. Same thing with Joe and his shared child, Kabel.

Kara, though your family will *never* wake up and accept reality, you should. Then again, that would require growing up, and you're too young for that. After all,

you're only about 40. Plus, growing up requires acknowledging that a Higher Power knows and sees the true intentions of each of our hearts, and acknowledging that we will each answer directly to Him one day. Personally, I'm not afraid of that. I bet you can't say the same.

Psalm 111:10 says the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom . . . not the fear of your mom.

I already know, though, that Kara will spend the rest of her life running from her true feelings and will continue deluding herself. You know, you're not allowed to have personal gratification, after all.

So, my princess Kara, this is one regret you'll have to live with for the rest of your life.

The situation with Joe, Kabel's father, is also sad. Sure, Joe drinks, and may even be a drunk. According to Kara, anyway; I never met Joe. Kara and her parents believe Joe is a monster and unfit for Kabel to even know, so Kabel doesn't know his real dad. Apparently, Kara now agrees with her mom that I'm a monster, too. That said, it seems a good thing that Kara didn't carry our baby to full term. She'd likely never let me see Calin, either.

Such is life for me. Now, I'm focused on my family and my writing career. I hope this book gave you some insight, in more ways than one. Believe what's here or not, it's about four years of my life.

The Dating Doctor got played. The question is, was it Kara or Barb who played me?

73

This is the bottom line:

Sheri is a stronger woman than Kara. She put up with all of *my* shit through this journey, while continued to push me away time and time again. Kara is forever weak when it comes to her mom's will. It might as well be God's will when Barb speaks.

Sheri is strong enough to stand beside me and be one as a family. Kara obviously is not, and I have to have a strong woman in my life.

Life isn't perfect. My partner has to understand that and take our bumps and valleys, hills and alleys in stride, knowing that we'll be OK through it all . . . *as long as we have each other, period.*

I finally woke from my slumber with Kara.

As each of you reading this book surveys your own life and choice of partners, you should consider the same qualities in a life-long partner.

In search of marriage; if you don't cherish the thought of every second spent with the partner, long to share every breath, and glow because that person is in your life . . . he or she is not the right person for you.

Section 2

The Outline

1

BEING PICKED UP, THROUGH A GIRL'S EYES

Out of the corner of her eyes, she catches a glimpse of him. He's talking to her good friend, the DJ. She's known the DJ for years. He seems to have known the DJ quite a while, too, as they bump hands, laugh, smile. She goes back to talking to the guy friend she's with at the moment.

He's fun, yes, but he lacks something. Still, she humors him. At least for now.

Glancing over her shoulder, an involuntary frown shows in her eyes. Quickly, she adjusts herself so her friend doesn't notice. However, her mind starts wondering where the mystery man went. How is he tied to her friend, the DJ?

The one standing next to her asks her to come with him. She's still wondering where the mystery man went, but she's curious enough to follow her friend. He takes her to another spot in the club, a bar on the other side. She laughs with him a bit, but not too much. She's looking around, subtly, checking out the action.

Her eyes focus. She catches her mystery man sitting next to an attractive woman. They are talking, laughing. He's touching her, but not groping. So as not to stalk, she turns her head, averts her eyes, but still watches from her periphery.

While she listens to her friend, she sees another woman approach the mystery man and her lady friend. They bring her into their conversation. He wraps an arm around the new one's waist, slaps her side gently, playfully. All of them are laughing.

Wrestling with herself, she tears her eyes momentarily away, back to her friend, who is noticing he doesn't quite have her full attention. However, he doesn't seem to care.

They stick around for a few minutes, and then he wants to move back to the other side of the club. She sighs. She's found her mystery man, but now her friend wants to return to where they were. Reluctantly, she agrees.

What she doesn't know is that the DJ had pointed her out to the mystery man, who had noticed her, along with her friend.

Later, as she mingles on the other side, she notices her mystery man once again

talking to her DJ friend. She walks up to the DJ booth, throws the mystery man a smile, makes solid eye contact, and hopes he's one of the guys who has the balls to talk to her.

He says something to the DJ, who leans over to her and tells her to go dance with the mystery man. Her friend makes room so she can move behind him. She happily complies.

Seconds later, she is standing in front of her mystery man, a smile on her face, looking directly into his eyes. A moment more and she has to avert her eyes so he doesn't how nervous she is.

He, however, doesn't move his eyes. They remain locked on hers, but he's not creepy. He's got a sexy smile to back it up. She can't help but smile herself, returning the all but unspoken message of flesh needing flesh.

She's within inches of him. He reaches out, touches her side, pulls her to him. He circles her waist with one arm, his hand on the small of her back. She's enjoying it.

He asks her if the DJ told her what he said. She tells him she was just told to come dance with him. He smiles.

Informing her that the DJ didn't do his job, he explains he's not looking for a girlfriend or a hook-up tonight. Although this momentarily dashes her smile, she regains her composure and pulls closer to him, hoping.

Rocking her hips, her eyes stay with his eyes. He doesn't waver. Instead, he closes one hand on each of her hips and then turns her.

She enjoys finding his member with her rear and grinding herself against him. She can tell, however, that he's not very turned on, so she sets out to change that.

Pushing harder against him, leaning her back against his chest, grabbing and squeezing his right hand with hers, she throws her game into full swing.

Still, he doesn't act overly impressed. She turns to him and brings her face close to his. He's indifferent. The biggest response she has gotten from him so far is his hands gliding over her sides and her legs. It's a smooth, seductive glide that sends tingles through her skin, though she would never admit it.

Another of her male friends has come to stand in front of her, wanting to borrow something from her. He is frozen, watching her seduce this man.

She turns again, moves to the side, grabs mystery man's hands and pulls him to her, hoping he will respond. To her delight, he does. Minutes later, as she grinds her crotch onto him steadily harder, he asks her if her kisses are as good as her body movements. She assures him they are. He doesn't believe her. She tells him to ask her DJ friend. He says no, he'll find out for himself. Seeing that he is more forward than most guys, she grinds him harder. She's wet, turned on, and wants more, but can't let herself go there yet.

She tests him by asking if he's sure he will find out firsthand. He says yes, without wavering in his eye contact or body language.

No longer able to resist, she complies and meets her lips with his. She only means to give him a taste, but after that taste, and her own lips lingering against her will, she presses his lips for more. He pulls back slightly; she pulls him closer. His fingers find her hair, grab it, and gently, yet forcefully, he pulls. This sends her over the edge and she lays one of her hottest kisses on him. Her fingers find his ass, grope it, and squeeze it. A moan involuntarily escapes her lungs, and then she catches herself.

She pulls back, barely. He pulls himself away from her, sticking his hand on her chest and pushing her back. Her mouth drops. She had intended to put some space between them for a few seconds, but after this move from him, she grabs his leather coat, making fists of her hands, and pulls him closer again. Once more, her mouth closes over his.

These two go through this seduction dance for a while.

They exchange slaps on each other's asses, squeeze each others asses, and generally explore each other's bodies.

At the same time, they continue tasting each other's lips. Skin slides over skin, mouths accept tongues, passion is shared.

She's getting way too hot for a dance venue. She asks him to step outside with her so she can smoke. He doesn't move. She grabs his hand and pulls, but he still doesn't move. She takes both of his hands. Still, he doesn't move, but he looks into her eyes. She asks him, more earnestly now, to come outside with her, and then kisses him. Finally, he agrees to go.

As they walk through the crowd, at times with him leading, at times with her leading, she grasps his hand, scared to let go of it. She squeezes his hand if he starts

getting too far ahead, or if she thinks she might lose him. She grabs his waist in an effort to stay closer to him as they walk through a heavy part of the crowd.

Outside, as they lean against a car, she takes occasional drags off her cigarette and their lips connect again. Then, out of nowhere, he pushes her back, as if she can go back. But whether or not she can go any further isn't the point at all. He pushes against her chest as he backs himself up. She grabs his hand as he lets go, to keep him there. She gets the message. He's not clingy. He doesn't need her.

But she hungers for him. Badly.

She draws him close again and starts grinding on him. After a few minutes of this dance outside, they return inside.

This seduction continues throughout the night. They exchange more kisses. He continues to push her away, both physically and verbally, and then sometimes pulls her back. Other times, he waits for her to pull him back, which she always does.

He is driving her nuts, and she has a feeling that he knows this. And she can't stop it.

Her response to this is to tell him that he better call her after tonight. She chooses to reinforce this message a few times.

Now, what is the purpose of all this?

Well, this is one of my personal pickups. It shows how a woman looks at being picked up the right way. It's very seductive for her, whether she knows what's going on or not.

You can find the attraction switches as well, if you look closely. The girls notice these switches automatically, even if they have no idea what's going on.

2

INSIDE THE MIND OF A 10

Picture this:

You walk into a venue, look around, and see a ten standing ten feet in front of you. She never makes eye contact. She doesn't need to.

Freeze time. You hear the clock stop ticking? The heartbeats and breathing have stopped, too. Now, let's turn this scene around. You're flying through space for just a moment as you are transported into the ten's mind.

The world suddenly looks different. You feel eyes staring at you. You hear people whispering, no doubt about you. Guys are drooling, tripping over their words. Girls gossip about you to make themselves feel better.

You sigh, but only on the inside. You surely can't let the world know how you feel. You secretly wish a man would come up and present himself to you. You have tons of guys hit on you every day, but all they do is tell you how hot you are, or how much they want to fuck you, or how they will pay all your bills and take care of you. They even go so far as to tell you that you will never have to worry about anything for the rest of your life . . . if only you will be with them. How boring. It frustrates you to no end. Why can't you just have a man come up and talk to you? You need a real man who will get your blood moving, a man who will turn your internal flame on high and keep it there. One who will make you smile and laugh. One who isn't so predictable that you will know his every single move . . . a year ahead.

If only you could find a man who would know how to touch you, how to make you crave him, instead of the typical guy who just thinks of his own pleasure. If only those guys knew that you never even came, though you made them think you did just to get rid of them.

You don't even care if this man has money, although that would be a plus. He doesn't have to look like Brad Pitt. If he could excite you, that alone would be awesome.

Now, if only that guy who just walked into the room was the man I'm secretly craving . . . if only . . . but he's not. I already know because he's still standing there, staring at me. And I haven't even looked at him.

Sigh.

Just like all the other guys who cross my path every day . . .

And now, you're ripped out of her head and warped back into your own body. Taking a few seconds to settle, you look down at yourself and realize that *you* are that guy who just walked in. You are the one who's still staring at her, but hasn't approached her. And it's too late. Her opinion of you is already set. You've been standing like a robot, frozen in time.

Ah yes, speaking of frozen in time, let's start the heartbeats back up, start the breathing, and finally, get the clocks ticking again.

That glimpse into a ten's mind is now fading quickly into the voices of the daily world. Let's not the lesson fade so quickly.

3

PERCEPTION

Perception is what it's all about. Our value is how we perceive ourselves and how others perceive us. The two work together.

Value applies to both males and females.

There is a fine line here. Crossing this line or staying on the right side of this line is the difference between being congruent or not. It's the difference between being fake and being real.

I've said it before and will say it many times more. I can take any guy and make him appear to be a high value, desirable male to hot girls. This is their initial perception of him. If it's not a real, lasting perception, they will see through it before long and that value, along with their attraction, will go away.

It works the same way with girls. A girl can appear to be more desirable and sexier than she truly is, and therefore have more guys hitting on her. However, if this isn't the girl's true nature, the guy will eventually see through the front.

Here's what I think confuses a lot of people. You need to create an impression of high value if you want the opposite sex to be attracted to you. However, some look at this as manipulation. It's only fake or manipulation if you're putting up a false front. You *can* present yourself as high value without being someone you aren't.

Here's something else I talk about all the time: your inner confidence, or what we call inner game. Whether you're a guy or a girl, you need to be confident in who you are.

How do you present an image of being high value regardless of what you do for a living? You bring out the proper elements of who you are. People will only see the tip of the iceberg when they meet you. That means you put the elements of yourself that you want to be seen by others, on the tip of your iceberg.

After all, we do live in a superficial society that looks at your external status to judge your supposed value. Use this to your advantage.

I'll use myself as an example. For anyone who really knows me, one of the first things they will say is that I'm the bad boy, the rebel. I go against the grain of society. I

don't take people's shit. I'm normally looked at as someone you don't want to mess with. However, I'm a complex person.

I know a bit about computers, and too many girls I've been involved with come to me for computer help. Then they brag to their friends about it, which has led to other work. They start to see some intelligence, rather than just the bad boy exterior.

Then there's a part of me that's a parent. I take care of all my kids, show them love and attention when I can, help them, talk to them.

There's the writer in me. Normally when a girl finds out that I have book projects in the works and am spending some heavy time on one of them, she starts getting curious about the book and wants to read it. This shows another side of me that's not visible on the surface. Once they read the book, if I let them, they see something that actually does fit the bad boy exterior, but still shows a more complex interior. When they find out that I teach other guys and girls how to be sexy and how to handle the opposite sex, they are extremely intrigued.

You see, all of this builds value. The initial attraction, along with some of my value, is built quickly. Once they start digging underneath the surface, they start uncovering a lot more value.

Of course, there are other aspects of myself as that I've shown here and there that I won't get into right now. These are all little details that add to my initial. None of it is incongruous, but it's an interesting puzzle.

This is what each of us needs to find: the part of ourselves that we want to present to the world, or, to be more precise, to the opposite sex. That's one part of us. That's the first impression. It needs to be a true part of you, though. My bad boy exterior is a true part of me because I do rebel. I do ruffle feathers and shake things up with people in equal to higher societal authority than me, such as fellow business owners and lawmakers. Some don't like this part of me; some love it. I'm polarizing. Some look at me as a mover and shaker, while others consider me a trouble maker. All this is the real me.

What part of you do you want, or need, to show to the opposite sex? Here's a hint: find the most attractive part of yourself and show it on the surface. For me, the bad boy image is natural. Looking like a prep or an upper class guy doesn't suit my personality.

You also have to let the opposite sex dig a bit to find the other facets of your identity. Leave a bit of mystery so the other person has something to learn about you.

To do this, you must first understand your perception of yourself. How you see yourself goes a long way toward how others see you. If you see yourself as weak, insecure (even a little bit), in "low demand," lacking confidence, not sexual or knowing much about performing sexually, not having friends, not being good at making friends, and so on, how do you think others will perceive you?

On the other hand, if you see yourself as confident, as knowing you have skills and what those skills are, as secure in whom you are, as a strong person, as being in "high demand," as having friends and being able to make friends, etc., again, guess how others will see you.

Now, sure, we all have weaknesses and weak times. That doesn't mean you aren't a valuable person. It just means you're human.

You see, if you act macho for a guy or snooty for a girl, you are not seen as Mr. Alpha or Mrs. I'm-The-Shit. Instead, you're seen as overcompensating, and therefore very insecure. It's not hard for someone with even a little bit of social ability to see through that veneer.

There's a balance. You're human, so let the humanity show through. You can be confident, yet still be insecure at times. No one, *no one* is completely confident 100 percent of the time. That doesn't take away from your overall value. Now, when you're insecure most of the time, that *does* subtract from your value.

Once you know who you are, you can present that real part of yourself and accurately represent your value. This way, you stay congruent with yourself because you are being true to yourself. This will help you attract the opposite sex and be "real" with the world as well.

4

YOUR VIBE

She sees him looking at her, but he's putting off a negative, disturbing vibe. He almost looks like he has a frown on his face. She hopes against hope that he won't . . . but he does, he starts walking over. The fake smile, the timid steps, the dark, even angry eyes.

He opens his mouth.

"You know, I know you think you're hot, but that outfit just doesn't work on you."

She feels repulsion gathering in her stomach. First, she saw the obvious lack of confidence as he walked over, the air of negativity he carries with him. Then, the first thing out of his mouth confirms her suspicions. He's a leech. He drains the life and energy out of other people. She has to get away from him, now.

She puts her hand up in front of her chest, trying to politely give him the hint. The grimace on his face grows. The anger in his eyes remains. He plows forward. She raises her hand higher, trying as hard as she can to smile, to keep the bitchiness from coming out.

Finally, since he doesn't get the hint, she tells him to leave her alone as she physically turns from him and walks away. She doesn't care where she's going, but anywhere is better than being stuck with a leech.

I'm seeing way too many guys in this field who have negative mindsets: "I don't like this, I don't like that." This way of thinking not only hinders you when you try to pick up girls, but also in other social situations. Who wants to be friends with, or give a promotion to, someone who's always negative?

I don't like my apartment.

I don't like my job.

This movie sucks.

I spent that much on *this*?

It's always raining. Why is it always raining?

She's stuck up. She never gives a guy like me the time of day.

That store never has a sale. I won't buy anything from there.

My boss never listens to me.

Getting the idea here?

A negative mindset has so many disadvantages that it doesn't pay to keep yourself there. Sure, we all slip there from time to time; that's human. But it's your choice to stay there.

Let's take a look at the pros and cons of a negative mindset.

Pros:

1. You get to feel down and depressed.
2. You get to whine and bring others down with you.
3. You get to push people away from you, both friends and family, unless they are negative too, in which case you have a mutual pity party.
4. You get to be passed up for advancement at work, which means missing pay raises.
5. You get to work harder to get that special girl attracted to you, if you even can.
6. You get to lose sales if you are in that field.

Cons:

1. You're a loner, which means you get plenty of time to yourself.
2. No worry about others intruding on your time. You have to intrude on their time to get any of their attention.

Hmm. Not a bad deal after all, to have that negative mindset. Maybe I should rethink this position.

5

A BETTER VIBE

You see the ten. You play your game smoothly. You catch her eye. She is already interested. Where do you go from here?

Well, for starters, you go talk to her.

Amazing concept, I know.

You don't stand around and hope and pray that she comes to you. Nope.

Not only does society tell her that she's "easy" if she comes to you, but as the alpha male, you should go to her. It shows courage.

You walk up to her and use your mouth to say something interesting. Say something she hasn't heard from every other guy that night, the past week, or even the past month. Be creative. Think differently.

She's already got her eyes on you. Now she is looking at you to see if you have guts, if you are worth her attention. Now is not the time to blow it.

Now is the time to build attraction. You need to tease. You don't compliment on her looks yet. That comes later, way later.

So what do you do? How do you handle the girl?

You tease, you smile, and you show confidence. You know what to expect out of this interaction. Your body language, your eye contact, and your tone of voice display this expectation.

You build attraction and comfort. You make sure to touch her, in small ways. Touch her arm, touch her hand, spin her, touch her shoulder, touch the small of her back. You are getting her comfortable with your touch, and you're also gauging her overall interest in you. The more she is interested in you, the further she will let you go without pulling away. If she does pull away, back off. Literally, you pull back, but you don't make it obvious. It doesn't bother you that she pulled away. You know where the line is now.

Pull back, tease more, and build more comfort.

"But what if she doesn't pull away? What in the world do I do with her then?"

Is that a bad thing? Drum roll please . . . wait for it . . . you . . . KISS her!

You break the mold, which is your faulty mindset, and start doing things right.

"But how do I ask if she's ready for the kiss?"

Oh, no, no, no. You're the alpha, the leader. She's comfortable with your touch, and she's not stopping you. She expects more. She's probably already been checking out your mouth, even though you don't realize it. What does that mean?

Check this out: you spin her, and at the end of the spin, pull her in to you, put your other hand on her neck, close the distance between your lips and hers . . . and kiss her.

"But how do I ask?"

Let me repeat: you don't.

"What if she says no?"

She most likely won't. 99 percent of the time, she won't. If she does, pull back.

"What if she withdraws?"

Then you apologize and step away as well. In fact, take your hands off her altogether. If you're still in her group, start interacting more with others. Or, start teasing her again. Gauge her response. Maybe she was caught up in the moment, then caught herself and realized she didn't want to go there. Maybe she wanted to, but wasn't mentally ready yet. Whatever the case, you simply back up.

Don't go to the other extreme, either. That is, don't keep apologizing if you feel you've crossed the line. Do not make a huge issue of it. That will end up turning her off just as much as you missing the window in the first place.

In most cases, though, none of that will happen. Sure, she could still shut you down after the kiss, but nine times out of ten, if you are a good kisser, she'll want more.

"Then where do I go if she wants more?"

You give her more. Continue kissing her, continue teasing her, continue escalating. She's giving all the green lights. If you have a clue, you will continue. If you don't, she will close her window and you will miss out.

A part of her mind is still on auto-pilot to see if you are a socially and sexually calibrated guy. This is where you don't let her down, because you know what you are doing, which is why you're confident. Being calibrated simply means you're in control of yourself and on your toes. You're sharp. You understand what's going on, what the undertones mean, and you adjust to them.

You want to know how to be that guy who has multiple girls rubbing him, caressing him, eyeing him, throwing themselves at him? This is where you start.

6

INNER GAME

Inner game affects every single part of your overall game. Your outer game, your sexual game, your day game, night game, and so forth. It's in everything you do. In fact, inner game is what will help you to better yourself in your career or chosen field, as well.

Inner game is vital.

The question is, what is inner game?

It's how you think.

It's all in your mind, which is why I say that your sets for the night are won or lost before you even leave the house.

How do you achieve the proper mentality, which is, of course, solid inner game? You have to think about yourself in the right way. Solid inner game leads to true confidence. You know who you are. You don't doubt who you are, which means you don't normally doubt yourself.

Don't get this mixed up with normal self-doubt on any particular task you perform. If you're learning something, for example, it's common and normal to doubt your ability until you master the task. I'm not referring to that kind of doubt. I'm talking about self-confidence in general, as a normal, everyday thought process. You know who you are, and no one can shake that knowledge.

Down to business.

What do you think of yourself every morning when you wake up? This sets the tone for your entire day. Do you think you're the man? Do you think you can accomplish what you need to? Or do you think that you are a nobody and will never get anywhere? These are two paths highlighted, and the way you think at the start of your day will determine how it unfolds. Whether or not you believe it, it's still true.

From there, your thinking *throughout* the day also impacts your positive momentum. You can continue to build on the foundation you started, or you can take a sharp turn and destroy the foundation, crushing whatever you might have built.

For example, you wake up and think you're going to conquer *your* world. Then you get a bowl of cereal and it spills. Next, you go to watch a few minutes of TV, sit on the remote, and break it. You start thinking the day has gone to hell. Well, it has, since your mind is headed that direction. Instead of thinking like this, you could pour another bowl of cereal and use the time you would have spent watching TV to take a step towards accomplishing the day's goals.

Sure, we all slip. But when you slip, you don't normally stay down. You get back up and get on with what you were planning to do. This is no different. If you slip up, stop, brush yourself off, get back on the right track, and keep going.

How does this affect things like your job or picking up girls? Simple. Your performance at work will improve because you believe in yourself. This will come through and you will accomplish more, and what you accomplish will be done better. Done often enough, this will result in a promotion or some form of more responsibility and likely better pay.

When you look at picking up girls, it comes back to the same core: your confidence in yourself. If you believe in yourself, girls will pick up on this, whether they even realize it or not. Ever heard the phrase, "There's just something about him"? Yeah, well, guess what. The people who say this don't know what they just picked up on, but it's your confidence, and it's creating attraction within them. My confidence and my outgoing nature caught my girlfriend right off the bat, the first night I met her.

As I've said before, it all starts in your mind!

And don't give me this shit about "my childhood, man, my childhood was just that bad." That won't fly with me. My childhood also had its share of problems, which I won't go into here. Let's just say that I never had long-lasting friendships when I was growing up, and normally it was my fault when a friendship didn't work. I moved around a lot. I went to different schools practically every year, sometimes even two different ones in a year. I've been around gangs, involved with guns. I've had death at my doorstep. I've had kids, and lost a couple of them, too. I have been spit on, ridiculed, nearly run over by vehicles, beat up. You name it, and it's probably happened to me.

The truth is, it doesn't matter. The direction you take with your life today is up to you! *Period.*

Are you up for the challenge of changing your life, one thought at a time?

7

MENTAL FRAME

You see him in the set. The girls surround him, the guys focus on him, listening. He has won the complete attention of every single person in the ten-set. They are all laughing, not threatened by him. A blond and a brunette rub his back as he gestures with his hands and moves his arms. They look at his eyes, longing for him to give them just a glance. But he doesn't. He does, however, bump fists with the guys after a joke at the girls' expense. The girls, in turn, playfully slap his arms. He gives them a look, as if to say, "Who do you think you are, touching me?" He throws a glance around to the whole group as he launches into a story. All ears are perked. He gives the two girls hanging on him almost no attention, but minutes later, he leaves the group with those same two girls on his arm. The guys shake his hand and pat his back for taking a couple of their girls from them. You're thinking, "What the hell happened?"

What happened is this: the guy had the frame over the entire group, and maintained that frame.

I'll break this down into two parts. The first contains quick fixes for you to apply right away to help your frame tonight, and the second has long-term cures to overhaul your life and make your mental strength last.

First things first, as promised. I've listed these quick fixes in order of priority and likelihood, with number one being most important.

1. Giving yourself pep talks.
2. Listening to music.
3. Bantering.
4. Getting pep talks from someone else.

Taking these in order:

1. Pep talks to yourself. All right, guys, we all have to, at times, give ourselves a little pep talk. The pep talk is when you tell yourself that you can talk to and attract girls. Then, you push yourself, mentally, to do just that. You have to be hard on yourself or this option won't work. It can be anything from a three-second "you can do it" to a minute of talking yourself into it. Some of us have to do it more than others, and some of us are able to lessen the internal pep talks as we grow. The point is, you know you can do it, and you tell yourself this to confirm it. You give yourself that extra little push you need to get over the hump.

2. Listening to music. This is a pretty normal one for most guys and girls. We listen to music to pump ourselves up before something big or important, or even something fun. We choose the right type of music to get us into the mood that we want to be in. Then, we turn it up and jam, by car stereo, mp3 player, or whatever other way you choose. The good part about this option is that it's both a quick fix and something that works along with the long term cure.

3. Bantering. This is a more difficult one, and I list it at number three simply because it's not always possible. If you are able to banter, it's a great way to quickly fix or adjust your frame. It's simple, really. Either you and another guy (if you're a guy) AMOG (practice intimidating) each other to see who has the stronger mental frame, or you throw tests back and forth with a girl, again, to see who has the stronger mindset. You do this with someone you know so you don't blow out any potential sets for the night. It gives you immediate practice, sets you in the right frame, and prepares you for the rest of the night. It's both a quick fix and something good to do fairly frequently, just for the practice.

4. Pep talks from someone else. Here's the deal with this option. At times, this is necessary, but to be honest, if you need this one, you're most likely headed in a downward spiral. If someone else is around, the third option is much better. If your frame is so weak that you need this option every time you go out, then you need more than a quick fix. You need to work on the long-term cure and get yourself straightened out.

Which leads me to . . .

The long-term fix for your frame.

The core of the long-term part is that you know who you are. You have no doubts about your identity. You know it for a fact, and no matter what anyone says to you, it doesn't dent your frame.

For instance, you could be in a set and have some of the following happen. A male in the set could start AMOGing you, trying to blow you out of the set. If your frame is not strong, you will be affected by what he says, either to you or about you. It will "hit" you and hurt your feelings, or make you feel inferior. By doing this, he is taking over your frame, which is what he wants. As a result, the girls won't be as attracted to you as they are to him, because he's the leader.

You could also have a female from a set start throwing shit tests at you. You get mad at her, or confused, or take what she says seriously. She may even hurt your feelings.

Well, what she has just done to you is the same thing the male in the above scenario did. She has taken over your frame, and she has, in effect, lost respect for you, because she sees that her frame is stronger than yours.

This happens if you don't know who you are. However, if you do know who you are when these people hit you with their attacks, it won't affect you. What they say just rolls off, because you know what you know.

It also helps you to filter out what is bullshit coming from the other person. You can recognize when someone is testing you and when someone is being genuine. You're not so focused on what the other people are thinking about you, because you're really not worried about it. You are who you are, and that's it. They either like you for you, or they don't. Either way, it doesn't bother you. That's a solid frame.

Now, the question is, how do you make your frame solid in the long term? You need to find your core and build on that. How do you find your core? Simply put, it's your inner sanctuary. Start with the things you turn to for comfort, to escape. This is who you are.

8

ALPHA MINDSET

Too many guys in this community take this "alpha mindset" and go overboard with it.

“You should never let a woman tell you what you are supposed to be doing. You are the *man*, and you should always take charge of the situation. There is never a time when you should obey what she says, unless she's your boss at work. If it's your girlfriend, friend, or whoever else, she should listen to what the man has to say about the situation. And you definitely should never be holding something of hers, like her purse. It's all about how you project yourself, what kind of a man they think you are. If she sees you as a punk, she will try to mess with you and make you look stupid. You have to man up and this stuff won't happen anymore.”

There's one example.

The man is always in the lead, never does what the woman says or asks, always commands the woman . . . you get the idea. This is just *not* realistic for daily life.

Sure, you're the man and you take the lead. Sure, you control most interactions, especially in the beginning. Sure, you don't want to be stuck holding her purse, drink, or whatever else on the first night you meet her.

Yet there is a balance to be had here. On one side, we have the assholes mentioned here; on the other side, we have the total wimps who let a girl walk all over them.

In your normal daily living, neither of these extremes will work. Neither will consistently build attraction, neither will keep you out of the friend zone, neither will build a social circle of people who want to be around you.

You do need to take the lead, since you're the man, and she's looking for the leader. You do need to keep the frame and control the interactions. You *don't* need to be her boss and control everything she does. She is a human, a person of value, and deserves to be treated as such. Remember, part of being true alpha is that you are secure in yourself. You don't have to be a warlord to validate yourself externally. You stay calm and cool at your core, so you can be calm and cool on the outside, as well. If you feel the need to dominate a girl in every way, all the time, you are not alpha. You're overbearing,

controlling, and need to grow up.

In real life, there is a definite place for kindness, for guys to be nice to girls, for guys to help girls, for guys to receive input from girls. If you disagree, you're living in a fantasy land that will never materialize in the real world.

You can buy things for girls, when appropriate. You can compliment them, when appropriate. You can smile at them (sarcasm intended). You can, and should, get input from them. Get their opinions, their views. This is healthy.

Think about it this way: girls are fellow human beings with life experience, with feelings, with desires, with ideas, with opinions, with input, with valued expertise in areas where you don't have knowledge. So why not involve them? Even . . . dare I say . . . equally?

Does all this mean you have to bend over backwards and do everything in your power to please them? No. Should they be expected to bend over backwards and always do everything in their power to please you? No. Neither of these is a valid alpha mindset on your part.

In short, it comes down to you being mature and being comfortable with yourself.

9

STEP LADDER PRINCIPLE

The idea is, even if you can't break into a set of nines or tens immediately, you can still get into them by working around the initial resistance, starting with fours or fives.

It's simple. You can start with whatever set you find in a venue. All you need is the social proof and pre-selection that an original set gives you. You launch from that. You lock into the original set, then watch for the subtle IOI's of girls around you who are slightly higher on the scale. In other words, slightly cuter. Now, don't expect to jump from a five to a nine, but you can easily bounce from a five to a six. The six will see that you are safe, so she will immediately be more open to you.

Therefore, you join the six. Lock in with her (have her attention locked on you), get her a bit comfortable with you, and build attraction. You can do all of this in a matter of minutes-- to the extent that you need, anyway. At the same time, watch for subtle IOI's from the sevens around you.

As soon as you see this, bounce to a seven who shows interest.

Are you being rude to the fives and sixes? Not if you leave them in the right way. Let them have fun with you while you are with them, then tell them you see a friend, or are just passing by, or have to go dance with someone else. Eject politely and quickly, with a smile on your face. You can go back to them later if you want. If it makes you feel better, you can even tell them you'll get their numbers later, if they're around. Then, eject and move up the ladder quickly, while the window is open.

Now you've moved to the seven. You lock in with her right away. You watch subtly for the IOIs that will start coming from the eights. By this time, these girls are seeing you move around to several different girls without being creepy, and your social proof and pre-selection is skyrocketing. This will all add up, and quick. You could, at this point, possibly even jump to a nine or ten, because they see what you've been building in your bounces.

However that works out, leave each one with a smile, if possible. This will also add to the good will of the girls' attitudes toward you, which will show itself to the girl who is your actual target.

If you can make some friends with guys along the way, all the better for you, for flipping those switches in all of the girls, which will in turn flip more switches in your target. By making friends with the guys, you are, in effect, turning their attention to you. Remember “perception”? At this point, the perception is that you’re the leader. Put this with the jealousy plot lines here (stirring a tinge of jealousy in females that are not the center of your attention because you have quality attention from other quality females), along with the pre-selection I’ve already mentioned as a result of being social with the females, and you will flip even more switches.

Give this principle a shot, fellows.

10

GETTING A NUMBER

I've been where you are. When I started, it took me a month or two to get my first number-close. And even that one was a struggle. Even though I had been in her presence, talking to her, getting her to giggle (not laugh, mind you), for probably ten to 20 minutes, I was struggling to keep things going. I did get her number, then used the gambit of calling it immediately. One purpose of that was to put my number in her phone, but it was also a way of asking if it was a real number, so that when I called she would actually answer. When you lack confidence, that gambit doesn't go over so well. When you have confidence, that gambit works extremely well.

After that, I went to the next level. It became moderately easy to get a number. I could ask her for the number and sometimes get it, sometimes not. Note: it's not a good thing to ask for the number. At this point, I had too many flakes.

As I progressed, I stopped asking, and started telling.

I eventually reached to the point where I am now. I can look the girl directly in the eye, put the face of my phone in front of her, and smile. She knows what to do. Note, this isn't a smile from ear to ear, as in, "Please, I'd be so grateful if you'd drop your number into my phone!" This is an "I know you want to put your number in, and you know you want to put your number in, so here, I'll allow you to do that" smile. In other words, I'm confident, because I know what she wants to do.

You know what happens at that point? She takes the phone, puts her number in, and we move on.

It's not as hard as you think to get a phone number from a girl, much less to get multiple numbers from different girls in one night.

There are several ways to number-close a girl. Some are better than others.

For instance, you could simply tell her she should feel special that you are in her presence (within the first minute of meeting her) and that she should put her number into your phone. Unless you have a strong presence that has made an impact on her, or she's really drunk, don't expect this one to work.

The best quick way to get a number is when you really don't have time to stick

around and you let the girl know that you would kick yourself if you didn't at least talk to her, because something about her caught your attention, and that you would love to get to know her later. Boom, number close.

This is better: open the set, lock in, create rapport, build attraction and comfort, and get the set/target hooked on you. After that, she will want to give you her number so that she can continue this good vibe with you later.

The best is when you don't even have to ask for her number because she basically throws it on you. You are so in with her, as long as she's not drunk or something like that, that it's a done deal. Everything at that point is a done deal. Sealed, closed, finished, complete. In her mind, anyway. You just have to realize that yourself.

In reality, you can successfully number-close a girl at any point from opening her to 20-30 minutes into the set. If you're smooth about what you are doing, you can get the number slipped in a whenever you are ready. The key is to watch for signs of how much she is into you. The more she shows those signs, the easier the number-close will be. If you see the kiss-close coming, and you haven't got a number yet, then the number-close should be a cinch. If you've already got the kiss-close, you had better get the number, as well. At the very least, get it as a courtesy. Ahem . . . leave 'em better than you found 'em. Ring a bell? Yes, it applies to simple number-closing, too.

You could even turn this newly acquainted female into a female wing.

Once you become smooth enough with this, girls will even say, "Don't you want my number?" as they start digging for something to write it on, or stay still, waiting for you to enter it into your phone. In this case, I would likely say, "Maybe . . . should I? Is it worth my time?" with a confident smile. She'll smile back, even punch me or push me (yes, they will playfully push you), and then we'll number-close.

Oh, and guys, don't wait three or seven days until you call her back. If it's a solid number, she's waiting to hear from you, so go ahead and drop her a text or call her. She'll love hearing your voice. Waiting will piss the girl off, not build her anticipation. Worse yet, you could make her forget about you. She does have a life outside of you, you know.

Pissing her off and teasing her, by the way, are two completely different things.

I realize some are thinking, "When I reach that skill level, numbers will be easy for me, too." Well, here's the thing: you have to internally be at this skill level already, even if you're just starting out. When you put that together, it's amazing how things will

fall together for you.

If you can bring yourself to that attitude of having plenty so you don't have to worry about one particular girl, it will help you to get a simple number-close much more easily.

As always, it comes down to your inner game/mental frame. The stronger that is, the easier everything else becomes.

So, when you go for that number, be confident, and don't worry about not getting it, because it doesn't matter. The next number-close is the set right next to you or behind you.

11

TEXT GAME

I've seduced women through texts and have personally taught other guys how to do the same.

For women, seduction is largely a mental process, even in your face-to-face interactions. Hence, the strength of texting game. The trick in text seduction is to take the girl on a short mental journey while she reads your text. Then, have her anticipating the next one. . .

When you start texting a girl, you should already have opened her, and have at least some rapport with her.

Within a text, you have to compact everything. This means you have to learn to get your point across within a tiny space. It also means you can leave her hanging on certain points. This leads to further seduction, which women absolutely love.

One key here is to work on creating powerful images in her head with just a few words or characters. There is a fine line here. Details are good, and girls love the details of a seduction. Clear, and at times explicit word pictures will build the imagery in her mind, causing her to focus on you and where you're leading her. However, you don't want to give away too many details too quickly. You want to keep her wanting more and build her anticipation, especially if you want to stretch the seduction out over several texts.

To put it bluntly, you want to make her wet . . . and keep her wet throughout the day, or whatever time period you're texting her the seduction.

You're probably thinking, "Where is the balance?" As I said, it's a fine line. In essence, you begin to paint the picture, then stop just short of fulfilling it. You can repeat this process again and again. You can build her up, let her hang, even let her drop just a bit (but not too much), and repeat. And don't worry: though her mind is already progressing beyond the next text that you send, she still wants to see that next text. She wants to see what *you* have on *your* mind.

Sidebar: I said above that you can let her drop just a bit. Now, if you were seducing her face-to-face, you could let her completely drop for a short time and pick her back up. Be aware that with texts, it's a different dynamic.

Here's the deal. With each and every text, you build her . . . slowly . . . yet not completely . . . just a bit at a time. You don't have to use the entire space available for each text, either. Leave her with the urge to check her phone every minute for the next text to see where you are going with it. Build the current text on what the last text said. Space your texts out in time, rather than sending one right after the other.

You don't want to be desperate, needy, or clingy in any interaction with your target. Texting is no exception.

Sidebar: If you haven't heard back from her within ten minutes, 30 minutes, or even an hour, stay calm. Way too many guys get paranoid after two minutes with no return text.

Now that you have an idea of the seduction done through texting, let's talk briefly about other gaming through texting.

Texting is, at its core, communication. This means that what you would say to a girl in person, you *should* say to her through texting. Whether or not you are seeing someone in person, your personality needs to come across so that you are congruent. In person, voice tones, body language, and other factors that can't be seen through texting are taken into account. That's where emoticons come into play. Believe it or not, emoticons do help to carry the general tone of the comment across.

Just as, in person, you would want a girl to take a part in the conversation, you should also expect this when you text. Don't send her a dozen texts without her responding to something. If you do that, you are seriously out of luck with that particular girl. You need to flush her and move on.

Your texts should be interesting, just like your face-to-face conversation. With that in mind, she will want to respond to your texts. Her response is an IOI that shows you where she stands: she is interested and you aren't wasting your time.

Just as you start, stop or snip threads in person, you can and should do that through texts. It serves the same purpose as it does in face-to-face communication. For instance: you're talking about how your cat fell out of your open window and you stop before you say whether the cat was hurt or not. You snip that thread and change the subject. If she brings that back up by asking what happened to the cat, she is genuinely interested.

How to text game:

Want to get sex on her brain even more than it already is? To the point of her

being ready to jump you when she sees you? Well, here you go . . .

You text her with: **If you were in front of me right now, I'd put your hand to my mouth and kiss it.**

Later, in five or ten minutes, you drop another one: **Then I'd move slightly up and kiss your wrist . . .**

In another five or ten minutes: **Then I'd kiss your forearm, tasting the sweetness of your skin . . .**

During this process, she may start texting you and asking for more. Make her wait a few minutes.

Then, each as a different message: **I'd look into your eyes . . .**

I'd put my hands on your shoulders . . .

Brush my lips across yours . . .

Steal a kiss on your neck, gently nipping your skin with my teeth . . .

Turn you around, wrap my arms around your waist . . .

Pull you close to me, breathe gently on your neck . . .

Kiss your neck, right between your shoulders . . .

Kiss the left side of your neck, as you tilt your head, giving me access . . .

Then, start spreading the intervals of the messages out, waiting longer between each one.

I squeeze your stomach gently, as you turn your head to my mouth . . .

I kiss your neck a couple more times, then meet my mouth with yours . . .

As you're enjoying the kiss, I slip my hands up your shirt, just a little . . .

I feel your smooth skin under my hands, and taste your sweet lips on mine .

You press your body against mine . . . craving more . . .

I push you against the wall, your breathing gets heavier, and you're getting wet in anticipation . . .

You're dying to have me lift your shirt off, but I don't . . .

Instead, we both drop our pants, and feel flesh against flesh as you're ready for me to take you . . .

Now, remember, this conversation has taken a little while. You spread the texts out over five to ten minutes at first, and then stretch the intervals out longer, so that by the time you're finishing this text seduction a portion of the day has gone by. Now, you can either drop it after the last text, or keep her hanging right at the edge of "penetration," never describing that, but making her wait till she sees you in person . . . when she will be **craving** you inside her.

You can use this same principle for Instant Message conversations or any other type of electronic communication, as well.

12

BUILDING ATTRACTION AND COMFORT OVER THE PHONE

Obviously, your very first contact with a girl won't be over the phone. You will have talked to her either in person or online first. Given this, you will have some basic information to start with, or, better yet, a foundation to build on.

When you talk to the girl on the phone the first time, it's best to connect her memory back to something about you from before you called. This is anchoring. Simply bring the idea up in a quick, casual way.

This is the time to immediately start building attraction and comfort, simultaneously. You can't kino over the phone, so you need to focus on things like teasing and push/pull. You also need to engage her emotions. You can show value on the phone, too, but I don't recommend spending a lot of time on this aspect. You also want to keep her talking, since you can't watch her body language as you would in person. This helps to keep her actively involved. You'll know that her mind is not wandering much, if at all, because you'll know that she's focused on where your conversation is going. Likewise, you'll know if she's not focused and you need to cut the phone call short.

A couple other notes about how you handle yourself on the phone. Don't be overly cocky, since she doesn't have the benefit of reading your body language, as I've already mentioned. Also, leave out the cute little filler words. You know, the "um, yeah, OK, uh, sigh, well, and, anyway," etc.

In other words, don't run your mouth the entire time you're on the phone without letting her get a word in.

The key here is to be fun. Keep her interest, keep her laughing. She doesn't have to laugh non-stop, but get her to laugh here and there. In between laughs, you can snip threads and start new ones. You can even probe for a few details. Make mental notes of pieces of information she drops throughout the conversation. Use things she says to tease her. However, stay away from some of the cliches, such as . . . if she's a cop, don't ask her to use her handcuffs on you. Or, if she's a doctor, don't ask her to do surgery on your member. You want to be interesting, not boring.

Another thing to keep in mind when on the phone is to generally be interesting and intriguing. This sustains some mystery, giving her something to hold onto while she

probes for more. It gives her clues to put together about your personality, without you specifically telling her details about yourself. Of course, she will still ask for details, which also shows you more IOI's and tells you where she stands. However, don't volunteer those details. She will let you know she is genuinely interested in them by asking.

You should also make back-to-back statements that seem to contradict each other in the way of pushing her away and then pulling her back to you. This sends her mixed signals and keeps her mind on you. On the one hand, she thinks she knows what's going on and where she stands, but on the other hand, she's not sure.

This keeps her on the edge, which is where you want her. Believe it or not, it's also where she wants to be. Girls do not want a boring guy.

When you play the game successfully, including phone game, she will have you on her mind all day. Bet on it.

13

SEXUAL FRAMING ON THE PICK UP

Turning on and up the sexual charge between you and the target.

We and the girls know that you want sex from them. It's no secret. If a girl doesn't know, she's not living here on planet earth.

With that said, you can't be afraid to sexually frame your conversation with her. And the sooner, the better. The more quickly you do it, the more guts and confidence you show.

She craves a guy with guts, who is confident in and comfortable with himself.

The sooner you show her that you are this man, the sooner you'll reach that hook point. Sure, you can hook her without being sexual, but why take all the fun out of it?

Let some sexuality drip, for her to taste it. After that, you can pull back a bit so she wants more. After a bit of this, push forward to see how far she will let you go.

How does this work?

If you've got guts and a strong frame to back it up, you can open with a sexual comment and build on it from there. If you're a very sexual person, comfortable with your sexuality, and confident about yourself, you can carry yourself well and pull this off easily. Yes, I said easily.

For instance: "Babe, that outfit makes you look like you're trying too hard to impress. Come on now, I know you want a guy. But I'm gonna be upfront with you. I'm not the type of guy who is into one night stands or getting off in two minutes. So, what do you say we find you a guy who fits what you're looking for?" Said with a smile, and with your hand at least on her arm, if not on her back.

Note: this is not something any guy can pull off at any time. You must have a strong frame to do this. The key with this is your body language and verbal delivery. The effect of the combination of these words and a strong, smooth delivery is to get the target to want to go home with you.

If you're not at that point yet . . .

Use any opener that brings you in under the radar. Then, pay attention to the conversation and direct it to where you want it to go. As soon as the target comes out with something you can turn sexual, flip it that way. If she bites, you're in, automatically. If she doesn't, flush it. Try again with another comment later.

If she accepts the sexual turn, she just let you know that she's already been thinking about you sexually. If she hadn't been, she ignore the sexual comment. This is one of those subtle clues of which you need to be aware. If you don't go through this window at this moment, you may miss it. She's got the impression right now that you've got guts, and she wants you to prove her right. If you don't take this window of opportunity, she will immediately think that she was wrong and you don't really have the guts. Window closed.

So, take the opening while it's there. Build on it. Throw out more sexual comments. She will most likely continue with it.

At this point, you can expect more smiles from her, solid eye contact, playing with or combing through her hair. Her body will open up to you in preparation, whether she realizes it or not, for you to be taking her sexually very soon.

Also, if you haven't kinoed at this point, which you should have done already, she is wanting you to touch her. And you need to touch her, to reinforce where you two are headed. After all, how in the world will you have sex with her if you can't touch her?

Here's something to keep in mind, guys. This is what a girl will pick up from you when it comes to a sexual frame.

If you do have a sexual frame, she realizes that you are comfortable with yourself sexually, which also means you're comfortable with yourself non-sexually. A true sexual frame is not perverted. Therefore, she knows you're not desperate or needy. You can take her or leave her. You don't care, and she knows this. This is attractive, very attractive.

If you don't have a sexual frame, you're not completely comfortable with yourself, and she picks up on this, as well. She figures you probably don't know how to handle yourself sexually, which is definitely a turn-off.

Bet you had no idea a sexual frame conveyed so much.

Now, work on your inner game, get your sexual frame right, and start attracting girls.

14

THE KISS

A woman can tell so much by your kiss. Let's take a look . . .

If a woman is interested in a guy, one thing she wonders is how long it will take the guy to kiss her. If he tries too soon, he's desperate and needy. If he waits too long, she wonders why. Is there something wrong with her?

A guy has to watch for that window. What is that window? It's when she starts checking out his mouth.

Now, that's the timing of the kiss. The other important factor is the kiss itself.

Are you sloppy with the kiss? Do you drool? Shove your tongue down her throat? Try to take her tonsils out with your tongue? Do you immediately try to stick a piece of whatever is in your mouth into hers? All of these things will make for a bad kiss.

Do you smash your mouth against hers for the first kiss? Do your lips cover more than just her mouth? Or do you try to peck when her mouth is open? This will also leave a bad impression on her.

You can start with a light kiss. That would be a tease. However, if she's trying to get more, you should not continue going lightly. Give her a bit more of a taste before you pull away.

You should use your hand or hands to add to the experience of the kiss. For example, either put one hand behind her neck, cupping the bottom of her skull, or place one hand on each side of her face.

With more passionate kisses, running your fingers through her hair, or, with some girls, even pulling on her hair would not only be acceptable, but appreciated.

Now, what might the girl be thinking as you kiss her? She wonders, first of all, if you are a good kisser or not. Why does that matter? Well, if you can't kiss, then she figures you won't have much of a clue when it comes to sex, either, so she's not so turned on about that aspect anymore. If you can kiss well, she will wonder what kind of lover you are. Yes, she will be curious enough to want to find out for herself.

If you can calibrate while in the process of kissing, be in tune to what she wants,

and then give that to her, you will raise her buying temperature very high within the few seconds or minutes of the kiss. Calibrating likely involves changing the kiss up. For instance, if you start out softly, then, if she wants more passion, give her more. You can start with a soft kiss, get a bit harder, pull back, not use your hand, then use your hand, and so forth.

Before you ask for the procedure or routine of a great kisser . . . don't even go there. Every girl is different. Yes, there are some things in common, but overall, every girl is different and wants different types of kisses at different times. This is why you need to have a clue about what you are doing.

Even a small move can be sexy. You can give her a hot, passionate kiss, pull back, look into her eyes, and then brush your lips across hers. However, this is not a routine. You can't just use this formula every time you want a certain end result. Kisses don't work this way. The way you kiss her depends on her mood, the amount of heat you two have generated already, and what you two want at the end of the kiss.

Also, she may even think about what kind of boyfriend you might be, if the kiss takes her breath away.

A kiss can show her how comfortable you are with yourself and your sexuality, too. If you're comfortable, you won't be so afraid to kiss, or to give her a good kiss. If you know what kind of a lover you are, how good of a lover you are, you will want that to come across in the kiss. You want the girl to know what you can do to her, and for her, if you so choose. She will find this enticing.

If you aren't comfortable with yourself, you're also going to be afraid to kiss her. Why? Because you are already self-conscious. If you're unsure about how good of a lover you are, or just think you are not a good lover, you will not give such a confident kiss. The kiss will be daunting to you, and she will pick up on that quickly.

How do you think about yourself in this area?

In short, the better kisser you are, the more likely you are to propel, or escalate, your interaction with this girl. Also, if you kiss well, you can escalate at a faster pace than you would if you are not a good kisser at all. Do you get blown out or off after your kisses? You may want to re-evaluate how you kiss.

So, fellows, don't screw that kiss up.

15

AFTER GAME

More and more people are asking about this area, and I have some knowledge of it, so here is my input.

We have certain techniques that we use to open, attract, build comfort, and seduce girls. These techniques are vital in this process. When you break down what they do, you can see that even so-called “naturals” use these techniques.

Now, the difference is, when you have the woman, things need to be tweaked a bit to keep her. Some types of behavior that previously would be considered weak would be OK once you had her, such as giving a flower or two once in a while.

Just as the relationship transitions from attraction to comfort, it also transitions from seduction to what I will call maintaining. Don't let the term 'Maintaining' mislead you. You still have to build more attraction and comfort; or rather, normal interactions should naturally build more attraction and comfort at this point.

After they have broken through the girl's resistance, if there is any, and they get the fuck-close, most guys are clueless as to how to proceed. Do they break it off and leave it as a one night stand? Do they somehow maintain a fuck-buddy relationship? Do they go exclusively with the girl? These are all questions I get, along with many others.

How do we handle the girl after we've successfully gamed her?

How do we keep her around, if that's what we want?

How do we leave her better than we found her if we know nothing will come of it?

How do we transition her to either FB, LTR, MLTR, or friend status?

Well, this is for the guys who want to keep something going with the girl.

If you want to have one LTR, then start by shifting the dynamics slightly with that girl. Give her a bit more attention, while not going AFC on her. Keep in mind, you're not average, you're not frustrated, and you're not a chump. You've found a good catch, and most guys can't say that. You can give compliments a bit more freely now. You two will throw IOI's back and forth more readily. Kino should be way up there.

You should have been kinoing her from the beginning, but after the fuck-close, there shouldn't be much holding you back at all in the kino department. One legitimate barrier could be that you or she or both do not like PDA (public displays of affection). Other than a barrier like this, the PDA should be a fairly constant thing. Think about it: you've seen and touched every part of each other by this point, so the kino isn't the big step that it was the first day you met her. In fact, now, it's expected even more than it was the first night. And yes, it was expected the first night. Don't doubt that. At the very least, *she* expected it.

Also, you should start sharing things with her that you wouldn't share with other girls. That obviously makes your connection with her stronger.

To an extent, you should still use the teasing and the push/pull aspects of your interaction. This will continue to build good tension in the relationship. Remember, you gamed her by connecting with her mentally while adding the kino in to get her used to the physical connection. To continue with the relationship, you must build the mental connection strongly and more deeply.

If she's going to be in an LTR with you, she is going to be thinking about you much more often, if not all the time, so the mental connection is mandatory. Now, if you can get her hooked on you right off the bat, then the mental and emotional connections are already present, and they need to be at least maintained. Which brings me to another point: the emotional connection.

Her emotions need to be invested in you from the start. This applies tenfold if you want to build an LTR with her. We're not talking about just a surface connection that can vanish after the first night, but a deeper one that will linger. It's scary, yes, but if you want an LTR, be prepared to do this. The emotional connection won't just be on her part, either. In fact, you will reciprocate the emotional, mental, and physical connections.

These are just a few things you need to practice in an LTR.

Now, for MLTR's, you also do the above things, but with some adjustments.

For instance, depending on the particular dynamics of your MLTR's, sometimes the women know all about each other, sometimes they know nothing about each other, with a range of variations in between.

What makes the difference here? Each guy and each girl makes the difference. Some want to know, some don't want to know.

Personally, I like for each woman I'm involved with to know some details about the other women.

What makes this set-up hard for some guys and some girls is the fact that you must maintain that deep emotional, physical, and mental connection with each partner. Otherwise the set up isn't an MLTR; you simply have FB's.

Now for the nitty-gritty.

You've picked her up, hooked her, number-, kiss-, and fuck-closed her, and you've got her coming back for more. Where do you go from here?

On the assumption that you are both into each other at this point, the dynamic starts to change, as noted previously. She qualified to you during the pick-up. Now, she should show you the qualities she claimed to have. She should be sweet to you, into you, affectionate towards you, loving towards you, and so forth. In return, you need to treat her well, just as you would during pick-up, but at this point the rewards will likely be fairly constant.

Why? Since she wants you to see the best side of her, she makes sure she shows that. You need to reward her for it. Let the compliments flow. Let your gratitude show. Give her smiles, warmth, affection, and don't forget great sex.

Set up frequent dates with her. Go out and have fun with her. Really enjoy the time you two are sharing together. Get into her while you are with her. After all, that's what you want to do when you're building an LTR with one person.

One thing you can't forget when building an LTR is that she was attracted to you for your confidence and other characteristics *from the start*. Don't lose those characteristics after you've "got" her.

Oh, yes, and you *do* have to make a big deal out of holidays and her birthday.

Honestly, guys, it's simple. You pick up a girl, find a good one, want to get to know her better, so you do *just that*. You give her more of your time and let her inside your own shield as she lets you into hers. You form a deeper connection than you did the first night.

As with the rest of pick up, don't make forming an LTR more difficult than it really is.

16

MLTR's

In the last section we talked about LTR's. In this one, we're going to briefly cover MLTR's.

I gave you one tweak you need to make for multiples: you need to form a deep connection with *each* partner.

Other things you have to consider in the set-up are:

1. Do your partners want to know about each other?
2. How much do they want to know about each other?
3. How much time will you give each of your partners?
4. Are you living with any of them or with none of them?
5. How many can you personally handle at once?
6. Are they all single? Do any of them have kids?
7. Are you involved with the families of each partner?

Personal preference will determine the answers to these questions. Just keep in mind that they are all points to be considered and worked out.

Let's break down each one:

1. Do they want to know about each other?

Everyone is different and can handle different things. Some people want to know everything that's going on, with no secrets at all. Other people can't handle knowing everything, so they have to be shielded. Each girl you're involved with could be different, or they could all be similar in this respect. You have to calibrate separately with each one, just as you do when you pick up each one.

Some people get turned on by knowing everything, and others get jealous. Some people want to be involved with the others, some don't. You should be aware of all these factors.

2. How much do they want to know about each other?

As already stated, some want to know more or less than others. You have to find out where each girl you're with stands on this issue. This means you have to communicate fully with all of them. Even those of us who can feel each girl out still need to talk to her

to find out for certain. Don't ever take this information for granted.

Also, make sure this whole dynamic is set up right from the start. Always let a new lover know that you are not exclusive. Always. And you have to allow him or her that freedom, as well. Beyond that, take things in steps. As a new lover becomes more interested in you, possibly wanting you to spend the night, start talking about when and how often you can, or even *if* you can. From the start, *you* have to set limits on what you're willing to put into the relationship and what you expect out of the relationship.

Once these boundaries are set, they are likely to change, to expand, as the lover wants more. Expect that and adjust to those changes. If your new lover asks you to talk about the others, ask her if she's sure. If she says yes, go forward with it, but make sure she can really handle it. If the new lover starts pushing for you to be exclusive, you have a decision to make. Do you want to remain with multiple lovers or become exclusive with one? It's your choice.

3. How much time will you give each of your partners?

This will also be different for each person. Some want to spend most of their time with their significant others, while others don't. This also requires working with each partner to let her know you are not ignoring or putting her at a lower priority than the other partners. Of course, that only applies if that partner knows about the others. If the partner doesn't know, then all you need to tell her is that you are busy taking care of other tasks, responsibilities, or obligations in your life and that you'll see her again soon.

4. Are you living with any of them or none of them?

Do you want to keep your personal space personal? If so, then you need to actually live by yourself and go to the girls' places when you want to see them. If you want regular companionship at home, yet want to be able to see others as well, you'll need to find at least one partner you can live with while being involved with others as well. This also may make threesomes a bit easier.

5. How many can you personally handle at once?

How many girls can you be deeply involved with at once? How many different emotional connections can you handle? How many girls' details can you keep up with? You don't want to overload yourself. Even one too many will kill the rest of them.

6. Are they all single? Do any have kids?

There's nothing wrong with seeing a single mom or a single girl. Both have needs and desires. Both want to give love, companionship, sex, etc. The only issue is in your own mind. Sure, you will have to handle a single girl differently than you would a single mom, but that's called calibration. It's no different than calibrating for each individual girl throughout the relationship. Keep in mind that a single girl will have more freedom, whereas a single mom may have to abruptly change plans because of some issue with her child or children. Allow for that.

7. Are you involved with the families of each partner?

How serious is each partner to you? Do you plan to make this a true long-term relationship? If you do, you need to get to know your partner's family a bit. Yes, even if that means getting to know each family of your different partners, and keeping the details of each family separate, because although the girls may have no problem knowing you're involved with more than one, the families most likely won't want to know that, and they don't need to know it, either.

These are a few points you need to keep in mind as you build MLTR's. Each situation is different; therefore calibration is different with each girl.

Note: do *not* mess up the kids' lives if you are seeing a woman with kids. If she's not ready for you to see the kid(s) yet, don't push it. When she is ready, treat the kid(s) *right*. It's not that hard.

Also, if you are seeing several different girls with whom you're building MLTR's, be prepared for the possibility that some of them may want to do the same thing with other guys or girls.

MLTR's can be exciting if handled properly. It's really fun if you can have the different girls be friends with each other and interact with other, whether you're with them at the moment or not.

Another precaution: if every girl knows where you hang out, you must let each of them know that you have other girls in your life. This will prevent a girl from seeing you with another and thinking that you are cheating.

17

FUCK BUDDIES

Fuck buddies (FB's), friends with benefits (FWB's), or whatever else you want to call it.

Is there a difference between FB's and FWB's? Is there a difference between FWB's and MLTR's?

I will break down my interpretation of the fuck buddy relationship.

I'll start with a comment from a close friend who states this about as clearly as I could hope to:

"I think FB's are very different from FWB's. FB's hardly know each other, really. It's like a one night stand that lasts for a few months, with only a sexual connection.

FWB's usually have a friendship-motivated relationship. They know each other and have comfort-based emotions.

With FWB's, you don't see each other as a couple like you would in an MLTR or LTR, so the connection isn't exactly derived from emotion, but is mostly physical."

Now, within the friends-with-benefits category, there are different levels to each relationship. Some "couples" will be exclusive with each other so they cut down on their risk of catching something, for example. Others are part of a small social circle in which all partners are shared.

Still others will just have sex with anyone, regardless of social circle or standing. They don't stick with one group, or with certain people.

Of course, you can mix all these up for even more variations. The point is, there are a lot of ways you can do this.

There is a difference between this and MLTR's. FB's won't have the deep connections discussed in the past two sections. If they do, then they are more than just "FB's," whether they want to admit it or not.

Once you get the fuck-close, you don't build the deep connection with the

partner. Instead, you keep the connection at the surface level. Sure, you have great sex. That doesn't mean you dig deeply into each other's lives. Maybe you talk to each other, hang out, and have a great time. Maybe you just have the sex when you want it.

Either way, you don't meet each others' families, you don't hang out together every day, explore everything, share all the details of your lives with the other, and so on.

All of the details laid out in the previous two sections wouldn't apply to FB's, because the primary reason for the relationship is the sex. Ideally, it is sex with someone you trust and someone who satisfies you. However, it could even be with someone who doesn't fulfill these requirements so well, but is willing to take care of your needs, as well as her own, at the moment.

It sounds crass, but hey, we're talking about two people having consensual sex, not two people building a deep relationship.

Finish up after the close, and don't get into the cuddling, or the romantic part of the picture after the sex is done. Instead, you say it was good (if it was) and see if the other person wants to get together again.

You can even tell the other person not to expect anything more than a friends-with-benefits relationship at the moment. In fact, it's encouraged for the guy to make this clear up front, before the girl is closed.

Of all three types of relationships, this type is obviously the easiest to set up, because there are no real expectations or strings. If it falls through, then oh, well! You'll find another FB. Seriously, it's no big deal. You can go out tonight and find a girl to fill the spot.

Girls, this goes for you, too, except that most guys will be easier for you to get sex from, unless they are skilled PUA's.

18

IS SEX ALL THAT KEEPS A GIRL AROUND?

Are you going for an LTR or MLTR's? If so, here's a question for you: is sex the only factor that keeps the girl or girls around? Is sex even a *major* factor that keeps them around?

Yes and no. It partially depends on the girl. Probably ten percent of girls would stay around regardless of the quality of the sex, if you met other needs. So what about the rest?

If you go by the numbers, the breakdown would be approximately ten percent would only stay around if the sex was mind-blowing, and the other 80 percent would stay if there was a balance.

Which group are you looking for? If you blow every other guy away sexually, you'll have no problem with that first ten percent.

If you're absolutely no good sexually (and I know some guys like this), you will only keep the girls in the other ten percent.

That leaves the middle ground. This is the group most of us will be focusing on.

To be blunt, even with these girls, if the sex is better than what any other guy has ever given them, you could still keep her around even through odds that would knock her away from any other guy. However, to truly keep the relationship together, you must have something else to offer her.

An attractive girl can find any guy, in any bar, on any corner, in any store, anywhere you turn, who would attempt to satisfy her, even if the attempt only ends up satisfying him. Your sex alone won't keep a quality girl around.

Ask yourself what else you have to offer. Being a person that has more to offer is also part of being a high-quality male. A high-quality woman wants a high-quality man, and she has every right to set those standards, just as we, as high-quality males, have every right to set our standards high.

What else do you have to offer a woman? Your income? Sure, it's nice, but it's

not the end-all, be-all, either. Your personality? Awesome . . . what kind of personality do you have? If you drone on like a robot-- *you-can-forget-the-monotone-and-straight-facts-* - keeping her interest. It's not going to happen. So, do you have a lively personality? Great to hear that. What else?

"Oh, I've got an awesome home, and a fantastic car!" Nice . . . for a while. That stuff gets old, and sometimes fast.

"I bring in six figures." Good, say it as smugly as you can. See how long she sticks around when your high income no longer matches her increased maintenance. Since your money will be the only thing giving her pleasure, she will desire more and more of it-- while buying gifts for her lover.

"I'm the life of the party, dude. I can't go anywhere without someone knowing me, even if I don't know them!" Glad to hear you have plenty of associates. Note, I didn't say "friends," but "associates." Do you think *that* will keep her around? She'll enjoy the fact that she's constantly meeting more friends of yours . . . for a while. But what happens once she has finally met everyone you know and you're no longer interesting?

Is that still all you have to offer? Come on. Dig deeper. What parts of you could you dust off, let out, and let her see? What do you have that is more enticing and appealing than a million-dollar lifestyle, daily mind-blowing sex, and knowing all the people in your entire state?

Anybody can put the work in to obtain material possessions. I also believe most guys can put forth the effort to learn how to be fantastic lovers.

What do you have, as a person, that no one else has? That's what you need to dig for, dig up, dust off, polish up, and present.

That's what sets you apart, and what will ultimately keep the girl.

19

MY DAILY REQUIREMENTS

These are things I require a woman to give me daily, and things I will give the woman in return. These points will help maintain and increase the bond we share. I know this from personal experience.

1. Touching. Some type of physical touch, every single day.
2. Hugging. Aside from the first point, an actual full hug.
3. Kissing. Aside from point number one, and actual kiss on the lips.
4. "I love you." With meaning.
5. Shower. This does *not* mean sex in the shower every day. This is simply something you two share every day that increases your intimate bond.
6. Daily sex. All right, for most, this will sound overboard or too demanding. It's not. Sex, at times, should be about you fully enjoying your partner's body. However, that's not possible every single day. So, as an alternative, you can at least share a quick sexual release with your partner each day. Sexual releases relieve stress, and the quick bonding keeps you two connected when the world is taking you in different directions.
7. Daily open and honest communication. The relationship you two share should be the one safe haven, if there is no other. Neither partner should judge the other, and both should share everything. This means total trust.

To me, the above are basic requirements for an LTR to last and work.

Section 3

Odds and Ends

1

RE-FRAMING

Re-framing is simply looking at something at a different angle or viewpoint.

We all have to continually re-frame; it is something you should accept doing as a human being. You will do it more and more as you grow. Most things we encounter can be re-framed.

For instance, instead of the girl telling you she's not going home with you the first night you meet her, you re-frame the entire situation by taking the lead before she can. You tell her, before she tells you, that she's not going home with you that night. By doing this, you throw the girl off balance. Plus, it actually increases the likelihood that she will end up going home with you. This is because you've taken the lead and you've set yourself apart from all the needy, clingy guys.

Here's a different example. If you're talking to a group and a guy in it is trying to intimidate you, *you* realize that this guy is actually insecure. You don't need to be intimidated by him, because he's simply showing his insecurity. Be friendly and warm to him. Don't let his insecurity or overbearing nature affect you.

Another example is when a girl says she doesn't like you, but does so in any way other than blatantly telling you to leave her alone. In this case, you re-frame and assume that she *does* like you and is only testing you. You will then give her a response that takes on that mindset and forces her to either affirm that she truly doesn't like you or to see that her little test didn't affect you. If she's testing you, it will impress her that you didn't give up so easily. If she's serious, you'll find out soon enough.

Yet another example, and a more basic one, is this: most guys will start talking to a girl with the mindset that she is hot, which leads to putting her on a pedestal. The typical guy automatically assumes she thinks he wants in her pants because he's talking to her. A guy with plenty of options, on the other hand, starts talking to a girl with the mindset that *she* is attracted to *him*. He's simply finding out if she is cool enough to be a friend, or if there is enough attraction there to go any further. This reversed mindset, in reality, is what most girls think when the average guy starts talking to them. That's one reason girls are automatically more interested in a guy who's not like the rest. Your mindset comes across very clearly in your actions and words.

2

SOCIAL CUES

Why are they important, and what happens when you know them and when you don't know them?

When you don't know social cues, you miss all kinds of social windows. These windows could be opportunities for a kiss, a hand touch, or a hug. In fact, if you don't know social cues, you could miss the window a girl gives you specifically to start talking to her.

When you miss the windows girls present to you, it shows them that you are not socially savvy. This, in turn, demonstrates that you are not of high value, which tells them that they are better off finding another guy. You have effectively killed any chances of immediate attraction. You are no longer starting at zero. You are in the negative.

Now, when you know social cues and take the windows that are presented, it shows you in a new light. Girls see that you have a clue, which raises your value. This builds attraction in and of itself.

Knowing social cues and taking the windows also speeds up the interaction between you and the girl. This is called escalation. If the girl likes you and is giving you windows, she wants you to escalate. That doesn't mean throwing her down on the floor in the middle of everyone, but rather taking her through a process.

For instance, she will watch how you respond to eye contact, a slight smile, the barely noticeable movement of her turning her body to open it up to you. She'll notice how you handle her engaging in conversation with you, and then re-initiating conversation with you. These are also social cues, and she is using them to tell you she is interested and wants to push things further.

When you don't know simple cues like these, you end up complaining and frustrated. Guess what: the girl is just as frustrated. When you do know these cues, and follow through on them, not only are you both not frustrated, but you both end up feeling that the vibe was right, or the vibe was there. Sound familiar?

After the girl starts getting into you, other cues appear, such as her moving her hair and exposing her neck. What do most guys do in response to this? Chicken out, or ask another guy later why she was doing that. Some guys go to the opposite extreme and slobber on the girl's neck. Neither of those is a good response. The socially savvy guy

would start by lightly breathing on her neck, gauging her response, and then lightly kissing her neck. Once she accepts that, he can kiss a bit more, but just enough to tease and allow her to want more later. Sometimes he can even push the line a bit and nibble on her ear.

What about other cues, such as the girl pulling your hands around her waist to force you to hold her? This one should be obvious. In fact, just her showing her back to you and stepping closer to you, or even touching you, shows that she is OK with you holding her. This is contrasted with her *turning* her back to you and moving away.

Now, what about her facing you? Is she allowing her body to be close to yours? Don't be afraid to touch her a bit. Don't, don't, *don't* start groping her, but touch her, yes. Make eye contact with her. How well you make eye contact tells her a lot about you and how confident you are. Don't be afraid to smile, either. Just don't make it a cheesy ear-to-ear grin that says to her, "Oh boy, you're actually giving me attention."

A note about groping: don't be the guy who walks by a girl he doesn't know and rubs his hand across her rear, thinking he's being slick about it. Trust me, you're not being slick. She is fully aware of what you just did, and you did not leave a favorable impression. In fact, if you try to talk to her after that and hold a real conversation, she's likely to not even give you the time of day, unless she is drunk or loose.

Most likely the girl you offended has already told her friends what you did so they can help her block you out. Not exactly the goal you had in mind, eh?

It's the same with groping a girl's breasts. Unless you specifically have the invitation, it's not something you want to do. Never, ever be the guy who goes around fondling girls. It will do nothing for your social proof, pre-selection, or value in any manner. In fact, this kind of groping is proof that you don't know social cues.

3

BANTER

What is banter? What's the purpose of it? How long should you keep it up?

ban·ter

n. Good-humored, playful conversation.

v. ban·tered, ban·ter·ing, ban·ters

To speak to in a playful or teasing way.

To exchange mildly teasing remarks.

[Origin unknown.]

Synonyms: banter, chaff, josh, kid, rag, razz, rib

These verbs mean to poke fun in a good-humored way: *she bantered with her colleagues during a coffee break; she chaffed him for forgetting the appointment; she joshed her brother about his strange new haircut; she kidded me about my outfit; I ragged her for being so stubborn; he razzed the teammate who missed the shot; she was ribbing a friend for being in love.*

That's the definition, some synonyms, and some scenarios of bantering. I sometimes use the word interchangeably with teasing. The purpose of it is to have fun, strengthen a connection, and build attraction. Yes, all at the same time.

How long should you keep it up? Off and on, you can keep it up for years. Bantering or teasing is something you should always do here and there. How long should you keep it up in one "session"? Well, that depends on you and the person you are bantering with. If the two of you can keep the flow going and neither of you is hurt by it, then, by all means, keep bantering. There is no set time limit for this. It's a tool. A fun tool, mind you, but still a tool.

Bantering can be done between two or more people. You can even use it to help you run a set in a venue. You can banter with a male or a female; doesn't matter. Obviously, the end result will be different with the different sexes, but you can still apply the technique to either sex. Use it for other males to help build the bond between you so they feel less threatened.

Bantering is a tool of communication. Realize this. Also realize that body language plays an important role in it. Your body language will help tell the person with whom you're bantering whether you are serious or playing around.

Inner game and micro-calibration also play a part in bantering. You have to have solid inner game to banter. The other person needs this, as well, but you can't personally control that aspect. This where the micro-calibration comes in. You need to be fully aware of the other person and how he or she is responding or reacting (there is a difference) to your bantering. If the person is taking it well, then keep going. If it is not going over well, you need to either lighten up or stop altogether.

Not all bantering is done face-to-face, which means you need to rely on elements like vocal inflection to tell you how to calibrate. If you can't hear the other person's voice, then you need to be more aware of everything he or she says and the possible emotions that could be carried with it.

That said, it's common for people to be offended and blown out because of misinterpreted bantering. That's a danger that can't always be avoided, unless you want a life of boredom.

As with everything else, you can't let the downside keep you from living the upside.

4

MIXED SIGNALS

What are mixed signals and why are they so powerful?

Bantering, teasing, push/pull, and negs/compliments are all forms of mixed signals.

Think of the effect mixed signals have on you, as a man.

She gives you good eye contact. She smiles. She wants to know more about you. You think she's into you. Suddenly, she turns her head and body away from you, stands there a minute, and then walks off. You have no idea where she just went. You're now thinking, "What the hell happened?" She just gave you mixed signals. In reality, she wants you to talk to her. In order to do that, you have to find her. If you don't find her, maybe, just *maybe* she will run into you again later.

Her mixed signals throw you off. Does she like you? Does she not like you? You have no idea, unless you have a clue.

It's even worse when the girl walks over to you, touches you, talks to you, laughs with you, and then, for seemingly no reason, goes off to join someone else. More mixed signals.

Why does a girl use mixed signals? For one thing, she's playing hard to get. She can't be seen as a slut. Society would never allow her to get away with that. You and your friends would frown on her, possibly make fun of her, and not have anything to do with her. Come on. You know it's true. After all, you and I are society, and society is what you and I...and she worry about. You know how it goes: "What will they think?"

Now, consider the effect mixed signals have on a woman. Consider the fact that women's books, movies, and TV shows are all about drama, and mixed signals can create this drama. They pull the woman in and take her for a ride. They absorb her into a different reality. And, after all, aren't we pulling her into our reality?

Exactly.

She wants you to be a person who is compelling enough to pull her into your frame. To let her escape from her own reality, if only temporarily. Take her on some highs, and a couple of lows. Engage her. Give her something exciting to hang onto. But,

oh, not so fast. Life isn't all highs, and neither should you be. Let her know you are real. You have real emotions, a real life, a real personality. This comes with highs *and* lows. This also comes with interruptions.

So, take yourself away from her at times, just a bit. Temporarily turn your attention to someone else. You've heard the saying, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." Well, even a slight absence displayed through body language accomplishes the same thing. You flip the frame on her. You send her the signals she would normally send you. You indicate interest, then indicate disinterest. She, like you, won't be sure what to think. This, in turn, will cause her to wonder, like you did, exactly where she stands with you. This will intrigue her more, just as it intrigued you.

She also doesn't want a guy who will throw himself at her. Your mixed signals will keep that from happening, too. Express too much interest too soon and you're just creepy, or clingy, or needy, none of which are good. She'll lose attraction quickly, and rightly so.

Mixed signals are powerful. Take advantage of them. Just don't abuse them.

5

CONNECTION

Pick up (dating) is all about building the connection with the girl in one way or another.

Girls look for signs to see if you are congruent or not. Some girls talk about a "vibe." Some talk about how a guy has so much "charisma." It all boils down to the fact that the girl feels a connection with you.

When your game is tight, all three of these things can and will be said about you. You will be congruent, you will have the vibe, and you will have charisma. It's all in the package.

By the same token, if one is off, it will all be off.

For instance, you can show false charisma, but since you aren't congruent with yourself, the cracks will start to show and the truth will come out. She will see that you aren't what you put forth at first. You're not congruent, and this will end up turning her off.

Keep in mind, being mysterious isn't the same thing as being incongruous. Being mysterious simply means you don't reveal all of yourself right away.

You've seen the guy who is so smooth with his words that he has everyone captivated while he's speaking. More and more people are drawn to him as he talks. He's got charisma. You're either jealous of that guy, or you are him.

You've also seen the guy whom the girls find irresistible. They can't get enough of him. He's the party. He's the center of attention, at least with the girls. He's got that vibe. You either wish you were that guy, or you are him.

You've seen the subtle looks, heard the tricky questions. She's looking, digging, wanting to see if you are congruent with her initial impression. You've seen the cool guy who doesn't let this faze him, the one who blows through this shit test. He knows who he is and isn't worried about cracks showing through. The girl sees this and moves past her shit test. You've either seen this guy and wondered how he did it, or you are him.

Now, it sounds like these three are separate qualities to be achieved, but in reality, it all comes from your core, from who you really are. Is she building a real

connection with the real you? If so, you'll be fine. If not, you're asking for trouble.

Before you ask, "Who am I?" realize that I can't tell you who you are. I can only tell you how you come across. Your identity is something you have to find on your own, by digging more deeply into yourself. Sure, longtime friends and family who have really paid attention to you can give you insight into this, but you have to uncover it in your own mind, as well. You have to come to terms with it within yourself.

If you build these deep layers correctly, being honest with yourself, then the top layers will show the real you. When this happens, you will be a rock with the girls. They won't be able to shake you, because you know who you are. When they see this, it will either increase their attraction or scare them off if they can't handle who you really are. If the latter is the case, you don't need to deal with them, anyway.

The goal is to be yourself at all times. You start at your core, build on that core, and stick to that core. This is the foundation to having charisma, to having the total vibe, to being congruent.

Granted, you may have to strip layers off your core in order to rebuild. However, in the process, you will end up better, because you will have the total package. For example, part of you may feel the need to be "people pleasing," or doing things just to please others around you. Another element of yourself may need the best of everything in order to be happy. Yet another element absolutely has to know everything or be right all the time. Another part of you may feel like a failure if your house and car aren't worth a certain amount of money. Another aspect of you may always feel like you're never good enough at anything. You may have another part of you that doesn't feel like any quality girl would ever give you the time of day. All of these are examples of layers that need to be stripped off, because none of them is true. Stripping your layers off and finding your core also leads to more confidence overall, and makes you practically irresistible to the right girl. It will take some work, but it will be worth it in the end.

6

COMPLIMENTS

How do you open, or start talking to a female?

Do you tell a girl how sexy she is with your opening? Would that really mean anything to her?

Or do you *not* throw around compliments, so that when you do give one, it means something?

I can get almost get a girl off with a well-placed compliment, simply because I don't just throw them around. For instance, I can bring a girl to orgasm when she's on the brink by telling her how sexy she really is as I look into her eyes. Most guys can't pull this off because they've already told her that within the first ten to 30 seconds of meeting her. It doesn't mean anything to the girl coming from these guys. It means a lot to the girl coming from me.

7

CONSPIRACY

Create a conspiracy between you and your target. Let her in on something that is just between the two of you. Now she has become an "insider" with you. You automatically share something no one else knows about. This gives you and the target an immediate inside connection.

Don't underestimate the power of an inside connection. You do realize that's exactly what you are working to create, right? It's precious. Guess what, this conspiracy between the two of you just started that connection.

With an inside connection, you and she can throw out a word that symbolizes some inside joke, or whatever subject you two are talking about "behind closed doors." She can smile at it, knowing the meaning. Then everyone else, including her friends, will look at her, wondering what she's smiling about. She will love having this between the two of you. This is powerful for her, even if it isn't for you. It helps to engage her on an emotional level. Remember, that's what girls need, and what you are training to do. Engage them emotionally, not logically.

Once you've started this, you need to keep it going. Think of it like this: you've entered a part of her "vault." She has a safe, or a vault inside her that she won't share with everyone. Your "conspiracy" makes her feel like you are now inside her, even if just a bit. This helps you to build further comfort and trust with her. You don't spread what your conspiracy is. This shows her that she can trust you a little.

Now, create another inside secret. Let her know that you are trustworthy. You should have fun with this. You can make her laugh with you, without anyone else knowing why. Here's a hint, too . . . you can also use this to help you escalate sexually. You can use innocent inside jokes to escalate, and you can also use sexually-framed inside jokes to escalate. Take advantage of this.

Keep in mind, this tactic isn't used to manipulate girls. It's used to make an honest connection. Don't be the guy she puts her heart into, only to have it twisted and manipulated. Not only will doing that destroy what you are building with her, but she will also spread the word about you, so you're better off not even going down that road.

You're likely to see more kino coming from her, since you two have inside information. Along with more smiles out in public . . . and more kissing in private. It's all

about building intimacy, and that's what this tactic helps you to do. Intimacy is what you want, right? Of course. So use it wisely.

8

SUPPLICATION

"I have to buy her this flower, candy . . . car."

Those were thoughts you had when you entered this field. Those are the thoughts some of you still have. That is exactly what the average frustrated chump thinks and does.

In fact, I was talking to a girl just yesterday who was telling me about one of her fairly new sexual partners. Within a week of hooking up with her, he was telling her loved her. Bad move!

That was actually a mild example, too. Just a few days ago, he made her another offer. I'll tell you that one in a minute.

Our thought process needs to completely change from that of the average frustrated chump. You know what your parents, your teachers, and society teach you about how to treat a girl? About how you need to supplicate to her from the first minute you meet her? Do you realize just how many guys do that exact thing? Do you realize she reaches the point where she falls asleep when the average guy starts talking to her?

OK, the offer I mentioned.

"I want you to move in with me, get a joint checking account, marry me . . . and I'll buy you a car this Saturday."

That was this chump's offer to this "friend" of mine. He's known her for about four months. He's not even her primary sexual partner, which probably had some influence on his offer.

You know what I told her? I called her . . . wait for it . . . "Gold digger!" Hmm, she texts me to see what I'm doing, she's into me, she's wet for me, you get the idea. I have never and will never offer anything like that to her. She said she'd take the car and ditch the marriage idea.

When you're an AFC you think in terms of supplication. When you're a PUA, you think totally differently. Is it any wonder AFC's barely get any action and good PUA's get a ton?

It's a mindset, a pattern of thinking that is at the core of the problems, and at the core of the successes.

Through the re-vamping process, you go from feeling like you need to supplicate to the woman to realizing that you also have value, just as she does, and knowing that you don't have to bend over backwards within the first minute of meeting her just to get her attention.

You will go from begging to get *a* girl's attention (let's see how that works for you) to having women beg you for attention.

It's the difference between sitting at your computer alone, doing a search while rubbing yourself or looking at dirty mags, and not having time to buy one of those mags or do such a search because you have texts, calls, and visits from multiple women wanting to know if you will "get together" with them.

Now, just because you have this power doesn't mean you should manipulate women. What I'm showing is the difference between one extreme example and the other extreme example. It's a huge difference in thinking, and that's what we need to realize.

You won't change all of your thinking in five minutes. After all, it took you longer than five minutes to get your thinking where it currently is. Don't expect an overnight fix or a magic pill. It doesn't exist. However, if you stick with it, you will be glad you did. I can, and will promise you that.

9

BOUNCING BACK

How do you come back after crashing with a girl? You have to immediately open another set. Build attraction in that set, and game it from start to finish.

Whether you've just gotten blown out of a set, or you've split with a girl you've been seeing or hooking up with, there is truly no better time to go open another set than at that very moment.

You have social proof and pre-selection playing in your favor at this instant, so take advantage of it.

At the second of blowout, you're still a high-value guy. Unless you had a visible disagreement or argument, the other girls don't know what just happened. If you wait to "get over it," you lose value immediately.

You're probably wondering how this is so.

Picture the social dynamics of the room.

You are with a woman. You are pre-selected, and therefore safe to every other woman in the room at this time. At the second of the blowout, this dynamic has only changed in your mind. Let's not let your mind change so quickly. No other woman in the room knows what the interaction was, unless either you or the target made it obvious. You are still a social and pre-selected guy.

With that said, you should immediately turn around and open another set with at least one female in it. She will be cool with you, because you were just with another female. This means you can run normal game on her. She will be immediately more open to you, her barrier lowered. It's an open door for you to put your foot in and step right through.

Now, look at the flip side of this. You sulk, you wait, you pout, you take time to "get over it." Well, suddenly, every other woman in the room knows you just got blown out and automatically places you in the "not safe" category, before they even know what happened. They see a man who is weak, who doesn't know how to pick himself up and keep going forward. They will not be attracted to this man. More than that, they are likely to think that you are now creepy.

It's not fair, but that's the way it is.

Either way you go with your reaction after a blowout, it will create a snowball effect.

If you bounce back immediately, more than one woman will see you as being pre-selected and social. This generates more mystery and more interest from other girls in the room, which allows you to open them more easily. As you can see, this scenario created a positive snowball effect.

Girls always like a guy who doesn't let things keep him down.

When you bounce back, not only does it help you in that moment, but it will turn the tide for you down the road, too. The girls will remember the guy who keeps moving on. They will remember the guy who always has a girl with him. If you always have different ones with you, sure, they will think that you are a player, which will go against you, but you can overcome that preconception by putting them in your friend zone immediately, causing them to want to climb out.

Again, bouncing back has nothing but positive results. Don't let a stupid blowout mess you up. It's not worth it.

10

THE MATING DANCE

On the dance floor, guys and girls have a mating dance. The guy tries to impress the girl with what he has. The girl tries to look sexy with her moves for him.

The problem is, far too many guys overlook what's going on here. They don't realize the opportunities available to them, so they either hold up the wall or try too hard.

Let's put this mating dance into perspective. Guys are usually out there to find girls. We all know that. However, the guys think the girls are out there *not* to find guys, for some reason. While this is true for some of the girls, the majority of them *are* there to find guys. It may just be any old phallus that she's looking for, or it may be something a bit more meaningful that particular girl wants, but either way, she's looking. Even when they aren't looking, you can still sweep them off their feet.

I know, I know, you see the girls "with" other guys and the girls "with" other girls and you automatically think they are off limits. This is not necessarily true. Then you see the girls with their guards up (that's what a bitch shield is) and you think they are too much of a hassle to mess with. The rest are girls you don't find attractive, so you're at a loss, right?

You need to change your perspective. These girls are very much available. They are just waiting for the right guy, the guy with confidence, to make his appearance. Get that? As soon as he does, the girls will be into him. The girls hanging onto other girls, the girls standing next to, but not holding hands with other guys (there *is* a distinct difference in body language there, and for a reason), the girls who seem prissy . . . when the real alpha enters the scene, the vibe changes, and all those girls notice.

So how do we take advantage of this mating dance?

The girls are out there, get this, showing off for the guys. Yes, that's right. They are showing off for *you*. They *want* you to notice them, to keep your eyes on them, to want them. Why? Because they want you just as much as you want them. They are probably going home alone just like you are, unless *you* change that end-of-the-night scenario. And they are desperately hoping that you *will* change that scenario. This does not mean you have to shower the most peacock girl with attention in order for her to see you. In fact, she's already getting the attention, and therefore the validation, she craves. You can play the scenario of this mating dance in your favor by influencing that

very same girl to work for you, instead of you being like all the other guys who are working for her.

This is what the dynamic really is. It's right in front of your face, yet you don't see it because it's too obvious. The girls are peacocking in their own way. The most made-up woman, or the sexiest one dancing, or the one who displays the most confidence, will be the one with all the attention and all the choices of which guy she wants. Just as you, as an alpha male, have your choices available to you, the female peacocks in order to have choices available to her. There's nothing wrong with that. It's just something you need to realize and accept so that you can take advantage of her mating dance and turn the tables in your favor.

She's watching for your mating dance, as well. Are you confident? Are you "put together"? Do you seem like you know who you are? These are parts of the mating ritual, or dance, for her.

Realize this mating dance is happening on her end as well, and take the opportunities that are literally all over the place.

You'll be glad you did.

11

IF YOU WANT THAT DATE, DON'T...

If you really want to date that girl you're eyeing, do not, by any means, do the following:

1. Don't wait a week to call. Don't even wait two or three days. Drop her a quick call or text that night.

2. Don't underestimate the power of text. In today's world, people, and girls especially, love the power and convenience of texting. Drop her a short note, just enough to get her attention.

3. Don't overdo the text. You're not required to go into a lengthy, intelligent conversation over text. Just a short note or phrase is plenty.

4. You are not required to respond to every item of communication she sends your way. If she drops you a text, you're not bound by law to reply immediately. If she gives you a call, you are not bound by law to answer if you're busy, or to call back immediately if there are pressing matters on your end.

5. Don't go overboard and start buying her flowers and chocolate because she said, "Yes, I'll go out with you."

12

SPEND MONEY ON HER, YES! NO . . .

There are really only three times it's ever OK to spend money on a girl. Listen, or rather read, carefully:

1. When you know for a fact that there is genuine interest from the girl. (I do not recommend new guys guessing about this. Too many girls manipulate for immediate drinks, etc.)

2. When you are in a full-blown relationship, so you know she is committed.

3. When she works for you or with you and you are giving her a paycheck.

Let's knock number three out right away.

If you are employing or partnering with a woman, then she deserves compensation. That said, you complete the circle and give her her fair share.

Backtracking to number two.

When you are in a full-blown relationship, you both should be spending money on each other, so it goes without saying that you would be spending money on her. If it's a committed relationship, this is to be expected, and is perfectly normal.

Now for the tricky part: number one.

When you are initially gaming a girl, unless you have "field experience" and are "calibrated," you may not pick up on the subtleties of her signals and understand whether or not she is genuinely interested. In this case, you may spend money foolishly on her. This does not lead to the end you want. It leads to you going home and asking yourself, "What the hell did I do wrong?"

13

LEAVE THEM BETTER THAN YOU FOUND THEM

Do girls have the same code? Does it even matter if they do or not?

From my personal experience, girls don't have this code *per se*, but they don't normally set out specifically to use a guy and throw away, like too many guys do to girls. Granted, some girls *do* operate this way, but most of them don't. The few girls who do work this way have usually been scorned by a guy. For the most part, though, girls are out there looking for Mr. Right and are sick and tired of finding Mr. Wrong.

A healthy girl looks for a guy who can make her laugh, set her senses on edge, light that fire in her belly, be responsible, and be social enough that she can show him off to her family and friends. She's not setting out to find a guy to hit and quit. The closest thing would be that she's looking for a fuck buddy until she can find The One. A healthy woman doesn't want to spread herself around to every single guy out there.

As a healthy guy, you need to realize this. The girl isn't usually looking at you as a conquest. Therefore, we have the motto, "Leave her better than you found her."

Obviously, you can't personally control every aspect of leaving her better than you found her. Some things are beyond your control.

"But I just want some sex from her. She's hot. It's natural. Any guy would want that."

Yes, our carnal instincts take over and lead us in this direction. This is where the man inside of us, not the beast, stands up and uses his other head to make logical decisions. In other words, you don't just stick yourself into a girl and get what you want. You want to go that route? *Use your hand.*

Your thinking should take over and realize that this girl is a person who has value, not a piece of meat whose only purpose is for you to ejaculate in. I know, it's crude, but the truth hurts sometimes.

Not only will the girl feel dirty and used by a guy who operates by the hit-it-and-quit-it code, but the guy will also feel that way, no matter how much he suppresses it.

The good methods out there are designed to build a connection with the girl, while at the same time creating good tension with her, which is what naturals do. As a guy, you can either abuse that connection or treat it with respect. Same with the girl: you can use her or treat her with respect.

Hopefully you choose the latter, on both parts.

If you treat the girl with respect, even if you two don't work out, don't stay together, don't go beyond a fuck or two, she will still be left better than you found her, because you've respected her. She will slot you differently in her mind. You won't find yourself being the asshole, the jerk, the player, the womanizer, or whatever other words you can think of.

It's really simple when you boil it down. You respect the girl as another human being, as a person of value, just as you are. You look at her as a person with feelings and desires.

14

A DAY IN YOUR LIFE

Let's put pick up artistry aside for a moment. What's a day in your life like?

What do you live your life for every day?

Whom do you live your life for everyday?

Do you wake each day with a clear set of goals? Not only for PUA, but for your life in general? Do you have short-term, intermediate, and long-term goals?

Have you found your passion, that driving force that guides your overall goals? The direction that enables you to place your feet on the floor every morning with a smile on your face? We're talking about the force that puts that sparkle in your eyes every day, that energizes you, keeps you moving through all the obstacles, and helps you shatter the barriers, instead of knocking you in the face.

Everyone's passion is different. What's yours?

We can have more than one passion, also. You are not limited to one.

So, what's a day in your life like?

Hopefully you don't wake up with a frown on your face, wanting to remain frozen and let life pass you by.

If you have to force yourself to get out of bed and take care of normal daily responsibilities, if you dread going into your place of work to make money to support yourself, then perhaps you need some time for reflection. Fit that in while you live the life that you must live at the moment.

Evaluate things for yourself. What would it take to get you where you want to be?

If you're lucky, you will find more than one passion. You will become energized to accomplish whatever is on your plate. You will look forward to the completion, and even the journey to the completion, of the overall goal or task in your mind's eye.

Most of us have two choices.

We can sit around all day, watch TV, eat junk food, be complacent with our daily lives, go to work for four or six or eight or ten hours a day to bring in a paycheck to cover our basic bills, and complain that life doesn't shine on us. Or, we can get off the couch, turn the TV off at times, read, brainstorm, research, light up our minds with different ideas, and figure out how to actually go out and make our goals happen. Yes, I said *make* our goals happen.

No one will do it for you. You will not have a stranger or a friend or a family member knock on your door one morning and hand you a check or a magic bottle and tell you all your dreams have just come true. If you want something out of this life, you have to go after it. Period.

Have you ever heard of the formula “90% perspiration, 10% inspiration”? There's a lot of truth to that. You get an idea. We all get great ideas. Most of us discard these ideas. Don't do that. Take note of every idea you have. Everything that comes to mind. You never know what might be gold.

The best ideas for you and your life are those that bring a smile to your face, a bounce to your step, a resolve to your spirit. If your idea doesn't do all that for you, it's probably not going to be your passion. If, however, an idea ignites you, triggering your imagination and causing you to want to figure out how to make it happen, by all means, follow it until you can't follow it anymore. Chances are that before you ever hit the ending point, another door will open for you to continue plowing through with that venture.

When someone follows his or her passion, it is infectious. Others see that you are passionate. That quality excites those around you, and they want to help you to achieve what you are gunning for. People in the know, people who can open doors, will do so, because they see in you what they have in themselves. They see potential.

After all, don't we all want potential? Of course. So find yours.

Stack one day upon another and it becomes a week in your life. Stack one week upon another and it turns into a month. Before you know it, your time has dwindled away and you're not achieving what you truly want.

Don't let that happen, not to you. You are different. Make sure the world knows that, just as you know it in your heart and mind.

15

BEING FAKE WITH PUA AND LIFE

Too many guys put up a fake front to impress others with PUA. That bleeds over into the rest of life. That is not what PUA is about.

We are on an odyssey here. What are we discovering? Ourselves. We are stripping away the dirt, grime, cobwebs, baggage, and all the other junk that has accumulated around us. We do this to find the real person underneath, not what the world wants to see, or what we have prepared to show the world.

We take this nugget-- and it *is* a nugget-- and we build on it. The nugget is the core, and you have to stay true to it.

Now, I know you're thinking, "But you've said we show the world one side of us while keeping the other side hidden." Yes, this is true. However, the side you show the world should be an extension of the core you, without revealing the whole core of who you are. The outer layer should still be you, just the social you.

When you're not congruent, it creates cracks that people will notice. Girls will pick up on this and lose all attraction for you, if they have gained any attraction to begin with. Other people pick up on these cracks and call you out on it.

If you truly want to be the real you, then you appreciate this process of discovery, of finding yourself so that you can grow. It's when you deny or ignore weak spots pointed out by those trying to help you that you won't get anywhere. You won't grow, you won't be real, you won't get very far in your journey. If you do accomplish any success, it will be a short-lived house of cards, weak and ready to fall at any time.

However, if you build your success on the real you, there won't be so many cracks to fall through, because you are presenting your true self already. The success that you build through your journey will be much more solid.

Do you want real, solid, long-lasting success in whatever you do, or do you want something that you hope doesn't fall when people see the real you? Eventually people *will* see the real you. You can escape it for a while, but it will come out, either by your own doing or by someone else exposing you.

It's an important distinction and decision. It not only affects everything you do

with PUA, but also everything you do in life with your career, business, family, and friends.

You've seen the corruption that occurs with some CEO's and celebrities. This is one example of individuals who are not being real. They show one persona to the public, while behind the scenes they are very different people. Eventually it catches up to them.

The choice is yours. Do you want to be fake and build a house of cards, or be real and build a house of stone?

16

MY THOUGHT PROCESSES

When you see a girl in a new place, a girl you've never seen, think: I've never seen this girl before, and if I don't speak up and talk to her *now*, I most likely will never see her again, either. If I fuck up, it doesn't matter. In fact, the only way I'm likely to see or talk to her again is if I do well and she's interested enough in me to give me her number.

That was how I dealt with AA (approach anxiety) when I started. This is also how I tell other guys to think when they have AA.

I see a girl I think is attractive. I feel confident. I'm sure of myself.

She looks at me, makes eye contact, smiles.

I've already noticed something about her, or about a friend she's with, or some action of hers that I can comment on, so I walk over to her and open with this comment.

I then listen to what she says and watch her body language. Does she continue to smile? Does she lean toward me? Does she turn her ear to me? Regardless, I'm already touching her arm or back. I know she's interested in me because I'm me. She's smiling, laughing now because she likes what she sees and what she hears.

I know I'm the guy she wants and, if I choose to give her time with me, or even a taste of me, such as my lips on hers or a night she'll never forget, she will be hooked. Even if I find out she's got a boyfriend, husband, girlfriend, or whomever else I may not know about yet.

When she looks at my mouth, studying it, I know she's wanting the kiss. Fine, I'll tease her. Let our mouths get close, noses touch, maybe. I can't let her have me yet. She keeps looking.

We'll punch each other, push each other, laugh. The whole time I'm watching her eyes, watching the smile on her mouth, seeing how genuine it is.

She'll want another kiss. Will I give it to her? Should I give it to her? Yeah, this time I'll give her a taste. But then I have to pull away or we'll be making out right here. I see her eyes close, hear the moan. Time to pull away. She keeps her eyes closed for a

second, enjoying it. She pulls me close, still looking into my eyes.

I have to turn away or she'll be sucked in too fast. I can't lead her to think she's going to get more from me than what I'm willing to give right now.

I know my body language, my gaze, my eyes, my actions, my words are all seductive, powerful. I have to be careful.

The more she kisses me, the more she wants. I'm getting bored of these simple lip-to-lip kisses, even when she doesn't come up for air. I pull her hair. This inevitably leads to her opening her mouth more, seemingly trying to swallow me whole, wanting more of what I've got. OK, time to pull away again, otherwise things will get too hot in this place.

She and I need to talk, but she's just wanting seduction. I know that's the problem with the rebel vibe I put off, but I can't help it, it's me. All right, I lock eyes with her and get her to calm down. Put my hand on the side of her face to slow things down.

I pull myself back from this situation, look around me, and get a "breath of fresh air." Damn. Girls all around me are looking, watching, giving heavy eye contact. I'm either progressing with this situation, giving the girl what she wants, or I'll have other girls coming after me, or I'm just going to have to leave this place.

17

PUTTING THE GIRL ON A PEDESTAL

We all know that we shouldn't do this, but what does this really mean?

Do you drool over that girl you want to pick up?

If you have hunger in your eyes or body language, she will see it and you will be slotted before you've ever said a word.

This hunger is, in effect, a sign that you have automatically given the girl immense value when you, in reality, know nothing about her. You're giving her value before anything has happened. This lowers *your* value to rock bottom.

This is the frame you need to flip. How do you do that?

1. You have to start with the mindset of having options. You know you don't need the girl in front of you because you either have others already or can turn to the girl next to you and pick her up. This one particular girl is not the end-all, be-all of your social experience. Nor is she the only chance you have to get laid.

2. When you look at this girl, don't show an immense hunger in your eyes or body language. Instead, display confidence, knowing you are valuable and that she is likely curious about you and what you can offer her. Do not go overboard into being egotistical, because if you cross that line, it will backfire and you will hurt yourself.

3. Your mind is set so that when you start talking to this girl, your confidence comes out. Your speech is steady. She's interested. You're in control of yourself.

Now, what happens when you have a girl on a pedestal?

1. Your intense desire is apparent.
2. Your body language tells her that you are desperate. You *need* her.
3. You present no challenge to her because she knows everything she needs to know about you already. There is no mystery.
4. She knows you have no options.

Mystery helps create attraction. Wearing your heart on your sleeve and spilling your life story in five minutes doesn't.

If you're in control of yourself, you'll remain somewhat of a mystery. If the girl is on a pedestal, you'll be spitting out every detail of your life in an effort to find something she will like.

Picture these two scenarios:

A guy walks into a club. His head is lowered, his arms are pulled to his sides, his eyes are wide. His steps are short and tense.

He spots some hot girls in front of him at the bar. Instead of talking to them, he avoids eye contact and freezes temporarily. Hoping to find an opening, he walks over to the bar, waits for some liquid courage, and when a lesser beauty sits beside him, he offers to buy her a drink, hoping for a bit of conversation from her.

The new window of opportunity sitting next to him receives her drink. She looks at him, smiles sweetly, thanks him, and then gets up and leaves.

Wanting to recoup from that, he looks around the room, swallowing hard. He sees one or two sets of eyes glance his way. No lingering looks, no smiles, just quick glances. He's not even sure those eyes actually saw him.

Checking his watch, seeing that ten minutes have passed, he thinks he's about done for the night. His chin is down, his shoulders are hunched sheepishly, his arms lie on the bar. Then he sees the girl of the night. If he could just get her attention . . .

He digs for his wallet. Does he have enough? He looks, counts. Yes! Tensely, he walks over to her, and, trying to level his voice, but not doing a good job of it, he asks if he can buy her a drink.

She looks at him, wondering who he is and why he's talking to her. She figures, why not? Yet another free drink. Maybe that will help to keep her mind off the last hundred guys who hit on her in the last ten minutes. She orders, he pays, she receives, says thank you, and she's off to talk to someone else.

Ugh. Why doesn't his luck change?

Now another guy walks into the club. He leans slightly against the door while waiting for the person in front of him to pay her cover. His eyes cut to the right as he looks at the girl taking the cover charge. She looks at him and smiles. He gives a small smile in return. The person in front of him moves, so he comes off the wall effortlessly,

pulls his wallet up, and looks at the girl again, in the eyes. She tells him how much; he pulls out the money. He asks her how her night is going. She says it's good, so far, not too hectic yet. He tells her that's good to hear and to have a good night.

He steps in, puts his wallet away, notices a couple of hotties and makes good eye contact with them. They smile, he smiles. His head is up high, if tilted, looking at them almost from the side. His eyes aren't wide. He moves his mouth as if thinking for a second, and then starts smoothly walking toward a small set. They see him coming, get fidgety, giggle. He sees a chump sitting at the bar behind them; they probably don't even know the guy is there. He's obviously not a part of their group.

He throws these girls a smile and starts talking with them. Soon enough, he gets them laughing, looking at each other, sharing a smile. He glances around to see who else is in there. The girls notice and rock their bodies toward him, unconsciously showing him they don't want him to leave. He tells the girls to follow him, as he takes a hand from each of them and leads them away.

Do you see the difference between these two scenarios? The first guy has girls on a pedestal. He has no choices. The girls pick up on this. The second guy has the opposite mindset.

Don't put girls on a pedestal before they have earned that spot.

18

ONE-ITIS

Simply put, one-itis is when one guy has one girl in his sights. For him, there is no other girl in the world, and it's such an intense feeling on the guy's side that the girl knows it. This is not a good thing, because he becomes clingy, needy, over-attached, and doesn't have a life outside of her any longer.

A girl doesn't want to be the only thing in a guy's life. She may want to be the most important thing if it's an LTR, but not the only thing. If it's not an LTR, she doesn't even need to be his top priority. If she is, the relationship will be one-sided, and that's what one-itis is.

As a guy, you obsess over one girl. As a girl, she either loves the adoration you're lavishing on her, but has no intention of returning it, or she feels creeped out by it.

Where does it lead? The guy becomes laser-focused on one girl, who is, in fact, looking for a guy who *isn't* laser-focused on her. She wants a guy who will make her work to have his attention. One-itis leads to the guy being oblivious to girls he might actually have a chance with, if only he'd grow up and open his eyes.

"But she's so special, so different."

Is she really? Seriously? Truly? If she were, she wouldn't drag you along like she does. The fact that she does shows that she isn't different or special. She isn't the one for you, because she doesn't see you as being special in her life.

The right girl for you will show that she values you as much as you value her. She will gladly return whatever you give to her. In fact, many times, she will give to you before you give to her. It's not just a one-way take, but rather a two-way give-and-take.

Imagine, just for a moment, what would happen if you were to actually marry the girl on whom you've set your sights. You would do anything in the world to make her happy. Sacrifice all of your own dreams in order for her to fulfill all of hers. Besides that being unbalanced, wouldn't years of that alone stress you out?

Secondly, she would take advantage of your need for her, take you for granted, and never return the love you freely give her. Wouldn't that leave you feeling awfully empty? You would be so unfulfilled. How could you stand it? Yet that's exactly what you are opening yourself up to every time you allow yourself to have one-itis. Sure, you're not

married to the girl, and to be honest, you'll never get that far with her, unless you're super fucking rich or famous so that you can at least supply her with money, but the principle is the same. You're still giving all of yourself to her, without getting value in return. You deserve just as much value as she deserves from you. Basically, you would be providing for her financially, while she goes elsewhere to get her other needs and desires taken care of.

Is that what you really want?

No? Then why the hell are you in a one-itis situation right now? Get the fuck over it, and over her. Move on. Find someone who will give you the value you deserve, because you do deserve value, just as she does.

One-itis ultimately gets you nowhere. It brings your self-esteem down, which means you feel like you have no self-worth, can't do any better, and must settle for what little, if anything, she gives you of herself. This is not a good way to live, period.

This is the harsh reality, or at least enough of it to give you a good idea of what it's all about. Now, does this make it any clearer why the community is so dead-set against it?

You will never, and I mean never, be the man you could and should be as long as you are focused on that one-itis. She will never be the woman she could or should be, either, because you are smothering her and holding her back from growing as a woman. So, for both of your sakes, let her go.

19

GIRLS DO HAVE VALUE

There is a danger with guys. That danger lies in thinking that girls have no value, that they are pieces of meat, that they are only good for their treasure between their legs.

This is extremely faulty thinking.

Then you have the other end of the spectrum, where guys think that women are all on pedestals and meant to be worshiped. Either way, it's faulty thinking.

Girls are humans.

Girls do have just as much value as guys have. We should realize that we are equal in value. This will help to re-humanize guys, and girls, too, for that matter.

As guys, we should be able to look into any girl's eyes and see a real person of value, a person with feelings, emotions, dreams, and the potential to love you. Does that mean that you want every girl you talk to, to fall in love with you? No, not at all. However, realizing that every girl you talk to is a real person, just like you, will make a difference in how you talk to them and how you treat them.

This is where we must become human again.

When do we start with this dynamic, of the girl being human? As soon as you open her up. And, no, I don't mean opening that hole between her legs. I'm talking about the approach.

What? You treat her as a-- human-- as soon as you start talking to her?

That's right. She's a human who you can . . . and should . . . look in the eyes when you first approach. Go ahead. Jump over that line, into the deep water. Look deeply into her eyes when you first make eye contact. It's a huge risk, I'll give you that . . . but do it anyway!

Why in the world would you want to treat her as a human when you approach her? Well, first of all, because she *is* human. Secondly, treating her as such shows that you are comfortable with who you are, confident in yourself, and that you don't need her. You simply think she's interesting and would like to get to know her better, giving her the

chance to get to know you-- another interesting person.

So, go for it. Look into her eyes. Let her know that you're both on the same level. You'll be surprised how much further you'll get with girls by treating them this way.

Does this mean you can't call them out on their BS, or tease them, or do anything that builds attraction? Not at all. In fact, treating them like fellow humans will actually amplify the effects of teasing and being straight with them.

How?

If you treat her as a human and you tell her she's full of it (when she is), then it will have an impact on her, which is the desired effect.

She will have more respect for you if you're straight with her.

So, fellows, next time you see that five, six, seven . . . or ten . . . treat her like she's a human. After all, she is.

And girls the same goes for you!

20

THE CORE ATTRACTION SWITCHES

These are the basics. You hit these attraction switches and you're in. Pure and simple.

Credit to Mystery for figuring these switches out:

1. Leader of men
2. Pre-selected by women
3. Willing to emote
4. Protector of loved ones

Now, I'll go into each one and explain them.

LEADER OF MEN

Being a leader of men means you influence people with your words and actions. It starts with your own social circle and expands from there. You need to have a strong enough frame to be confident in your ability to take charge and lead people. This is a very attractive trait to women. In her eyes, you're the man. . . .because you *are* the man . . . right? You'd better be.

The leader:

1. Makes the decisions, even if they are unpopular.
2. Delegates tasks in order to be more efficient and to utilize other people's strengths along with his own.
3. Freely gives value while retaining his own, and may be a trusted advisor or instructor.
4. Has knowledge and competency.
5. Has self-confidence and self-assurance.
6. Has charisma and individuality.
7. Does not hesitate to approach or attend to anyone underneath or equal to him if it is necessary or helpful.
8. Is not afraid to have fun.

These aren't the traits of a person who is a leader because of his or her position (i.e. boss, supervisor, etc.) but because he or she is the *true* leader, the one others actually *want* to follow.

When there's a decision to be made, you make it. You don't flip-flop. You don't procrastinate. You may have to change or adjust it later, but when you're on the spot, you make the decision. The more you screw up, the more you learn, and the better your decisions will be. You will become more aware of your surroundings, you will anticipate problems that could arise, and you will either control them or lessen them. This also means that, when hanging out with or dating a girl, you don't sit on your butt and wait for her to decide where you're going and what you're doing. *You* take the lead and decide what you two can do to have fun or be romantic. She will follow.

The delegation of tasks is important as well. No one person can handle everything. You don't have the time, and you don't have strengths in every area. Delegate those tasks at which others are better.

You can't be afraid to build others up. Just because you build someone else up doesn't mean you are lowering your own value. Quite the opposite, actually. If someone is new to the field, and struggling or experiencing obstacles, true leaders aren't afraid to reach out a hand and help. They don't feel this lowers their value; they see it as good for the whole.

It goes without saying that the true leader has an extensive knowledge base of whatever field he or she is a leader in. The true leader would be skilled in at least some areas of this field.

The person with self-confidence is more magnetic than those without it. Therefore, that person will draw people to him or her.

Charisma is tied into self-confidence, but I believe there's more to it than just confidence. When you are charismatic, you have the ability to make people feel good about themselves and warm in your presence. You can be comfortable with yourself and make people feel comfortable with you. True leaders aren't cloned from someone else. They are comfortable being their own person. They allow others to be themselves as well. That's charisma.

Have fun. Don't take yourself completely seriously all the time. Be relaxed with yourself. That will help others to be relaxed when they are with you.

There is no trick to being a leader, and you can't fake being a true leader. Either you are or you aren't. If you aren't, there's still hope. You can learn how to be.

PRE-SELECTED

Pre-selection by women is also crucial. Other women hanging around you, having fun with you, and interacting with you shows the target that you are OK, so she can let you into her space, as well. If you don't have this proof directly in front of her, you have to let her know somehow. You can tell stories that show her you have female friends or make friends with another female in front of her. You are also conveying that you have women in your life. She's not your only option, so whether or not you decide to give her a chance doesn't matter to you. This conveys to her that you aren't going to be needy or hang all over her. You don't need her attention, which actually ends up making her want to give you her attention.

Overall, being pre-selected raises our value to other women around us.

Keep in mind that you can *be* pre-selected by having a woman with you, but you still may not be effectively *showing* that you are pre-selected. For instance, if the woman with you ignores you all night and socializes with others, then you are not demonstrating pre-selection. Even though she walked in with you, her actions beyond that point could destroy your chances at being seen as pre-selected.

You can be pre-selected whether you have a woman physically with you or not. The fact is, if you know, without a doubt, that you can pick up women anywhere, anytime, then you know you have options. This knowledge comes across in your social interactions with other men and women. If you don't know this, then you come across as more needy, because you don't have options and don't truly believe that you can have options, either.

WILLINGNESS TO EMOTE

Willingness to emote simply means you are willing to show some feelings. This is not the same as being a drama queen, or king, as it were. This is simply not being a cold robot. In other words, you're not the expressionless, monotonous creep who stands there playing a bad imitation of the Sphinx in Egypt. You also don't go crying and screaming through the venue when someone says something that's slightly offensive, or, God forbid, throws a dig at you. Instead, you follow the route of a normal person. You playfully banter. You play around with your fellow human beings. You know, those people who have skin, and the same basic body shape as you do, with hair (even if there's none on their heads), eyes, ears, a mouth.

Interact with these people, have fun with them, tease them, don't get mad when they tease you (gasp!), crack a smile once a year or so, and generally loosen up. After all, it's not going to hurt your social proof (or your life in general) to be just a wee bit social.

Show your fellow humans that you have normal emotions. If someone hits you playfully, you can act like it hurt, when it really didn't, and then playfully punch back. Or, if someone accidentally steps on your foot, and it actually did hurt, you can safely and non-dramatically show that it hurt, but move on with your night of fun. Getting the idea?

Picture this: you walk into a venue and see three different groups. You focus on three different guys.

To your right, you see a guy who is overly animated. He waves his limbs wildly. His facial expressions are crazy, and you can even hear his screaming voice. He reminds you of the drama queen your dad warned you about. Apparently, he reminds the girls who were near him of that, as well, because they look away and start moving their feet. You follow suit.

As you move, you notice another guy in front of you. You focus on him for now. There are a few girls moving closer to him, smiling at him. You see that this guy is not dramatic like the last one, which is a little comforting. He's standing straight as a board, his face expressionless. He is a stark contrast to the previous guy. No wonder the girls are migrating from the drama queen to him.

As you get closer, you can hear his voice. This is the first sign of alarm: he speaks in a monotone. In fact, the more you pay attention to him, the more you notice the lack of motion in his face and body. No emotion. Every joke or anecdote he tells is filled with . . . nothing. There's no passion in his voice. No excitement. You see the girls looking around, getting very bored, very fast.

A couple of them start migrating to a third guy. You move with them to see what the new commotion is about.

As you start paying attention to him, even the visual is refreshing.

He moves naturally, not standing stiff, not flapping about. He appears comfortable. He gives a warm smile and solid, non-threatening eye contact. As you get closer, you hear his voice. It rises and falls, with passion in everything he's saying. Whether he's telling a story or a joke, or mentioning some characteristic of a girl around him, his voice is warm, expressive, and inviting.

The more you watch him, the more you also want to be in his circle and know what he's talking about. And why not? The girls are flocking to him.

The third example illustrates what the willingness to emote looks like when

under control, or, as we say in this community, when calibrated. When you are in control of your emotions, this is the picture you will paint for the people who watch and listen to you.

Which one of those guys is most appealing to you? Which one do you think is most appealing to the women you want to meet?

Once you answer that, you need to start putting together those qualities within yourself. We all come from different points, emotionally, in our lives. You have to figure out where you are, and determine how much you need to work to get to the point where you want or need to be.

Which of the three guys above do you relate to the most? That will help you figure out where you currently are and how to move towards becoming more like the third guy.

PROTECTOR OF LOVED ONES

What is a protector of loved ones?

Isn't that a person who keeps his or her loved ones safe? Sure.

What else, though? Wouldn't it include a person who even has the "air" of offering protection, so that other potential troublemakers or suitors won't invade? Yes. We call this "air" your frame. When you have a tight frame, you are in control of the interaction. This also conveys, to an extent, that you have a protector inside you.

If you can't see this, then picture the following:

One male stays quiet and goes with whatever the crowd wants to do. He never speaks his opinion. If he has any money, he'll willingly give it all to any attractive girl. What does the typical girl see in him? A pushover, for one thing. What happens with a pushover? He fades into the background until someone wants something from him.

A pushover is someone to whom you don't give a second thought 99 percent of the time. You scan the crowd and see people who just stand there, likely slouching, trying to blend in. These people are either already in the background or want to be in the background. Often, these same people are pushovers.

Sure, they may want your attention, but they are too scared to get it.

How does all this tie into being a protector? If you're a pushover who blends into the background, how can a female expect you to protect her?

Now, consider another male. This one has his opinion and is not afraid to state it. He is also open to the opinions of others, and is not afraid to be his own person. He's not specifically trying to fit in with the crowd. He has an identity and he knows his identity. He's not a loud, obnoxious person, but he's not the timid type who keeps to himself and follows everyone else's whims, either.

He knows how to present himself, and how to say no when he needs to. His physical presence is distinct as well. His confidence comes across in his body language. He holds the frame of his body well.

What will a female think when in this male's presence? She definitely won't see him as a pushover. He carries the "air," or frame, of being able to protect her when she needs it.

Being a protector does not mean you have to go around physically fighting everyone in sight. In fact, a protector with a solid frame usually won't even reach the point of dealing with altercations. Most other people will sense that you are a protector and won't push the line that far. There are exceptions, of course, but those exceptions come from people who are looking to fight, regardless.

Now, being a protector of loved ones is a lot harder to demonstrate if you are alone, unless, of course, you immediately make some friends with different groups in the venue.

You can go in with a group of your own, which not only shows the leader of men trait and possibly pre-selection, but also gives you the chance to demonstrate that you are the protector of loved ones.

If you don't have any of this going for you, then you will have to resort to stories, which need to be true to your own life.

Your stories need to relate times in your life when you were there for someone you cared for. Tell, with passion, how you helped him or her with an issue he or she had. Show how you protected this person from a bad choice or a bad situation.

How do you actually protect friends when they are with you? Easy! Watch their backs. Pay attention to people being flat-out rude to them, and step in. *Voila*. You have now shown you are a protector of your loved ones. If some drunken idiot comes up and

starts spilling his beer all over your friends, for example, you step in and bring order and control back to your group. In doing this, you've just flipped this attraction switch in every girl around you.

Remember, protection doesn't mean physical violence. It means feeling safe, knowing that you are safe, resting assured, and knowing that you will be provided for.

When a woman can feel safe and comforted in your arms, that's protection. When she can look into your eyes and feel loved and cared for, that's protection. These aspects won't show up the first night, but they are still aspects of the protector switch.

The aspects that do show up the first time you meet her are your mental frame and your body language. She will notice how you handle yourself physically, verbally, and emotionally. Being in control of yourself in these areas will help tremendously to convey to her that you can protect her.

There you have it: the basic attraction switches laid out for you. Incorporate these into your daily life. Work them into every interaction. Think about it: these switches demonstrate qualities you have shown before, qualities that are already there. You're bringing out the best parts of yourself. You can do that, can't you? Come on, I thought you were a leader . . .

21

THE PARADIGM CHANGES FROM PICK-UP TO LTR

It's mind-twisting how the paradigm changes from the initial act of picking up the girl to putting together an LTR with her.

You go from her not touching your heart and soul to her being in your heart and soul.

Is this a good thing? It is if you want an LTR with her.

How does this happen, though? It is a process, and one that you should not open yourself up to right off the bat, or even very easily. If you do, you could end up being burned, being used, having your self-esteem trashed, left hanging, and wondering what the hell happened.

The first part of this process is to get her to invest in you. If you give yourself away too easily, she won't be interested. Hold back. Let yourself come off as somewhat of a mystery. Give her something of interest to pursue.

However, as she starts digging, you have to let your guard down, just a bit at first. The more interest she shows with her digging, the more you reveal yourself. Of course, if she is just digging and not giving you other vital things, such as affection, then you don't want to show yourself.

As the relationship progresses and you let her in, the two of you will form a stronger bond. This is how you start to form a bond with that girl you feel you could have an LTR with. I don't care if you felt like you were hit with a two-by-four when your eyes first met. That doesn't mean you open your whole life up to her within five minutes of meeting her.

After all, you've lived on this earth for 15-plus years, possibly 50 or more years. Surely your life isn't so boring that you can tell her all about yourself in five minutes, so don't try.

Instead, let her in just a bit. Then allow her let you into her life a bit more. It's a give-and-take.

It could take a week to start letting the edge of your guard down. It could take a month for you two to get to know a few deep things about each other. Hell, it could only take a few days. We are all different in regard to how far and how quickly we let someone in.

How do you go from being a mystery the first night or day to being metaphorically naked with the girl months down the road? You build the trust factor between the two of you.

Think about it this way: when you are picking the girl up, you most likely want to seduce her, as well. She has to have some level of comfort (read: trust) in you before she is willing to let you, literally, into her. Well, in order to build an LTR with her, she definitely has to feel secure with you. The more solid you want the LTR to be, the more she needs to trust you, and the more you need to trust her.

Don't get me wrong, there are many elements that stay the same from the pick-up to the LTR., because those elements, such as teasing and touching, continue to build attraction. However, some areas do need to change.

Some guys and girls will look at this aspect and think they are acting like two different people between the pick-up and the LTR. Not so. We should all have a part of ourselves, our core, that is shielded *from* the world, while another part of ourselves, the social part, acts as a presentation *to* the world.

Yes, we do need to be shielded, at least until we know we can trust someone. And that is how the paradigm changes. You and the girl learn to trust each other, and you progress from her seeing the social part of you, which she will always know is there, to seeing the intimate parts of you. This makes her feel closer to you, and rightly so. She's seeing something the rest of the world doesn't see.

22

SOCIAL DYNAMICS

Can we take what we learn as club game and apply it to all areas of our life? Yes, we can, and that's what social dynamics is. Here's how.

I walk into the club, and directly in front of me I see guys and girls standing around. To the right and left, I see the same thing. Immediately, my observation skills start kicking in and my brain attempts to sort out who is most likely with whom. I watch the subtle and not-so-subtle body language cues and general interactions.

While this is taking place, I decide which direction I will start to walk.

I also notice people I know. When our eyes meet, we smile at each other in greeting. As we get closer to each other, we'll say hi and even embrace if the person isn't working.

Immediately, social proof and pre-selection start building. We start laughing and having a good time. We appear to everyone else as social people.

How does this apply so far to social dynamics in general, even outside of a club?

Imagine the scene as you walk into the club. You can see the dim lights, the girls grouping together, the guys holding up the wall, the few with balls, or with friends with balls, talking to the girls. You see the people standing around the bar, trying to get liquid courage or liquid oblivion, depending on whether they are male or female.

Let's change the scenario. Instead of the club, you walk into your place of work. You see people in front, to the right and left, and you most likely already know who is with whom and who wants whom. You immediately figure out which direction you are heading and start walking.

You say hi to your friends and, depending on your job, you may embrace each other. Doesn't this sound familiar so far?

The only real difference here is there is no alcohol. You still have the guys who want to bang the girls. You still have the girls in groups. You still have the few guys with balls actually gaming the girls.

You are applying the same social dynamics in an entirely different environment.

Since you are starting to see this point, we can now take this concept and apply the social dynamics you are using to any venue.

Let's take this a step further. You don't just want to be social, you want to start making friends and attracting hot girls.

Again, let's start with what you would do in the club. You would be talking to guys, touching them on their arm or shoulder in whatever non-intrusive way you normally would. You would be joking with them, having a good, social time. Then you would be teasing the girls, playing with them verbally, slightly touching them, being friendly with them. You would maintain eye contact with both males and females to show that you are confident in yourself and comfortable with your sexuality. You treat the girls like they are your annoying little sisters and the guys like they are your everyday buddies.

Now, take that set-up and apply it to every other venue you walk into. Daytime, nighttime, whatever. Doesn't matter.

By this point, I hope you see where we are going with this. What you are learning with the pick up arts isn't just meant for picking up girls. It's like Mystery says: you are building a life. You are learning principles to use and apply in every social situation.

What you are learning to do when we teach you how to "lord a club" is transferable to your work place, to your local mall, to your grocery store, to your local electronics store, clothing store, or whatever.

It no longer matters if people call you a pick up artist. You are becoming, or have become, much more than that.

Social dynamics goes back to a teaching of mine. There are two levels of pick up: the core and the social.

We are talking about taking the core and transferring it to any social situation. When you do this, you are performing social dynamics. You are able to take control of the frame of any environment in which you find yourself. Just think, how much better will this enable your progress toward your life's goals?

I know there are guys and girls thinking, "No, all this book does is teach you how to bang a different chick every night." Some do and will use this for that purpose,

but that's not what my teaching is for, or what I intentionally teach guys to do. As soon as I get wind of that intention, I back off and stop helping as much.

Don't get me wrong. I don't think there's anything wrong with playing the field. However, I don't advocate damaging the opposite sex, male or female.

Again, this is all about social dynamics. It's about the art of being able to control the interactions wherever you are and whatever you are doing, and, in doing so, catapult yourself toward your goals in every area.

23

WOMEN'S ROLES IN THE FIELD

What role can women play in the field with us?

We've all heard they can be pivots or wings. Let's break this down.

You're in the field with a girl, a friend, an unknowing or knowing pivot. You see someone of interest, and you tell your friend to hang on, that you'll be right back. You go and open the other set.

You're in the field with a girl, a wing. You see a girl of interest. You tell your wing. She opens the set for you, shows your value to them, and brings you in.

One is usually more effective than the other, but both work. What's at the bottom of this equation, though?

Bottom line: The women build you up in the eyes of your targets, in whatever way they can. The visual aspect obviously helps. Verbally, they can play or banter with you. Physically, the two of you should be touching. All of this builds you up.

They give you pre-selection and social proof automatically, just by being with you. More importantly, a good female can help you dramatically escalate the interaction with new targets. She does this by actively involving herself, talking to the target and raising your value in her eyes. She tells the target good things about you, just as a good male wing would do. If she's been with you sexually, she can throw in how good you are in bed . . . if you are. Don't expect her to lie for you in any area, or with any piece of information. That's not her role.

Another plus is that you don't have to explain in fine detail all the aspects of the game. She only needs a basic understanding in order to be a valuable tool for you.

For instance, I teach the girl the four basic attraction switches and explain how she can display my value by talking to the target. Like guys, girls can understand those four concepts easily. From that point, she understands enough to effectively "work for me" in the field.

Don't think that because she is into you she can't be effective for you in the field, either. Some would disagree with this, but my personal experience proves otherwise.

The important thing to realize is that she simply needs to think highly of you and be able to back up that opinion. This way, when she talks to your target(s), she can honestly talk highly of you. Once this is accomplished, she can help you skyrocket your success.

Now, don't think, "Oh, this would be so much easier for me if I could just find a girl to do it for me." It doesn't work that way. You actually have to get good, or at least decent, with your own game in order to find a girl like this to begin with.

Sorry, guys, there's still no magic pill, but once you reach certain levels of success, there are at least more tools available to take you even further in your journey.

24

EMBEDDED DISQUALIFICATION

Whether it's fair or not, girls will use things like your age, race, color, style, social status, and so forth for automatic disqualification. Some girls will just use one of these as an excuse, while others are possibly genuinely afraid to date or hook up with someone from that particular "class" or "status." Still other girls are simply snobs.

What to do about this? Is there anything you *can* do about it?

Yes, actually. Obviously, you can't win over every girl, but if you appeal to her attraction switches first, and also appeal to her sense of curiosity, you can push a girl's boundaries. Build her curiosity and excitement about whatever your issue is that she avoids.

For instance, whether you're the bad boy type, the preppy type, or whatever other kind of guy, if you are first and foremost cool and confident about yourself, that will catch her attention. This is where we return to inner game.

You can be too tall, too short, too skinny, too fat. You can be too old or too young. You can drive the wrong car or truck, not wear the right clothes. Your skin could be the wrong color, your hair could be the wrong color, your eyes could be the wrong color, you could be too muscular or not muscular enough. Some of these things you can change, and some you can't. Some things take a lot of time and effort to change, and some take a lot of money or credit.

You can't fit what every girl wants. You *wouldn't* want to fit what every girl wants, either.

All of the excuses above are just that: excuses. Some girls will look for any reason for it not to work out between you. However, you can offer her a compelling argument, if you want, by being so interesting to her that she can't get enough of you. Make her laugh, keep her attention, push her away verbally (the physical push in this situation wouldn't work quite as well) when she throws an excuse at you. Place her in the friend zone before she can lay that on you. In essence, flip the frame that you see coming.

Now, again, this won't work with all girls, but it will turn the tide for many of them.

There are countless girls who pigeonholed a guy right off the bat, but then ended

up falling for that same guy.

Start with being cool and confident. Then, make her laugh. This keeps her attention and interest. What does this lead to?

It should lead to you being the one guy who changes the girl's mind about whatever stereotype she clings to. Remember, the stereotype only exists in her mind. Just as your inner game needs to be tight, hers is also tight in this case, so you have to overcome her mindset to break her impression of the stereotype.

In the process of spending time with her, building her attraction toward you, and building her comfort with you, you are also opening her eyes to the truth about the stereotype she is holding on to. Now, some girls will let go of their stereotypes easily, while other girls will be very tough. Still others will hang on to them for dear life. Again, you can't win over every girl, and really, you don't want to. Not every girl is worth your time, just like not every guy is worth messing with.

However, if you think the girl has enough other good traits about her that you think it's worth your while to deal with her preconceived notions, here's a process to help you achieve that.

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PERCEIVED VALUE AND BIGGER CITIES

Some guys and girls believe that girls in big cities are automatically untouchable because of their bitch shields. Not true. Sure, the girls in the big cities have been approached more often, but their value is *only* perceived. It's in their own minds. If you go into a set with the feeling and attitude that you have higher value than the girls in the set, and that you don't need them or their pussies, you will knock down a portion of their bitch shields.

Do you realize that even girls in your local club, mall, grocery store, or anywhere else generate their value the same way? They store their value in their minds, according to their own self-esteem. That said, it doesn't matter whether you live in a big city or a small town. The big city girls may have bigger bitch shields, so you have to be prepared for that. But as far as their own perceived value, they come about it in the same way as girls from smaller towns.

Now, to diffuse their bitch shields, you have to learn calibration. To diffuse a bitch shield in a small town, you can go slightly under the radar, because the girl doesn't receive the mass amount of attention and number of hit-ons that a girl in the big city will. So, the girl in the big city requires you to go in way under the radar and be completely different than the thousands of other guys who have hit on her that day or week. It's still a numbers game, and it's still at the core, the principle of being different.

Understand that these girls still believe (read: know) that you are most likely there to get into their pants, which means that you either need to be completely direct, which only the most confident guys can pull off, or go in way under the radar. Why do you think Mystery and the method he created work so exceptionally well with the top celebrities?

It's all a matter of turning the girl on, and the different ways we can do that.

Did I say turning the girl on, rather than attracting her? That's right. When you attract a girl, you *are* turning her on, if only a little.

Why is it important to talk about turning the girl on if you're dealing with girls in big cities? If you can turn her on, you can break through her bitch shield. You may have some LMR (last minute resistance) to deal with, but even that can be reduced if you slow down the seduction.

This is also where a sexual frame comes in handy.

"If I start talking sexually to her, she'll know, without a doubt, what I want."

That's where the difference of your inner confidence comes in. If your inner confidence is solid enough, you can be blatant without being perverted or creepy.

If you do need to go in under the radar, you can still have a sexual frame while being subtle. Just because you imply things sexually doesn't mean you have to come out and say you want to fuck her in five minutes. You could say something such as, "Look at that girl over there. Her shorts are really short. I bet you'd say that's trashy, though you secretly think they're cute." Note, you aren't being overly direct, yet you are leading the conversation in a sexual direction.

As PUA's, we are constantly taught that you don't need the girl, and this is all the more true in bigger cities.

All girls have to have their expectations broken. What does that mean? It means that when they expect you to drool and fawn over them, like every other guy does, you break those expectations by not needing them.

"But things are harder in bigger cities." Really? Is that why so many PUA's can pull girls in big cities with *no problem*? Do you know there are PUA's who pull girls more often in big cities than some smooth guys do in small towns? How could that be, if girls in big cities are so hard, if their bitch shields are so impenetrable?

Simple. The guys know how to reach them.

Turn the girls on, subtly. Break their expectations. Be different. Be a PUA. Be a natural. After all, naturals are who we're learning from and what we're becoming.

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**THE LOVER, THE PROVIDER,
AND THE PLAYER**

What's the difference among them, and which one are you?

David D. talks about two different paths you can go down when picking up a girl: The Lover and The Provider. I agree with these two paths; however, I assert that there's an additional one: The Player.

Let's break this down.

Most guys will do one of two things when they meet a girl.

They will either start immediately supplicating to her, thinking that will get them some pussy. They've started a fast path down the Provider road.

The other approach is to start teasing her, touching her, turning her on. They know how to flip the girl's switches, and they start doing that. They can get into her pants, get to her pussy, and have her wanting more, and they do precisely this. This is a fast path to the Lover road.

The third path borrows from the Lover road, but goes to an unwelcome extreme. This type of guy also knows how to flip the attraction switches and does it well. In fact, he does it so well he can sweep most women into his seduction within minutes and blow her attraction sky high within an hour or two. He knows how to make her just comfortable enough to justify why she is attracted to him and why she wants to open her legs for him within minutes of meeting him. You think I'm exaggerating? Not a chance.

This guy wants nothing more than one night stands. Now, if the girl is also only looking for one night stands, the scenario becomes completely different. However, what I'm talking about here is the guy who goes for this with a girl who has no idea that's what his game plan is. He sucks her into his manipulation, which is what this is, and trashes her. She becomes damaged, or more damaged, if she's already had unfortunate events such as this in her life.

This guy is playing girls right and left. He's abusing them, as well as his power. And don't deny it, he does have power. It's the same power that you and I have.

You and I can open and attract girls at any time and any place. So can he. However, with great power comes great responsibility (credit to Spidey). However, this guy, the true Player, exploits his power, and damn the consequences. He will never face the consequences himself. He'll never have to own up to his lies, his manipulation, or his abuse. He will leave her to fend for herself.

This is what we need to avoid doing and being. You want to be a better person, not a rat. You want to improve and enrich your life and the lives of those around you, not tear them down.

I've got a Firebird Formula. It has great power under its hood, which places that power under your right foot. I used it to help teach a girl how to drive. I taught her that you have to have respect for the car and handle it properly. How many people achieve power and end up being reckless with it, only to lose everything they've built because they weren't truly ready?

You do have great power at your fingertips. Realize this and embrace it. You can do a lot of good or a lot of bad. Understand this power. Use this power. Handle this power with respect. This means both respect for yourself and for those you touch on a daily basis.

There are the guys who the pussy has power over and the guys who have the power over the pussy. Which one are you?

The first type of guy wants, or even *needs*, to supplicate. He doesn't think he will get anywhere if he doesn't. He knows the pussy won't be there for him when he wants it, so he knows he needs to beg for it, plead for it, and cry over it when it's gone, which it inevitably will be. We'll call him the AFC.

The second type of guy holds the power over the pussy. He realizes how to get the pussy to be wet for him, to want and crave him, to need him. He doesn't supplicate. He doesn't worry about the pussy. He knows it's there when he's ready. We'll call him the PUA.

There's a major difference between these two types of guys. And this major difference is one thing.

Mindset.

Yes, it really is that simple. It's just not easy. But nothing good ever is.

You've had years, even decades of social programming taking you in one direction, and it will take a while to undo this social programming. Still, this is what you have to do. You have to start rewiring your thinking.

Now, it doesn't have to take years to undo it. It just takes a commitment. Consider this: all the years of programming you received was done practically while you were sleeping. You were taught what to do, when to do it, what to say, how to say it, and so on, all while you didn't know any better and just accepted this set of behaviors as the right thing to do. It was slowly ingrained, and you had no alternative, so you just rolled with it.

It was unconscious on your part. It's not your fault; it was done under your radar.

However, now you *do* have an alternative. You can, by your own will, learn the right thing to do, learn what works and what doesn't, and what kind of actions and behavior fit your particular personality, instead of what society says should fit you. Moreover, you can do it on your own time. If you have trouble with a sticking point, you can stop and work on that. If you are blazing through the process, that's fine, too.

The key is to understand that you need to change, and you do have to commit.

Once you accomplish those two things, the rest is a simple learning process.

Instead of supplicating, understand that your personality is interesting enough to keep a girl's attention.

Rather than thinking, "I have to not mess up because I need to get into her pants," think, "I don't care what she thinks of me. I am who I am. If she doesn't like it, tough. If I don't get into her pants, I've got other women who take care of me." This thought process actually results in more women becoming attracted to you.

Whereas normally you would ask her every step of the way what she wants to do, so that you hope you don't lose her interest, now you take the lead and make the decisions as to what you two will do.

It's a process of changing your thoughts, in the moment, on the spot. You have to start being more aware of yourself. Your thoughts bleed into your speech, your body language, your vibe, your overall behavior.

The single action of changing your thoughts will change your overall demeanor. This is what people around you notice. This is what family and friends notice. This is also

what girls pick up on. In case you don't see where this is going, this helps to start generating attraction from them.

The moment you think, "I should buy her a drink in order to get her to talk to me," you should immediately stop yourself and think, instead, "I should talk to her and show her my interesting personality, and that will entice her to want to know more about me."

When she says she needs to go to the bathroom, and you would normally think, "I need to follow her there and wait for her so I don't lose track of her," stop yourself. Only do that when you're actually involved long-term with the girl and she asks you to. Instead, tell her to go on and that you will be close to where you are when she leaves you. While she's gone, you can socialize with other people. In the event that she was blowing you off, it doesn't matter, because you've already moved on. In the event that she comes back, she sees you making more friends, which is a good thing.

This is all a result of a change in your thought process. Pure and simple.

When the two of you are talking and the conversation hits a lull, instead of thinking, "Oh, shit, I'm boring her and she will want to get rid of me," stop yourself and think, "You know, I'm passionate about this other subject. Let me snip this thread and start this new one. She'll catch onto my passion and want to hear more."

When the comfort is too comfortable and you know something needs to change, your thought process is geared towards immediately finding a way to break rapport. You can throw out a comment that catches her off guard, or lead her to play a game, or do something different from what has created the smooth rapport. Being quick on your feet allows you to do this.

When the attraction spikes before you're ready, when her buying temperature is at the point where she wants you inside her now, and you're not willing just yet (if that's possible for some guys), your thought process will change the dynamic and get her to bounce with you. This allows you to prolong the escalation so that she craves you even more. The desperate guy's thought processes will tell him, "I'm lucky to be at this point right now, so I have to take advantage of it . . . now!"

There is a huge difference in the mindset between the guy who has power over the pussy and the one the pussy holds the power over. Which category do you fall into? If you are the one that the pussy has the power over, I'd say it's time for you to make a change . . . wouldn't you?

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BEING SELECTIVE

Do you know that you shouldn't want every girl you attract? Do you know it's good to actually turn girls away?

Radical concept, I know. I mean, we all want to get between the legs of every hot girl out there, right? Or at least every interesting girl out there, right? Sure, it's human nature.

However, does that mean that we should spread our seed to every single girl who wants it? No.

It's all a part of this radical concept of going from AFC to PUA.

What does that mean for the guy striving to get to that point?

Simply put, start being selective . . . now.

For one thing, being selective shows that you are already of a higher value. Sure, you can have an fuck buddy. But keep it at one, and be choosy about anyone else you get with. The girls you pick up in the future will appreciate this, and it will raise your own value in your mind. You're not going to think you are desperate for any woman who throws herself at you. You will know that you don't have to do that.

Yes, it has a mental effect on you.

Aside from the mental state selectivity helps you to build, it also raises your value when you are seen not taking every offer thrown at you (although you can still play with the girls, tease them, and so forth).

For the girls, you've just gone from a guy who fawns all over any girl who will show you attention (which is not attractive) to the guy who has the girls fawning over him, though he doesn't jump to them. The girls now start to wonder who you are, because you're acting with higher value. You've become more intriguing.

"But how do I start this, if I don't already have options?"

You are already learning how to attract women. So, attract one. Take care of each other's needs, then start attracting others, as well.

Beyond that, start becoming even more selective. If you're already selective, that's a good thing. Don't change it. Simply realize how it is helping you in the long run.

If you need to put more logic to it, consider this: you are cutting down your risks of STD's and pregnancies. Along with the fact that, biologically speaking, you raise your value and increase your odds with higher-value women, you are also living a healthier lifestyle too. All good points.

There aren't many good reasons to jump at every girl who opens her legs to you. It's good, very good in fact, to be selective.

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YOUR OWN STRONG IDENTITY

Mystery has a strong identity. Style has a strong identity. Should we copy their identities? No. Should we have our own strong identities? Yes.

How do we do that?

We find our own personality. What's that? We *find* our own personality? Yes, because most of us don't truly know who we are. You must figure out who you are, then build your identity on that knowledge.

What are your personal talents? Your strengths and weaknesses? What is your life plan? All of these questions help to determine your personal identity.

You will not be the fashion misfit Mystery, or the cunning Style. You don't want to be. You want to be who you are.

Are you a photographer, a doctor, a car salesperson, a computer tech, a CEO? Maybe a mad scientist? A genius? (And no, couch potato does not count.)

Whatever you are, own it. Make the most of it, and don't be ashamed of it. Then, figure out how to package it to the girls you are interested in.

In other words, if you design wallpaper for cell phones, you wouldn't come out and say, "I program wallpapers for cell phones." That's boring. Instead, say, "You see that pretty background you have on your cell phone there? I made that." Of course, you wouldn't say that if her background was a picture of someone, but you get the idea.

Look at all the angles of what you do and consider how you can present it from different viewpoints. Do you think Style would walk around and tell every girl he meets, "I'm a writer"? The girls would most likely say, ". . . And?"

This is what I usually do when asked: I will tell the girl I teach social dynamics if I want to go that route, or I will tell her that I like stories that grab you and pull you in, stories that won't let you go until you finish them. Stories full of action and steamy sex. As the description grabs her attention, I'll add, "I write those."

Inevitably, her response is, "Can I read some?"

You see, I'm presenting myself to her in an interesting way. I love my profession. I love to craft these stories. I love to move people with my stories. To me, it's not just a job. I wrote before I ever got paid for it. This is the tip of the iceberg of who I am. I have my own identity. I know who I am. I live in who I am. I work with who I am. I love who I am. I don't need to be anyone else to please everyone else.

You need to build your own strong identity. This will go a long way toward you having a strong frame, as well.

"I'm a producer. I sit in an office all day, on a computer, editing, re-working, and completely changing moving videos." Cool, so be it. Now package it to make it attractive.

I don't care if you're Hollywood's biggest A-list celebrity. I don't care if you're the trash man for a town of 200 people. It doesn't matter. Own it and package it.

If you can't accept yourself and your own identity, then how do you expect that hot girl to?

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IS SUCCESS IN YOU?

Do you possess the ability and willingness to succeed?

Is it in you to become a PUA? Is it in you to better yourself in your job or career?

Do you have that inner drive that is demanded of those who succeed?

When you walk into the club, is it in you to open three sets, number close two of them, and kiss close one?

Is it in you to open the first set to your left when you walk in the door? I don't care if it's an all guy, all girl, or a mixed set. Do you have the guts to open it?

Success doesn't ask for that inner drive. It doesn't ask for perseverance. It doesn't ask you to be aggressive. No . . . it *demand*s those things of you.

Is it in you to take a girl's hand, to lead her to the dance floor, to escalate? Is it in you to kiss her? Is it in you to look deeply into her eyes, to read her body language, to calibrate on the spot what her buying temperature is and to raise it?

Is it in you to close her, as in the fuck-close? If you raise her BT, she will *want* to fuck.

Is it in you to walk into a venue, any venue, and have enough confidence radiating from you to draw attention from everyone around you? Do you have it in you to become associated with the staff, especially the DJ's? Do you have the drive and charisma to build your social circle to the point of having those people wanting your presence around them?

Is it in you to be the life of the party, the leader who sets the direction for the group?

Success. It means different things to different people, but no matter what your definition of success is, it always requires more from you than what you would normally give. Always. No matter what success means to you, it will not come if you are not willing to go the extra mile.

Is it in you to open several groups, to merge groups together, to introduce new friends to other friends? Is it in you to build connections, and help others find what they are looking for in the process?

Is it in you to be an honest-to-God interesting person? To have something to say to others, whether they be guys or girls? To have different topics to talk about?

Do you have the internal drive to hold the frame, to control the conversation while also letting others chip in? Do you have the ability to change the direction of the conversation at your whim, when the thread or topic is losing steam?

Is it in you to be the leader everyone else is looking for? Don't be naive. Everyone *is* looking for a leader. Even leaders look for other leaders to help them grow.

Is it in you to hit your next level of growth?

If so, here's the challenge I lay down to you: when you walk into your venue, take the first set you open with an available girl in it and keep her rapt the entire night. At least kiss- and number-close her before the night is over. If she wants it, fuck-close her, too. Bounce to other sets along the way, but keep this one girl with you through the process. Do not supplicate to her *at all*, but keep her attracted to you because of your personality. This means you don't buy her drinks. You don't buy her anything. You are interesting enough all by yourself for her to want to stay with you.

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CODE OF ETHICS AMONG PUA'S

You mean PUA's have an ethical code? Hell yes!

Picture this . . .

You're gaming this nine, maybe even a 9.5, and things are clicking along. You can tell she will be going home with you tonight. Her buying temperature is sky-high. You tell her you're going to the bathroom for just a second. She has no problem waiting for you. Your wing, who has isolated the obstacle for you, her best friend for life, is nearby, and you signal to him that you will be right back.

As you walk out of the bathroom, your eyes come to rest on your wing man . . . talking to your target. He's got her laughing, kinoing him, and giving him major eye contact. Everything you had built up, he's taking for himself. In front of your eyes, your wing man kiss-closes your target. And this isn't some light peck; this is one of those kisses that says, "Take me out of here right now!"

This situation should have never happened. You should be able to trust your wing with your target. If you can't trust your wing, you can't socialize with him. In other words, he's useless to you, regardless of how much skill he might have, because you can't leave him alone with any of your targets.

How do we avoid this? By starting the night with the right wing. You need to get to know your wing. Build comfort with him. You should know each other's DHV stories, each other's hobbies, things like that, in order to build each other up to the set. Build a level of trust with your wing in this process. Of course, that's the ideal way to do it. If you meet your wing on the fly, that very night, you have to gauge him quickly. If you see anything suspicious, you should back off and go on without him immediately.

It's not just about your wings. It's also about your fellow PUA's who haven't winged with you, but still know you. After all, we do have a whole community of guys we talk to, learn from, work with, but who never physically wing with us in the field. We have to be able to trust each other if we're going to move forward as a team.

"What is this code already?" you're probably asking. It's simple. We call it "bros before hos." It simply means that we don't game a target one of our bros is currently gaming. Further, we don't game a target one of our bros has gamed, unless we ask that bro first what the status of that relationship is. We do this because we don't really know

where that bro stands with that target unless we ask him. For instance, he could be doing a freeze-out, and we could misread it as him being finished with the target.

Now, I understand that there are some PUA's who are so good that their fellow PUA's want their targets. In these instances, they actively watch to see if and when that PUA will be done with the target. In and of itself, this consideration is fine. The only problem is, as I've already mentioned, that unless you ask your fellow PUA first the status of the relationship, you don't truly know where he stands with her, so you could be stepping over a line unintentionally.

Having said that, some of the line-crossing is not unintentional at all. Some of it is malicious, or simply done out of greed. The fellow PUA wants the target, and to hell with the bro who was gaming her.

What I personally do is this: when I meet a girl whom a fellow PUA introduces me to, I won't even start gaming her. In fact, I will barely even talk to her until I ask the fellow PUA if he is gaming her. If he isn't, then it's open game. If he is, I step back. I will be friendly with the girl, but I will not game her. Sure, I'll tease a little, but nothing like I would if I were gaming her. I will not do anything that will flip the attraction switches and bring her to me, because that would be stepping on my bro's toes. Now, some of you will ask why I care about that. Put simply, I want my bro to trust me with his target, just as I need to trust him with my target. Going hand-in-hand with this is a mutual respect. We can't help each other in the field if we don't trust or respect each other.

There are plenty of other girls both of us will be meeting, most likely that very night. I don't need to take his girl from him.

Now, this code doesn't only apply to seriously gaming a girl and number- or kiss-closing her. No, this code applies to even *beginning* to game the girl. For instance, while the PUA ignores the target, the wing can easily hijack the set and take the target just by giving her the attention she's craving. Also, any kino beyond a handshake or a similar type of simple welcome is off limits. In other words, there is no coming up to the target, hugging her tight, holding her, rubbing her back, etc.

So, let's recap how to not break the code: you don't attempt serious banter; you don't tease the target hard; you don't get heavy with the cocky and funny. In short, you don't do things that you know flip the attraction switches. You simply be the friend. In fact, you can encourage her to just be your friend. You don't let's-just-be-friends her, because that flips her attraction switch. But, you can be the type of guy she will LJBF herself. Then we can all help each other.

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BECOMING A MASTER

What is really involved in mastering pick up? Simple. Master the basics. Then move on to something a bit more . . . basic. Master that, then move on to something a bit more . . . *basic*.

What am I getting at? One you master basics, they become easy for you. They are automatic. At this point, the next techniques you add become basic. You start to learn how to master those. At each point, or level, the next steps are basic for you to learn to achieve your next level of success.

Here's the point. The basic level is learning the core of social dynamics: the attraction switches. You apply that until it's second nature. You move on from there and add to it. You learn how to control groups and merge bigger groups. You learn how to handle one girl in isolation, and later how to handle two girls in isolation. *What's that? Two girls in isolation? But how is it isolation if it's more than one girl?* It's called ménage-a-trios, a threesome, three way, or whatever slang you want to use for it.

At each stage, you take those same basics and add higher levels of information to them. This takes you to an even higher level of your personal growth.

People around you start noticing this. These people will either respect you for accomplishing something they haven't, or resent you for the same reason. If they resent you, remember, people constantly take shots at all individuals at high levels of achievement in any field or endeavor. If they respect you, most likely they will either ask for your advice or point you to someone else who needs your advice. Either way, you will then be teaching, which will take you to yet another level of your personal growth. Teaching doesn't even have to be a full-time endeavor. Tips here and there will bring you even more respect, expand your social circle, and help you to identify other areas of weakness and strength within yourself.

This process reveals more skills for you to evaluate and add to your personal arsenal.

This won't happen overnight. It does take time and work. In the process, you will learn a great deal about yourself. You will see things about yourself you haven't realized before. At times, these insights will be scary, and at other times, they will be welcome. As with anything else, you have to take the good with the bad if you truly want to advance and better yourself.

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THE FUTURE OF PUA-- BACK TO THE BASICS

PUA is indeed changing, and we need to be ready.

It's evolving into something more mainstream. As a result, there is certain material that is so used, it has become saturated. In most places, girls know the techniques. But, the more relevant issue is, how do we move on to better ourselves and keep the game alive? Well, the game will always be alive, regardless. So how do we move forward?

Get back to the basics. Now.

What are these basics? They are the core elements that will never change, rather than the add-ons some guys specialize in. For example, a popular specialty is NLP (neuro-linguistic programming). Sure, it's a very useful field, but it's not the core.

The core is made up of the fundamental attraction switches. You know what the switches are, and how to flip them, and you can apply that knowledge to any environment, in any situation.

Why is this the key?

Men still look for the same thing in women. Women still look for the same thing in men.

Men look primarily for eye candy. Just being honest, guys. Then they look for personality . . . depending on how superficial a given guy is.

Women look for the guy who leads the other guys, as well as the guy other women have already determined is safe. After that, they want an interesting guy who's not emotionally cold, and maybe even lively, who has some passion about life. (Wouldn't that be nice?) If she sees all this combined with him protecting his loved ones . . . she's gone, baby.

The attraction switches in the sexes won't change, no matter how much the veneer, or surface of things, changes.

This is the future of PUA, because even as it becomes more mainstream, it's the guys and girls who know the core fundamentals and use them in different and creative ways who will advance and continue to do well. Those who use the surface fixes but don't understand what's going on underneath may have limited, if any, success.

As this shift becomes more pronounced, you should dig in deeper. Watch average guys get blown out while you slip in under the surface using your knowledge of what's really going on. Enjoy the ride . . .

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DON'T UNDERESTIMATE THIS . . . OR YOURSELF

Don't underestimate the power of what you have in your hands.

One New Year's holiday, I was sitting in my car outside my apartment with a friend of mine named Dave. He was taking some time to think about what he really wanted. I was lending an ear.

"Tripp, I want what you have."

We all know my response by now.

"No, really. I want the options. On any given night, you have three girls who are crazy about you and want you to share their bed with them. On top of that, at any time, you can meet any number of other hot women who want you. Women you can take home, on the spot, if you decide to. That's what I want. I want the option of doing that."

He saw the good side of this lifestyle.

What didn't he see? The arguing, the intense jealousy, the physical fights, the shirts that were ripped off my body, the doors pounded on, the rocks thrown, the kids who were hurt, the tears that spilled down more than one cheek. He didn't see the broken hearts.

What you hold in your hands is a tool. As with any tool, it can be used for good or for bad. When used for good, this tool will help you find that special someone. When used for bad, this tool will leave wrecked lives in your wake.

This tool teaches you how to be real, to be a human with feelings. It teaches you how to express those feelings. This tool also teaches you how to reach into those around you and trigger their tender spots.

I told Dave that he didn't want what I had. What I didn't tell Dave was this:

"You have it within you to have exactly what I have."

Don't underestimate the power of what you have in your hands.