

# DAY GAME



Tom Torero

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# INTRODUCTION TO THE KINDLE EDITION

The 1st edition of “Daygame” was published in a whirlwind of madness as 2012 drew to a close. It was all very DIY – spelling mistakes, lack of proof-reading and no design work. I was heading off on a year-long world tour and wanted to get the stories out before I left. It was my first attempt at publishing and so I was just happy to have finished writing the manuscript.

One year on I added some polish with a contents, an index, photos as well as some minor changes to the text itself to improve the flow. Still I wanted to preserve the underground, homespun feel of the original book with its strong underground “Banksy meet Bond” London roots.

This third edition is almost identical to the second, just modified for the Kindle format. Yes, it’s still rough and ready, and perhaps overly packed with lay reports rather than failure stories, but that’s how I recorded these events when I wrote them up as field reports in a private blog, before combining them into the collection you’re about to read.

The book remains a testament to the transformative power of daygame. The stories and experiences in it have completely changed my life. Things have come a long way in the daygame scene since I began my journey, but this book documents those first fledgling days.

Onwards and inwards ;)

Tom Torero, Columbia, January 2016

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# PROLOGUE

In the last three years I have slept with over 100 attractive women, some of them extremely beautiful and “well out of my league.” Not by meeting them in nightclubs or bars, not online or through my social circle, but by stopping them on the street in broad daylight, stone cold sober. Lawyers, dancers, doctors, nannies, models, air-hostesses, students, nurses, TV presenters, wives, writers, strippers, bankers, painters, musicians, from nearly forty different countries. I don't have classically good looks, a powerful job, a flash car or an expensive suit. What I do have is daygame.

## ***Spring 2012***

*“Leave your drink but bring your bag”* I grinned as I took her by the hand and led her from the candle-lit glow of the dark cocktail bar to the sobering lighting of the bathrooms. The few guests in the venue were oblivious to what was going on in front of them. It was early on a Tuesday evening and the trickle of customers were watching the jazz trio in the corner. An hour before I had met this stunning long-legged Asian girl on the busiest shopping street in Europe, and now I was about to fuck her in the toilets of a bar after kissing her on the sofas. *“This is crazy!”* she gasped as we shut the disabled toilet door and I pushed her up against the wall. *“Somebody will hear us!”*

My head was spinning, not from alcohol or fear, but from the dizzy realisation of how far I’d come in the last few years, from an introverted Oxford geek to one of the best daytime seducers of women in the world.



# CHAPTER ONE

## *Beginnings*

*“We think too much and feel too little”* Charlie Chaplin

To begin at the beginning, we have to rewind to my shambolic interactions with girls at high school. With chronic acne, a reversed bite, a lanky frame and thick glasses, I was a prime target for bullying and this kicked my self-confidence into the ground. The girls at school would enjoy my nice-guy personality, laugh at my jokes, but ignore me romantically in every sense. Quickly I created beliefs that girls found me ugly, girls thought I was strange, girls just got with the “bad boys”. This was the hand I had been dealt, I resigned myself to thinking. So I didn’t build a social circle at school, I didn’t go to house parties, I didn’t drink. What I did have was a brain, and I took refuge in studying and my self-proclaimed nerd status.

I became Head Boy (the teachers noticed me, even if girls didn’t) and pinned a picture of Oxford University above my desk at home. This was going to be my focus - remaining in my bedroom surrounded by textbooks and revision, an academic hermit with the aim of studying Biology at Oxford. Each evening I’d come home from school, turn on my lamp and sit at the small desk from 8pm until 2am. It was my escape from reality and the bullying that was going on in school. My parents just saw the impressive work schedule, not the damaged kid inside, and praised my dedication. It wasn’t their fault; from the outside I seemed like the model child making his parents proud. I

hadn't told them about the bullies or the social anxiety as I didn't want to seem weak in their loving eyes.

My extreme revision schedule and self-discipline paid off, and in the Autumn of 1998 I began my degree at Oxford amongst the dreaming spires and immaculate lawns of one of the oldest universities in the world. Rather than the usual right-of-passage three years of socials, drinking, sex and friendships that my school friends were experiencing at university, I further buried my head in the sand like an introverted ostrich. Oxford encouraged this - hours of silence in the library, avoidance of social situations.

By Christmas of 1998 the self-inflicted isolation and pressures triggered a wave of panic attacks. The first one hit me in the college library. I remember the surroundings starting to spin and an intense feeling of impending doom. I left my work and ran to my room, pouring with sweat and waiting for some kind of disaster. These attacks became common, and the flip-side of them was a bell-jar feeling of sadness. My doctor confirmed the diagnosis of clinical depression, and the next few months were spent trying different drugs and having uncontrollable meltdowns of crying or paranoia. Girls were the last thing on my mind.

Despite constant attempts to quit, my ever understanding parents encouraged me to stick with the degree. Sure enough, the medication began to kick in, numbing me to the mood swings and allowing me to study without either the panic or the sadness. The downside of this was that the tablets left me even more removed socially - giving me a feeling of being an observer on the sidelines of reality, looking in on everyone else who was living life for real.

A few sessions of Cognitive Behavioural Therapy (CBT) at the local hospital taught me how it was possible to detach our thoughts from the feelings they trigger. At the time this was just an interesting phenomenon that I accepted academically, but found impossible to

put into practice. I was literally living in my head, with very little contact with the real world.

My next door neighbour in my college was fucking like a rabbit - I'd hear his bed creaking and his girls screaming through the wall as I had my head in an Evolutionary Biology text book into the small hours. He quickly established himself as the college bad boy, throwing parties, making his own vodka jelly and seducing an endless stream of girls into his room. To me, a virgin at the age of 19, it was another reality.

I remember a girl from another college taking a liking to me and coming to my room one night to write an essay together. She sat on the bed while I shuffled nervously by the window. I think I lent her a book of poems and imagined making her a girlfriend in my head. Not surprisingly, she never came round again.

One of my lecturers on my course was the famous Evolutionary Biologist Richard Dawkins, author of *The Selfish Gene*. The book explains the genetic basis of Charles Darwin's mind-blowing theory of evolution, and how it is not the species or individual that is the unit fighting for survival, but individual genes. Nature is inherently selfish because of this - Tooth and Claw rather than Peace and Love. Sex is the key mechanism for the genes replicating, and thus the biological "meaning of life."

This brutal truth made my head spin, just like the panic attacks. Such a fundamental shift in my world view compounded the lingering feelings of depression and anxiety. I made an appointment with Professor Dawkins to go over some of the questions I had about the book, and he kindly agreed to see me.

In his large Victorian north-Oxford home, I sat on his sofa and went over what was disturbing to me about his concepts. Are humans nothing but vehicles for a collection of genes trying to copy themselves? Is life nothing but a selfish race for replication? Love,

beauty, happiness, relationships...did these not matter, were they just the trappings that hid the Tooth and Claw mechanisms of nature?

It seemed to be what I had seen in secondary school - fights, idiocy, cruelty and bad boys getting the girls. Biology wasn't beautiful to me, it was simply brutal.

Professor Dawkins listened with a concerned ear, but offered little practical advice about feeling better. He showed me his vast book collection, suggested a few titles and emphasised how Darwinian evolution was intrinsically beautiful because of its simplicity. I was too lost in my thoughts to listen to the truth in what he was saying, or to notice his glamorous wife Lalla Ward, an ex-Doctor Who actress, gliding through the house.

I remember going back that night and lying on the floor of my college room. It was like I was drowning. Sinking. Numb. On a micro and macro level, I was fed up with life.

The chronic acne often stopped me leaving my room - I was getting boils and lumps around my nose and mouth, and was embarrassed to even go shopping. Things were as low as they could go. I could hear the other students in the college having parties in their rooms, dancing late into the night in the quadrangle outside, frolicking free in the joys of an uninhibited life.

The roll of the dice seemed so unfair. I had succeeded academically, winning a scholarship for my end of year exam results, but I was the opposite of happy. A lack of friends, a lack of a social life, a lack of women. I wasn't just living in my head, I was living in my self-pity.



*2001 – the real Harry Potter!*

## ***Surfacing***

*“To be engrossed by something outside ourselves is a powerful antidote for the rational mind, the mind that so frequently has its head up its own arse.” Anne Lamott*

The second year of university got better in that the medication was stopping the extreme swings and I had settled into living away from home. I spent less time in the library, and began learning the cello as I had decided I wanted to join an orchestra. Classical music was in my blood and it was a good distraction from working in my room. I joined the university choir and made a few fellow geeky friends. Because of the medication, I still couldn't drink alcohol, but I was beginning to see some life outside of my bedroom.

I saw that just going for coffee with someone else and chatting about the world immediately lifted my mood. Interactions with other people were important. I decided I wouldn't let my spots lock me in my room, and that if I didn't focus on them, neither would other people. It was my first realisation of what the CBT had hinted at - that we are a product of our own thoughts, and that we have the power in our own hands to affect the weather in our heads.

## ***Laura***

There she was, one university choir rehearsal. Pretty, clever, creative, oozing with energy, a second year student like me at another college. Over a few months of rehearsals we bonded over all things musical - she was studying Early Music and played the violin, my passion was classical music and playing the cello. Without me doing any work (and for reasons I couldn't understand) she liked me, and by Christmas of my second year we were dating - my first real girlfriend.

Laura was the second girl I had ever kissed (the first one was when I was 15 and a girl pinned me against the wall outside a school disco) and the first who I shared a bed with. She had a lot more experience than me when it came to anything sexual, and took the lead when we explored each other's bodies and, eventually had sex. Looking back, my one minute sessions in her single bed must have disappointed her immensely, but she still liked me, spots, glasses and all.

I was super needy - she was my first ever girlfriend and I showered her with compilation CDs, poems and constant attention. The anti depressants were making me put on weight, and we were spending our time together indoors watching movies or cooking. Within a year we'd got married - the only way I thought I could keep her, and to keep her religious parents happy.

Very quickly I became "domesticated" and felt the first pangs of missing my independence. I concluded that the smothering feelings Laura and I experienced were just a normal part of a relationship. The inevitable arguments and mood swings put cracks in the seemingly bullet proof feelings of love that had engulfed me when I met her.



After university we travelled to Greece together to teach English as a foreign language on the island of Crete. Paradise, we thought. Blue skies and beaches - what could go wrong? We arrived in October and faced the harshest, wettest winter for years. The tourists vanished, businesses closed, and the pressures on our relationship increased. Laura wanted to go home, I wanted to stay. The anti-depressants were destroying my sex drive and making me increasingly irritable and hard to live with. She went back to visit her family in the north of England and didn't return; the marriage was unsurprisingly over.

My world collapsed, I went numb. I had driven away the only girl that had ever loved me, through neediness and mood swings. To escape the realisation I went to a Greek Orthodox monastery in a remote part of northern Greece where a friend was visiting. For a month I even considered becoming a monk. No women, no outside distractions. Just sea and silence. Tempting though it was, I understood it wasn't for me as the boat that sailed around the monastery peninsula passed beaches of bikini-clad girls sunning themselves. My hunger for girls was returning, and I turned my back on the bells and the prayers. It was time to go home.

On returning to the UK, and with massive support from my loving parents, I got back on my feet and decided to work in a backpackers hostel to meet people and travel. New employees for the company were sent on a training course for two days to Liverpool. This was going to be the moment of social ignition.

## ***Back To Basics***

Emily, another new employer for the hostel network, breezed into the training room, petite and smiley. Her quirky sense of humour and pixie looks were immediately attractive. For the first time since Laura, I found myself laughing and smiling with a girl. We just clicked....happily platonic because she was a lesbian. That evening, everyone on the course went out to a pub by the famous Liverpool docks. I had never drunk alcohol before (except for sips in bus shelters when I was 14), mainly because of being on anti-depressants, but that night I decided to skip my tablets and join them for a beer. It was the first time I felt both tipsy and sociable, that warm glow of happy faces around a pub table. I didn't feel any come-down from the tablets despite being on them for years, and I had got a taste for the social life thanks to Emily's encouragement.

Emily was working in a hostel in Manchester, I in nearby Chester. We would visit each other on our days off. She'd show me the nightlife of Manchester (my first real experience of clubs and cocktails was with her) and introduce me to house music. We climbed Snowdon together and she took me surfing in Cornwall - my life normalised, slowly but surely away from medication.

I could see how warped everything had been at Oxford and with Laura. Emily literally transformed me. With a few beers inside me I found myself chatty, funny, able to let go and draw others in. Nights out would give me glimpses of what was possible, despite my terrible fashion, dancing and continued introverted nature (due to the spots.) Emily inspired me to dress more my age, get some jeans and Converse, change my haircut and buy a pair of record decks to learn basic mixing. Coming off the anti-depressants also meant I was losing weight and feeling better about my body.

## ***Canadian Domination***

Hostel life also gave me two key reference points about women. One afternoon while I was on reception duty, a smiling solo Canadian backpacker strolled in and chatted away to me. She was overweight and I remember she had just been into town alone to drink Guinness and eat steak - not the most feminine girl in the world, but a girl nonetheless. After my shift I sat with her on a sofa in the lobby as she told me about coming to the UK to study stone circles for a novel she was writing. It was late and she told me she had beers in her room. We went upstairs, where the dormitory was empty apart from us. I was scared but excited at being alone with another girl for the first time since Laura. Somehow we started kissing, and then lying on a bottom bunk bed. Then our clothes came off and we were having sex. She smelt of Guinness and was on her period, but she had seduced me, and it blew my mind. Somebody could have walked in at any moment but that just added to the excitement.

I remember going back to my room that night with a smile on my face and a social spark ignited inside. If she found me attractive and slept with me, what other strangers who I came into contact every day with would do the same. Luck had dealt me that moment with her, but I sensed already that by putting myself in more social situations, this luck might repeat itself.

## ***Alaskan Frolics***

My second hostel romance a few months later involved a girl from Alaska who was again a solo backpacker cycling around Wales. She smiled at me as I checked her into the hostel, and I plucked up the courage to ask her out for a drink later, pretending that hostel staff were going anyway. I went out for a beer with her, built a connection about travelling and wilderness trekking (she was a top Alaskan cross-country skier) and then she checked out the next day, emails exchanged. As if by magic, she emailed a few weeks later to say that she was coming back to the hostel before flying home. We spent the afternoon together; she came to my room, where we listened to music and then kissed on my bed. As she undressed and touched my dick, I was so excited that I shot my load all over my boxers, ruining any chance of sex. We slept in my bed, then she vanished in the morning before I could try for Part II.

Those two girls flipped a switch in my brain. Women found me attractive. I wasn't that ugly. I could get another girlfriend. By the age of 23 I had slept with 2 women. I was hungry for more.

## ***Return To University***

For the next year I trained as a primary school teacher in Worcester, going back to university and enjoying some of the things I hadn't done at Oxford. I drank beers with my group of teacher friends, went to clubs and danced, and found myself another girlfriend called Sophie who was on my course. Looking back, she did all the work to get me. After smiling at each other around the campus, we went out to a club with mutual friends. We sat alone in the corner of the club, me mute and waiting for something to happen,. I was too paralysed to lead.

*“Do you want to come back to mine?!”* she asked.

15 minutes later we were on her bed, making out and undressing to the sound of late night live *Big Brother* on TV. The sex we had was silent and nervous - neither of us experienced or able to let go.

Again, without me trying, a girl had chosen me. I got contact lenses which made a massive difference to my self esteem, and I had a cute girlfriend who I could party with. The teaching course was going well and giving me confidence to interact with a whole range of people .For the first time in my life I was feeling stable.

At the end of the year I split up with Sophie as we went our separate ways to teach in different parts of the country. I returned to my home city of Cardiff where I got my first job in a local primary school. At around the same time I bit the bullet did something I'd been delaying for ten years - I went to see a private dermatologist about my acne.

## CHAPTER TWO

### *Let The Games Begin*

The dermatologist was shocked that GPs hadn't referred me earlier and had left me on creams, lotions and antibiotic tablets for years with no effect. Immediately he put me on a hard core drug (*Roaccutane*) that he said would banish spots forever, although it involved three months of extremely dry skin and breakouts of boils. Sure enough, that's what happened, but by January of my first year as a teacher I was spot free and smiling.

About the same time in 2005 I stumbled upon Neil Strauss' *The Game* in a bookshop. It was a true life account of his journey from Average Frustrated Chump (AFC) to Master Pick Up Artist (MPUA) in Los Angeles nightclubs, trained by a magician and seducer called Mystery.

I remember being embarrassed about buying the book, feeling that if someone saw me reading it then they'd know I was terrible with girls. I ripped off the front cover so I could eagerly read it on the train back from Cardiff, finishing it in one go because I was so fascinated by this window into a new world.

The book blew my mind. It claimed that someone could learn how to meet and attract women who weren't in their social circle by using carefully crafted and rehearsed pick-up lines, routines and techniques - just like learning any other skill set. I had a brain, I had determination, I wanted to learn these secrets. The only problem was

that I didn't live in Los Angeles, I didn't really enjoy night clubs and I couldn't devote enough time to going out at night and trying it.

Much of the theory stuck from the book struck an immediate chord with me, as it followed the principles of evolutionary biology and psychology so closely that I had studied at Oxford. Attract a woman through non-needy behaviour and a display of value, build comfort and then seduce through leading and physically escalating. Use social proof to build your value, such as being "preselected" by other females you mix in the club with. Demonstrate higher value (DHV) through your fashion, body language, voice tonality and stories about things in your life. Use attraction material that is immediately appealing to women and differentiates you from other men who have tried to pick her up. Ignore the girl you're after initially (the "target") by focusing on other members of her group so that she comes to you. A classic example of an opinion opener delivered to a group to begin a conversation would be: *"Excuse me girls, just quickly, I've got to get back to my friends, but we were just debating this question...who lies more, men or women?"*

The lines and routines in *The Game* were all indirect, in that they disguised the man's attraction to the woman and relied on learnt material and scripted structures to get the job done. It sounded like putting on the magic shows I used to do for my parents as a child, based on deception, trickery, misdirection and a lot of fun. I enjoyed the book for its glimpses of hope about getting good with girls, but I put it back on the bookshelf and assumed the stories in it from Los Angeles wouldn't apply to a primary school teacher from Wales.

# ***The Mystery Method***

Devised by the infamous PUA “Mystery” (Erik von Markovik) and also the name of his book and former company, the *Mystery Method* (or M3 Model) is a structured approach to pick-up from meeting a girl to sleeping with her.

The method is divided into three sections – attraction, comfort and seduction. It was the cornerstone for seduction models in the PUA community, even though today it is seen as over complicated and too focused on indirect approaching with lines and routines.

## ***Attraction***

- **A1** – the guy approaches with an indirect opener
- **A2** – female to male interest, with the guy giving DHVs and ignoring the target to get IOIs from her
- **A3** – the guy baits the girl into investing, and only then gives her IOIs

## ***Comfort***

- **C1** – conversation (comfort and rapport)
- **C2** – connection, with the guy and the girl feeling it’s “on” and kissing
- **C3** – intimacy back at the close location



# ***Seduction***

- **S1** – foreplay
- **S2** – Last Minute Resistance (LMR)
- **S3** – Sex

Things have come a long way since the model was published, even though the backbone of it still stands. Think of it like a 2D version of the 3D models out there now. And remember it was designed for the night time hustle in clubs. The *London Daygame Model* described in subsequent chapters is a massively evolved adaption of the original ideas.

## ***Summer Of Love***



In the summer term of 2005 an 18 year old French girl from Paris called Marie came to do work experience in my school. Big eyes, big breasts, a petite figure, red hair, stunningly beautiful and well out of my league, she looked like a mixture of Penelope Cruz and Boudicca. She was exotic to me compared to the other middle-aged teachers at school - wearing dresses and skirts instead of jeans and jumpers, reading French poetry during break time in the staffroom instead of *Hello* magazine. I remembered what I had read in *The Game* about opening indirectly and attracting with some gentle teasing. I asked her about the book that she was reading, teased her about her accent and already had value in her eyes as she had seen me teaching the

children and playing music in the hall. She was a dreamy flautist and we clicked quickly. I tried some of the routines from the book on her - a psychology test called *The Cube* and some mind reading tricks. They worked and she loved it.

A week later we went out for staff drinks and talked together about music, art, poetry and life. The sexual tension was obvious, but logistics formed a barrier - she was staying with a host family, I was still living with my parents. We arranged to go and see some jazz a few nights later in Cardiff Bay. As usual, I didn't know how to turn things from friendly to sexual but she did it for me, just like the Canadian. Outside the bar she jumped on me and kissed me passionately. Our hands were all over each other. I suggested we get a hotel, and she happily agreed. It was gone midnight when we checked into a cheap place in central Cardiff under "Mr and Mrs Smith"...the night receptionist knew exactly what was going on. As soon as we opened the bedroom door the passion exploded.

Marie lived up to all the stereotypes of French women being feminine, sexual and sensual. Her sharp nails clawed my back, we had our first 69 together, and she screamed out in French when she came. A few days later we took a trip to a beach on the coast and swam naked in the waves, her teenage breasts bouncing in the spray. I remember lying on the sand with her and feeling an overwhelming sense of joy - a beautiful girl next to me, no more spots, no glasses, I was losing weight and I was happy.

## ***Northern Exposure***

Marie left for Paris that summer, and I was due to fly to New York to stay with my aunt. Putting my passport in the washing machine put a stop to that, so at the last minute I changed my plans and booked a cheap coach up to the Scottish Highlands and the Edinburgh Festival. It was on that trip that I really tried some of the principles of *Game* for the first time - talking to strangers in particular. I remember asking girls on the street for advice about what to buy a friend's new baby, and I got nothing but positive reactions. In the hostel I was staying in I made a point of being sociable and showing some magic tricks to the girls in the lounge. I even went on a "date" with a Spanish girl from the hostel to see some flamenco at the festival, but my nice guy qualities stopped me from taking it further. She had a boyfriend and I let her vanish into the night.

I remember the new feeling of being able to approach strangers, start conversations and even build some attraction. Despite being very nervous to open, the indirect conversational starters gave me the plausibility and structure to give it a go. The crappy magic tricks and rehearsed stories gave me some structured attraction material. It was all very clunky and contrived, but at least it was something.

In the wind and rain of that Scottish summer I took a bus up to Inverness and checked into a tiny hostel. I again made a point of being the sociable one, chatting to everyone and telling a few stories that I had pre-prepared, like *The Game* suggested. Most of mine were stolen comedy routines from a Welsh comedian called Mark Watson. A few of us decided to go for beers in the town, and to a bar called *Johnny Foxes*. By the time we found the bar we were a few beers down and merry. Without knowing it, I had created mini pre-selection and social proof by walking into the bar with two girls (an

effect called entourage Game). Suddenly I saw her, leaning against the side with a guy watching the band. My first super hot girl.

## ***Petra***

Petra was tall, blonde, blue eyes, big breasts, a tennis-player like figure and a “9.5” on a scale of 1-10, as a guy at the hostel would later say. My new found confidence from the girls in Edinburgh combined with four pints of beer made my feet start walking towards her and the guy. I can’t remember most of what she said, but we bonded over her being from Slovakia (where my dad was born) and enjoying the cover band playing. The quiet guy she was with evaporated, as did the girls from my hostel. Petra and I got drunk together and when the bar closed I walked with her back to my hostel for another drink. She met my hostel friends (more social proof and comfort) and then said she wanted to go back to her hostel to call it a night.

Outside the door to her hostel we made out against the stone wall and I suggested I come in. She resisted, but I kept trying, and 2 minutes later we were on the staircase inside up to her dorm. I put her hand on my hard dick and then got it out for her to hold. This massively turned her on, and she said she wanted it - in the bathroom or in a 16 bed dorm where everyone was sleeping. We chose the dorm...she was on a top bunk bed, and within minutes we were fucking like drunk rabbits, the bed squeaking loudly and half the room listening I’m sure. I remember catching my foreskin on the zip of my jeans and shouting out in pain, which added to the night noises. In the morning I went back to my own hostel, king of the world, with the other backpackers amazed at what had gone on.

I had gone to a bar, approached a girl who was with a guy, taken her off him and led her back to her hostel, where I fucked her. Meet to sex in about two hours. Experiences like that are key yard sticks in a man’s sexual life - once you’ve glimpsed what’s possible, there’s no turning back.

## ***Worcester Revisited***

After that summer I returned to Worcester to take up a new teaching job. I moved in with a sociable, fun guy called Ian who didn't know about Game but was naturally popular with women, despite not being good looking. He had the confidence to approach girls in bars and clubs, he was cocky and funny with them, non-needy and happy to escalate. Once or twice a week for the next year we would go to one of the town's only two nightclubs and get drunk together. I told him about Game techniques such as opening a group by asking an opinion, DVHing (we told girls we were pro BMX riders in town for a week), befriending the guys and becoming the centre of the fun through self-amusement, and letting others get sucked in. Two guys getting drunk and randomly talking to girls....there was no system, no plan, and our results were totally sporadic. In the whole year only two big things happened.

## ***Dancing Girl***

The first girl I slept with that year from clubbing was drunk like me. She was training to become a teacher, cute and 19 years old. I was a few beers down and saw her dancing on the tacky club's podium. Thanks to the alcohol and Ian's inspiration, I took her off the stage, danced with her, got her to the bar for a shot, then went back to her student house "*for food.*" Her male flatmate gave me dagger eyes as I sat with her on the sofa and made out. She told him to go to bed, then we moved to her room and fucked into the night. Despite it sounding like good night game, it was a stroke of luck relying on alcohol that I couldn't repeat consistently that year, despite going out and trying every week.



## ***First MILF***

The second was my first single mum who I met at a club we used to call “Jurassic *Park*”, an over 25’s club where we’d go if we didn’t find anything in the other club. I don’t remember much about it, except she was a MILF (Mother I’d Like to Fuck) on a night out with her friend.. Ian took her friend while I made out with her and we agreed on going for food. A kebab shop and a walk later, her friend gave us the ok and we fucked in a spare bedroom on the floor, children’s toys littered around digging into our back. In the morning I stumbled back across Worcester, late to catch a ride to a friend’s wedding. It was my first Hugh Grant moment of many.

Worcester clubbing taught me that you can get laid randomly just by being vaguely sociable and letting nature take its course, but that what you ended up with was like fishing in a canal...it could be a salmon or a shopping trolley. Just by “being social” - leaving your house and speaking to women - things would irregularly happen.

Apart from getting laid, I remember that on two occasions I made out with girls in a bar or club - the first time I was standing talking to friends when an American girl came over, literally grabbed me and made out with me. The second time, a girl kissed me on the dance floor and then vanished into the night. These episodes reinforced that by doing nothing (except being out) things could happen. Women wanted adventure just as much (if not more) than men. So I was getting laid about twice a year by letting things happen by chance. It was time to take control of the probability roulette.

My first ever success with meeting random girls outside of a bar, club or social circle was in a bookshop in Worcester. I remembered from *The Game* about opinion openers so asked a girl browsing in the

Spirituality/New Age section if she could recommend a book for a friend. We got chatting and I plucked up the courage to exchange mobile numbers. A week later we went out for a beer - it turned out she was a budding actress and the granddaughter of a famous English comedian. Nothing came of it but it was a huge success at the time nonetheless - I had seen a girl I liked but had never met before, summoned the courage to speak to her, get her number and take her on a date. The opener was indirect, but I now had evidence that it worked.

## ***Publishing Student***

A few months later I told a shy, single friend about *The Game* and mentioned to him I thought it could really work well. He didn't want to try daygame in Worcester as it was such a small place, so we took the train down to Oxford. Once again we hit the bookshops and found a cute English girl sitting alone in the shop cafe. I told him about opening with an opinion, so I went over and asked if she was more of a tea or coffee girl, as we were trying to decide what she was drinking. The opener worked and soon my friend and I were sitting chatting to her over a drink. She was a student studying publishing and interested in all things Japanese. Having my friend (or "wing") there added strength to the pick up as he was funny and relaxed, as well as taking the pressure off the cold approach. I teased her about reading a text book for pleasure, we swapped numbers and left.

On the train home I texted her to keep the interaction going. It was something random and non-needy, just to spark her attention:

*"Do horses sleep standing up? 50p bet you need to solve!"*

The text hooked and she replied. For the next couple of weeks we sent the odd message back and forth ("pinging"), until I arranged to meet up with her in Oxford for beers. I don't remember the drinking part, but I walked her to her door in the rain afterwards and under an umbrella we kissed. I went inside and we fumbled around on her student accommodation single bed, but no sex.

A week later I returned to seal the deal. There was an almond tree in blossom outside the window and she had a Japanese-style dress on that I unbuttoned from the front. Slowly I revealed her small breasts, kissed them and lowered her onto me. Her last boyfriend had been

Japanese with a small dick she said, and she loved riding me and having deep sex. I used lots of things the French girl had showed me, like the 69, fucking on the floor, biting, hair pulling and standing sex, and she lapped it all up.

In the following weeks and months, I returned to my needy self again - chasing her to be my girlfriend, when all she wanted was casual sex. I sent her too many messages, asked to see her too many times. The neediness drove her away, and she stopped contacting me soon after.

This was the first time I glimpsed the fact that girls can just want casual sex every bit as much as guys. Not everyone wants a relationship. Sex can be just sex.

## CHAPTER 3

### *Return Of The Introvert*

After Worcester I moved to one of the Canary Islands in Spain to teach in a British School for a year. I thought it would be sun, sea and sex on a grand scale, but it wasn't the case. The stresses that come from living abroad hit me hard - the dusty climate meant I couldn't wear contacts and had to return to glasses, I was spending most of my time at school, and the everybody-knows-everybody nature of the island meant that Game was tough. I did collect a few phone numbers from the main shopping street by asking for directions, commenting on their English and offering to do "language exchange" but they came to nothing. Quite rapidly I became the introvert again, with all of the good work done in Scotland and Worcester being forgotten. I stayed in my apartment and watched films or surfed the internet; I felt like an outsider once again.

The move back to the UK was essential. I was feeling stressed from school and depressed at my lack of sociability. I found a job in a London school near Wimbledon and had laser eye surgery to eliminate the problem of wearing glasses again. However a bad-luck reaction to antibiotics after a throat infection left me with muscular pain and fatigue for 6 months. I rapidly slid back to square one on the snakes and ladders board of confidence, struggling to teach at school and collapsing at home every night. Despite living in the most creative, cosmopolitan city in the world, I was slumped at home over a laptop, stressed, tired and aching like an old man.

## ***Online Dating***

Slowly but surely the reaction subsided and the stress got better. I found my feet in the new job and began exercising through swimming at a local gym. I was exploring London, bit by bit, and at Christmas time, alone and sex-less, I registered with an online dating website to take the easy option.

Sure enough, after many random clicks and countless emails to random profiles, I got a date with an older woman working in the City. She wasn't particularly beautiful, but it was the first female contact I had had in a while. We met up near Putney for a beer, got drunk and kissed, then went back to hers and fucked in her posh house. I snuck out in the morning to go to teach with a hangover. Another episode of beer doing the work between two lonely people, but not exactly tight Game.

## ***Daygame Begins***

*“If you’re not one of the chosen, then become one of the choosers”*

In February of 2010 I was getting over a chest infection with a few days off school in bed. I dusted off my old annotated copy of *The Game* and re-read it, once again excited by the possibilities it promised. I went online and read more, watching “infield” videos of PUAs in action and making notes on the lines and routines they were using. Most videos were in bars and clubs around the USA with the PUAs dressed in outlandish clothes (based on the concept of peacocking) and using variations of the *Mystery Method*.

A few pick-up infields, however, were of a young Australian PUA out on the streets in the middle of the day, chatting to girls mostly indirectly (such as asking for directions) and getting their phone numbers or taking them for coffee there and then. It was these “daygame” videos that caught my attention the most, as I had never been naturally at home in bars and clubs and felt an affinity for the guy’s conversational approach and relaxed style. I remembered my few Edinburgh street conversations and Spanish successes and I made a commitment to myself to try what I had seen on the videos in London.

Daygame naturally appealed to my conversational “Britishness,” with lower energy needed than for a bar or club and a chance to use my brain (not brawn) for generating attraction.

## ***Advantages Of Daygame:***

- Doesn't need an "avatar" pick-up persona that's high energy and all about routines or lines. It's the most authentic form of Game in terms of expressing who you really are
- Not a limited time frame or location - you don't have to rely on Fridays or Saturdays in bars or clubs. Can be done anywhere, from the train to the coffee shop or street
- Doesn't cost anything - no need to pay for entrance, drinks or online subscriptions to dating sites
- Lack of competition - very few men are doing it in the day, compared to all the guys hitting on girls at night
- Active, not passive - you don't have to wait for a girl to land in your life from your social circle. You are the chooser rather than the chosen
- No loud music to shout over or crazy lights - you get to see the girl as she really is
- You can meet the top-quality girls that don't always go to clubs or bars
- No hassles with her friends trying to pull her away - it's usually just you and the girl, without distractions
- No need to be the entertainer - humility and honesty replace flashy pick-up and magic tricks. Comfort is central
- Gets you fit while exploring your city - you're out in the fresh air, walking for hours at a time, enjoying your surroundings
- Positivity and sociability - chatting to people is win-win, it makes you feel good and takes you into the "now"



## ***Hitting the Streets***

*“Experience is simply the name we give to our mistakes” Oscar Wilde*

My first ever street approaches in the capital were on the long, wide pavements of the Strand. Everyone looked so caught up in their own worlds as they rushed past, towards or away from Charing Cross Station. It didn't have the relaxed festival feel of Edinburgh, or the slow seductive vibe of Spain. Butterflies in my stomach, a dry mouth, doubts rushing through my head, I spoke to a young woman waiting outside McDonalds (moving girls were just too much to begin with).

*ME: Excuse me, do you know where the Karma Cafe is?*

*HER: No, I'm afraid not....*

*ME: I think it's down some stairs, with low lights, shisha, cushions...*

*HER: Sounds nice, but doesn't ring a bell. Bye*

I had done it - approached a London stranger (with an indirect opener) and had a brief interaction. Nothing bad had happened, and I had felt a spark of happiness as I interacted with a beautiful girl who was “out of my league.”

Over the next few days I repeated the same opening line, again and again, trying to extend the interactions by asking where the girl was from if I heard she had a foreign accent, or having a quick chat about other nice cafes. The nerves were still there on every approach, but the majority of the interactions went well, and the girls were smiley and upbeat. This was an early epiphany for me - that just because someone has a serious, don't-talk-to-me face on before you speak to them, it's often no reflection of what they're actually thinking or

feeling. We are all guilty of rushing around, looking busy and caught up in our own lives, when in reality we might be feeling lonely and glad to have a positive human interaction if it comes our way.

The London streets still seemed quite intimidating for me - the noise, the energy, the pace, the rush, so I switched to talking to seated girls. My main areas were the benches in tourist-packed Leicester Square and the steps outside the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square. Both areas are classic stomping grounds for pick-up, night and day, like the Spanish Steps in Rome or Time Square in New York. A meeting of nationalities, ages, backgrounds and purposes.

Starting conversations on benches requires a dollop of acting skills. I would spot a space next to an attractive girl, sit down but pay her no attention for a minute or two. I'd check my phone or take a pretend call from a friend, and then open with a tried-and-tested question:

*ME: Excuse me...sorry to bother you....do you have a tube map I could borrow?*

*HER: Um....hang on....(rummaging in bag).....let me see.....yep, here you go...*

From that simple opener the conversation could expand quickly and easily. I would take note of her accent (95% of the girls I spoke to at first were foreign....the beauty of London) and tell them that I had just moved to London, and should really be more organised. I'd say I was waiting for friends, and then try to get into further conversation about where she was from, what she was doing in London etc.

Each night I'd watch pick-up videos on the internet from the original PUAs and scribble down lines, routines and stories to spark attraction and keep the conversations I was having away from the mundane. I'd type them up as a file in my phone and refer to them throughout the day to practice.

I was also using routines that I had read in the *The Game* that were created for a nightclub environment, such as *The Cube*, *Think of a Number* and *Finger Rings*. I believed that this was what PUAs did, and I went shopping for items that I had seen them wear - bead necklaces, unusual rings, flashy belts. I even visited a magic shop in central London and bought a vanishing coin / card trick which I used on a few dates with limited success. I was trying to make night game fit into daygame, but missing the point that attraction was built in a different way during the day.

I was like a comedian learning jokes and trying to make them work. It was a performance I was delivering - nothing too spontaneous, but at least I had a “safety net” or “training-wheels” to fall back on, and it desensitised me to talking to beautiful women.

Sure enough, I started collecting phone numbers and email addresses, stored in my phone or scribbled on napkins and flyers. This became an addiction, and I’d go out daily after school and on the weekends with the rule that I couldn’t return home until I had got a least one set of contact details. For the next year I was to do this - one number a day minimum, usually after 4 or 5 interactions. That’s over 2000 conversations with strangers in one year. Experiential learning through taking action - the best teacher.

The type of girl I was successful in talking to and getting details from (“number closing”) was typically 18-25, foreign, in London for a few weeks or months, studying English or working in a bar/cafe.

Soon, I was also running the same material in coffee shops if I spotted a seat free next to a girl. I learnt to be a lot more observational too - noticing what book she was reading, what nationality she was from her look and style, what she did for a living etc.

Quite quickly, after a number of weeks, I became desensitised to opening girls indirectly and following the same conversational pattern

towards asking for their numbers. The indirect opener took all the pressure off revealing my true intent, and the seated environment made chatting to strangers seem natural and spontaneous. I was reliably getting numbers and finding that daygame pick-up had other pleasant side-effects: I was interacting with other people, sharing stories and smiles, outside for a few hours each day and feeling far more relaxed and upbeat. Finally I was letting go of logic and embracing spontaneity.

In short, learning to be social and connecting with others is good for you.

## ***Pop-Up Moments***

*“The truth is that our finest moments are most likely to occur when we are feeling deeply uncomfortable, unhappy, or unfulfilled. For it is only in such moments, propelled by our discomfort, that we are likely to step out of our ruts and start searching for different ways or truer answers.” M.S Peck*

My life was transforming at quite a pace. It reminded me of a documentary series on Channel 4 I used to love called *Faking It*, where they would take someone out of their comfort zone and transform them in one month into something completely different - like a sheep shearer to a hair-stylist, or an inner city BMX rider to a polo player. Despite its voyeuristic quality, the episodes were always strangely moving. To see someone's whole reality shifted and changed, with them achieving things they didn't know they were capable of, was amazing. Often they'd have to face a lifetime of fears and misconceptions to take on their new persona. By the end of the month, when it came to the moment in the show where specialists in that field tried to pick them out from a line-up of others, the subjects had sometimes changed so much that “faking it” wasn't even needed.

I remember one episode in particular, where a wealthy guy from the countryside was given a month to toughen up and become a bouncer at one of London's busiest clubs. They shaved his head, taught him how to fight, gave him a cockney accent and made him live with his “mentors” on a council estate in the East End. To top it all off, the guy revealed he was gay halfway through the show. Despite the odds stacked against him, a fundamental change took place and by the end of the month, he had found a lifestyle and identity that was far closer to who he really was than the hunting jackets, estates and pheasants.

I was also a big fan of Danny Wallace's counter-culture efforts in his book *Join Me*, where he popularised the concept of "Random Acts of Kindness." These are win-win anonymous actions of positivity, like giving a stranger a cake or paying for someone's bill in a restaurant. It's all about breaking down the stiff social barriers that have arisen in big cities, and reconnecting on a human level. Striking up conversations with random strangers in London felt like much the same, as it is so rare for people to drop their guard or break their enclosed habits.

The TV programme *Trigger Happy* by Dom Joly explored a similar concept of breaking social norms. It was a hidden-camera comedy show where he'd make people smile out and about in London through daft and surreal moments that smashed through the day-to-day greyness. I loved this idea of going against what was expected and accepted. Daygame was starting to become my own version of *Trigger Happy*.



I felt like the daytime dating version of the anonymous street artist Banksy who brightened up London in the night with a spray can and intelligent humour. I'd pop into a coffee shop, strike up a quick conversation with a pretty girl and then leave with her phone number, unseen by anyone else. Bond meets Banksy – real stealth daygame.

# ***Magic***

*“Magic isn’t about fakes and switches and dropping coins on your lap. It’s about entering into a relationship with a person whereby you can lead him, economically and deftly, to experience an event as magical...rarely is there any sense of challenge, anger or resentment at being tricked, although there will always be irritating magician who will court that reaction, and spectator with issues regarding control who will always respond in this way. Some form of unspoken contract exists between the performer and the spectator, which permits the deception.” Derren Brown*

Since primary school I had been mildly obsessed with all things magical - the illusion of theatre, the make-believe of a show, the contrast of on-stage and back-stage. I put on puppet shows for my family and did magic tricks in front of my school. It wasn’t the show I was interested in - it was the trickery, the skill of accepted misdirection. Not in a manipulative way, as audiences watching magic know in the back of their minds that it’s a trick, but in that suspension of disbelief, even just for a brief moment, which brings joy and wonder.

Learning the art of daygame and collecting numbers during the day seemed magical. As I walked around Covent Garden, looking for girls in coffee shops or taking girls on dates there to watch the street theatre, I’d pass by Magicians’ Corner. There, I could observe how the street magicians followed a daygame structure of their own. They would get the crowd to gather round with humour and a tease trick (“capture”), keep them there by suggesting bigger things to come (“open loops”), dazzle and suspend their disbelief with misdirection and skill (“attraction”), gain their trust and comfort (“rapport”), seduce them with a grand finale trick, then collect their money before they left



("close"). They'd repeat the same show 20 times a day, and each time the underlying structure worked. There was a method in the madness.

I got chatting to one of the magicians there who was having a coffee break and asked him if he'd ever used his magic skills to pick up girls. He said that he used to be a player and knew about Game, but had settled down now and was using his PUA skills to win over an audience rather than a girl.

I felt like a magician once more - sitting on a park bench next to a girl, following a structure I had tested many times before and finishing with her phone number and possibly a date. I wasn't out to lie to her or manipulate the situation, I just knew what underlying sociological and psychological structures worked through trial-and-error. I had unleashed a special super power.

# CHAPTER FOUR

## *Flakey Numbers*

*“Make mistakes of ambition and not mistakes of sloth. Develop the strength to do bold things, not the strength to suffer.” Niccolo Machiavelli*

A rude awakening for an aspiring PUA (day or night) is the fact that learning how to collect phone numbers is just the beginning. The first few months have to be spent learning how to have sparky conversations with strangers and the skill of building enough comfort to take their details. The cold realisation is that many of these numbers are dead ends (“flakes”), for a whole host of reasons: your skill level in set, the fact that she wasn’t that interested but was being polite, she had a boyfriend, she’d just come out of a relationship, she was not in the mood. Many of the reasons for a flake are beyond the daygamer’s control, so there is a key element about the whole system that is based on probability. The more girls you stop and talk to, the more phone numbers you can collect. The more numbers you’ve got, the bigger the percentage of dates that you can set up. As your skill on the street improves, your “open-to-close” ratio certainly increases: you become more calibrated to the street environment, you’re more socially attuned to the interaction, you’re calmer, more experienced and less reactive.

Daygame is therefore a mixture of getting the skill-set down and a numbers’ game. Initially, the flakes are usually because of the quality

of the interaction (i.e. your mistakes) and later they become more about external reasons. The more you open, the more you close.

Littered around my bedroom were napkins, flyers, business cards and scraps of paper with girls' numbers on them. My phone was starting to fill up with details too, and it was becoming quite a job to keep up with the text messaging that's involved in the seduction process.

## ***First Texts***

The first text message sent to a girl after meeting her in the day needs to be non-needy and lighthearted, just a gentle reminder about your interaction and to make you part of her phone book. I usually send it anywhere from 30 minutes to a few hours after meeting the girl, as leaving it too long means the magic of the interaction fades in the girl's mind.

It's crucial not to seek value from her through questions you're not really interested in the answer to ("*How was the shopping?*") or make the message too long. An example of a needy message to avoid would be:

*"Hello Sophie, it's Tom from Oxford Street, really nice to meet you, did you meet your sister? How was the shopping? I am back home. Are you free on Tuesday? : - )"*

Too kiss-arse, too many questions, too rapport-seeking, a needy jump for the date request and over investment with the smiley face and kiss.

An example of a good first message sent would be:

*"Hola sunbather Sophie, random but cool to meet you...are you always so friendly to new people or was it just the blue sky? Tom"*

The first part of the message is usually call-back humour to something in the interaction, while the second part cleverly "flips-the-script" and implies that she was the one picking you up.

If a girl doesn't reply to that first "feeler" text then I wait a day or two and follow up with:

*“We are SO getting divorced, call the lawyer, you can keep the cat!”*

If she still doesn't reply to that, then I won't try again, as very quickly it will become needy and a huge drop in value. The beauty of daygame is an abundance mentality....with almost 10 million people in London, there are always more hot girls, phone numbers and dating possibilities.

## ***Welly Girl In The National Gallery***



### *National Gallery and the “indirect” game steps*

Slowly my flake rate was going down and I was setting up some dates with the girls I had met in coffee shops and Trafalgar Square. Rather than just talking to seated girls, I decided to see if I could talk to girls inside the many free museums and galleries around London as this would increase my options. The sprawling, lovely National Gallery was my first experiment.

I had been walking around the gallery for a good few hours, plucking up the courage to approach girls looking at paintings with an indirect-direct opening along the lines of asking them about something they were wearing that my friend would love for her birthday. It was working ok but I was still self-ejecting through nerves and stalling. Tired and ready to quit, I pushed myself to open one more pretty girl who I saw making notes about a painting in one of the crowded

rooms near the front. She was tall, posh-English looking with a wax jacket and riding boots. 21 years old, she was a History of Art student at a top London university. She loved the comment about the boots, and giggled as she admitted they were actually wellies. I teased her about inappropriate footwear for galleries and she hooked when I mentioned loving street photography around London. I took her number after five minutes of banter with a vague plan of meeting to take photos on the South Bank along the river.

I texted a few times during the week to sort out meeting up, and she remained pretty keen. We agreed to meet by the Tate Modern one evening and walk to a bar (the photography was never mentioned again). I asked her to bring me a present costing no more than £1, and I'd do the same. It's an "investment routine" that I've used many times since, which gets the girls to commit to the date and not flake - they spend the week thinking of what to get you.

It was dark and raining when I turned up outside the Tate Modern - she was running late. I bantered with the security guys outside which put me in a chatty, sociable mode, and told her to meet me in a nearby pub (always good to lead, especially when girls say they're late) which she did half an hour later. Sure enough, she had brought me a present - some homemade biscuits! A massive sign of investment, and something really genuine. I gave her a disposable camera and told her I wanted her to take a picture a day for 24 days as an art project. She smiled too, and it all flowed so well, despite my complete lack of real dating experiences and my clunky attempts to use old skool routines and stories from *The Game*. If she did smell a try-hard vibe, she forgave me for it.

We walked to another bar next to Shakespeare's Globe Theatre and went into lots of comfort - she really opened up about growing up in a rich English family on a farm, her creative ideas and her dreams / worries. We were both touching each other's legs, and I pulled her in and kissed her. I remember it all feeling totally unreal, that a stranger

I had met in a gallery a few days ago was now passionately kissing me.

The rest of the date was spent walking arm in arm, kissing by the Thames and getting more and more drunk. London's twinkling electro night skyline gave it a cinematic quality. I had very little experience of making a move ("escalating") then, and felt lucky that it was all going to plan despite my shaky old school routines. In reality, I think we just clicked and she didn't mind my nervous flirting attempts. I walked her to the tube station, and we said goodbye with dinner planned for a few days time.

As the dinner date at her place got closer, she texted me to ask if it was ok if her flatmates ate with us too. I faked coolness and said sure, asking what she'd like me to cook (she was providing the dessert). To my horror, she sent a link to a Jamie Oliver recipe for a 14-step smoked haddock risotto. This was a well-bred English girl we were talking about, clearly.

Looking back, lots of things were needy and chumpy about my time with her, but it was all so exciting and surreal for me in my early days of Game. I should confess that I'm a terrible cook, so I spent the evening before "experimenting" with the recipe in my own kitchen, encouraged by my Brazilian flatmates who found the whole thing really funny. Massively over-investing on my part for sure, but beginner's excitement.

The second date at hers was initially terrifying....me walking into a posh apartment building off by Goodge Street, meeting her two equally posh flatmates, and pretending to be totally casual and spontaneous about cooking the complex fish in her kitchen as I bantered and drank posh wine. But again, looking back, by cooking for her and her flatmates I had passed a massive "test" and had gained serious brownie points. We all sat in her arty bedroom and ate the food (which turned out pretty good after my rehearsals) cross-legged on the floor – I vibed with her flatmates and joked about how I



had met her in the gallery. Subtly, (after some girl chat in the kitchen) her flatmates left us alone in her room, and from that point on it was game over.

Early the next morning I woke up in her double bed with a view looking out down Tottenham Court Road towards the lights of Centre Point Tower. I was snuggled next to a beautiful young English girl who I had met in a gallery a week or so before. Daygame was clearly working.

I saw Welly Girl for the next couple of months in an open way, and it was all so magically good - fucking in her parents' "spare" weekend house in South Kensington, walking in Hyde Park, going to concerts, taking about art, music and life. We went our separate ways when she left London to live at home after her exams, but it was all a beautiful bubble experience that taught me lots.

I realised that you can have an intimate, unique and amazing experience with a girl without "falling in love." If both of you are on the same page, and want the same things (sex, companionship, adventure) then nothing needs to be "defined" in a girlfriend-boyfriend way. We both knew it was only going to last for a short period, yet we were both content with enjoying the experience for what it was. This was a revelation for me. The whole notion of a "relationship" that I had been taught when I was younger was changing.

## ***English Actress Instant Date And Lay***

*"I don't want to be a pick-up artist...I want to be a sit-down artist."* Tom Torero

In some of the daygame pick-up videos online, I had seen guys taking girls directly from the street to a coffee shop or bar for an "instant date", instead of just going for a number close. I was keen to try it, as it seemed to solve the problem of lots of flakes, and give me practice of going on more dates. It required more courage and more leading, both of which were pushing my comfort zone.

I had started approaching girls who were moving on the street with an indirect opener about a costume shop:

*ME: Excuse me, do you know where a fancy dress shop is near here?*

*HER: Um, I'm not too sure....maybe up there towards Covent Garden...*

*ME: Thanks....one more thing....I'm going to a fancy dress party and I don't know what to wear?*

*HER: What kind of party is it?*

*ME: The theme is "Pleasure and Pain", but don't get any ideas, I'm a nice guy...*

This opening routine also gave me practice of spicing up the comfortable conversations a bit with a sprinkling of sexual intent. It had to be done in a very playful way, with twinkling eyes and a cheeky smile, in order for it to not seem creepy, but the results can be dramatic. The girl knows what you're up to, even though you've not

said explicitly you're hitting on her. It's a good example of an "indirect-direct" opener where the intent is in the sub-communication.

I practiced it on the many girls flowing around Leicester Square (or "Pester Square" as it became known) - the original home of pick-up in London because of its high density of tourists and bars. One evening in March of 2010 I tried it on a pretty petite girl who was coming towards me looking alternative in her knitted hat and indie-kid jacket.

As soon as I stopped her, she smiled and hooked. I had got the cheeky tone just right and she got the humour behind the fancy dress shop topic. We clicked and chatted on the street for five minutes. She was an English actress touring the country with a theatre company, in London to see her brother. I plucked up the courage and suggested we go for a quick beer as I had ten minutes to spare. Magically, she agreed and we started walking to a pub nearby.

With a cheeky expression she asked if I was really looking for a fancy dress shop, and I dodged the question by going up to the bar to order two beers. We sat and went into comfort topics (her background, her job, her travelling) over our pints, the whole thing feeling totally surreal because I had only met her less than 20 minutes before and now we were effectively on a "date."

Suddenly her phone rang and she took a call from her brother. He was nearby and she asked him to come to the pub to meet her. My heart sank at the thought of a huge guy coming in and going crazy at me for pulling his sister off the street.

Instead, a well-dressed nerdy guy appeared and came and sat with us. He was more nervous than me, and I remembered from pick-up theory about "disarming the obstacle" - being nice to someone who has come into the set unexpectedly. I shifted my entire focus to him and chatted about his studies and his hobbies. This put him at ease, and also impressed his sister.

After 10 minutes I realised I had to leave as I had said to her about “*meeting friends*,” so I took her number in front of her brother, shook his hand, and then left them chatting in the pub. It was my first number close in a “2-set” and from an instant date.

A week later we went on a proper date to the *Comedy Store* in London to enjoy some top quality London laughing. The beers flowed, and so did my newfound confidence. I walked her back to Waterloo train station, planning to try to take her home straight away, but she put up resistance and so we just kissed and parted on different platforms.

The following week she came down to Wimbledon and met me outside my school after work. We went to get takeaway food, and then walked to my house where I was living in a tiny box room with a single bed. She knew what was going to happen, and after watching a dvd on my bed, the clothes came off and we were having frenzied sex.

She described me as a “*smooth operator, but a gent*” as I walked her back to the underground station, still with that cheeky twinkle in her eye.

My head was spinning from the fact that I had dated and slept with two beautiful English girls in the last two months, and now one was calling me “*smooth*.” This success sparked my addiction to daygame....there was no going back.

## ***Forming a habit***

*“Success is a quiet set of daily actions repeated”*

They say it takes a minimum of 66 days to form a habit. Many guys I’ve taught daygame to give it a go, but then let other things distract them from hitting the streets and keeping it up. Approach anxiety creeps back and motivation is lost.

In the beginning, doing it once a week for a couple of hours isn’t enough. I’d go out pretty much every day for three to four hours, desensitising myself to it and having the minimum aim of getting one set of contact details. On weekends I’d spend a whole day on the streets, meaning that my vibe reached a crucial tipping point and I could use momentum to push my comfort zones.

It’s just like setting yourself a goal of losing weight or passing an exam. The beginning period is tough, but once you’ve made it habitual then it starts to become enjoyable as you notice the progress, bit by bit.

Having a friend or “wing” to do daygame with in the beginning can be a good idea, so you can motivate each other. However, learning to do solo daygame is the best option as you really are teaching yourself mind-over-matter and seeing what you’re capable of alone.

## ***Coffee Shop Parisian Girl***

My daily daygame warm up sets would be the familiar ones in coffee shops, sitting next to girls and asking for a tube map, then trying to transition into conversations. Often the sets would lead to nowhere as they lacked intent or directness. I was hiding behind the “nice guy” image and not revealing what I wanted. However, this style of daygame occasionally paid off.

My strategy was to walk into a coffee shop, scan for any girls with a space next to them, then go order a drink and sit down. As I entered one by Trafalgar Square I spotted a beautiful petite girl sitting looking at a guidebook to London; dark hair, dark eyes, just my type of girl. I grabbed a latte and squeezed in next to her, surrounded by tourists, city bods and old folks enjoying an afternoon sit down.

I opened with asking to borrow her book to check the tube map, but she gave me a puzzled look and blushed, explaining that she didn't speak much English and that this was her first day in London. Right girl, right place, right time.

She had moved here from Paris to do an internship for a few months and was trying to get her bearings. Her eyes was mesmerising, as well as her French accent and gorgeous giggle. I was struggling to hide my enthusiasm.

My usual conversational pattern went out the window as her English was too broken, but she showed me on the map where her hotel was in Victoria where she was staying while looking for a flat. I pointed out some of the arty areas of London she should see, and realised that physical leading was more important than anything else, so suggested a quick tour of Soho which she happily agreed to.

We walked around the quirky backstreets of Soho for an hour, checking out the art galleries and jazz cafes, everything flowing dreamily and beautifully. Even though the conversation was difficult, we found we were into the same kind of things and it all felt very natural. I walked her back to Trafalgar Square and made plans to see her the following day after taking her number.

That afternoon, it clicked. I had been stupid not setting up something for that evening - it was just my fear of seeming over keen. I texted her to see if she'd be up for a drink later, and she replied that it was a good plan.

We met that evening by the lions of Trafalgar Square. She arrived looking stunning - white summer trousers, heels, very feminine and classy for her age (she was 23), smelling gorgeous. I took her down to Embankment where we sat in the dark candle-lit cellar of *Gordon's Wine Bar*, perfect for seduction. We drank fantastic red wine, our knees touching in the crowded cave-like bar. Her eyes were on fire, even bigger in the dark. I remember brushing her hair from her face and realising that we were in a bubble where everything around us was fuzzy.

Two hours later we stumbled into the night, happily tipsy, and walked down towards the Houses of Parliament and Big Ben, my arm around her small waist. As we walked past Victoria Gardens, locked for the night, next to the Parliament buildings, she turned and asked: "*will we get in trouble if we go in?*" I grinned and gave her a bunk-up over the fence, aware of the massive CCTV presence but excited by the risk and adventure of it all.

Alone in the gardens by the river at night was surreal. We giggled as we made our way over to the pavilion fountain in the middle holding hands and stumbling in the dark. I pushed her against the cold stone monument and made out heavily with her, putting her hand on my hard dick beneath my jeans. "*I have a boyfriend*" she said. "*It's ok, I*

*understand*” I replied, pulling back and looking at her in the eyes, still sparkling in the night.

We climbed back over the fence and I put my hand out to stop a cab. Minutes later we were standing outside her hotel in Victoria. “*Thank you for a nice night, see you soon*” she smiled. I pulled her in and we kissed some more. “*I’ll just come up for a bit, I have to teach in the morning,*” I said. She smiled and admitted she was scared of the “*creepy*” guests in the rooms around hers. We walked into the hotel, sneaking past the distracted receptionist who was watching a movie.

The contents of her suitcase were scattered around the place - clothes, shoes, a laptop, books, her Parisian life spilled out in the small, stuffy room. We lay on the bed and she told me about her move to London, how she and her boyfriend were “*taking a break*” while she tried her London life. Talking led to kissing, and kissing to clothes coming off, then after lots of foreplay we were having sex.

It was gone 3am by the time we fell asleep in each other’s arms. My alarm woke me four hours later and I stumbled into the morning light of Victoria and onto a bus back to Wimbledon to go straight to work, still smelling of her and the night adventure.



## ***Daygame Positivity***

Very quickly after beginning daygame I realised that it was making me feel happy. The clinical depression and anxiety seemed a million miles away as I had daily upbeat interactions with new people all over London.

When I first came to the city I would spend my free time surfing the internet, watching films or running alone. Being naturally introverted, I came to believe that I actually enjoyed being on my own.

I noticed that the positive conversations I was having with people every day created positive feedback loops in my mind: win-win situations where the more positive I felt, the better my interactions would go, which in turn made me feel more positive. In short, being sociable makes you feel good.

My family and friends rapidly noticed a difference in me. Staff at work described me as “*glowing*” when I came in on a Monday morning. I felt more at ease bantering with the other teachers during coffee breaks, or chatting to friends of friends I had just met in pubs or cafes.

My conversational skills were developing at an exponential rate, and I was starting to chat to everyone, not just daygame girls. It was an easy way to “boost state” - bantering with shop keepers, service staff, tourists, old people, whoever. Smiling, breaking through regular grey automated polite mode and having quirky, interesting or funny chats helped me practice my spontaneity and made them smile too.

Without consciously meaning to “game” for freebies, this positive attitude led to me getting free stuff from people in shops and cafes.

Many times I was given free coffee by barista staff for just “being nice” and having upbeat conversations. The manager of one even came over with a free cookie when I was on an instant date because I had had a funny chat with him at the till. The girl was impressed, but more importantly everyone involved felt better. Adding value to others makes you happy...it’s not a difficult concept.

In the last three years I’ve had free drinks, pizza, tube travel, pints and very cheap taxi rides, just from striking up genuine conversations with strangers. A girl once reached into her bag and gave me a bar of chocolate after I chatted to her in Trafalgar Square, she was so happy to have had a conversation which made her feel better about a crappy day she was having.

I don’t mean that the reason you should be banter is to get something back. I mean that being positive and friendly really can be win-win...it’s great for your daygame and it’s great for other people and it's rewarding in terms of making others smile.

## CHAPTER FIVE

### *Japanese Bookshop Girl*

Rewind to February 2010, cold and dark, and the start of my real daygame adventure in London. One of the first contact details I ever got was a weak, mumbled 5 minute interaction with a hot Japanese girl in *Foyles* bookstore coffee shop on Charing Cross Road. It was a busy Saturday and the cafe was packed, so I squeezed onto her table where she was reading a book. I can't remember the conversation much, but it was based around her book and the fact that she was Japanese - classic situational game, where you open by "saying what you see." She was very quiet, with poor English, but she seemed mildly interested.

I used the "language exchange" emergency close to get her email as I was still nervous about asking for phone numbers.

*"Well, another time you can practice your English with me over a coffee"*

I was totally chuffed that I had managed any kind of close, and remember walking out of the store on a high.

Because of the weak interaction, I didn't expect a reply to my email, as so many of my early closes went nowhere and it was such a brief, surface conversation. But sure enough, she replied saying she had enjoyed our chat and that we should meet up for the language exchange soon.

I spent the next two weeks setting up the first date with her, which constantly got rearranged or cancelled (she had emailed me her number by this point - a good strategy for taking it to a personal level) and her texts got weaker and fewer, until they eventually stopped. In the first few months of Game, I was pretty disheartened when stuff like that happened (based on taking it personally) and so I deleted her number as a needy over-reaction. This whole story, and other ones in the book, show that deleting details is a bad move, as you never know when circumstances change and a number sparks to life again...

Fast forward to April and I was walking from Tooting tube station to a pub for a date with a posh yachtswoman (another story) when I saw a missed call on my phone from an unknown number. On a whim I called it back and it was a girl with poor English asking how things were and that we should meet up. I had no idea who it was, as I'd been deleting other numbers that had led nowhere, so had to ask her where we met. She said in Foyles cafe, and I suddenly remembered the Japanese girl. By now I'd got better at leading, so I told her a time and a place to meet in the middle of the coming week, and she said she was looking forward to it.

We met at Tottenham Court Road tube and she was looking much hotter than I remembered - short skirt, tight top, high boots and make-up. I had pre-planned a nearby bar to start off in called *Bradley's*, a tiny Spanish pub off Oxford Street which we squeezed into. She was much more open and chatty than when we first met, and she told me about moving to London, an earlier English ex boyfriend (good sign) and her hobbies.

To "spike" up the conversation out of just chit-chat comfort, I moved the topic onto what she found attractive in guys. She said she liked it when guys took control, which I interpreted as a green light for leading her by the hand to the tapas place just a few doors down. Cheesy and cliched, with flamenco and roses, she loved it because it was unusual for her. I used some of my (poor) Spanish on the bar

staff and waiter, and she commented on how I was such an open, confident guy in her eyes. Classic old-skool DHV through social proof.

There was more chit-chat over tapas. Then the flamenco guitars began, which gave me an excuse to sit next to her rather than opposite (a crucial move to take things to a more intimate level) and drink wine. The conversation got more sexual and physical as I spiked it up, massaging her back and neck. We acted the couple as she relaxed into the role.

I suggested having one drink for the road in a late Soho bar, and we headed out hand in hand and went to find somewhere still serving. Five minutes later and with cocktails in hand, sitting on comfy cushions in a gay bar (the only one open), I went for the kiss, but she turned away and said that it was too fast for a Japanese girl.

I maintained the touching, chit-chatted more with spikes and went for the kiss again, which she didn't stop this time. We made out for a while, then headed outside, where she told me she had to get going because of work. I didn't plough on, as I felt she really was tired, like I was, and that the date had done its job. We arranged to meet on Friday night in Oxford Circus to go and see some live music in London Bridge.

Now, here's where the logistics kicked in, which ultimately got me the lay. At the time I was living quite a way from central, and I knew she was in a shared house far from there too. I knew that there was a pub on Borough High Street with a backpackers above it (*St Christopher's*) that had live music every Friday until late, so I used the music as the excuse to get her there. In my mind I thought that if the second date was going well, we'd just get a room upstairs and do the deed, so I went to the pub before I met her and got friendly with the Aussie bar guy who said there were still double rooms that night if I wanted to book one later (he clocked why I was asking and was cool with it).

I went back to Oxford Circus and waited for the Japanese girl, but she was late, and then seemed to totally flake. I thought it was weird, because of the good first date, so called her and she didn't pick up. I got a text half an hour later saying she was late and was with friends, and that I should hang on.

In my early days of daygame, I was a lot more invested and needy, so I waited even longer, then called her, and could hear her and her Japanese friends in the background. She said she was tired and was going home with them. In typical beginners' anger I texted after the call saying: "*What the fuck? Don't contact me again,*" and jumped on the tube to London Bridge to still catch the band, alone.

As I got out of the tube at Borough High Street my phone rang. It was her, sounding emotional, saying she was sorry and was waiting for me alone at Oxford Circus. I knew she'd flake again if I asked her to come by herself to London Bridge, so I jumped straight back on the tube and met her 15 minutes later at Oxford Circus.

By this time I was tired, still pissed off, and she picked up on all this as we drank a beer at *O'Neils* on Carnaby Street. No chit-chat, no game, no rehearsed stories, no routines, just me being still annoyed with her and her being apologetic and investing in me. It was the first time that I saw how this aspect of daygame was crucial.

Unintentionally I was breaking rapport, and she was doing all the work to keep me interested. The script was being flipped, and she was picking me up.

I said we needed to get going quickly to catch the band, so we got the tube back to Borough and went into the pub. We sat on comfy sofas, still with frosty conversation, but then I resumed heavy kino and kissing, which she responded well to again, just like on the first date. I told her about how old the pub was (she loved twee English history) the famous food market, the Dickens link and that she should see the rest of the building for the oak beams and Tudor history.

I told her it was a backpackers upstairs, and she seemed cool with that, so we went through a side-door and followed a bunch of Kiwi girls up the stairs (they had pressed the code to get in). Now I was bluffing and fumbling totally, as I led her around the corridors and we looked out of windows at the street below. We pushed open a few dorm doors, she seemed interested in the whole hostel thing, then I opened a door into a small clean room with a bunk bed in it. Now at this point, either she knew what was about to happen, or was still blissfully unaware (what happened next told me later it was the former). We sat on the lower bunk with our pints and talked, then started kissing again. She got up and said we should go. I stood up and we carried on kissing by the window, heavier, touching all over. I pulled her back onto the bed, felt her tits and between her legs as she rubbed my dick over my jeans. She started to make moaning noises, but then as I pushed my hand under her jeans she said we couldn't have sex as she was on her period. After all that had happened I couldn't believe it, so I just carried on saying I didn't mind and that it turned me on. She was still moaning and unzipping my jeans, so I just listened to her body not her words. She told me to wait a second, got up, pulled off her jeans and knickers, and squatted by the bin in the corner. I looked away (the true gentleman) as she pulled the magic string and took out a bloody tampon. I took off my clothes, got out a condom, and then we fucked energetically, fast and passionately. The blood all over the sheets was the last thing on our minds.

After the sex we pulled on our clothes, she adjusted her make-up and said she needed to get a cab home, which she did a few minutes later outside on the High Street. The sheets on the bed looked like there had been a fight, so I pulled them off, put them in the corridor, and went back downstairs to watch the band with a warm glow on my face.

## ***Universal Push-Pull / Fractionation***

*“Men advance, women retreat. Men go to leave, women block their exit.”*

*“Attraction is created in the push”*

If I had to teach a guy only one thing about Game it would be the concept of universal push-pull, or “fractionation.” To me, this is the central theme of pick-up which is vital to understand and implement. Without it, you’re either too needy or too unfocused.

The essence of push-pull is having intent (pull) but at the same time having freedom from outcome (push) in your interactions with women. You want the girl, but you don’t need her.

It’s dangling the ball of string in front of the cat and then pulling it away. It’s the shiny glittery thing that you keep making out of reach, in an unpredictable, exciting way, leading to massive emotional stimulation. Hot and cold. Tension building. Physical and emotional. Mixed signals. Building and breaking rapport. The ultimate definition of the flirtation dance. It’s one step forward, two steps back. Teasing. Getting her to game you. Role reversal. Flipping the script.

*“It demonstrates confidence, fun, a lack of neediness, and a discriminating attitude that says, “I’m the one controlling the situation, I’m the one who is the prize, and I’m the one who is screening you to determine whether or not you qualify for my attention.” (Mystery)*

Push-pull can happen on a micro level, such as making a comment that has both intent and freedom from outcome in it, encouraging the



girl to invest. In Game terms, it's an indicator of interest (IOI) balanced with an indicator of disinterest (IOD):

*"You're so adorable...like my little sister"*

*or*

*"Your eyes/hair/legs/lips are so sexy.....but don't get big-headed about it!"*

Push-pull happens literally, with anything physical. You touch her but you look away. When you dance you spin her in, then spin her out. On a date you go up close to make a point, then lean back. On your bed you make out heavily, then roll off to watch some more of the film.

Push-pull, more importantly, applies on a macro level, in terms of the whole interaction. In daygame that means stopping her on the street and complimenting her (pull) but then teasing, challenging and dialing down your energy to get her to invest (push). You invite her out on a date (pull) but then get her to do the talking while you seem unimpressed (push). You kiss her (pull) but then say you've got to go (push). You invite her to your house (pull) but then don't jump on her (push).

## ***English Dancer***

In the April sunshine of 2010 I opened an English girl near Leicester Square tube on Charing Cross Road with the “*Where’s a costume shop?*” opener. She was in her early twenties, short, slim, a pretty face with an amazing gym-instructor style body, dressed in sports gear. She launched into conversation, chatty and full of life, and immediately offered to walk with me and show me where it was.

It was easy to vibe with her as she had great energy. We got to Tottenham Court Road, I took her number and she told me she was a dancer and off to do some gigs in Yorkshire for a week, but that we would hook up when she was back. She loved the fact I was a primary teacher and we discussed her coming into my class to show her skills. She had lots of different dance jobs - music videos, club promos, podium stuff, and had just been in an *MTV* film. It explained her fit body and massive amounts of positive energy. We parted with a kiss on the cheek, and me pretending to go off and enter the fancy dress store.

Over the next few weeks we passed some ping texts back and forth, eventually hooking up for a date along the South Bank on a sunny Saturday afternoon. She was dressed up - tiny denim shorts, sexy tights, small crop top. I suggested sitting on the grass by the London Eye, so we grabbed a drink and lay in the sun like lizards.

She told me about coming from Manchester, how she was feisty and full of opinions, how she called a spade a spade, and then she launched into the biggest revelation of them all. She was in a long term relationship with a boyfriend she loved. But her boyfriend had announced a few weeks previously that he wanted to sleep with other women and have an open relationship. She said she cried for a week,

then said she'd let him and do the same if it meant keeping him. She blamed her "*own issues*" for being upset when he initially told her his idea (amazing what girls will do for a guy). I sensed she wanted to fuck someone else before he did, making him jealous, but she also had some very open ideas too:

- sex is a human need, society shouldn't judge people for wanting it, especially women
- marriage is a myth, everyone should have multiple partners to stop things getting dull / normal or people compromising their individuality
- you should have fun / follow your instincts while you're young, before it's too late

At this point I was thanking my lucky stars. I mirrored all her answers, told her lots about my sex life, beliefs, adventures, and she totally loved it. There was no Game involved, just lying there on the grass talking totally open about sex with a beautiful young dancer. She asked how many partners I had had, the best locations, favourite positions. She was doing the spiking.

Both of us sensed the seduction in the air and lay down close together, making out and hugging. After a while we both had to get going, so got up, arranged a second date soon in Wimbledon for sex, just like booking a dental appointment, then left, a big smile on my face. I couldn't believe it....a girl was basically asking me if she could sleep with me as part of an open relationship experiment. How refreshing honesty could be.

A week later I met her at Wimbledon station - she had come from a day of shooting a club promo video in central so was dressed in gym-style gear, making her even more sexy. We had a quick drink and then she said she was hungry so could we grab a pizza and eat in my garden. 10 minutes later we were lying on the grass behind my house, eating pizza and making out every few minutes. Out of nowhere she asked if I had ever had a threesome, and that she met

an Italian girl recently who also said she was up for it, so we should try that. I had to hide my excitement. We lay close together in the grass, me grabbing her crotch, her grabbing my dick through my clothes.

Minutes later we went up to my tiny single-bed box room, made out, and then she asked if I had a towel, "*because I am very messy*" she said. It was like every teenager's fantasy come true....she said that she got really wet when she fucked and that it would ruin the duvet and sheets, so I got a beach towel and covered the middle of the bed. As soon as my hands were under her jogging bottoms she was arching her back, moaning loudly and soaking wet. Not just wet, but gushing. I had never felt anything like it, it was so sexy. The lights went off, we got naked, and fucked. It was one of the loudest, most intense fucks I'd ever had - her skinny dancer body fucking like a workout.

I asked if she wanted to stay over, but she had to get back to her boyfriend and have dinner with him. It was the first time I realised how girls, not just guys, can completely detach sex and relationships, and how as long as everyone involved is cool with it then it's fine.

The lay also taught me that Game is sometimes not needed. The day I stopped her on the street, she was ready to meet a guy. She didn't need dates and persuading. She wanted sex, and that's what she got. Guys often forget that women are biological creatures too, with the same needs and desires as men. They just can't be so open about them for sociological reasons that evolution has drummed into us.

## ***Kiwi Backpacker***

Covent Garden, central London, Saturday morning by the Apple Store. I saw a classic backpacker girl looking at a map. She was short and slim, wearing a tight t-shirt over large breasts, summer shorts, and a funky retro bag, 23 years old.

I opened again with the costume shop question, and she immediately giggled, opening up easily with a strong Kiwi accent. She was nerdy in a sexy way, full of energy like an American, and very chatty.

We quickly moved away from fancy dress topic to her look, her bag, and what she was doing (killing time, doing touristy stuff, staying with a host family outside London, in the UK to learn German, she was into museums). I spiked up the comfort and teased her about the geeky thing and she loved it. We vibed for 5 minutes and then I said I had to go and meet friends (in reality I had an afternoon date) but that I would meet her in front of the British Museum (where she was off to) at 2pm for a coffee. No #close, just a delayed instant date. It was a new thing I had been experimenting with to get round the problem of flakes.

It's hard to describe, but the whole vibe of the initial meeting was charged and sexual, very similar to the English Dancer. But this time I felt very in control, very dominant and very leading, which is a key element of daygame to cultivate.

Sure enough, she was outside the museum in the sun at 2pm, giving me a very tight hug as I kissed her forehead (a nice technique to kick off a date with assumed familiarity). She was just as bubbly, excited and happy as in the morning, so the conversation was easy. Because

it was so sunny, I told her we'd grab a drink from Starbucks and find a park nearby.

We lay in the sun and I escalated verbally and physically, in my head pushing for a same day lay (SDL), keeping the strong sexual frame - playing the *Questions Game*, stroking her hair, lying close next to her. She told me about a guy that once fucked her in a hotel after inviting her to his town over the internet when playing World of Warcraft (I told you she was a nerd, but in a sexy way). She said she loved the guy being in control. It was a green light to push harder and totally control the frame. I asked how good a kisser she was, she said "very good" so we made out, full-on, rolling on top of each other, in front of picnicking people all around. It was the fastest escalation I had ever tried, and it was working.

We talked more, kissed more, then she told me she had to catch a train out of London soon, so would I walk her to the station. I was worried as I had pulled the SDL trigger, and that she would be freaked out when she got home and backwards rationalised the events of the day with me. I took her number at the tube station and kissed her goodbye.

Fast forward two weeks (after a couple of solid phone conversations – she had told me she didn't like texts) and I met her waiting for me outside of my work on a Friday night. We went to Sainsburys, grabbed some food to make a curry, and headed back to mine to do just that. The vibe was good. We drank beers and watched a comedy dvd.

Suddenly she hit me with "*I've got to go soon to get back to my hostel by St Pauls.*" It knocked me a bit, but I was getting better at LMR and persistence after some recent failures where I had got girls back to mine but escalated too fast. I acted cool, said that it was fine, showed her the best train/tube route on a map, and said she'd have to go soon as it was far and tubes would stop running.

I told her I'd quickly show her my Youtube videos of skydiving / bungee jumping (easy DHV points). We sat on my bed where the laptop was, checked out the videos, kissed and then abandoned the laptop. I pre-empted more LMR by saying she should go, while at the same time dry humping her, and then escalating: putting her hand on my hard dick and rubbing her pussy over her jeans. I'd found that as soon as those two things were happening, the f-close was on. I went under her jeans, fingered her, and turned out the lights. The rest was easy. It was a very passionate fuck - me pushing her up against the window and fucking standing up, doing it on the floor, against the wall. She wanted to be dominated and she liked it hard.

The lay taught me again about the importance of listening to a girl's body rather than her words. Token LMR is very common as it takes all responsibility away from the girl and let's her justify that it "just happened." Girls hate to feel "slutty."

## ***Conversation Ninja***

From my indirect openers leading to hundreds of long conversations with strangers all over London, in parks, coffee shops, galleries, stores and on the street, I was developing solid conversational skills. There were tools and techniques that I tried and tested which worked, making the girl feel relaxed and open to chatting. Some ideas I experimented with and they fell flat, others worked almost every time.

Three years later, and after thousands of interactions and having taught hundreds of students, I now know what works and what doesn't from 100% infield experience. Apart from the approach anxiety (AA) that a student might have, it is the basic skills of having an engaging, flirtatious conversation that they often need to learn, so that routines and lines can be replaced with spontaneous, free-flowing banter. Instead of creating a routine manual that students would want to learn off by heart, I found it better to give them key underlying structures that they could adapt to any interaction. *Conversation Ninja* was born.

## ***Positive, Non-needy***

This has to be the underlying vibe of any conversation with a girl. Don't discuss health problems, politics, religion or money problems. Keep it light and fizzy, emotional rather than logical. Focus on details or the bigger picture, not the normal day-to-day stuff in between. Make her feel good about herself and about being alive. Give value, don't take it. Don't kiss her arse or put her on a pedestal. Be the guy



who treats her as an equal, however beautiful she is. Don't be intimidated by her. Don't supplicate and try and pander to her every need. Be the prize.

## ***90/10 Spotlight***

Keep the conversation about her favourite topic- herself. Even if you're speaking, make sure it's about her. She should be in the conversational spotlight for 90% of the time, you for 10%. Don't brag about your job, your car or your big penis. Explore her world. Don't try to solve her problems, just listen and respond with a statement. You don't have to agree with everything she says (teasing and challenging are key parts of attraction) but never interrupt her. The person talking is the person investing, so see each word that comes out of her mouth as a step closer to her heart.

## ***Topics - past, passions, possibilities***

Avoid anything negative (how you hate your city, her exams etc.) or too deep (the death of her father). Start with her past - relating where she comes from to where she is now. Move onto what she loves to do aside from work (unless her job is her passion). Then take it even wider and find out what the future holds - travel, dreams, adventures.

## ***Make statements instead of questions***

Asking a person you've just met lots of questions is the quickest way to kill a conversation. You're jumping topics, not letting a conversational thread build, and grilling the other person like an interview. By asking a question you're also not showing any of your personality and asking them to do all the work.

The opposite of a question is a statement. When we speak to our friends or our family we generally speak in statements. They display our opinions and our thoughts, and then the other person in the conversation makes a statement about that topic back. It lets the conversation bubble grow. So instead of asking "Where are you from?" you can switch it to "*You look like you're from....*" Instead of asking "*What do you do for work?*" you can say "*I'm guessing you're a ....*" When she mentions Italy, instead of asking a question about Italy, you can just make a statement about it: "*When I went to Italy I remember....*"

The amazing thing about making a statement is that the other person will give you a reply and some information anyway, without asking them a question.

Making statements is the best way to kick-start a conversation from nothing, or to keep a conversation going once it's drying up. Once you're in a conversation, then it's fine to ask questions, as long as they're rooted (see below).

## ***Open v.s. Closed Questions***

Questions are ok if they're rooted in the conversational thread, and encourage the conversation to expand rather than contract.

The type of questions men often ask are "closed" questions - questions that are specific and get to the point, requiring one word

answers. e.g.

Q: *"Whereabouts in London do you live?"*

A: *"Clapham"*

Q: *"Clapham North or Clapham South?"*

A: *"North"*

Far better is to ask open questions that get the other person talking, and thus investing. In their replies will be lots of other mini-topics that could lead to other conversational threads. e.g.

Q: *"What is it about New York that you love?"*

A: *"I love the buildings, the buzz and the shopping, it feels like I'm in a movie"*

## ***Stealth Questions***

Hiding a question inside a statement is a super-charged way of getting a girl to start talking and opening up. Stealth questions do just that:

*"It must have been very exciting to try salsa in Cuba..."*

or

*"I don't know about you but when I came to London it was all pretty crazy..."*

To the girl they sound like statements, but inside the statements are hidden questions that will prompt her to reply without feeling like

you're interviewing her.

## ***Parroting***

Another great technique for getting a girl to carry on talking is to repeat or paraphrase the last few things she says at the end of her sentence, which lets her know you've been listening. It gets her to carry on talking about the thing she was just saying, in greater detail.

*GIRL: "So I came to England to improve my English and to explore London"*

*GUY: "...hmmm.....to explore London....."*

*GIRL: "Yeah, to see if I could live her for a longer time, and to find all the cool things about the city"*

## ***Vacuuming***

Stopping talking and leaving a silence is a great way of testing where you are in an interaction, especially to find out if the girl is attracted enough to move into rapport. Leaving this gap (vacuum) allows tension to build which the girl will feel too, and break herself if she wants the interaction to continue. Girls will either simply carry on talking about what they were just saying, or ask you a question with the word "So....." at the beginning while they formulate one.

If she's not attracted and doesn't want to carry on the interaction, she'll maintain the silence or leave the interaction.

## ***Challenging / teasing***

A very common problem with students is that they try their hardest to be nice to a girl they're speaking to. They want her to like them. They agree with everything she says. They kiss her arse the hotter she is. What students forget is that a key part of flirtation is about playfully challenging and teasing a girl, just like you would with your friends or a sibling. Showing her that you're not putting her on a pedestal and that you can be relaxed around her is vital, as well as displaying your positive, fun vibe and showing her that you're a man with your own opinions.

An example of a kiss-arse, non attractive conversation would be:

*HER: I hate London, I can't wait to travel this summer, London makes me feel tired*

*HIM: Yeah, I think the same, I hate London too...*

*HER: But I love Paris, I lived there last summer*

*HIM: Wow, oh cool! I love Paris too, I have a cousin living there*

An example of a teasing / challenging attractive conversation would be:

*HER: I hate London, I can't wait to travel this summer, London makes me feel tired*

*HIM: You're tired because you've partied hard and exhausted London...you social animal!*

*HER: Ha, true! I should behave more. But I love Paris, I lived there last summer*

*HIM: For me Paris is such a cliché, and much more conservative than London, but I can imagine you shoe shopping there*

It doesn't mean that you have to tease and challenge her all the time – just pick topics that you'd naturally tease a friend on anyway, and mainly do it in the *Attraction* phase of the *London Daygame Model*. Challenging has to be done in a cheeky, non-reactive way, otherwise the break in rapport will be too harsh. When in the *Rapport* and *Seduction* phases, teasing and challenging should be minimal.

## CHAPTER 6

### *Phantom Of The Opera Girl*

I was outside Leicester Square tube one Friday night waiting for a date to arrive. She texted to say she'd be 20 minutes late, so I headed across the road to the square itself for some last minute game. Quickly I spotted a girl standing outside a theatre ticket box office next to Burger King, looking at what musicals were on. She was tall, long blonde hair, early twenties, Swedish looking, with a distinctive blue rain coat on.

I went up and pretended to queue behind her (there was one guy buying tickets in front of us) and opened situationally with "*that's a really protective coat - you're dressed for the English weather.*" She beamed, went red, was very chatty back, and it turned out she was Dutch, just here for the weekend alone, buying tickets for *Phantom of the Opera* for Saturday night.

I teased her for going to see Phantom, saying it was cheesy and dated. She laughed and said she knew but saw it as a kid and wanted to relive the experience. She bought her ticket, then I had to step up to the counter and ask the man behind the window about ticket prices to look like I was really a punter in the queue. She waited as I chatted about hypothetical tickets.

I wanted to instant date her but was meeting the other girl on a date soon, so I asked her what she was doing the following day. She said she wanted to see the British Museum so I said I'd meet her in the

Starbucks opposite around 2pm. No number close, just a delayed instant date, just like when I met the Kiwi backpacker.

The next day was Saturday and I was excited, as for the first time I had arranged three dates on one day. Having a Monday-Friday 9-5 job, plus going out daygaming in the evenings, meant that my time was precious. I was becoming the hot girl - one date at 12pm for lunch, the Phantom girl at 2pm, then a girl at 4.00pm for a walk in the park.

As I walked to the museum it started to rain, so after meeting up with her I quickly took her to a bagel bar nearby (Starbucks was packed full of tourists). Chit chat, nothing special. She was a child psychologist, single. Even though it was just comfort conversation, there was a sexual vibe in the air from strong eye contact, a playful smile and a few spikes.

I knew something was on, and so did she. We finished up with our coffee and bagels and walked outside. I already knew she was seeing the musical in the evening, so went straight for it and said we should have a drink after it finished (I'd already checked when... it was 10pm - another example of taking control of your logistics).

She agreed with no hesitation, so we number closed to make sure we could find each other. I wanted to try fast kiss closing again to push my comfort zone, so I faced her, held both her hands, told her I liked being honest with her and that I wanted to find out if she was a good kisser. She giggled, and I just moved straight in and kissed. She loved it, and used her tongue. We split until later, my head fuzzy from what had just happened.

I got home tired from a long day of dates and daygaming around 7pm, lay on my bed and weighed up the chances of anything happening with Phantom girl. It was her last night in London, she was staying in a hostel near Covent Garden (no real chance of f-closing there), she was tired, and I didn't know how sexually adventurous she was (apart



from the kissing her quickly, which could have triggered remorse). I even considered not going to meet her, as I was so tired and it meant going into central again, maybe just to have one drink and then return home with nothing. But I knew I had to try, so had a coffee, got changed, and headed into town to work out logistics.

The *Phantom of the Opera* theatre is on Haymarket, and I got there about 9pm and formulated a plan. I spotted a posh downstairs cocktail bar directly opposite the theatre. I went in, got friendly with the door staff and waiters, had a solo drink and chatted to some people around me. This is a key skill of “social proofing” a venue so when I returned I’d be an “old friend” in there, which any girl would pick up on.

I told the staff I’d be back later with a friend. I realised that because Phantom girl was tired, and it would be past 10 by the time we start drinking, walking a distance or catching a tube would be a bad idea. The sexual vibe had to kick straight in, with no distractions, so the cocktail bar was perfect....sofas, not chairs and tables, low light, funky music. I can’t stress planning your logistics enough, as they’re the one thing that are in your control when it comes to seduction.

Just after 10pm she emerged from the theatre, and I immediately held her hand, took her straight across the road and into the bar, where all the staff greeted me warmly, which she noticed. We bought two cocktails and sat on a sofa, very close, our bodies angled towards each other.

On dates I was still relying on some old skool classic game routines and she loved them, being a psychologist. I gave her a “stress massage,” one of my common kino escalation patterns, and then came to that “leap of faith moment” which happens in every seduction.

It was make-or-break time, and I knew it was going to go one of two ways very quickly. When you escalate the vibe (either physically or

verbally) you are testing where you are in the seduction by how much compliance there is. It's a good thing to do if you're not sure which phase of an interaction you're in (comfort or seduction) or time is limited. Either she was going to her hostel and I would never see her again, or I could show my hand, risk everything and go for a fast f-close. I hold her hands again, told her I was going to be direct and said: *"Look, I'm tired, and I'm looking after my sister's kids in the morning. There's two options. Either you come back to mine in a taxi for one more drink, or I walk you back to your hostel now."* She asked where I lived, and I replied it was *"just south of the river, a 15 minute cab ride, not far, you can come back for a bit to see the skydiving video you asked about."* In reality it was a 30 minute cab ride to Wimbledon, but I knew that once she agreed to the bounce then it was game over.

She said she wasn't sure, that she was tired, and needed to get a good night's sleep. I listened to her body language, not her words: she was holding me close, we were kissing again, so I took her hand and said: *"let's go"*.

We got to the door where the doorman that I had already bantered with was having a chat with a taxi driver - he offered us one straight away and I gestured towards the driver and cab. She hesitated and said: *"I think I should go to my hostel"*, but I just keep on leading saying *"come on...just one drink...we'll watch the videos then I'll put you in a cab back to the hostel."* To my surprise, she smiled, relaxed, and said: *"cool!"*

In the taxi I distracted her by more kissing mixed with chit-chat, my hand on her thigh and holding her close. London at night flew past as the cab crossed the Thames and followed the river south into the dark. She didn't question how long it was all taking.

Back at mine I offered her a drink but she declined. We sat on my bed looking at the skydiving videos on Youtube, and she showed me some of her travelling pictures. Heavy kissing started again, the lights

were turned off, and I pulled her on top of me and let my hands explore. She smiled and said she needed to get a taxi back soon but I played the cool card again...telling her it was fine, nothing was going to happen if she felt uncomfortable, that I was tired too, and that we'd see each other when she next came to London.

I switched back to cuddling and comfort, to avoid me constantly escalating which could lead to stronger LMR. She initiated things after a while (the power of the push!) and we kissed, took off some clothes, and dry humped over our underwear. She stopped again, saying she didn't normally do this, and I used the tried and tested "*I know, it's ok, I understand..*" After that it was back on, the rest of the clothes came off, and we fucked like rabbits for the next hour.

As promised, I called her a cab, put her in it, and she rode off into the night, texting me when back at the hostel saying: "*Thanks for an amazing evening! Good night x*"

## ***Pub Close MILF***

Because of all my daytime interactions with girls, I found I was much more sociable even when I went out without the intent of “doing” daygame.

One night after work I went into central London with the male teaching assistant from my classroom. He was a lot older than me, and used to be a session drummer in the 80’s and 90’s for some pretty big rock bands when they went on tour. I loved listening to his stories about being on the road, the amount of pussy he used to get by just being in a band and the crazy nights he’d had. Now he was middle aged, “retired” from rock’n’roll, and settled in his new job in school. But after a few pints I could see the cheeky flash in his eyes and a craving for the road once more.

We were in The Coal House pub on the Strand, getting in one more beer before closing when I spotted a cute English girl in her late twenties bantering with the barman ahead of me in the queue. I opened her indirectly-directly by teasing her about her choice of drink (a sweet alcopop) and she flirted back with me. My friend came into the conversation which gave a nice bit of social proof, and he enjoyed watching me at work – building some comfort over the fact that she was a children’s book illustrator, then spiking up the conversation by accusing her of trying to get me drunk and take me home. She was from Chepstow on the Welsh border, and was only in London for one night to see a show with her friend. *“My mum warned me about girls from Chepstow!”* I teased her. *“Why? What did she say?!”* she replied. *“You don’t want to know – let’s just say it involved sheep and handcuffs!”*

I number closed her just for the practice, even though I didn't think I'd see her again - she had to get back to her friend's house and I was heading back to Wimbledon.

A few texts later over the next two weeks, however, and we'd arranged to meet up again for a night out in Chepstow. I was going to combine it with a trip home to Cardiff to see my parents, then meet her in Chepstow on Saturday afternoon and drink with her until "*my last train back to London.*"

She let me know in advance that she was a single mum with a three year old kid, who was going to stay at her friend's house for the night when she met me. It sounded like she was sorting the logistics for us, and I was crossing my fingers that the "*last train*" would be forgotten. I'd checked what time it actually was (around 10.30pm) so I knew if we carried on drinking past that, she'd have to let me stay at hers. Planning logistics is key, I can't stress it enough.

I arrived in Chepstow early and had a walk around the tiny market town – half of it lying in England, half in Wales. It was fun being away but strange that there were only three or four pubs in the whole centre - a world away from the happy chaos of London. I checked out the ones that I thought would be good for comfort, and the bar that I'd spotted that was good for intimacy (sofas, low lights, cocktails).

Around 7pm I met up with her by the clock tower and we hugged like old friends. We hit a pub and went into rapport about our jobs, our travels and our ambitions. I bounced her to a second pub where things got more flirty – I played the *Questions Game*, did *Strawberry Fields*, *The Cube* and some other old skool routines which she loved. By now we were laughing out loud, slapping each other and getting physically close.

In the third venue we sat next to each other and I brushed her hair aside to give her a neck massage. I glanced at my watch. It was 10.32pm. I pulled her in and made out with her, then whispered in her

ear that I'd missed my last train home. "*I know,*" she said, "*It was at 10.30...I knew you were never going to get it!*"

We got a taxi back to her farm house a few miles out of the city centre and she put on a *Fleet Foxes* CD as we drank wine in the living room, made out, undressed and fucked on the carpet by the fire. I carried her upstairs and we spent most of the night fucking in her bed in between small bouts of sleep. In the morning I fucked her in the shower, then in the kitchen as she made tea.

She drove me to the station and dropped me off, before going to collect her daughter from her friends. It had been an awesome weekend break to remember for both of us.

Daygame was giving me a whole kaleidoscope of positive reference experiences, which was literally rewiring my brain. I got back to London feeling a few inches taller.

# ***Fail More***

*“I’ve missed more than 90,000 shots in my career. I’ve lost almost 300 games. 26 times, I’ve been trusted to take the game winning shot and missed. I’ve failed over and over and over again in my life. And that is why I succeed.”* Michael Jordan

One of the key parts of learning anything is embracing “failure”. Each time we make a mistake, we can learn from it and use it as a reference point. A friend said how he doesn’t even register failure in life – either *“things go well or they’re funny stories.”*

To get good at daygame, you have to get good at failing. Having thousands of interactions with strangers means that lots and lots of the time, they’ll lead nowhere, or part of the way and then fizzle out. Especially at the beginning, when you’re getting the skill set down, you’ll have to experience many types of fucking up in order to fuck lots:

- conversations that are awkward
- girls not giving you their number (boyfriend, married, not interested)
- numbers flaking
- girls canceling dates
- dates going badly
- failed kiss closes
- over-escalation (pulling the trigger too quickly)
- under-escalation (not going for it when there was a window of opportunity)
- unexpected scenarios beyond belief – interruptions, complications, false starts, gold diggers, pigeons...

A guy who's not losing a lot of girls is a guy not getting laid that much. It's similar to a professional poker player who has many losses over a year, but makes up for them with a few big wins. That's just how it is. I'm always suspicious of guys who tell me they don't get flakes, don't get rejections and don't get LMR, as it means they're not pushing their boundaries enough. High risk means high reward.

In my first few months of daygame I had spoken to hundreds of girls, been on many dates, and slept with a handful of girls. I was also experiencing daily fuck-ups and rejections, which was all part of the learning process. Here are a few I wrote down:

- Instant dated a cute American vet from Piccadilly Circus to Starbucks for hot chocolate. She told me her friends were out of town. Took her clubbing a few days later. Kissed, danced, went back to hers in Camden, she wouldn't let anything more than a k-close happen, even though I tried all night. She said she had recently been treated badly by a guy and "*needed a break from sex.*"
- Tried to toughen myself up to night game by going out solo for a few nights in bars and clubs. Had a few beers to feel more confident. Went into an Australian bar in Covent Garden and saw a hot drunk Aussie chick being hit on by an army of guys. She was looking for her friends. I went up to her with everyone watching, used a classic opinion opener ("*Does this shirt make me look gay?*") and ran pure old skool *Mystery Method* routines on her which she loved. I couldn't believe it worked. Extracted her from the bar down to the Strand where she was going to meet her friends and kissed her outside the *Prince of Wales* pub. Number closed. Tried to get her out on a date for ages, and finally took her to *Gordon's Wine Bar* and the *Buddha Bar*. The conversation was quite flat and I wasn't sexual enough. I managed to go back to her flat but nothing happened. I slept on the sofa and vanished in the morning
- Went through a stage of picking up French girls on the same bench in Leicester Square gardens, all were studying English, all



knew each other from the same language school. Turned up for a date and one had a friend with her. Thought it was strange, went for a coffee. She said she knew someone who knew me. Another time, went to the Macbeth pub in Hoxton with a Swiss-German girl I picked up near Covent Garden and a French girl I picked up in Leicester Square. My first experiment with “merging” girls I’d picked-up to create mini “entourage” and pre-selection. I didn’t know how to handle two girls, and so ultimately lost both of them

- Was getting ready to open a tall, blonde “girl” in Covent Garden....went round the front and it was a transvestite
- Instant date with a cute German *Audi* designer - met her by Piccadilly Circus and took her up Regents Street to buy clothes (she was cold). She stripped in front of me as she put on what she had just bought on in the shop. Took her to *Tokyo Diner*, then walked to Green Park tube, arm round waist. K-close failed, then she flaked on texts after telling me it was “*too fast*”
- Opened a hot leaflet girl in Leicester Square (giving flyers for a Brazil game in a pub), dressed in yellow and black. I said she was a bumble bee, nicer than wasps etc. Two minutes into the chat, a bee landed on her....she screamed and ran off.
- Was number closing a girl on the steps of Trafalgar Square when a guy next to me accidentally flicked his sachet of BBQ sauce and it went all over my shirt. The girl looked horrified as I tried to wipe it off, which made it worse. I told her I’d go to a nearby bathroom to sort out my shirt. She was gone when I came back.
- Failed f-closes with two different girls I kissed on second dates. One was with a girl I met on the steps of the church opposite the National Gallery on her lunch break. The opener was situational about the book she was reading (*Life of Pi*) and we chatted about the ballet shop she worked in. I took her to the Spanish pub on a date (*Bradley’s*) and then to see a band play at the *100 Club*. We made out heavily, then she left and I never saw her again (over escalation leading to buyers’ remorse). Another girl, I dated after getting her details on the underground. She looked Swedish and was a fitness fanatic, running marathons and trekking mountains.

We went on a couple of dates in Hammersmith, each time making out heavily, then she vanished off texts and that was the last I heard

- Went on a few dates with a shy Thai girl I met on a bench in Leicester Square. She was a virgin, and had never kissed anyone. She came over to mine, we got into bed and she said she didn't know what to do. Wanked me off, I fingered her over her tights, we kissed, but nothing happened. When I stopped texting her she semi-stalked me, leaving presents outside my house
- Went on many instant dates with girls I met in Leicester Square, Trafalgar Square and Covent Garden. Was either too gamey or tried to escalate too fast and they didn't come out on proper dates
- Dated a belly dancer (half Egyptian) – took her to *Souk Medina* tea house in Seven Dials, then a second date to Camden Lock. She was very serious, introverted, told me straight up she was looking for a boyfriend and nothing else
- Met an Italian girl in a coffee shop, went to Tate Mod. rn with her, had loads in common and thought it was going to be easy, went on a date to a Mexican restaurant in Covent Garden and tried to kiss close, She freaked and I never saw her again
- Date with big-breasted Venezuelan girl I met on a South Bank bench. We went to Royal Festival Hall for a cider. I tried to arrange a second date but was too forward on texts (“*come over to my house..etc*”)...trail went cold.
- I met a very pretty Swiss German girl taking pictures near Covent Garden. We went on a few dates to Brick Lane and Hoxton, but she told me she had a boyfriend. I gradually stopped contacting her, but this made her like me more, texting and trying to meet up. She sent me naked pictures of herself over Facebook and told me she masturbated about me. We planned to meet up when she was next in London but it never happened

Yet, mathematics shows you why “failures” such as this don't matter. If you go out and get one number a day for one week, you'll have

seven numbers to play with. Let's say it's a bad week and only three of them reply to your initial text. Out of the three girls, two of them agree to a date. Out of the two dates, one of the girls sleeps with you. So once a week you're sleeping with a new girl. That's four a month, or forty eight a year. It sounds totally crazy, but the statistics show that it's easily possible. With a basic daygame skill set you can get laid like a rock star.

## ***German Nanny***

My favourite location in London for indirect daygame was the wide open spaces of Trafalgar Square in front of the National Gallery. Tourists mingled with dreamers, milling around in the main square or taking a break sitting on the steps or low walls around the gallery.

Sitting on the wall was a 20 year old German nanny, pretty and dreamy. I opened indirectly about what was going on in the square (they were setting up for an outdoor film screening) and transitioned into what she was doing in London. She told me about having just spent half a year in Dublin, working as a nanny to a family, and now coming to London for a few weeks before returning home. It was a basic chat, no fireworks, and I number closed and didn't think much about it, as she seemed so bland and, I hate to say it, German. Very serious, very organised, very direct. This was to hold the secret to this lay.

We texted back and forth, she told me that meeting up would be cool as she was "*lonely*" and new to London. Straight away I loved her direct text messages....she just said exactly what she felt. We arranged a date for a Sunday afternoon by the river.

I met her at 2pm by Embankment, and we walked towards the London Eye. She was very bland in conversation but dressed up (makeup, gold skirt, top showing cleavage). I suggested we get on the *Clipper* commuter boat going east to Greenwich (my favourite date activity) for a "*river adventure*."

We got on the boat and I took her to the crowded open-air section at the back. She leant on the rail, I stood behind her for kino and said I'd hold onto her for stability, which she agreed to. Straight away she

pressed up against me tightly. I asked what her hair looked like down, she took it down and I felt it. She said it all was so relaxing. She took photos as the boat was moving, leaning back on me, holding my leg. Sexual tension was in the air, and I knew it was mine not to fuck up.

Out of nowhere she told me about having a boyfriend in Germany, who she hadn't seen for ages. I outwardly didn't react, but just carried on pressing into her, rubbing her back, holding her hair. When she was side on to me, I went for the kiss, but she moved away, saying she couldn't because of the boyfriend.

When a girl rejects your kiss attempt, it's not the rejection that matters, but how she sees you dealing with it. Remaining un-reactive and just carrying on like nothing has happened, pointing out the London scenery as it drifted past, was the best strategy. She was still really touchy-feely and, importantly, I had revealed my intent.

At Greenwich we walked to a cafe to buy a cold drink. I spotted a comfy sofa area, and there was a couple sitting next to us, but we sat very close and she told me about losing her virginity to a 31 year old fitness instructor (friend of her mum) when she was 17. The conversation moved from comfort to intimacy very quickly.

She told me directly that she knew there was a sexual spark between us when we met, and that something would happen if we met up again. I hugged her and she buried herself into me, holding each other really tightly like long-lost lovers. I got a semi kiss on the lips as I kissed her forehead, neck, cheeks and mouth. The strong sexual vibe was electric. We held hands, she nodded to the bond and smiled, saying how nice it was to have physical contact after months of celibacy.

We left the cafe, arms around each others' waist, and had a short walk in Greenwich park. We talked about fluff to re-establish the comfort, then walked back in the low evening light to the boat.

On the return journey, we did the same as before, pressing into each other at the outdoor section at the back. She gave me tests about if I was single, if I did this with a lot with girls, and dropped in her boyfriend a few times as her brain switched from emotional to logical, from desire to being sensible.

We moved away from the side and leant on the side wall of the cabin, the boat's engine throbbing in the machine room next to us. She was pressed up really hard next to me and my dick was really hard. Around us families and tourists snapped photos of the London scenery going past. I pushed her against the vibrating wall and turned her to face me, so she could feel my dick through her skirt. It made her whimper and she pressed up against me harder, slowly moving her body as the boat moved. I went for a kiss but she said she couldn't. I said I wanted to find out how good a kisser she was just for 2-seconds, going for the k-close again and this time she responded with tongues, making sighing noises and pulling me onto her. The people around us started to notice.

We were basically dry humping. I told her I wanted her so bad, she said she wanted me too, pulling me in. She said she could feel how ready I was. We had to stop ourselves as it was becoming blatant to everyone else around. We cooled off by sitting down and breaking off the kissing. She told me she was wanting sex so badly for ages, and how she was sitting on the tube thinking such dirty thoughts about sucking each guy's dick...if only the other people could read her mind.

As we sat together, we held each other and she brushed against my dick with her hand on my jeans. I told her I had horny thoughts about her – going down on her and licking her out for hours. She asked if I liked it clean shaven, and if I had been safe when I'd had sex. I asked her what her favourite position was – she said the guy on top, or her on top controlling the guy's reactions. She asked me, and I told her about loving sex from behind. Talking sexually was something quite new to me, and something I'd be pushing to get out of the comfort

trap. Looking back, I overdid it with verbal escalation and even though she enjoyed it at the time, it nearly ruined the lay.

Because of the heavy verbal escalation, I should have pulled her into the boat's toilets and fucked her then, her "buying temperature" sky high and before remorse set in. But I had only been gaming for a few months and I was scared of physically over-escalating in case I lost her.

Off the boat, we parted at Embankment tube station. I pulled her chin up just to kiss her for 2 seconds. She got really passionate and sighed again, pressing herself onto me. We left each other, both incredibly horny and gagging to fuck. Coming so close to pulling the trigger and then stopping is a high risk game to play, and one that I'd learn to control in the future.

In the following week I arranged some tickets for the musical *Chicago* on Wednesday night, as she was really up for seeing it. I got a cheap deal off a mate, so booked them and met her at Covent Garden. She was dressed up to the nines, and the kissing and kino re-started almost straight away. I just assumed she was my girlfriend, acting accordingly (assumed familiarity) and she didn't question it.

I'm not normally into West End musicals, and looking back it was a lot of investment to take her there, but *Chicago* is one sexy show to watch - all about female domination and sleeping around. I had my arm around her all the way through, kissing between scenes, then I put her hand on my hard dick again over my jeans and she rubbed it during the show as the scantily clad girls on the stage danced. It was hot.

We came out of the theatre, more kissing, then I told her I had got to work in the morning (an anti-LMR tactic) so I was jumping in a cab - she could come "*just for one drink,*" and then I'd put her in a taxi to Richmond where she was staying with a host family. She said she couldn't, and I kept my cool and walked her to the tube. She seemed

angry that I was letting her go (the power of the push), so we kissed more, and she wanted to walk to the next tube stop. I kept saying how nothing would happen, we'd just have a drink, that we were going in the same direction anyway, and that it would be quicker for her than the tube.

She was still not sure, but her whole body was getting very horny each time we kissed, sighing, moaning and pressing against me as her emotions fought her logical mind. She wanted to grab my dick, and I wanted to finger her, so we started looking for a quiet side street or doorway. It was all pretty busy, but we stopped off at various places and our hands went all over each other. I could feel her really wanting me, so hailed a cab as quickly as possible and suggested the bounce again. This time she agreed.

In the cab to mine, she asked me to help her write a text to the host family, saying that we were in a bar and she'd get a cab later. Sorting out her logistics for her really calmed her down, and I suddenly felt it was a done deal as we made out heavily and couldn't keep our hands off each other, much to the taxi driver's delight as he glanced in the mirror.

Back in my Wimbledon bedroom there was no LMR....we went straight upstairs and we went straight onto my bed in a whirlwind of passion. Lights off. Clothes off.

The sex was amazing, because there had been so much sexual build-up and tension. She came almost straight away, and I came really hard soon after. As we lay together, she told me some interesting details about the seduction:

- after the boat date, she masturbated six times that night about what happened
- she was always so horny, but felt like she couldn't tell people because "*girls didn't*"
- she knew that if we got in a cab together, we were going to fuck



- she felt a sexual connection between us as soon as we started texting

## ***Sailor Girl***

For the half-term school holidays I'd gone on a week's skiing trip to Chamonix in France with a friend. It had been a totally Game-free week, as it was nice to get away from London and enjoy the mountains. My friend wasn't into Game at all and it was good to just relax, ski in the day and catch up in the evenings.

On the final day I left him at the train station and jumped on a shuttle minibus back to Geneva airport. As I hopped onto the bus I saw a free seat next to a cute 20-something blonde girl.

For the first few minutes of the journey I didn't open her, but pretended to be reading my book. I caught her glancing at me, but in true indirect style I wanted to make the opener as "natural" as possible.

*"Sorry, do you know what time the bus gets into the airport?"* I asked her with a smile. *"Oh, about 8pm I think"* she smiled back. Job done – silence broken. For the next hour or so we chatted about her holiday, and her life back in London. She actually lived not far from me in Tooting, and drank at my favourite SW pub called *The Cat's Back*. Rapport was easy, and I didn't spike it up at all as I could sense it was already a done deal.

She told me about her job as a lawyer, and her passion for sailing. Every free moment she went down to the coast and sailed in races. I liked her spirit and her sense of adventure.

Number closing was easy as we pulled up at the airport in the bus. She was catching a different flight to me, so we agreed to meet in London over a beer sometime soon when we were both back.

A few weeks later I met her in *The Cat's Back* for a couple of ciders. She was great company, but I realised that it all felt a bit too friendly, lacking flirtation. I'd made a mistake of not spiking it up when I'd met her to make my intentions clear, as spiking it now in the pub seemed out of place and awkward.

When I went to try and kiss her at the end of the night she resisted and cycled off into the night back home, with me thinking I'd blown it.

Surprisingly a week later she agreed to another beer catch-up in Clapham. I knew I had to turn up the gas and switch from comfort to intimacy otherwise it was a road to nowhere. Once again the beers flowed and we got merry, but this time it was more flirtatious. My trying to kiss her on the first date had at least revealed my cards, and she knew what was in store. She let me massage her back, play with her hair, hold her hand as we walked between venues, then kiss her at the bus stop just before she jumped on her bus home.

Our final date was cooking at hers in Tooting. I took over wine, she'd bought the food, and we happily cooked together in her posh flat near Balham. She showed me photos of her sailing, and we watched a film with the food on our laps.

After dinner, and a couple of bottles of red wine, I took her upstairs to her bedroom and we made out on the bed. There was no LMR, she was keen to have sex as she "*needed fucking hard for relaxation!*" But the red wine had made my erection hard to maintain, so after five minutes of pretty poor sex, we gave up and hit the pillow. It was the first time I'd ever experienced that.

In the morning we fucked properly before she dropped me off at my house as she drove to work, a mug of un-drunk tea balanced on her lap and a piece of toast in her hands. A multi-tasking lawyer and sailor indeed.

## ***Urban Dynamics***

*“The real voyage of discovery consists not in seeking new landscapes but in having new eyes.” Proust*

I must have walked hundreds of miles on foot in all the time I’ve spent doing daygame, exploring London and other cities around the world.

Instead of seeing urban spaces as being noisy, dirty, or confusing, you quickly start to see cities from a whole new perspective – a daygame playground full of potential for meeting new people, rather than depressing urban jungles where people feel alone.

Like FreeRunning (Parkour) or creative graffiti (think Banksy or Eine), it’s all about reclaiming the urban landscape as our own. Daygame adds colour and life into areas which we might have previously avoided or seen as grey.

You start to notice how different locations within a city have different flows and feels. Like a town planner or a sociologist you see patterns of behaviour and energy depending on the environment.

A good daygamer will use this urban knowledge to his advantage, such as knowing the best parks for dreamy tourists, the best pavements for posh shoppers, the best cafes for indirect approaches, the slow streets and the fast streets.

The famous Black Cab drivers of London have to pass a rigorous examination (“The Knowledge”) to test their geography of London roads and locations that’s learnt by heart, no GPS allowed.

Daygamers build up their own mental map of the city they live in with

similar passion and drive, knowing how important their version of “The Knowledge” is when it comes to meeting women in the day

## CHAPTER 7

### *Cross-Channel Swimmer*

As the weather improved I liked spending time reading on the wooden benches in the churchyard behind Covent Garden where girls would go on their lunch breaks from work on a Saturday.

One lunchtime I spotted a pretty tall blonde girl eating lunch by herself on a bench there, and I went and sat down nearby, ignoring her for the first few minutes in true indirect style. After a healthy gap I turned to her and asked her if she had a tube map, as I was waiting for a friend to arrive and wanted to know the distances involved.

She reached into her bag and gave me a map she had. *“Keep it, I’ve got lots at home”* she said in a thick American accent. I teased her about stealing maps and selling them on the black market, and she asked what I did. Once the girl asks you a question (she “hooks”) then you know it’s safe to continue rather than thank her for the map and politely leave.

We spoke about where she worked (a bookshop), where she was from (the USA) and her passions (she was an open water swimmer who’d completed the Dover-Calais cross channel solo swim). She was a fascinating girl and we bantered happily about travelling and all things adventurous. After twenty minutes or so she said she had to get back to work, so I took down her number and told her I’d be in touch.

I sent off my usual first message and for a week or so got no reply, so I forgot about our meeting and had already moved on to chasing up other contacts. Out of the blue she sent me one asking if I'd like to go to a comedy show that week as she had a *"spare ticket."*

We met up in a pub near Embankment, then headed to watch some live comedy together in the Comedy Store. From the very beginning it was flirty and I had my arm around her as we watched the comedians. She leaned into me, and it felt on straight away.

I didn't want to rush pulling the trigger as she'd already told me about hating the whole *"one night stand"* culture in London, so I walked her up to her bus stop on the Strand and kissed her just as her bus was pulling in.

A week later we arranged for me to go round to hers in Dulwich to cook food and watch a film. She texted me on the afternoon itself to say she was *"tired from the morning's training swim on the south coast and not sure about having the energy to meet up."* I was persistent, telling her that I was *"already on the bus over"* and saying we would *"just have a quick drink in her local"* instead.

I met her at the bus stop and she'd just got back from a day down near Brighton where she'd been swimming in the sea. She said she needed to go back to hers to have a shower and get changed, so we walked back to her shared house and I sat in the living room while she did her thing upstairs.

She came down a while later and said she *"didn't have the energy to go out again,"* so I popped round to the corner shop and brought some easy food to rustle up. We sat on her sofa eating sausage & mash and watching *Touching The Void* - an epic mountaineering film – and making out every so often.

As the credits rolled, I took her hand and led her upstairs, picking her up and putting her on the bed. I turned the lights out, undressed her while kissing her all over, and we had sex before falling fast asleep.

## ***Why Comfort Is King***

*“The game is played in comfort”* Mystery

Comfort is the bread-and-butter of daygame – getting a girl to feel relaxed and open up to you. She needs to see that you’re a “normal guy” after you’ve attracted her with some flirting and higher energy banter.

An interaction that misses out comfort will often lead to a flake, unless escalation is fast and done in one go (like in a club when you bounce a girl home).

Attraction, although fun, is like a vapour and will vanish soon after you’ve stopped “pumping her buying temperature.” Even though attraction material is what looks impressive (especially on internet pick-up videos), its the comfort that provides the foundations to the interaction.

In the daytime especially, where the energy is so different from a night club, coming across as a dancing monkey or an entertainer on the street will ring PUA alarm bells in the girl’s mind.



## ***Brazilian From Coffee Shop***

I was “window shopping” outside *Pret A Manger* on the Strand when I spotted a hot girl, aged around 20, reading a book with her coffee at the back of the shop. There was a (small) space next to her, with couples all around. I went in, bought a drink and gestured to the space, asking if it was ok to sit down for a bit. She smiled, pulled out her ear-phones and said yes. I can’t remember the exact opener, but it was something about the novel she was reading. Very quickly she opened up, with a thick Brazilian accent. She was practicing her English by reading novels, lived with her mum over here, and was looking for work. She was petite, with an amazing Latino face, but wearing one of those crappy pac-a-macs, which was easy to tease her about (a key part of attraction).

We vibed for a bit, and it turned out she loved clubbing and parties but didn’t do much in London. This commonality was an easy excuse to close on, and I offered to show her some good clubs in the coming weeks. I told her I was meeting friends in Covent Garden, and she said she was heading that way too, so we walked together up towards the tube.

The connection felt good, she seemed very keen, so I said I had time for a quick drink in the pub just by Covent Garden tube and that she should join me. She agreed without pausing, and soon we were sipping beers standing outside, planning what clubs we’d check out in the next few days. I increased the bubble effect by doing a lot of “Our World” scenarios, role playing events we’d do in the future (go to Vegas, get married, lose a million dollars) people watching, acting the couple and me teasing her lots about her rain coat. We swapped numbers and split, with me giving the time constraint that I had to meet friends, in order not to appear too keen.

In the following week we met for cocktails at *Jewel Bar* Covent Garden- a nice location for a sexy date if you know it's on - dark, funky chill-out feel, candles, incense. I vibed with the bar staff for social proof and found a cosy corner for us to sit in out of the way. We vibed and then I broke rapport by asking if she'd "*ever fucked a horse*" - something I'd read about doing to get out of the Friend Zone. Two second of shock, then she laughed and launched into some sexual banter about stuff she'd done, as well as asking what I was into. More vibing, more breaking rapport by disagreeing / looking away, then more flirting. I told her I was going to be direct, and she said she liked that about me. I told her why I thought she was hot (her hair, her eyes) and that I promised myself I'd see how good a kisser she was. We kissed with tongues, and she loved it. Quickly I picked up the vibes that she'd not been with a guy for a while, and that she had got loads of pent up horniness.

She said she was up for dancing, but it was mid-week and I didn't want to start messing with distances, so we walked up to Leicester Square and hit the tourist trap clubs of *Ruby Blue* and *Zoo Bar*. Cheesy and male heavy, but when you're on a date already you don't care. We boogied away, her giving me a mini Brazilian lap-dance as I sat down and she danced for me.

I reckoned that it was on for sure, and it was getting really late (I had to teach in the morning) so I told her it would be quicker if I crashed at hers to get into school in the morning, rather than going back to mine. She accepted with no fuss, and we took a cab to north London where she lived with her mum. In the taxi we were kissing, hands wandering, then she told me directly that she wouldn't sleep with me that night.

My AFC heart dropped, and the LMR sirens in my head started screaming. But then she quickly added it was because of her mum in the house, and that I needed to organise a "DVD and wine" evening at mine for it to happen. God bless Brazilians for their directness and for sorting logistics themselves.

True to her word, that night I just crashed on the couch and stumbled into school the next day wearing the same clothes, but fast forward to the weekend and she was down in SW London with me in an Italian restaurant. I asked her to come purposefully late so by the time we'd eaten and watched a DVD, it would be too late for trains into central. She was looking all dressed up, and giving off relaxed, doggy bowl eye vibes. There was a movie shop opposite the restaurant, so we went and picked one and grabbed a bottle of booze.

Back to mine, and the f-close was all so easy. We got one minute into the film and then she was all over me, moaning and arching as we kissed and grabbed each other. She stripped without a word and then we fucked into the night, her very loud, me very horny. She slept over, and caught the first train back in the morning for job interviews.

## ***Californian Hong Kong Girl***

Another girl I met on the low wall outside the National Gallery was a chatty half-Californian, half-Hong Kong girl, who I opened by asking for a tube map again. She was sparky and energetic, Asian looking, cute and young. The positivity and openness of American girls is always a refreshing change from the often colder, suspicious vibe of British girls on a cold approach.

Straight away the exchange of energy was great, but she threw some tests at me through the grins: How old was I (*“64, but I’ve got a great plastic surgeon in LA”*) did I ask every woman for a tube map (*“you are the first one....in the last 2 minutes”*), were we being filmed (*“yes, but I’ll edit out all the graphic bits”*). My answers to her tests were very rehearsed and scripted, things I had learnt from pick-up advice on the internet, but they were better than getting reactionary to problems that come up in set. We swapped numbers and I left to “meet friends.”

For a first date I suggested a quick drink after work and she said sure, as she’d just finished work (as a translator for an NGO). We walked up to Soho through Leicester Square and she did most of the talking, leaving me the easy job of teasing her, telling her she was a dork (for loving libraries) and that she was like a little sister to me, while at the same time grabbing her around the waist or putting an arm across her back as I said these things. Classic push-pull.

We stopped at a busy pub near the gay part of Soho and grabbed two beers, standing outside the pub with the smokers (a key point in the lay - a busy outdoor area means you can squeeze in real close, escalate fast and not worry about seated game. It also gave us a great “Our World” window onto the crazy campness of the colourful streets around us...loads of conversational threads to talk about).

We were standing face to face, bantering and laughing, and every now and again I'd put my leg between hers, or pull her in a bit to hear something clearer, fractionating in and out of spikes. Suddenly there was a strong feeling of being in a bubble with her, where everything outside of our bubble was fuzzy and distant. Both of us felt a big rush of energy, so I took her beer off her, put down mine too, held her hands, and kissed her full on. She was really up for it, and didn't break the kiss at all, letting me pull her hair, bite her neck and pull her in really tight.

She could feel my hard dick pressing on her, and I made it clear that it was her that was doing it to me (a key sexual spike that turns girls on very quickly). I laughed and said she'd have to help me hide my erection, that it was easier for girls to hide being horny, and she loved it. She asked me about when I was meeting my friends, so I checked my phone and said that they were running late. I told a story about two of them always splitting up and then getting back together passionately, so they were probably fucking now and I should leave them to it.....it was a true story, but I threw it in as a sexual spike and to get out of the "*where are your friends?*" problem. She was fine with it.

We drank our pints in between making out (each time heavier, with guys shouting "*get a room!*") and I made the leap-of-faith escalation decision fast, as her buying temperature was so high. I asked her about her house (in Penge, South East London), who she lived with ("*weird house mates, never see them*"), her room ("*small, thin walls, but everyone's out*") and how she got home ("*a bus - 50 minutes!*"). The last answer seemed to scream LMR opportunity to me, so I said we'd get a cab to hers, as long as she behaved herself.

She suddenly went quiet, and seemed distant for the first time in the interaction. So I went back to chit-chat, and carried on some future projections about what she could offer me as a wife, what breakfast we would eat in bed etc. She enjoyed this, so I pushed further about making a move. She gave me the all-clear by asking what time I had

to get up (it was a school night again) and that there was a night bus from hers to where I lived for me to get home. I still had worries about the 50 minute bus journey, but went for it.

We sat on the top floor of the bus where it was pretty quiet, and carried on the kissing. I had my hand on her tits and between her legs. I moved her hand onto my hard dick, and she didn't complain. The horny behaviour was fractionated with comfort banter and distracting her logical mind.

Almost an hour later we got to Penge and walked hand in hand to hers, 5 minutes away. She opened the door, checked if anybody was in, she showed me her room, went up to the bathroom and came down without her jeans on, American *Trojan* condom in hand. Uncomplicated lays are always a blessing.

A few weeks later she texted me to ask to meet her and her hotter American friend for a drink in Brick Lane, Shoreditch. While she went to order drinks, I got the hottie's phone number. With some text banter I managed to take her out on two dates. She liked me but *"couldn't break girl code"* by fucking me. So close but so far.

## ***LA Musician***

Another great location for dreamy indirect game is Covent Garden, a tourist market area in the centre of London. Lost visitors and shoppers drift around the square to the sound of street musicians, while jugglers and magicians seduce the crowds with their shows.

In the south of the square I stopped a hot girl from Los Angeles, and asked for a tube map. She was a beautiful brunette, with big round eyes, large breasts and a petite body, nineteen years old. Quickly I transitioned onto her style and look. She enjoyed it, opened up and told me about having just finished college, being a musician and moving to London “*for exciting adventures,*” even though she was living with her British grandma. There was a sexual vibe from the start, and it didn’t take me long to instant date her to show her where she could get cigarettes from.

Ten minutes and some comfort chit-chat later, I left her at the tube stop as I had to meet my sister. We hugged and promised we’d meet soon to strum guitars and make beautiful music. She beamed, and said how nice it had been that she had met someone in a city where everyone was so serious.



### *Balcony delights at the Punch & Judy*

I followed the usual first date plan: beers on the balcony of the Punch and Judy pub in Covent Garden and then maybe cocktails in a smaller bar. She was happy and smiley as we talked comfort for a bit, very relaxed and uncomplicated which was nice. I asked her how many boyfriends she had and teased her for saying none. She suddenly told me that she was thinking of staying in a hostel that night because she didn't want to have her grandma waiting up and worrying. A green light.

She talked about shoe shopping, so I went straight for the "good shoes or good sex?" spike I had read by a famous British PUA called Beckster, and her response was beautifully direct:

*ME: So what's better....good shoes or good sex?*

*HER: Getting laid is the purpose of life!*



She meant it too, and for the next half an hour we talked about Richard Dawkins, *The Selfish Gene* and how it was totally natural to want to fuck before anything else. Finally my Oxford studies were paying off. I switched back to comfort after a while and focused her attention on the street show below - always a good topic of conversation on a date, to take the pressure off. Fractionating away from the sexual topic was vital - otherwise the bubble would burst.

Everything about it felt “on”, so I made the decision for the bounce back to mine via a drink by the river towards Waterloo, which was on my way home. We walked across the Hungerford Bridge and I showed her the best view of London at night - the river, St Pauls, South Bank, Canary Wharf, lights twinkling. As she stopped to take a photo I pulled her in and kissed her. No resistance, it just felt right.

We had a beer on the terrace of the Royal Festival Hall. The night was setting in and the temperature was dropping, so we sat close outside and hugged. There were no real shit-tests, she did lots of the Game. She told me about “*getting lots of ass*” from being a singer-songwriter musician in LA, and that she “*didn’t mind it if guys just wanted to jump me as long as they were honest about it.*”

I told her about some guys I knew that go up to girls in bars and ask straight out if they want to fuck. She said she didn’t like this....she loved the suspense, the unspoken, the implied, working out whether it would happen or not. More green lights. We comfort talked some more about music, bands, art, playing the guitar. I kept dropping in that I’d love to hear her songs and I’d play some stuff. She said she didn’t have her guitar in London and I said we’d play back at mine (a technique called “seeding the bounce” to give some plausible deniability to the whole thing in her mind).

It started to rain, so I bit the bullet and said “*ok, we’re going back to mine for another beer and some guitar strumming,*” and she said “*cool!*”.

It was game over at that point. A taxi back to mine, no LMR, she stayed the night and was a great fuck, very loud, she loved dirty talk, wanted to be dominated totally. Had sex to lots of spacey *Sigur Ros* music in the background, which combined with fucking blows your head open. She was the first girl that did the whole “*I can’t move!*” thing after I’d made her cum with my tongue and fingers and then dick. She said she’d never had that before, and wanted to know where I’d learnt it. We talked about being “*hibernation winter fuck buddies,*” which was even more welcome refreshing honesty.

## ***Taking Action***

*“Knowing is not enough; we must apply. Willing is not enough; we must do” Goethe*

*“The Game is played in the field” Mystery*

It is a sad fact in the pick-up community that more time is spent by men on forums and immersed in theory than on taking action.

Learning Game can only be done experientially (derived from doing), not by debating about it online or hypothesising about it until the cows come home. It's not rocket science that the best way to get better with women is to spend time with women – on the street, on dates, on your bed.

One of the secrets to my rapid progress was going out daily, approaching, and learning through trial-and-error. A huge help was logging off any internet seduction forums I had joined and doing it for real. It sounds obvious, but you'd be surprised how many guys spend more time in front of their laptops than in front of women.

## CHAPTER 8

### *French Teacher In Liverpool*

I learnt lots from this lay about email game, leap-of-faith escalation moments, dominating and the delights of Liverpool. This lay report is mostly email transcripts between me and her, as that's more valuable than the end lay itself in terms of what happened.

It was another indirect seated pickup outside the National Gallery in hot June, something I was becoming very accomplished at. She was a cute French girl, a biology teacher, very feminine and cultured, spending a year teaching in Leicester. She was down in London for the weekend, and said she only had a few weeks left there before a holiday around the UK and then back to France. We bonded over all things teacher-ish, then I told her my story about the comical delights of teaching sex education to hormonal 11 year olds in my class. It was a good spike and she opened up quickly about sex education in France, how she teaches it and her memories of it. I got her email and left.

My first email to her was non-needy, observational, and with a reference to the sex education thing. She didn't respond, so I sent my classic re-engage message a few days later:

*"We are SO getting divorced, call the lawyer, you can keep the cat."*

She replied:

*“Hi Tom, I don’t want to keep the cat as he’s peeing everywhere since his operation. Sorry, if I didn’t reply earlier. I’ve been busy enjoying this nice weather. I’m back in Leicester (lucky me) and I can’t wait for the summer break to sleep as much as I want to. Coffee is not enough to keep me awake those days. Can you hear tennis balls flying and the squeaky sighs of tennis players from yours?”*

A day later she sent another one before I’d replied saying:

*“As I was sneaking on your Facebook profile (but didn’t ask you to be a friend as I’m a cowboyphobic•) I’ve noticed you’ve been to Oxford Uni - is that true? I’m jealous! Which college?”*

My Facebook profile picture was me next to a real cowboy in the American Midwest.

Her level of interest and all those questions told me it was game on, so I waited a few days before replying. I sent her one saying:

*“Ah, Oxford, I miss the spires and silly gowns! My grandmother said never trust a cowboy or a man with a mustache, so I’m not offended by our Facebook anonymity! So, give me three highlights of visiting Leicester and I might do just that if you’re persuasive! Got friends there so could be a glamorous holiday!”*

I was qualifying her and seeing if she’d be up for a lay in Leicester, as I had got a friend living there so wouldn’t have minded the trip anyway.

She took the bait, and replied:

*“Let’s see.... a good cinema “the Phoenix”, A Taste of India in Belgrave road (where you can buy nice sari for your next fancy-dress party) and hum?? I don’t know... bricks? Leicester Tiger Beer (pas bon) ? glamorous Leicestershire accent ? Personally, I’m trying to go away from Leicester for my holidays before going back to France. I’d*

*like to go to North Wales for a week and if finances allow me visit Liverpool and (soyons fous) Manchester. Have a nice weekend”*

Now I started to really suggest meeting up again for a lay:

*“Well, the promise of a nice sari has got me really excited...if you offer to take me there I’ll book a train ticket without hesitation! Or I’ll offer to show you around Liverpool where I used to live. Tell me the dates you had in mind...”*

She replied:

*“I find your proposition very impudent ! Give me three good reasons I’d like to spend a part of my holidays with you”*

It was a great come-back, and I was enjoying the verbal banter.

Now here’s where I made the leap-of-faith move and went 100% direct in terms of intentions. I replied:

*“1. Good conversation*

*2. Great sex*

*3. Guitar lessons”*

Silence. Then two days later she replied:

*“Do you have any references that can testify specially point 2? Not that I’m interested as I try to grow a new hymen and have my virginity back, but I think men always tend to over estimate this particularly skill!”*

Bingo! Game on. I was loving this girl’s sexual push-pull.

It took me a while to come up with a cocky-funny response to match hers, but in the end I went with this:

*“An unbelievably passionate performance - he kept going for hours!”  
(The New York Times)*

*“5 Stars! Big, hard, exciting, energetic stuff, but tender and pleasing in every way” (Vogue Magazine)*

*“Stimulant, enrichissant, l’action de grande!” ••••• (Le Monde)*

Well, the hymen restoration will deprive your vagina of ever finding out, but we’ve still got the conversation and guitar lessons to keep us busy!”

She replied with:

*“Alright, I have to say your sense of humour is enough to entertain me. But it seems like you’ll break a week later than me (I’m on holidays Friday 16th) and I’ll probably be on my way home when you’ll just be about to enjoy your first weekend of holidays. What shall we do?”*

So, she had agreed to the fuck. Now it was just a case of managing logistics. I was just beginning my school holidays, so was up for a Liverpool adventure to see old mates and sleep with her in the process.

I told her when I was going to Liverpool and that we’d meet up there (no mention of hotel yet), just assuming it was on and getting her to follow my lead. I ended that message with:

*“I expect champagne, red carpet and five star treatment : )“*

She replied with:

*“So choose a hotel, treat me like a princess and I’ll see what I can eventually do for you”*

Girls don't like to be made the chasers! I was enjoying the power struggle.

I sent this cocky one back a few days later after I had looked up cheap hotels online:

*"So Princess Caroline of Leicester, here are your travel details from Tom's Travel Agency:*

*Date: Saturday*

*Location: Liverpool, one night, 2 persons, -hotel details - you're paying half*

*Itinerary: Meet around 8pm at the station*

*Private tour of Liverpool (by horse and carriage, of course) on Sunday.*

*I hope this is agreeable for Your Majesty. Let us know of any specific requirements ; )*

*Tom's Travel Agency Inc (c)"*

Her token ASDs must have kicked in when she got this. She replied:

*"It sounds lovely. However I'm not sure what sharing a room will do with my hymen. Maybe we should get separate rooms?"*

I replied:

*"Bien sur...I'm still a virgin too"*

...which did the trick of not really acknowledging her ASD LMR stuff.

She replied with some blah-blah asking me about my summer plans. I replied:



*“Went to a city farm with friends’ kids today....they were fascinated by two horny horses trying to mate, which was hard to explain to six year olds! Counting down to the summer too; I’ve got a week in Berlin and a week in NYC booked, but the rest will be blissful leisurely randomness and fun! London is an amazing place to be when you’re not working. So, for when we meet, you need to buy me a present costing no more than £1....are you up for the challenge?”*

She replied:

*“I find a bit worrying that our (your?) conversations are all about sex! Are you a psychopath, sexually deviant or something even worse? I have to warn you that I am over 18 (I know it’s hard to tell) and eventually my mother is superwoman. There’s no challenge here for me, I know exactly what your present will be.”*

I replied:

*“I’m shocked by your unfounded accusations....you know that I am pure, naive and inexperienced in all things sexual. Wash away your sinful thoughts at a local church!”*

She replied:

*“That’s my point, I don’t know anything about you (except the informations I found on the internet). But I like to think I’m a bit adventurous. I have to go the church now. However, may I ask : do you often offer you company to females who you meet in public spaces?”*

She was vocalising all her internal worries about meeting a guy in a hotel in a strange city. Remember that up to this point, we had only met face-to-face for 10 minutes in the initial pick-up.

To calm her fears, I sent a “10 boring things you need to know about Tom” list with the standard dating site facts about age, family, hobbies etc, just to make it all a bit more real for her and secure. It seemed to

do the trick, as she replied with a thanks, giving me a similar list about herself.

After that it was plain sailing, nothing dramatic or too unusual to add to the story. I rocked up to Liverpool on the train, got in quite late so we headed straight to the hotel (where I had booked two single beds in one room....a nice ASD plausible deniability move), unpacked, hit the town centre for a few drinks and a “warm up” comfort chat, then I kissed her in a bar and we headed back to the hotel for a very horny night of fucking. She was 29 and knew how to fuck in true French style - 69s, on the floor, against the wall, in the bathroom.

There was no LMR at all, as it was game over when we originally entered the hotel and she saw the two beds in one room. The next morning we walked around Liverpool in the drizzle, me giving the tour, just enjoying each other’s company and being out of London. She had paid half for the hotel, so I got us a nice lunch by the docks. In the afternoon she caught a train to Snowdonia while I hooked up with old mates before heading home.

A flashback experience to when I was last in Liverpool ten years before as a shy, nervous guy on the hostel training weekend where I met Emily and the transformation began.

## ***How To Fuck A Girl At Her House***

Taking girls back to your house can be a problem for guys because of the distance, taxi cost, flatmates or parents, so it's important to learn how to find out if you can fuck at hers. When I lived in Wimbledon outside central London, it was something I'd often have to face.

I developed a routine to find out if it was ok to go back to theirs instead of mine:

*ME: So tell me about where you live...is it a castle or a pent-house?!*

*HER: haha, I'm in a shared house in St Johns Wood etc. etc.*

*ME: Wow, you all sleep in the same bed? I like your liberal style...*

*HER: ha, no, I'm in a room at the top, there's a couple next door etc. etc.*

*ME: I hope the room service is good...I'm very specific about my breakfast*

*HER: Amazing, you can have whatever etc. etc.*

*ME: I'm a very good guest....totally house trained etc. etc.*

*HER: I should hope so*

*ME: What time do you have to get up tomorrow?*

*HER: Around ten I guess*

*ME: I've got work, so I'd need a wake-up call from reception. I hope it's not too far...*

*HER: No, it's 20 minutes on the bus etc. etc.*

*ME: I hope you don't snore.....do you talk in your sleep?*

*HER: Well, there was this one time when etc. etc.*

It's all about putting feelers out for logistics and qualifying her willingness in a non creepy, non demanding, non needy way. Everything has to be said with a cheeky smile and a leading tone. The girl will let you know what's what, and pick up on the subtext of the conversation about you sleeping in her bed. If there's a barrier to you going back, she'll let you know.

## ***Austrian Library Girl***

Covent Garden, early evening in the summer. It was getting dark and I was calling it a day. Suddenly I saw a cute girl with huge tits standing looking at a map, in exactly the same spot where I met the Californian musician.

Being the ever-helpful PUA, I couldn't resist offering to give her directions. Even though she was pretty, she was wearing the non-sexy tourist attire of a mac, trainers, backpack etc. I teased her about being a German tourist and that she probably had a list of things to see/do with a time schedule. My assumptions were correct - she was Austrian, and did indeed have a list of things she wanted to see.

I got her to open up more by the "*you look very creative*" and the "*you have really positive energy*" statements....she told me about coming over here to do PhD research in the British Library, and her wanting to travel more around the UK. I teased her some more about the library thing and got her to qualify herself about what else she did for fun. Her vibe was one of directness and matter-of-factness, combined with a serious / practical look. It's one I'd come across in the German girls I've fucked too, so I quickly pushed for the instant date...a quick coffee at a cafe in Covent Garden. She said yes.

The street interaction was about 10 minutes long. The instant date was half an hour. I love the feeling of cutting out all the text/phone hassles and knowing that you can solidify things so much on an instant date. It saves so much text game later.

We sat drinking coffee and just going through the whole comfort thing....her childhood, her passions, some things about me and my job. I spiced it up with a bit of a cold read and some sexual spikes

about stuff that had happened to my “*crazy friend*.” I really enjoyed slowing everything down, leaving big gaps in what I was saying and practising pausing. It was amazing what a difference this made, taking the vibe very sexual and alpha. Silences also got her to jump in and fill the spaces - simple but powerful. Leaving these “vacuums” encourages investment on her part, and lets you know that she’s attracted to you.

The date a few days later was in the *Punch and Judy* pub in Covent Garden again. I knew from the instant date and the texts afterwards that she was up for fun. She had nothing else to do in London, was bored of the library, and just gave off an “I’ll follow your lead” vibe. We stood watching the street show from the balcony with our beers (side note: if you ask her what she’s drinking and she replies “*whatever you’re having*” I’ve found it’s already a massive indicator of her willingness to follow). Then suddenly the tests began, which I’ve grown to enjoy and a real sign of interest. When a girl asks me these questions, I know there’s attraction and she’s considering taking it further. All the classics came up, one after the other:

She kept testing me saying I was not her type, and then very obviously checking out other guys in the bar and telling me they were hot. I played along (the “agree and amplify” procedure) and said I’d find a perfect guy for her, even bringing in surrounding people into the conversation and doing a bit of a social proof thing, which she enjoyed. I used Beckster’s good shoes or good sex spike and then had more comfort chit-chat with her to fractionate.

The vibe at this point wasn’t clear....she was attracted but the tests were pretty heavy. I bounced her to All Bar One around the corner so we could grab a sofa and take things up a gear.

I got her to invest in every way I could....she bought most drinks, she talked, she told me what she liked in guys. I asked her what she thought of me (a great topic for getting girls to vocalise what they like in you) and she said she liked my height, my confidence, but thought

some of my sociability was “*engineered*.” She had spotted my PUA lines/routines mask, and it was the first time I realised that eventually I’d have to drop all the Game for real transformation. I still wasn’t congruent with the image I was projecting.

Rather than reacting, I smiled and said I loved it when girls were honest. I slowed everything down, told her why I liked her too (her hair, her smell, her sexy library ways) and that I was trying hard not to kiss her. She backed off and said “*too early*.” Again, I smiled, kept leg/arm kino and changed the topic saying it was cool when girls lived in the moment and treasured things.

By now, there was very strong sexual tension, so I decided to make the leap-of-faith move. I told her we should go back for one more quick glass of wine at mine....”*but only quickly as I’m teaching tomorrow*.” She seemed ok, but didn’t know at this point that it was a 30 minute taxi drive away.

We started walking out of the bar and I used the cold as an excuse to pull her in. Then she asked where I lived. I just kept saying “*not far*” as I hailed a black cab and engaged her logical mind with chat. Still no kissing, just my hand on her leg in the cab as we talked about mundane stuff all the way back.

We got back to mine, sat on the bed, put on a comedy dvd on the laptop and I motioned to her to come and join me lying with our heads on the pillow.

Five minutes later we were making out, which escalated with no LMR to sex. It turned out she was sexually adventurous, asking me to bend her over the bed, fuck her hard while pulling her hair, asking me to keep talking filth in her ear. She was very dominant, very sexually comfortable, which sometimes puts me off a bit, but this time it was great. Her tits were amazing too (even though big boobs are not my thing).

It just goes to show that you should “*never judge a Librarian by her cover.*”



## ***Ping Texts***

Once a girl's replied to your initial message, then it's important not to jump straight into a date request, as that gives off a needy, desperate vibe which broadcasts to the girl that you're not a busy guy.

In between getting her number and asking her out on a date, then you need to send her what I term "ping" texts to bridge the gap and keep you on her mind, without sucking her energy through an endless stream of questions and requests.

Ping texts should be statements, telling her things about what you're up to. They should make her smile. The great thing about a fun statement is that she'll reply anyway, without you having asked her a question.

Make your texts shorter than hers. Don't answer any standard questions she asks (e.g. "*Hey Tom, how are you?*"). Don't reply straight away. Be unpredictable in when you answer. I don't send more than one or two texts a day to any one girl. Copy her usage of smiley faces, kisses and exclamation marks. Less is more.

Examples of ping texts I've used include:

*"Just seen a man hit by a pigeon!"*

*"In London Zoo watching penguins fall over :-)"*

*"Just seen a cat who looks like you"*

*"Sitting in Hyde Park with a coffee and a good book"*

*"Just seen a dog on a skateboard!"*

*“Just seen a girl who looks like you going into a tattoo shop”*

## ***Polish Fighter Plane Girl***

One of my longest street-to-beds so far, filled with flakes, fuck-ups, messy stuff and massive lessons learnt. It was all about patience and persistence, and worth it for a hot Polish fighter plane girl. In the wreckage of this crazy plot you can salvage some tips from my mistakes.

I met this beautiful girl on Charing Cross Road one sunny day in March 2010. She actually stopped me to ask for directions to Covent Garden (a rare case of me being opened) and I happily obliged, walking her up there for the Torero VIP Tour. She was in London for a couple of days sorting out parts for Polish fighter planes - a *Top Gun* style aeronautical girl with a massive brain and equally massive breasts. She was the hottest girl I had spoken to in my daygame adventures and mentioned she wanted to go clubbing that night, so we swapped numbers and Facebooks but ultimately she flaked. I forgot about her and moved onto my next approach.

Out of the blue she sent me a Facebook message saying she was moving to London in July and she was looking forward to seeing me again. From the length of the message and the number of smiley faces and kisses, I assumed it was going to be an easy lay. How wrong could I have been.

To keep it brief (it was bloody long Game) she came over at the start of July and we had a date in the *Punch and Judy* pub, Covent Garden. I did my usual routine of taking her up to the balcony where she could lean over the rails and watch the street show below, giving me an excuse to stand behind her for some easy kino. I had forgotten how hot she was, so loved flirting with her and upping the kino. Again, I assumed it was going to be easy (new girl in London, Torero the tour

guide) but the k-close failed again and again, and she seemed a little distant. I put it down to her nerves and arranged a second date.



*Wet & Wild ;)*

This was my other tried and tested routine of the river boat from Embankment to London Bridge. Heavy kino and flirting at the back of the boat, but she avoided the kiss close again, and I was in a rush to a party, so cut it short and thought that was the end. My usual rule is if they've not kissed me on the second date then nothing's going to happen.

She texted saying she wanted to just be friends. I replied:

*"I've already got too many friends in London that I'm hopeless at seeing, so I'm afraid I'm going to have to say no. Good luck with your London adventures, it was fun meeting you!"*

It was a genuine push away, as my phone was now full of contact details, and my diary was brimming with dates. This real abundance,

thanks to daygame, gave me a very healthy “next” mentality when it came to flakey women.

Fast forward a week or so, and she was texting asking to see me again. Because she was so hot, I decided to go against my rule and meet up with her again for a drink in Soho. I broke rapport almost totally by challenging all her opinions of the city (she was pretty high maintenance and dominant in true Polish fashion) and didn’t invest in the conversation like I did on the first and second dates.

Then came the reason for her distance. She told me that she was staying in the same bed as a Polish guy she met at Christmas, and even though he was a “*dick-head*” and “*treated her like shit*,” she was attracted to him so that’s why the situation with me arose. If a girl gives you information like this, it is crucial to take it on board – she was revealing that she liked the traits of bad boys (authoritative, leaders, risk-takers, adventure) and I realised I had been too nice with her.

She told me she didn’t want to be with him anymore and that she was confused. I suddenly went direct, telling her what I loved about her (eyes, hair, lips). She gave me the doggie bowl eyes, and we kissed full on. I realised I was now in a messy “relationship triangle” and that until she moved out of his room, there was little chance of me fucking her. I hated realising I had fallen into the “nice guy” frame with her, the helpful tour guide and shoulder to cry on. I knew I had to step it up a gear, so I dominated even more and told her we’d go on an adventure the next day, no questions asked telling her where to meet.

Again, to speed it up, this trip (to Greenwich park on the boat) ended in nothing spectacular, just more full-on kissing and hugging. The Polish guy was still clearly fucking her, and she revealed she liked me as the “*nice*” English guy who looked after her. Now this was the big lesson here: she constantly told me what a dick the Polish guy was (making her cook for him, telling her to shut up, not picking her up at night) but then she said she was really attracted to him. It was time

for me, the weedy Welshman, to mirror this masculine Polish behaviour.

I stopped texting her, she texted me more and more. I said I was too busy, she tried to set up dates. I hinted at competition, she got jealous.

I thought I'd give her one last shot as she wanted to see Windsor, and I planned to escalate hard and risk losing her totally as it was just dragging on and she was doing my head in. So we took the train down to Windsor after lunch (I'd come straight from Dulwich after fucking the cross channel swimmer) and walked past the castle along the river. Again, I broke rapport lots at first, so much so that she asked me if I was bored of her. I fractionated between being distant and full on escalation, grabbing her, kissing her, pulling her in, pushing her away, teasing her, then looking bored again. I could see this was working wonders, as her eyes suddenly got very "fuck-me" ish in a very distinctive way. We literally stared into each other's eyes, both knowing what it meant, for a minute, it was so hot. More kissing, me telling her that she had made me hard, me teasing her about being bad in bed, some sex talk. I *had* to show her that I wasn't the Mr Nice Guy only, and that I could give her what she was getting from her roommate, but so much better. She was responding well, the beers flowed, and we shifted between venues until she told me she wanted to go dancing. I knew it was make-or-break time, so we jumped on the train back to central London and got off at Putney, near to where I lived. I stopped a cab and told her to get in. She did, asking where we were going. I told her to trust me. We kissed in the cab, me putting her hand on my hard dick over my jeans.

We got out at my place and she asked why we were there. I told her to follow me, and that we wouldn't be long. We went upstairs, into my room, she sat on the bed looking at books / photos. I put on some slow music, sat next to her, pulled her towards me and started the heavy make out. I ran my usual bed escalation ladder from here:

- Heavy kissing (neck, ear, lips)
- Putting her hand on my dick over my jeans
- Putting a leg between hers to put pressure on her clitoris over her jeans
- Getting my hard dick out and telling her to suck it
- Her sucking my dick
- Putting my hand between her legs over jeans, then pushing down into them to finger her
- Taking off her jeans / knickers and licking her out
- Fucking

Because I wasted so much time chasing her, the fuck felt immense. She was hot, passionate, sexy and it felt so right, as we had both been thinking about it for so long. The sex was the best for ages. We lay on the bed and slept in each other's arms, then around midnight I put her in a cab back to North London where she was living with the Polish guy.

There was lots of dodgy game with her, I know, but lots of lessons learnt. Be the man, not the gay best friend. Persistence pays off. You can get out of the Friend Zone, but it takes a lot of unnecessary time and it's a big mistake even to get into it. Break rapport if she's over confident or opinionated. Show her you can walk away (although I clearly chased this girl like a dog on heat) and that you're not always Mr Nice guy. Attraction is created in the push. Lead, have a plan, and sort your logistics.

## ***Slovak Bench Girl***

Once you've basically got the daygame skillset down (beating AA, being non-needy, attractive, calm, closer etc.) then a lot of what you do is a numbers' game. Some of the contact details you get flake, some work. Some girls just like you, some don't. Even the shakiest closes can get you laid, as this story shows.

This was an indirect Facebook close after a 5 minute chat in Leicester Square park with a girl on her lunch break. Petite, dark hair and eyes, cute, 20 years old from Slovakia. She was quiet, a bit frosty, it was a quick conversation and I thought it was going to be a 99% chance of a flake as she rushed back to her job in a cafe. So I was surprised when she agreed to a date over Facebook messenger late one night.

I met her at the *Punch and Judy* pub in Covent Garden, and it was the worst date I'd had. She was pretty much silent, told me that she "*didn't like to talk about herself*" when I tried to vibe about her, so we watched the street show below with no conversation for half an hour. When it was over she asked for one more beer in *All Bar One*, which I reluctantly agreed to (she seemed boring and cold) but again to my surprise she livened up when we sat next to each other, told me about her singledom, was open to a bit of kino and we had a good bit of banter. The staff asked us to drink up, so went outside, I hugged her goodbye and then went direct for the k-close, standing her on the pavement to kiss because of her size, which she (again surprisingly!) accepted with tongues. I knew it was now a case of her being shy rather than bored, so leading was essential.

A few days later on her day off we met around lunchtime for a second date - my standard – the *Clipper* boat trip from Embankment to Greenwich and back. Kino and hugs at the back of the boat but little



conversation (she had closed up again) and a walk around Greenwich park. I knew I had to push the escalation because her buying temperature could easily drop, so we sat on a bench and I made out with her heavily. I spiked it sexually by using the "*I can't get up now, it's your fault*" line pointing at my hard dick, which she laughed at, which looking back was key in letting her know what was coming.

We got the boat back to Embankment - more hugging - and then had a pint in the Royal Festival Hall (very close to Waterloo train station, where the train to my place went from). Again the conversation wasn't great. We had been joking about her loving Hugh Grant movies, so I told her we should go back to mine to chill and watch *Four Weddings and a Funeral* which she hadn't seen.

I had lost a few lays before because girls had agreed to come back to mine but then they'd changed their minds as I'd walked them to Waterloo train station (think it was the idea of getting on a train instead of an underground that freaked them out by implying distance) so I had started going for the cab option. As it was 3pm it didn't seem right for the taxi bounce, so I distracted her logical mind by fluff talking all the way to the station and the train about growing up with dogs, teaching and other small talk.

We got to where I lived, grabbed a couple of beers from the local shop on the way to my house and bantered with the staff for a bit of social proof, introducing her to my landlady (who had already had a stern word with me about bringing girls back to the house) and going upstairs.

I started the dvd and the expected LMR reared its ugly head. I knew it was coming because of the dodgy escalation, and lack of real rapport. Below are the lines she used over the space of an hour and the replies given:

*HER: I shouldn't be here*

*ME: I understand what you mean*

*(hug her, light kisses while watching film)*

*HER: I think I should go*

*ME: Sure, I understand*

*(more kissing, massage)*

*HER: I'm not going to sleep with you*

*ME: I know, don't worry*

*(carry on wandering hands, stroking pussy over jeans)*

*HER: We're not going to have sex*

*ME: I understand, it's ok*

*(her stroking my cock, me fingering her)*

It was cool getting a hand-job from her, but I was damn horny now. I went for it and said to her "*I SO want to be inside you now*". Again, to my surprise, she said the golden words "*have you got a condom?*".

Game over. As we were fucking, I heard a rustling noise from behind the bed. We carried on fucking and it started again. I reached down to grab the bag and a tiny mouse sprinted out from it and out the door. She screamed, but we carried on fucking, so soon she was screaming in a different way.

She left around an hour later, telling me she "*didn't know how that happened*" but saying it was "*the best thing about London so far!*"

## ***Japanese Starbucks Girl***

This story shows how flakey numbers can come back to life by their own accord, as if by magic. I had met a cute, artistic Japanese girl in *Starbucks* on Charing Cross Road three months previously, and had taken her on a few dates with hand-holding and kissing, then lots of flakes and silences, until finally she agreed to come to my house to cook and watch a dvd (usually girl code for fucking) after she had reinitiated texting. I messaged her to "*bring food,*" another good investment routine.

She texted me she was running late, so I replied "*Naughty girl, you buy the first beers*" which she did when she rocked up around nine in the local pub. It was good to see her, as we'd had some fun dates, and I knew it was on because we sat in the pub making out with hands on each other's legs. We went to my house, I told her to pick a dvd from the girl-friendly pile next to my laptop that I had accumulated in the last few months (she chose *Marley and Me* which I had seen twice that week already) and we sat on the bed eating her food and watching the film. I escalated to cuddling and kissing, then I pushed her down, made out properly with her, and knew it was a certain lay when she just grabbed my dick over my jeans and I could feel the thong under her dress (a green light that she has come over thinking about having sex). Lights out, game over.

## CHAPTER 9

### *Fellow Daygamers*

Walking the central streets of London each day for a few hours after work meant that my powers of observation became very sharp. Soon I knew every coffee shop and every bench in the heart of London. I recognised waiters, staff, street performers, beggars, as well as a handful of guys that were doing what I was doing.

In Trafalgar Square I saw other guys hovering near the steps in front of the National Gallery and waiting to open seated girls with indirect routines. Most of them just seemed to do little more than the hovering bit, looking nervous and awkward with the approach anxiety holding them back.

One, however, was having just as many conversations as I was and looked like he was getting lots of phone numbers off the smiling girls he chatted to on the same steps and benches as me. I went over and introduced myself – his name was Rami, a friendly Lebanese guy who had started indirect daygame at the same time as me. He had read some Game theory but was more importantly putting it into practice, opening girls with an indirect question about London, transitioning into comfort conversation and using a few old routines to get daily numbers. We sat on a bench in Leicester Square and discussed techniques and progress. It was fun to bounce ideas off each other and share our field experiences.

Rami liked to do daygame alone, like me, finding it a relaxing new hobby and a way of exploring London and de-stressing after his work

as a lecturer. We would greet each other out and about but were content practising by ourselves, keen to avoid the “PUA” label or become involved in local online forum antics where guys talked about pick-up for hours on end, without actually taking action.

One afternoon in Piccadilly Circus, another guy approached me and asked if we could have a coffee to talk through some daygame points. His name was Antony, an Italian guy my age who was also taking massive action and hitting the streets hard. He wasn't interested in the mental masturbation of online game discussion, but wanted to find like minded guys who were up for sharing stories about their infield experiments. He had seen me daygaming and getting numbers, and wanted to know more.

As soon as I met Antony, I knew that he was already good with girls. The opposite of the nerdy bedroom forum PUA, he was smartly dressed, likeably cocky, finishing his post graduate studies, organised and massively driven. From his time in high school he had dated beautiful girls and had a lovable bad boy image in his social circle, but since coming to the UK and studying hard, he needed another way to meet girls.

We had coffee in Piccadilly Circus and walked to Covent Garden to try some daygame. He was very analytical about each set he did, whereas I preferred going from one set into the next to keep the sociable vibe going. Antony's opener was often to ask for a light for his cigarette, or make a general observational statement rather than by asking a pre-prepared question. In set he was confident and masculine, with a cheeky glint in his eye, but afterwards he'd be able to deconstruct what was going on with the clarity of an academic.

We decided that the best way forward was for both of us to do our own solo gaming, but to meet up and discuss progress and goals a few times a week. He naturally enjoyed night game too, as well as teaching himself indirect daygame, and offered to show me some fast escalation stuff in exchange for me helping him with the comfort

building and the rapport stage, which he'd often rush in order to get from attraction to seduction as fast as possible.

## ***Becoming Direct***

Further trawls of the internet for daygame infield pick-up videos introduced me to a few other guys stopping girls on the street “directly” by running up to them and giving them compliments. They then moved into a more free styled conversation which was controversial for me because they didn’t use any of the classic PUA canned material out there. It all seemed very spontaneous and free-flowing, bold and direct.

A “direct” opener means that you’re letting the girl know in the first few seconds why you’re talking to her, by giving a compliment rather than being indirect about your intentions. It takes a lot more balls, as well as a lot more skill to carry it off correctly without triggering a girl’s rejection switches.

The main difference between indirect and direct is that with direct you must sub-communicate sincerity and indirect you must sub-communicate playfulness. That’s it. Ultimately it doesn’t matter what you say, what matters is the intention behinds the words.

I had gotten a few months worth of experience with indirect approaching, including quite a few lays from it, and I knew my conversational and dating skills were significantly improved. It was time to try some direct opening.

My first ever direct compliment to a girl was on the steps of Waterloo Station at the end of an evening’s daygame. I had tried to push myself to go and give strangers compliments, but severe approach anxiety had held me back, so I had spent the evening opening indirect as usual. As I walked up the steps of the station to catch my train, I saw a standing office worker, slim and pretty, typing a text on

her phone. I knew this was my chance, so with a sharp intake of breath I walked over, literally shaking, and said to her:

*“Excuse me, I know this is random, but you look very nice. Have a good evening!”*

I entered the train station like a victorious gladiator entering an amphitheater, proud and reborn. She had smiled and loved it, and I had given my first stranger a compliment. It was scary, but I had pushed myself.

Now I just had to practice doing it again and again until I could move it from just a compliment to a conversation.



## ***Canadian HMV Girl***

One rainy afternoon in late spring I dropped into the HMV music store in Piccadilly Circus to see what was what, as the streets were quiet. By the discount section was a pretty hippy chic looking at CDs - Converse, duffel coat, bohemian French looking. Instead of my usual indirect opener in the store (*"I'm looking for a cd for my female friend - any ideas?"*) I decided to try a low-investment direct opener, focussing on the coat she was wearing:

*"Excuse me, I know this is random, but I really like your coat, even though it's got the patches and the missing buttons. I'm guessing you're from France...."*

Her face lit up at being given the compliment (even though it was also a tease – the coat really was pretty old) and she told me she was French Canadian, from Montreal. I teased her a bit more about being in the discount section, and then vibed with her about Montreal as I had travelled there the previous summer. I gave a time constraint and then number closed.

I texted her that evening, adding a question onto the end of the text that I knew would spike some attraction:

*"Oh, and can you buy poutine in London?!"*

Poutine is a famous street food in Quebec that people eat after boozing (it's basically cheesy chips) and I knew she'd laugh at the reference. She texted back immediately saying she had brought over the packets of sauce to make it. A clear IOI, so I happily left it for a few days to set up the date request.

We met up the following week for beers at South Bank in the sunshine. She was unusual, funny, arty, interesting and quirky, so conversation was easy. Even though I was trying to ditch the structures and lines, I used some old routines and upped the kino as we moved to Convent Garden for food. We walked through the market holding hands at various points and found a Mexican restaurant.

After dinner, I asked her to stand on a step outside the restaurant so we'd be the same height, then I kissed her full on. No resistance. Lots of wandering hands with a passionate make-out. It looked to me like a SDL, so I walked to tube and suggested we go back to mine or hers for a drink. She said she *"wasn't prepared tonight."* I pushed it by saying I was *"just gonna crash on your sofa, I never sleep with a girl on the first date"* but she made it clear she was going. We carried on kissing and escalating the kino, then made firm plans for a second date the next night near her house (in far off Walthamstow). I had recently lost a lay because I didn't make concrete plans after kissing passionately on the second date and her flaking because of buyer's remorse, so I didn't want to risk anything this time.

The following morning she texted to say we should have a picnic in her local park because it was sunny. No dinner at her house after all. I sensed cold feet and forthcoming LMR. Sure enough, a few minutes later I got a text saying:

*"I know we talked about it yesterday, but I wouldn't want you to come with expectations about sleeping at my place or whatever. Im actually a bit tired today, and don't want to feel pressured. Is that ok?"*

I was realising that heavy make-outs and rushed escalation on the first date was a risky game to play, as even if girls enjoyed it at the time, it could trigger buyers' remorse and flakes.

I knew I had to take the pressure off, so I sent her an IOD push-away message:

*“That’s totally cool. It’s been a long day and I’m seeing my sister early tomorrow, so I can’t stay long. Park is perfect : )”*

She replied:

*“Great! See you at the station at 7 : ) xx”*

I decided I’d play the whole second date totally friend like, no touching, no Game, and just build way more comfort, combined with some pushing rather than pulling to see if I could flip the script.

We met at the pretty depressing Walthamstow station, all pigeons and litter, and immediately I told her I was tired, asking how often the trains ran back to central. No flirting. No touching. We grabbed food at Tesco, went to the park and sat on the grass there eating and chatting. No alcohol. She gave me some puzzled looks between topics, as I’d been so high energy and physical on the first date. It got cold and dark, so we left the park and I asked her for directions back to the station. She immediately said:

*“My flat’s just here, you could have a tea before you go?”*

Attraction is created in the push! I pretended to check my texts, said I could come in for ten minutes, then had to get going.

Once inside, she showed me around and told me about a male house mate who had been trying to make a move on her for ages. We sat on the sofa drinking tea, I pulled her close, kissed her madly, then pushed away saying *“I don’t normally do this.”* I was vocalising the LMR before she could, which had the effect of neutralising it.

I did it again after more chit-chat with wandering hands, then said *“this is too fast”*. I repeated it again after more comfort, grabbing her crotch and tits, saying *“we shouldn’t be doing this”*. More chat, hugs, kissing, then I pushed her away saying *“I should get going, I’m not normally this kind of guy.”*

She pushed me onto the sofa, pulled off my shirt and dry humped me. I knew it was game on, so led her by the hand to her bedroom, got naked, had a great blowjob and fucked her all night, sleeping over until her housemate arrived back from his night shift and passed me in the corridor with a scowl.

After we had sex the first time I asked her when she decided she was going to sleep with me and she said: *“On the sofa, when you said you had to go”*.

## ***Direct Adventures***

Sitting next to a girl on a park bench and asking her for a tube map is one thing. Running in front of an attractive, fast walking girl and giving her a compliment is another. The first few times I gave it a go was like bungee jumping. Dry mouth. Churning stomach. Excuses racing through my head. Three....two....one....open! The pure adrenaline of jumping into the “Now” meant that all my hard-earned conversational skills went out the window. I was truly a beginner again.

Girls wouldn't stop, I would chicken out and not go in front of them, I'd get too close and scare them, I'd speak too quickly, my mind would go blank, I'd eject myself from the interaction, the girl would leave, my heart would beat at a hundred miles an hour. This was all much harder than a park bench conversation.

I felt like I was having to unlearn all the structured Game I had learnt in the last six months and risk going backwards for a while to learn to be direct and spontaneous with hotter moving girls instead. I felt invigorated and refreshed, but scared about letting go of what had been working and going into the unknown.

## ***Limiting Beliefs Of Direct Daygame***

Doing direct daygame on fast moving girls triggers all sorts of internal conversations in your head, or “limiting beliefs,” like the devil on your shoulder trying to stop you approaching. For each person there are specific fears that come up again and again, but after teaching hundreds of students there are definitely common ones that can be identified:

- *She's not going to stop*
- *She's going to blow me out / reject me*
- *She's too hot*
- *She's too busy*
- *I'm interrupting her*
- *This is weird / socially wrong*
- *People are watching me*
- *I'm not in the right mood, I'll do the next one*
- *I'm too old / young / short / fat / bald etc for her*
- *She won't like me because I'm white / black / Asian etc.*
- *She saw me....now she thinks I'm following her*

The first step to getting good at direct street game is to turn off these chattering monkey thoughts in your brain, or at least tune out to them. By stopping girls and complimenting them again and again, you desensitise yourself to what you're doing, which removes the anxiety and frees up your mind to be present, observational and conversational.

Speed of implementation is a very important aspect, meaning that as soon as you see the girl on the street you should start moving to approach her. Any kind of delay will give the limiting beliefs time to surface and mess up the approach.

Doing direct approaching regularly (at least three times a week for a minimum of 2 hours at a time) means that the AA goes away and the skill set can be practiced. However, long periods away from doing it mean that the AA can come back.

As a wise daygamer once said: *“An approach a day keeps the AA away!”*

## ***Bulgarian Amelie - First Direct Success***

This was my first real success from pure direct daygame, as I had been constantly slipping back into seated indirect game - the AA was too much.

As a change from central London, I tried some daygame in west London near to where I lived, in Hammersmith. I went into the busy shopping centre by the station as there were lots of people sheltering from the rain.

Walking past me was a beautiful, big-eyed, dark haired girl who looked Mediterranean. I ran back and did the front stop on her, telling her I saw her and that she looked really nice, like the lead character in the film *Amelie*. Her eyes sparkled – it was her favourite film. She was 19 years old, from Bulgaria, and here for two weeks doing a summer drama course at LAMDA. Theatrical, creative, quirky, hot – just my type of girl. It wasn't a long conversation as she had to head off to her classes, but we swapped numbers and planned to meet up soon.

I met her for our first date mid afternoon at Piccadilly Circus. She seemed to be late, and I was starting to assume she'd flaked when I got a text:

*“Follow the arrows to find the treasure!”*

I looked down and saw that she'd chalked arrows onto the ground, which I followed until they led me to someone sitting on the steps dressed in a disguise of a hat, sunglasses with a newspaper up to their face. The whole thing was a reference to the *Amelie* film - it was the coolest start to a date I've ever had.



She was on a real high, bubbly, fun, and we clicked over everything, walking around Soho, Covent Garden and then down to the South Bank for a drink. I really felt it was “on”...her laughing at my crappy jokes, me teasing her, it was all so natural.

Now here’s where my silly “Game” mindset kicked in. I’d got impatient with second date+ lays and slow-burners, so in my head I could hear “escalate hard, k-close, f-close” and all that. She told me she was single, she said she didn’t have plans for the evening, she told me about the hotel she was staying in. Surely a lay I thought....I pushed the kino to my arm around her back, a massage, touches of her leg, and she didn’t seem to mind.

Half an hour later, after we had walked to the Tate Modern, she changed from loud and high energy to quiet and pretty reserved. I carried on with some banter then suggested we should go and see some free comedy in a pub in central. She hesitated and said she couldn’t, and that she wanted to have a drink with her friends from the course.

My big mistake then was to carry on the kino (arm around her shoulder) as we walked and then try to go for the k-close when we were standing by the river. We hugged (she was ok with that) and then I went for the kiss, which she rejected. I used the *“trying so hard not to kiss you”* line but it didn’t work. I then did another mistake of saying *“well let’s grab a quick drink later before you head to your hotel”* and she said *“not tonight, but I’m here all of this week in London, so another night.”*

After that she became flakey on texts. I had over-escalated and triggered buyer’s remorse. I assumed I had ruined it and that she’d vanished.

Out of the blue she texted to say we should go for drinks on Monday night after her course in Hammersmith. I took her down to the river for a beer in a beautiful pub, a hidden haven away from the noise of

London, and we sat on a bench as the sun went down. I went into deep rapport with her about her past, her hopes and dreams, and stories from my life. She told me she had a “*kind of*” boyfriend back in Bulgaria, which explained her first date cold feet. Again I tried to kiss her, but she wouldn’t let me, only leaning on my shoulder as the darkness fell. I walked her back to the underground and assumed that was the last I’d see of her.

A week later I got a text in the afternoon from her saying it was her last day on the course and that she’d be partying that night with her fellow class mates. She asked if I wanted to come, and I pushed her away by saying I was busy. Going to meet a girl when all her friends are there is never a good idea, as the frame is very much in her favour.

She texted that she’d meet me after she’d been to the pub with them. Sure enough, she came down to the South Bank, where I met her by the London Eye for a “*night adventure*.” She had been drinking, so was in a happily spontaneous mood, and loved my secret tour plans. I took her on the *Clipper* boat down to Greenwich, where we found a cosy pub and carried on drinking, her sitting close to me and giving me big eyes.

After some banter she wanted to go outside to smoke. I went with her, managed to blag a cigarette off a guy next to us, and then decided to kiss. I pushed her against the wall of the pub and we made out heavily. She wanted it badly, and I was kicking myself that I had brought her so far from my house. I was worried that the seductive bubble would pop by the time we got back to central.

On the boat back we sat inside, as she was cold. I planted seeds about coming back to mine (guitar, film, drinks) and we snuggled up together, her legs over mine, like boyfriend and girlfriend. She was sad about leaving London, and was emotional about her departure. At Embankment pier I just hailed a taxi without saying anything, and

she got in with no questions. She had made up her mind to sleep with me.

Back at mine in Wimbledon, we went straight up to my room, made out and then fucked. She was one of the hottest girls I had slept with at the time, and I had been wanting it to happen a lot, so I didn't last long. She came in a loud scream as I did. Then we collapsed side by side, but immediately the buyers' remorse kicked in and she said she had to go. In her head she was miles away with some guy in Bulgaria, now that the sex bubble had popped.

I was sad not to see her again, as she flew home the next day, but she was an amazing girl to have dated.

## ***How To Break Rapport***

*“Why do you want to talk to them for so long?”* said a friend of mine who knew nothing about Game but was a natural with girls. *“You’re too nice – do you want to be their friend or to fuck them?!”*

He had spotted one of my main sticking points early on. Having rapport with a girl is a pleasant thing. She may not become attracted to you, but will feel comfortable with you. In short, rapport isn’t sexy, but it is usually necessary. It is what I had got very good at through all my indirect approaches, but my dating was being dragged out because I was falling into the “boyfriend box” due to my heavy rapport.

Rapport evolves naturally through vibing. But if you seem like you are seeking rapport, you are essentially “lowering your value” in a supplicating manner. It implies agenda. This is the opposite of attractive, and is what is meant by the “nice guy finishing last.” This is one of the main problems of indirect game, where your intent is hidden and girls can mistake it for just a “nice” conversation.

The one key thing that I noticed my natural friend doing when I saw him talking to girls was having the balls to break rapport. Breaking rapport shows willingness to walk away, and is attractive. She’s some random girl you just met, so why would you compromise your beliefs or values? Why would you befriend her without her earning it?

When you are afraid to break rapport, you are essentially saying you need to walk on eggshells around girls so as not to “rock the boat.” It’s one of the biggest problems I see with the students I teach, as we’ve been raised as the “polite nice guys” who want others to like us. What we’re missing is the fact that attraction is created in the

push. Not in an arrogant dick sense, but in a playful lack of neediness.

What he taught me were the different ways to break rapport effectively:

- Don't hesitate to disagree with her. Call her out on something you think is silly. Girls love to be challenged. Disagreeing must be done in a non-reactive way, with a subtle smile and a calmness that speaks more than words
- Tease her – accuse her of hitting on you, of being a dork, of being clumsy, of embarrassing you. Don't overdo it for entertainment's sake, but just enough so she feels like your little bratty sister
- Lean away periodically, let your eyes wander away while she talks to you, indicate you need to get going in a minute. This "fractionation" is vital for not over cooking a set on the street or a date, giving it breathing space and signaling the push—pull vibe
- Use your vocal tonality. Don't inflect your voice when making a statement or asking a question, which screams neediness. Instead let the inflection go down, which takes the "pull" off the words and sounds more authoritative.
- Use silence. Just stop talking or texting once you think she's attracted. This "vacuum" will show you where you are in the interaction and get her working for you. Silence is golden
- Watch your vocabulary – replace "wow!", "cool!" and "amazing!" with "ok" or "fair enough" when replying to what she's said, avoiding supplicating language
- Escalate. My favourite way of breaking comfort is to start pulling the trigger, either verbally or physically, to see how much compliance there is. A famous PUA example is saying to girls on dates "*Have you ever fucked a horse?*" Lead, bounce, touch her, kiss, jump in a cab, or just spike up the conversation with a sexual remark (e.g. "*I'm going to spank you hard if you keep misbehaving!*"). Breaking rapport through escalation comes with a health warning, as it needs to be highly calibrated to the

situation, and is very girl-dependent. Pull the trigger at the wrong moment and you'll lose the girl. This one takes hours of infield practice and calibration.

## CHAPTER 10

### *Swiss Rocker*

Walking through Leicester Square in the middle of summer I spotted a hot 21 year girl with attitude, right outside the casino. She had a really distinctive look (all in black, piercings, carrying a guitar) which made opening directly easy:

*“Hey, can I just tell you something really quickly...I love your style! Where’s your entourage?! I’m guessing you’re in a band....”*

She smiled, said I should slow my English down as it was her first day in London, she had just arrived from Switzerland and had come here to make it as a singer-songwriter, looking for places to busk. With true rock’n’roll attitude she told me she “*didn’t give a fuck*” about a real job and that she was leaving behind the prim and proper Swiss life for something with bite.

I walked with her to Soho, showed her some pubs with open-mic nights, then we headed to Covent Garden to check out the professional buskers. I introduced her to two of them that I had chatted to before and then grabbed a coffee and a sandwich in a cafe to talk through her plans. She was hard and street-savvy for a 21 year old girl, who didn’t open up easily about why she was running away or what she was running from. She had booked one night in a grotty Kings Cross hotel, and then had nowhere to stay. Things were looking promising...

As a bit of a push-away, and because I already had a date lined up already for that night, I told her I had to get going but that I'd show her the best busking sights tomorrow. We arranged to meet at 11am outside Casino again the following morning – no number close because she hadn't got a phone yet.

Just after 11, I turned up at the Casino and waited. No show...another flake I guessed. I gave it until half 11, hanging around Leicester Square to open a bit, then headed off towards Piccadilly Circus to grab a coffee. As I was walking back through the square, I noticed her outside the casino - she was apologetic, told me she was lost and had asked policeman for help to find our meeting point.

Happy to help as ever, I gave her the Torero whistle-stop tour of the South Bank, Brick Lane and Soho. We would stop in various street locations so she could try out singing her songs on the street, which she did with a beautiful voice. There were so many venue changes, by the afternoon it felt like I was on a world tour with her, me as her manager carrying her backpack. She was earning quite a decent amount of cash (£15 in half an hour on Brick Lane if you're interested...but being female and hot helps).

I realised it was getting way too comfortable, and I had been over investing with the whole tour thing, so I knew I needed to start breaking rapport. Over coffee I asked her about sexual experiences and boyfriends. She said she'd left a guy back in Switzerland, and the craziest place she'd had sex with him was on a crane!.

After she finished a few songs near Liverpool Street Station I hugged her and we kissed on the lips. I held her hand as we jumped on a train back to Wimbledon – we hadn't mentioned that she was staying at mine, but it was implied by the fact that she didn't have anywhere else to stay.

We grabbed a dvd and a pizza and headed back to mine. She began breaking rapport by being distant and cold, insisting we watch the full



dvd with minimal making out throughout it. When I came back from the bathroom she was already under the duvets in a non-sexual t-shirt and jogging pants. “*Good night,*” she said as I turned off the light.

I lay there in the dark wondering if I should escalate, as I couldn't read her mixed signals. I started by spooning next to her, then giving her back a massage. As I took off her bra she said:

*“I can't have sex with you now. I'm on my period.”*

I put her hand on my hard dick. She obliged and got to work. Inner confidence from my recent experiences let me say “*suck my dick,*” which she did. Her tongue was pierced....it felt so fucking good. I came all over her small tits 20 minutes later.

In the morning I had to leave her sleeping in my room as I went to work. When I returned in the evening she had gone, leaving me a note saying thanks for the “*cool adventure*” and that we should meet up in a few days.

The following day I added her on Facebook, to see that she had already been picked up by another guy who she was crashing with. Ah, the freedom of the road.

## ***How To Tell When A Girl Has Hooked***

The most significant moment in a daygame interaction is to spot when the “cold approach” has become “warm” - when the girl likes you, wants you to stick around, and starts investing in you. We call it the “hook point” and say the girl has “hooked.”

Up to this point it's been you investing energy into the interaction, pumping it full of attraction. However, once the hook point has been reached, then it's essential that you allow the girl to invest in order to flip the script. Failing to do so will mean that you come across as “try hard” or the “entertaining clown.” It might look good as a pick-up internet video, but it's a road to flakes in reality.

To tell if a girl has hooked or not takes infield calibration, but there are some classic signs:

- she asks you a question
- she crosses her legs
- she plays with her hair
- she scratches her neck
- she's still standing there after two minutes

## ***Teaching Daygame***

Both Antony and I were getting well known through various local online forums where we had posted some of our experiences from the field. Guys had started contacting me with questions about daygame, and a few asked about private coaching.

Working as a school teacher for over six years meant that I was no stranger to teaching, but I wasn't sure about how the skillset would transfer to teaching other guys how to pick up girls during the day.

My first few 1-on-1 coaching sessions were done for free to gain experience. I sat with each guy over a coffee and listened to his back story and sticking points, then hit Leicester Square, Trafalgar Square and Covent Garden for some street teaching. In the beginning I only taught indirect daygame, as I didn't feel I was qualified enough to teach a more direct, flowing style of game.

Indirect daygame took the pressure off the approach, which lowered the student's AA, but then they had to overcome an equally difficult problem of transitioning from the opener into conversation. I taught them some easy openers and topics to use, as well as suitable open questions, spikes and how to close strongly.

It is only when you start teaching something that you really focus on breaking down what you're actually doing. I realised how much experience I had accumulated from hundreds of daygame interactions, and the new challenge was now passing it on in a clear, concise way.

One guy who approached Antony and I for training was an amazingly good looking man from Italy – male model quality – who had come

over to London for a style make-over and some night game. He wanted to try so London daygame too, as he'd had coaching in America and had heard good things about Antony and I.

With his sharp style and chiseled looks, I assumed that daygame was going to be a walk in the park for him. I took him down to the posher part of London in Knightsbridge and together we hit the richest shop of them all, *Harrods*. Each time I sent him over to a pretty girl (to open by getting a recommendation for a present) he came back two minutes later defeated. I couldn't believe he was getting rejected. For the next few approaches I stood behind him as he chatted to the girl. They would smile and be open for the first 20 seconds as he came over and asked his question, then they'd rapidly lose interest as he struggled to transition and keep the conversation going. He mumbled, looked away and gave off very nervous energy, which the girls were picking up on.

I was amazed. This was the first time I had seen in action a truth that was dawning on me since I had started daygame. A women's attraction for a guy is only marginally based on his looks. How he carries himself, his confidence, self-belief and social skills are much more important. In front of my eyes I was seeing a male model rejected by girl because of his awkwardness.

He asked me to demo for him, which I did on a pretty shop assistant in a store next door. The student stood behind me to listen. I went up and asked for some advice, then quickly transitioned into conversation using teasing statements and assumptions which she bit on. I built some comfort with her talking about her home country of Morocco, then took her phone number to invite her out another time.

As I walked back to the student, he was grinning, shaking his head, and asking me to break down what I had just done.

This experience taught me that

- looks don't matter as much as you think they do. You don't have to be good looking, but you have to "look good"
- I had a solid skill that I could teach other guys

## ***Getting Ready For Daygame***

We spend the majority of our day in a mental state that is far from highly sociable (unless we have a job that requires us to be upbeat, playful and chatty all day long). Most people work in front of computers, or focus on tasks that engage the logical rather than the creative mind. To expect to just leave your office or home and hit the streets in a perfect daygame state is very unrealistic, and this feeling of “being in your head” is often mistaken for AA. We can all be chatty and relaxed after a few beers, on holiday or in the presence of our family and friends. What we have to do is train ourselves to get into a similar “state” without these familiar modes of support, in the middle of day, with strangers on the street, stone cold sober.

There is the short-term daily “state shifting” of getting ready for a session of daygame, which sadly wears off by the following morning.

Then there’s the long-term “state shifting” that is a cumulative result of weeks and months of working hard on your daygame, which slowly builds over time into an internal muscle-memory state.

My job as a primary school teacher made me realise how children exist in a playful state of Flow for most of their day. It is only as we get older that we get more and more in our heads, worrying about the past or future and letting the stresses of the world affect us. It is therefore our challenge to get back to this original state, which is at the heart of daygame.

When I teach students on bootcamps or privately, we’ll always warm up to “get into state” before doing some proper sets. It varies from person to person how much warming up they need to do, but here are some ideas for getting into a daygame mindset.

- Spend 10 minutes asking people for directions
- Spend the next 10 minutes asking for directions and extending the interaction with some statements about the other person and a question or two

e.g. *Excuse me, do you know where the nearest Starbucks is? ..... You don't sound like you're from London...let me guess, Germany?"*

- Spend the next 10 minutes giving compliments to strangers, and leaving with *"have a nice day!"*

e.g. *"Excuse me, I know this is a bit random, but I just saw you and I think you look really nice. Have a nice day!"*

- Spend the last 10 minutes stopping moving girls (with the front Stop), giving them a compliment and then transitioning using creative assumptions into conversation
- Go out a minimum of three sessions a week. The sessions should be around 2 hours long. Try to get a minimum of one number each time you go out, doing around 10 sets
- Move from asking for numbers to going on instant dates to practice your conversational and flirting skills
- Push your boundaries and comfort zones by escalating hard and kiss closing / going for bounce backs to test your limits

Even when you're not on the streets specifically doing daygame, there are plenty of things you can do to get you in the right place:

- Practice observational statements about people - men, women, young, old. Where do they come from? What is their job? What are they doing today? Who do they remind you of? What details do you notice about them?
- Practice asking open questions to your friends, family and colleagues. With girls try asking open questions based on sensations.

- Take care of your grooming – focus on clean nails, breath, unwanted hair (nose, ears), smooth skin
- If you wear glasses and they bother you, try contacts or look into laser-eye surgery
- If you have acne, see your local doctor or dermatologist (Roaccutane will cure it)
- Tackle your wardrobe. Wear tighter fits and darker colours. Dress like a guy who's already getting laid, with sharpness or a rock'n'roll edge
- Take improvisation classes for verbal skills and confidence
- Practice making sexual spikes and teasing when you're in a bar / club environment with friends
- Get used to leading and taking charge – set up social events with your friends, practice saying “no” more to requests at work, challenge friends on things you don't agree with, speak your mind more, don't be “Mr Nice Guy” in a supplicating sense
- Monitor your voice – record yourself, and seek help from a voice coach if you're worried it's weak
- Take deep breaths and relax with stretching
- Keep fit. Eat well. Sleep well. Healthy body = healthy mind



## ***Adventures With Antony***



*Getting in state by pole dancing on the tube*

More and more, Antony and I were meeting up after work for some daygame. We found that we could push each other to open directly on moving girls, as well as varying street game with some pub / bar / smoking area game and even club stuff. He was confident with both day and night, which pushed me out of my comfort zone.

Antony was also getting good results from indirect game, but what he liked doing best was indirect-direct game, where the opener would be situational (“*Do you have a light?*”) or accusational (“*No yawning allowed!*”) but the subtext would be very direct, with twinkling eyes, a seductive voice tone and a playful vibe. He was excellent at taking any topic and making it sexual through cheeky innuendo.

One of our first outings was around South Kensington, where he studied. We went into a high-end department store and he opened a glamorous shop assistant with one word:

*“Toys?!”*

The sexual eye contact and seductive grin made her go red and play with her hair as she pointed us towards the toy section. Antony accused her of having inappropriate thoughts, which made her brim with attraction, and then we walked off leaving her dizzy from the pick up.

Again and again, Antony could create fast, charged sexual attraction, but he sometimes overdid it through too many spikes and missing out comfort. However, he was getting laid just as regularly as me with hot girls and was able to apply his skills to a wide variety of situations. He'd number close waitresses in cafes, bar maids in pubs, shop assistants, girls in groups, girls at the bar, girls on the dance floor. His comfort zone was bigger than mine because of the self-belief gained from dating hot girls at high school. What he lacked in comfort, he made up for in cockiness.

Soon we were spending most evenings together, even though I was still doing my daygame sets alone beforehand. We'd drink beers in local pubs around Earls Court where he lived and try daygame on girls we could find. It was the first time I had had a “wingman” and learnt the skill of approaching two or more girls together. We were a great team, as he'd open hard and spike attraction quickly, then I'd take over and run lots of spiked comfort, then together we'd bounce and escalate. I got to know his rhythms and patter, and him mine, so we could second guess what would happen next. The more we did it, the better we got at knowing when to make a certain move. The double-act was incredibly powerful, although I still didn't enjoy gaming in loud flashy bars and clubs - it seemed so much more convoluted than the simplicity of daygame.

## ***Razzle Dazzle***

Antony and I had started going out to some very high end bars and clubs in South Kensington, frequented by the rich and glamorous, to help with our desensitisation to the environment and to search for London's hottest girls. One night in particular, Antony was on fire, doing the first catwalk model number close I had ever seen outside a bar from a direct approach and then walking into a club and kiss closing a girl at the bar. With a couple of drinks inside him he was a PUA animal, escalating hard and dazzling girls with his conviction.

We headed outside to hit on the girls in the smoking area, and I opened a black girl directly with a compliment about her shoes. We flirted for a while, then I tried the hard escalation too so I pulled her in and started making out. The beauty of night game is that you can escalate far quicker and be more sexual than in the day, as girls are expecting to be hit on, but the flake rate and complexities are way higher. I took her number and then we vanished into the night.

A week later she texted at Sunday lunchtime with an address saying:

*"Come over, I'm with two other girls, we've been up all night and we want some fun!"*

It sounded too good to be true. I phoned Antony to ask if he'd come over with me, as something didn't add up, and we agreed to meet at South Kensington station.

I rang the door of the huge white mansion nearby with trepidation. *"Come up honey!"* came a feminine voice over the speaker. This girl was seriously rich, or married to someone with a platinum credit card.

Antony and I pushed open the unlocked shiny front door of the apartment to find three black girls sitting on a leather sofa, sprawled out like cats in posh dresses and heels from the night before, surrounded by various bottles of alcohol. One of the two who I didn't recognise was snorting a line of coke through a rolled up £50 note on the table.

The girl who I had kiss closed was pouring drinks, and told us to sit down. Antony and I looked like naughty school boys being summoned into the Headteacher's study. We were out of our depth.

Rather than relaxing and letting things happen naturally, both Antony and I were in gamey "attraction" mode – teasing and challenging them, triggering the most drunk of the three to get angry and start shouting.

*"Who the fuck are you?"* she screamed at Antony, who was challenging her about their partying the night before. *"Get the fuck out of here!"* she carried on as the other girl who I didn't know picked up her phone and started talking to what sounded like a guy on the other end.

We did exactly that, and bolted down the stairs of the apartment, slamming the front door behind us as we left the mansion behind. Either interactions go well, or they're just funny stories.

## ***American Hostel Girls***

One of the best bars for picking up random two sets in Earls Court was *O'Neills*, which attracted a lot of tourists and backpackers. Sure enough, one mid-week evening in the summer Antony and I spotted two pretty girls in their early twenties sitting by the window. They were taking part in the pub quiz. We positioned ourselves with our beers on the table next to them and Antony waited for an opportunity to open. We could hear their strong American accents and knew they'd be responsive to being chatted up by two local guys.

*"You can't shout the answers out!"* Antony told them (opening indirect-direct with an accusation – his speciality) with a smile, to which they giggled and hooked immediately. *"You're not from round here are you? Let me guess....the big old US of A?"* I chipped in. They opened up easily, inviting us to come and sit next to them to join their "team" and bombarding us with questions about ourselves. Antony let me take the hotter one, who was giving me IOIs and puppy dog eyes. We were both on fire, running cocky funny attraction material on them, old school routines and spiking it all up with sexual innuendoes. They loved it, and happily came with us to a posh cocktail bar down the road called Eclipse which Antony and I had been using for lots of dates. We practised the push away and broke rapport through stopping investing, which made them start to game us by asking where we lived, what we were doing later etc. Mine wanted me badly, but there were two problems – the one Antony was talking to had a boyfriend and wasn't playing the game, plus we couldn't take them back to his because his flatmates were home. My place was too far away.

I suggested to the girls that we go back to their hostel in Victoria, but Antony wasn't keen as he knew his girl was a road-to-nowhere for

him. I jumped in a cab with them and headed back to where they were staying, sneaking past the hostel reception desk and into their shared dorm room, where other backpackers were sleeping. The other girl went straight to bed, leaving me and my girl on the top of a squeaky bunk bed, making out and our hands all over each other.

I tried to start escalating hard, taking off her t-shirt and putting my hand down her jeans, but she wasn't having any of it. She said we should slow down, and that she was worried about everyone else in the room. I tried some anti-LMR stuff, but after an hour I gave up and left empty handed.

It was one of the first crazy nights in Earls Court than Antony and I would have in the next twelve months.

# CHAPTER 11

## *Alley Blowjob*

My confidence at escalating fast was pushing my daygame limits. By the end of the summer of 2010 I was ready to take things up a level, by opening only direct and pulling the trigger quickly to test my skills.

One Saturday in late August I had been out all day, bumping into a growing group of guys out and about doing direct daygame. We'd share war stories in the park in the middle of Leicester Square over a quick pit-stop.

Chatting to them had put me in a good state, so I decided to open a few more girls to see if I could push things. Ten minutes later I stumbled upon a nice German girl leaning against a railing in Covent Garden. 21 years old, an au pair in London for the summer, big tits, amazing wavy hair.

I complimented her on the hair, then teased her about the German tourist stereotype (with maps, socks, lists etc.) and we vibed about Berlin where I'd visited a year before. We walked around Covent Garden, got a drink, and then arranged to meet later at Leicester Square for a beer at 6pm. So far so good....no tests, no hesitance, just a girl eager for the company. I felt the chance of her turning up was high.

I waited at Leicester Square tube, but it seemed like a no show. I assumed a flake, but rang her phone to check. She picked up, saying she was in Trafalgar Square, pretty lost. I headed down there, and

from the first kiss on the cheek she seemed so much more frosty and quiet than earlier. Possibly nervousness or remorse for agreeing, I didn't know what was up, but I gave the usual happy banter as we headed to the best date location I've found yet in London - the rooftop bar of the *Trafalgar Hotel* just off the square. Posh, secluded, on the top floor, with stunning panoramic views. She was very quiet, but started to respond to some qualifiers and spikes of sexual banter. I played the *Questions Game* and her first question to me was did I go around picking up girls in Covent Garden (I said I went around looking for a wife as internet dating was so lonely....she laughed). The old ones are the best ones.

Then she came out with: "*Do you want to have sex with me?*", ....not as an invitation way, but in an accusing, frame-control way. I said I never slept with a girl on the first date, and that she should stop trying to put dirty thoughts into my head. After that she seemed to relax and the whole thing was much less awkward, as I had shown my attraction cards and she had been honest about her thoughts. She didn't resist heavier kino on her back and shoulders, or my arm around her as we went to another pub in Soho where there was live jazz on a Sunday night.

Watching the music, I smelt her neck, pulled her in close, gave her a back massage, all the usual kino stuff. I went for the k-close but she kept turning her head away and saying "*I'm not going to kiss you.*" We talked about relationship issues (she said she didn't have a real boyfriend at the moment in Germany but she was kind of seeing someone...all very ambiguous) and she kept pulling me into her, grabbing my hair and leg, but no kiss.

Hand in hand, we walked through Soho into Leicester Square and towards her bus home. I had recently scouted around the streets south of the square (towards the gap between the National Gallery buildings) for good f-close spots as I'd lost two lays that year to not being able to find a quiet street in central because the girls wanted to have sex but wouldn't get in a cab or bus. I took her down the



aforementioned street and pressed her up against a side wall, smelling her neck, biting it, hugging her close, letting her feel my hard dick through her skirt. She loved it, and pulled me in tight, pushing herself onto me and semi-grinding. But still no kiss, she just wouldn't let it happen. I gave up trying, but as she was still so receptive to everything else I took her hand and put it on my dick over my jeans. I pressed my hand between her open legs over her skirt and fingered her through her clothes until she was moaning.

She wouldn't let me go under her skirt or into her pants, but I still had two fingers right up inside her through her soaking skirt. I fingered her some more, then unzipped my jeans and got my dick out. She knelt down and got to work, giving me one of the best (and risky) blowjobs I've had. I came in her mouth and then we made a move. I took her down to her bus stop on the Strand and headed home.

## ***Teaching Daygame As A Job***

My phone rang one dark evening in early October 2010 after work – it was a guy who had started his own daygame site and wanted to know if I'd teach weekend bootcamps. I was surprised to be asked because it meant that word was spreading about my successful street shenanigans.

A few days later on a cold Saturday morning, I met up with him and four students waiting outside Covent Garden tube station. I was just as nervous as the students, as this was the first time I was being asked to demo the direct approach for a paid audience. We had a chat over coffee with the students, getting to know each other and going through the weekend plan. In a quiet street nearby we showed the students how to stop a moving girl in the "Open" phase of the model. The students practised on us, then on each other.

We explained to the students how to kick-start a conversation using statements rather than questions, and then it was time to hit the streets. For the next seven hours we sent the students into conversations with new girls, and let them watch us if they were getting stuck with a particular point. It was an epic day of daygame.

## ***London Daygame Model***

A model of how direct daygame should be done was emerging in London, devised by the daygamers out there every day – myself, Antony, a PUA called Krauser and a handful of guys who were trying to make a business out of it.

It wasn't a routine manual or a script, but more like an underlying structure, made up of five phases (**Open, Stacking, Vibing, Investment and the Close**):

### ***Open:***

- Run in front of the girl and stop her with *"Hey, I know this is a bit random but..."*
- Tell her where you saw her: *"I just saw you walking past and..."*
- Observational Statement – give her a low-investment compliment *"I think you look really nice"*

### ***Stacking:***

- Say what you see: *"What I noticed about you was..."*
- Assumptions – *"I'm guessing you're from Sweden because of the blonde hair and chilled vibe"*
- Springboard: When I think of \_\_\_\_\_ I think of \_\_\_\_\_
- Teasing: *"...lakes, forests and lots of alcoholics!"*

- Challenging: *“You don’t like London? I think it’s the greatest city in the world because of its handsome men and energy”*
- Push-pull: *“You’re very nice....almost too nice!”* or physical fractionation
- Story telling: *“I went to Stockholm last year in the summer and they were doing this strange frog dance around a pole....”*

## ***Vibing:***

- A back-and-forth flow of conversational banter on the topic she’s brought up. Keep spiking things up.
- Let her invest more by dialing things down yourself
- Wait for the “Hook Point” when she asks a question

## ***Investment:***

- Let her do most of the work
- Limit the flirting and spiking
- Give some information about yourself

## ***Close:***

- Take her phone number / go on an Instant Date

The structure was different from traditional models like the *Mystery Method* in that it started by being direct, and made clear the role of flipping the script by getting the girl to invest more and more as the

model progressed. It was also novel in showing how the overall vibe and energy of the interaction between the guy and girl changed from intense and out of sync at the beginning to slow and mirrored at the end. I specifically contributed by highlighting the importance of Universal Push-Pull (“**fractionation**”), making flirtations “**spikes**” to get out of comfort and taking the model and applying it in shops, cafes and other non-street environments.

For a much more in-depth, current version of the full model read my textbook “Street Hustle.”

## ***Meeting Sasha***

Months of indirect game had given me rapport skills, Rami had helped me become direct with street stopping and compliments. By October of 2010 the pieces were all coming together and my style was shifting from the “friendly nice guy” to a direct, honest and risk-taking seducer.

One of the most infamous PUAs in London, an original wing to Mystery, was a zany Canadian guy called Sasha. A stand-up comedian by training, he was known for his loud, brash and comedy-based style of daygame, which was miles away from the stuff I was doing.

His main philosophy seemed to be self-amusement, in a practical joke kind of way. This was excellent for helping his students get over AA, but it seemed a little try-hard and uncalibrated for attracting girls. Sasha knew that he was going overboard with attraction (making the girls laugh, picking them up, spinning them around) but told me he found it hard to tone it down because of his other profession as a comedian.

What attracted me to Sasha was his love for being direct and spontaneous. He had come across a book by Alan Roger Currie called *Mode One* which advocated being verbally direct with girls from the off about your intentions. No game or pick-up, just 100% clear. As a reaction to my indirect period of game, this super direct style appealed to me so I got in touch with Sasha and we joined forces to street game together. One night in October I met up with him at Liverpool Street Station and he arrived on his bike wearing his trademark t-shirt that said “Hung.” Before we’d even finished saying hello, he jumped off his bike and ran up to a girl at the bus stop:

*“Hey, I just saw you walk past, and I think you’re fucking gorgeous.  
Hi, I’m Sasha”*

For the next five minutes he fried her brain with a mixture of comedy and sexual offers, and sure enough he got her phone number.

His high energy free-styling certainly hooked some girls, who seemed to love him, but I felt that it isolated many others, who didn’t hook easily. His high-pressure compliments were like Marmite - either you loved them or hated them. Why wasn’t he doing night game?

I showed him my style of direct daygame, with a lower-investment compliment so I wasn’t triggering resistance or putting the girl on a pedestal. I explained about my aim of getting the girls to invest, rather than me doing all the work, and he understood that it was a different style of pick up.

In front of him I closed four cute girls, one after the other – the last one outside the *Big Chill Bar* on Brick Lane in the dark and the rain, who I later slept with. He seemed impressed.

I had enjoyed seeing Sasha’s verbal directness, and it was certainly pushing me towards being more direct, just in a non-verbal way.

I preferred the strong sub-communicating of sexual intent that I had seen Antony use to great effect, where eyes, tonality and body language told the girl you meant business and the verbal banter on top distracted her logical mind. It was way more subtle, way more under-the-radar, and almost impossible to get rejected from. Girls want the covert stuff, not the overt male logic.

## ***Bath Student House Party***

October was a month of pushing my comfort zones. I went down to Bath to stay with a friend I hadn't seen since my teacher training in Worcester. She took me to a university house party, full of 18-20 year olds all dressed up for the *Alice in Wonderland* theme. I suddenly got flashbacks to my time at Oxford – almost all the guys there were shy and awkward, clutching their beers and huddled in corners talking about their revision or video games. The girls were there for the taking – it was like fish in a barrel.

I entertained a group of three girls, taking the conversation immediately sexual by asking who had the best tits. I accused one of having fake boobs, and she let me feel them in front of the others. One pretty girl told me that her tits squirted milk, and I said I didn't believe her. I took her into the kitchen to grab a drink, then pulled her into the bathroom where we started making out. She lifted up her top and squeezed her nipple, telling me to suck on it hard until I could feel droplets on my tongue. Sure enough, milk squirted out and I sucked on them in between making out with her and escalating. Despite my trying she told me we couldn't have sex as others would hear, so we went and rejoined the party.

Back in London the following day I felt a rush of directness from the party and my recent adventures, which took my daygame to a higher, more intense level. Antony's self-assured directness was rubbing off on me and I felt free from the "nice guy" trap for the first time.

Antony and I hit the streets for the start of our "Project 10" adventure – pushing our comfort zone and direct daygaming only the hottest girls we could find. There are definitely two "mountains" to climb in direct daygame – the first is getting over the initial approach anxiety



and going to talk to any girl, the second is stopping the most beautiful girls that are “out of your league” and pushing your comfort zone.

That afternoon I number closed my first ever Russian model in Trafalgar Square who was standing waiting for her friends. I felt a massive rush of adrenalin as her eyes sparkled when I gave her the compliment, and a massive wave of endorphins as she typed her number into my phone. As Rami had told me, hotter girls (especially models) are in fact easier to daygame than plainer girls, as their self-esteem and sense of self is much stronger, and they know they're attractive. It sounds counter intuitive, but like many things in daygame, it is.

These were a different kind of girls to the last year – no more backpackers or tourists, these were the most elegant, well-dressed, well-connected women in London strutting their stuff on the pavement catwalk.

The model close gave me rocket fuel, and for the first time ever I number closed five girls in a row – all direct using the front stop. Antony was on fire too, even though he'd had a few weeks off Game. His first approach on a hot Turkish girl went well, and we walked the streets of central London on fire. The rush from direct daygame was so much bigger than anything I'd felt doing seated indirect game. It felt raw, it felt masculine, it felt honest and liberating. I was starting to see the underlying structure of the interactions and how it repeated itself, even though the content on top was spontaneous and improvised. *The London Daygame Model* was like the road, and I was the vehicle travelling down it.

Antony and I decided to try a “harder” daygame area again where the girls were posher, richer but more glamorous than in central. We made our way down to South Kensington and number closed girls as we walked up to *Harrods*. I had never seen our states any stronger, we had the momentum of months of approaching behind us as well as the day's fuel.

Outside *Harrods* there was a street band playing some Latino music and a crowd standing and watching. Amongst the onlookers I saw a tall beautiful girl wearing a stripy, sailor-like dress. She looked dreamy and happy, swaying to the music, smiling. With Antony looking, I went up, grabbed her hand and started dancing with her, spinning her in and trying some salsa moves. We chatted as we danced – me calling her “*sailor girl*” and suggesting she had just sailed across the high seas. She told me she was Australian, and we vibed about how crazy but fun this situation was. The bubble we were in was so strong that I just pulled her in closer and kissed her full on, everybody around watching. Even Antony was shocked, it was the fastest kiss-close I’d ever done in the day, and left me with my head spinning. She had to go back to work, so we swapped numbers and I left her, dizzy and elated.

## ***Toilet Sex***

I was standing outside Covent Garden tube station after lunch one Saturday in November 2010, waiting for a date that seemed flakey. Next to me was a cute American girl also waiting for a friend, juggling colourful beanbags to pass the time. I was about to strike up a conversation when from around the corner came a loud, lairy stag-party of six British guys, pissed beyond hope, looking for their next bar.

They saw the American juggler (and her large pair of breasts) and swarmed around her, attempting in that charming British way to chat her up by asking if they could see her tits, if she would suck them off, if she would have an orgy, and other such beautiful poetic lines. It was early afternoon, lots of people were looking threatened by the group, but the American whom they had surrounded was holding her own, bantering back, and basically telling them to get lost.

After five minutes, the stag-party staggered on, leaving me next to the girl again. Like all the best situational indirect-direct openers, I just used what was around me and commented on it:

*ME: And they say romance is dead?!*

*AMERICAN: (laughing) Wow, drunk English guys are so attractive (laughing)!*

*ME: I apologise, on behalf of Her Majesty the Queen and the British Nation, for men on the street telling you to suck their cocks and show them your tits*

*AMERICAN: (laughing) It was funny, I almost enjoyed it!*

Unintentionally, the guys' drunken banter had opened up a super direct frame for me to continue in with her, just in a classier, slicker, not-had-ten-pints way. We vibed about the difference between English and American guys, I made fun of her juggling, and she told me about other random chat-ups and propositions she had had.

It got quite sexual again, and somehow she told me that she wasn't wearing any knickers, just tights. It all happened so fast that I don't remember the details of the conversation, just that it was fun and very sexy. I handed her my phone, she put in her number, and then I walked off to meet my date around the corner. Five minutes later she texted: *"Thanks for rescuing me from the delights of drunken Englishmen xx"*

We texted some more during the afternoon about evening plans, and she said she was going to be in Shoreditch. I was in Angel later in the day, so phoned her (I couldn't afford to let the energy die) and she said she'd try to meet me on Brick Lane later. I wasn't banking on it, as she seemed so high energy, non-committal and possibly flakey. To cut a long story short, after a few *"where are you?"* texts and calls from each other, we arranged to meet in *The Light* - a posh bar on Shoreditch High Street, around 9pm. I knew that I had to keep the tone of the initial interaction going - sexual, flirty, fun - so psyched myself up for some caveman action.

I walked into the bar alone, vibed with some strangers so as not to look like Mr-No-Mates, then spotted her with a group of people. I went over, her friends gave me the look up and down, then magically evaporated off to the bar to get drinks. I gave her a hug, then went straight for a kiss, which she didn't resist. *"You don't waste time!"* she said, and I replied: *"I always get what I want."* It was all so surreal...I'm not normally the non-verbal "alpha" guy, but something inside me was just driving me forward in a direction that had been triggered by those drunk stag-do guys and the month's momentum. Less talk, more action.

I led her around the bar looking for a place to sit....she wasn't up for talking, just making out and tight hugs, which suited me fine. We went outside into the beer garden and I got her to sit on top of me while things got hotter and hotter. I still wasn't much of a night game guy, so wasn't too sure about how to take things from here....her friends were inside, she was obviously horny, but was saying no to my attempts to get her to mine or go to hers. We walked back inside and in a corner of the downstairs bar I spotted a guy coming out of a disabled toilet. Without thinking, I led her over to the corner, made out with her against the wall, and then pulled her into the toilet, her grinning "*what are we doing?!*" and people outside cheering.

It all happened really fast. She sucked my cock, I pulled her tights down, put on a condom and fucked her as she bent over. She loved it, but kept saying someone might come in. After a few minutes, there was a banging on the door, so we pulled on our clothes just in time to have a massive bouncer open the door from the outside and tell us to follow him. People were whooping and clapping, it was all very surreal and strangely satisfying.

The bouncer took us into an office, where two more bouncers appeared, and we spun the line that we were "*only kissing.*" They argued amongst each other about what to do, and then finally the head bouncer let us go, telling us to "*be careful*" with an almost cheeky smile.

She went back to her friends. I got the bus home. If you had told me I could have done that a year previously, I wouldn't have believed you. Not the most romantic lay I'd ever had, but one that was full of learning experiences.

## ***Being “Alpha”***

From an early age we're told what “real men” look and act like, in the media, in books and from our observations. *Action Man*, footballers, military men, gym freaks, aftershave models. It's drummed into us that this is the type of guy hot women fall in love with.

A popular trend in the pick-up community is to persuade men to “*become more alpha*” - learn to cage fight, look like a wrestler, blame women for a conspiracy against them, in order to become a top seducer. It's all very two dimensional, even dangerous, advice, as it misses a fundamental point about dating and relationships.

Women are not “the enemy”, or the fragile heroines of action movies. Those story lines were mostly written by men, for men. Just because we like to imagine ourselves as the muscular hero or the White Knight, it doesn't mean that that's what women want.

What women find attractive in a man is (thankfully) not only his looks, although of course looking good plays a part. Far more important is a man's behaviour, his personality and his social intelligence.

You can bypass the muscles, the car, the sunglasses and the suit and instead tap straight into the real “alpha” qualities that women are attracted to.

- *a man who holds the frame and leads*
- *a man who has swagger and is confident*
- *a man who is passionate about life as well as sex*
- *a man who takes action and goes for what he wants*
- *a man who is cocky and charming*

- *a man who can emotionally, as well as physically, stimulate her in as many ways as possible*

Seduction between a man and a woman is a dance, not a fist fight. Ditch the gorilla-suit body and learn to banter with charismatic flirtation skills.

## CHAPTER 12

### *Polish Threesome*

One afternoon in South Kensington Antony and I were out doing our usual number closing “tour” around the area and catching up over stories and a beer. My phone went off and it was a text message from a Polish girl I’d slept with two months earlier asking if I was free that night. I showed Antony, and we chatted about the quick lay I’d had with her (met her on the steps of Trafalgar Square indirectly, had a drink with her that night then taken her back to mine for sex). With a cheeky grin I suggested to Antony that we try and sleep with her together.

I gave her a call and told her I was “*bringing a friend.*” She didn’t seem to mind on the phone, and she suggested grabbing some beers near hers. We met her at Shepherd’s Bush tube station and she was a bit shy around Antony at the start, but he soon made her feel comfortable with some flirting and rapport as we went on the tube back to where she lived in East Acton.

Neither Antony or I had done a Male-Male-Female threesome before. The idea was not a gay fantasy of seeing each other naked, but about turning a girl on by both of us fucking her together and then one after the other. This wasn’t just the usual model of how we’d escalate on a date with one girl. We weren’t sure of the structure, but we built a lot of comfort with the girl rather than making her feel nervous with sexual spikes. Leading was everything.



We grabbed some food and beers and headed straight for her house, as luckily it was raining. She lived in a shared house, so we went up to her room and sat on the bed drinking the beers. There was an awkward tension in the air as everyone knew what was going to happen, but neither Antony or I were pulling the trigger. Finally Antony took the lead, making out with her, as I started to finger her. We then swapped, and I got her to give me a blowjob as Antony carried on the fingering.

It was weird getting my dick out in front of my friend the first time, but no weirder than getting changed for swimming with other guys. There was nothing sexual about what was happening between Antony and I – it was all for the excitement of fucking a girl together.

We took off her clothes, and Antony started to fuck her as she gave me a blowjob. He indicated for me to leave them to it, as he couldn't get hard enough with me there, so I went out and waited. Ten minutes later he came out and I went in. I put on a condom and fucked her, as Antony sat on the landing stairs trying to distract her flatmate and explain who he was and why he was sitting in his boxer shorts on the stairs.

When I was done, we all sat on her bed together taken aback by what had happened. It was a first for all of us, and it had all happened so fast – everything suggested and agreed non-verbally. We ate the food we had bought, then she said we should go as her other flatmates were cooking dinner for her.

Antony and I got the bus to Notting Hill like two excited school boys – the adventure had certainly brought us closer together (in more ways than one!) and the boundaries of what was possible now seemed so much greater. We got straight off the bus and opened two beautiful Italian girls. After a five minute chat we double-bounced them to a nearby pub, where we all flirted over beers. Half an hour later we number closed them and headed for home. My head was spinning – what I had seen in films and read about in books was coming true. A

guy surrounded by women, a full phone book, dates on tap, and crazy sexual adventures.

## ***First Model Date***

In late November I had excitedly number closed a Latvian model waiting for her friends by Embankment, and walked with her across the river to the Royal Festival Hall where she wanted to check if they were there. I had teased her about Latvia being a land of fairytales and her being a princess, to which she replied: “*That’s right, I’m kind of a princess, but only half of my family has Royal blood.*” She was being serious – she came from a very wealthy Russian family, was in London to study and be a model, and was one of the hottest girls I’d ever spoken to in the flesh. I number closed her and left.

I was amazed when she texted back a few hours later, with a really invested message full of smiley faces and kisses. We sent some ping texts back and forth until we arranged to meet up on Sunday afternoon for another “Torero River Adventure” speciality.

I had asked her to bring me a £1 present, and I said I’d get her one in return. She brought some Russian chocolate, I gave her a disposable film camera from the *Pound Shop* and told her to take pictures of the trip. It was the same investment routine I’d used months before with the Welly Girl from the National Gallery. Artistic girls loved it.

We took the boat down to Greenwich, with some good comfort conversation about her past, her country, her passions and her time in London. I was too scared to spike it up or show intent because of her beauty – a bad thing in retrospect, as she put me into “potential boyfriend” box instead of “lover” straight away.

We walked around Greenwich with her taking photos and us going into deep rapport about her family, her childhood, her hopes and her dreams.

I used the fact that I'd get the pictures from the camera developed as an open loop so we'd have to have another date. She seemed keen. After a winter mulled wine in Greenwich Market we hopped back on the boat and she got off at London Bridge to head home, texting me: *"What an amazing adventure, I loved it, thank you! Xx"*

Here's where it all unravelled. I arranged the next date in seductive *Detroit* bar in Covent Garden. Being a high-class model, she was on familiar ground there, and must have been taken to places like that on dates more times than I'd done cold approaches. It was a mistake as her defenses suddenly sprang up, and the vulnerable, dreamy girl from the boat trip turned into the posh argumentative model. Even worse, I tried to kiss her early on in the date, and she flatly rejected it.

The rest of that date was pretty awkward, as I'd revealed my cards in a very uncalibrated way, jumping straight from comfort into seduction without any flirtation.

Unsurprisingly, she never texted back. It hurt for a few days, but I learnt many lessons from it. Fucking up was all part of the experiential learning process.

## ***What Do I Say Next?***

This is perhaps the most common question I get asked when I take students out for daygame. Pretty quickly they can learn how to approach girls and give compliments, but then their brain freezes and they resort to the “questions of doom” or “hairdresser questions”:

- *So what are you up to right now?*
- *Where do you come from?*
- *What do you do?*

The problem with asking a girl these questions at the beginning of an interaction is that she’s heard them all before. Each question is asking her to do all the work – it’s taking value rather than giving value. Questions don’t display any of your personality or character, and by bombarding her with them it shows you’re not even listening to what she’s saying.

Far better is to turn your initial questions into playful assumptions or statements. Don’t ask her things. Tell her things. Her ego will want to know what you’ve spotted about her. The amazing thing about a statement is that she’ll reply anyway, if it’s right or wrong, and without you having asked her anything.

An example of an initial assumption after the compliment would be:

*“What I noticed about you was how Spanish you look, because of the dark hair, dark eyes and feisty walk”*

Notice how there’s an explanation included after the assumption (using the word “*because...*”) as well as a tease (“*feisty walk*”) to provoke her playfully.

As your daygame improves, you'll be able to make more creative, spontaneous assumptions that capture her imagination. Personalised and quirky always work best.

Assumptions can only really be about three things:

- where she's from
- what she does for a living (or what she's doing right now)
- what kind of a person she is

Start with one and see if that hooks. If it doesn't kick-start the conversation then try another one, but remember the idea is to stay on one topic, not to jump around and break the flow. Once she's replied to the assumption you made, make a statement about it and then it's ok to ask a question. When she replies, make a comment about that and then ask another question. This statement-question-statement-question pattern can go on forever, meaning you'll never run out of things to say, as long as you listen to what she's saying to you and comment on it.

Here's an example:

*GUY: You look like you're a dancer or a yoga teacher because of your good posture*

*GIRL: Ha, thanks, but actually I'm a dentist*

*GUY: A dentist! I don't know much about dentistry other than you enjoy inflicting pain and are pretty good with drills, is that right?*

*GIRL: No! We're lovely people! You see, we.....*

## ***Literal Pick Up Of Posh Notting Hill Girl***

Antony and I were doing more and more “daygame” evening pub game – using indirect-direct situational openers in quiet pubs, beer gardens and smoking areas where we could use our attraction and rapport skills based on conversation. Loud clubs were still a no-go for me.

Most evening we’d head out for an hour or two to catch up over a beer in one of the pubs in South Kensington or Notting Hill and do some number closing. On this particular evening I was winging him on a double date he’d arranged in Notting Hill with two feisty Italian girls. His was very beautiful, mine not, so I was keeping her occupied with basic comfort chat. Without warning, the girls said they had to get back to their hostel. Antony didn’t mind letting his go - she was not easy to flirt with because of her volcanic emotions.

We headed out into the beer garden where we saw a group of girls and guys huddling together for a photo. Cheekily we invited ourselves into the photo and they laughed as we slipped into the picture. I was standing at the side, with my arm around a pretty black girl. She opened up to me immediately because of the daring introduction, and her pupils dilated and her eyes danced as we talked briefly. I accused her of being too short for me and she loved it. I told her to follow me as I extracted her from the garden group to the bar inside, telling her *“we’ll be back in a minute, don’t worry.”*

Once in the pub, she took over the leading, telling me to come outside the front of the pub as she wanted to smoke. We went and sat on some office steps next door and after thirty seconds we were making out, the energy was explosive and electric. Both of us clearly up for it, I suggested she *“invite me back for coffee”* as she said she

lived nearby. She agreed but said she'd have to go and get her friend from inside.

We went back into the pub and saw her friend surrounded by seven drunk French guys hitting on her very loudly. She was in the middle of them, enjoying the attention but trapped by the guys who were all trying to number close her. Fired up by my recent direct adventures, I went straight into the middle of the group, picked up her friend around the waist and carried her out of the group and the pub over my shoulder, the French guys speechless. Her friend was screaming in excitement, and my girl was loving it.

I texted Antony (who was still in set in the garden) that I had pulled and the two girls and I jumped in a taxi. I knew it was on when the friend told me she loved me because of the literal pick-up from the French guys. We stopped off for some Lebanese fast food on Edgware Road, then dropped her friend off at her door before driving on to her place in posh Maida Vale.

She had an amazingly expensive flat – a real daddy's girl – all shiny white, complete with a little yappy dog. We sat on the fur-covered sofas and built some comfort. She told me about the French guys being "*losers*" buying her and her friend drinks all night. She went to an all girl's public school, became a "*wild child*" getting kicked out three times for doing coke, driving nannies away, the death of her dad, and growing up in an all female house.

We made out in between drinking wine, but she kept delaying things by rolling spliffs and taking her dog into the garden. I found some music on her stereo to put on, and pulled her back onto the sofas, using all my pre-emptive anti LMR lines to flip the script.

We talked about how she liked to be fucked (hard, dominated, against walls) and I knew I had to play the bad boy. I climbed on her and grinded. She wanted me, but the "not on the first night" thing was strong.



She pulled away and opened up with deep rapport. She said she had not felt safe for ages, she had got body issues and was shy *“underneath the bullshit”*. We hugged and slept for a bit on the sofa in each other’s arms.

An hour later we woke up and kissed, but she kept saying *“you’re not going to fuck me.”* She enjoyed the teasing, the game playing and the resisting. I stopped escalating and went into the kitchen to check my phone, saying I should get going (a classic push). She came in and started to game me by kissing my neck. I kept things sexual asking her what would turn her on right then. She said: *“You would stroke my legs, I would open them, suck your cock, let you go inside me a bit to please myself and then not let you inside me ‘till you begged.”*

A minute later that’s what happened on the sofa...I went caveman and pushed her down, told her to open her legs, went inside her, and fucked her hard. We moved to her bedroom where she told me she was the first guy she had let in there in a year. I dominated her by fucking her against the wall, over the chair, on the floor and making her squirt with a trick that Antony had told me, where you press upwards hard on the roof of their pussy with two fingers until it feels like she’s going to pee, then you tell her to relax and she squirts.

After sex we fell asleep properly in her large white bed, but two hours later I had to get up and take the tube to Wimbledon to go to work. A complete lack of sleep, but satisfaction at my first same night lay in a while using daygame skills rather than drunken luck.

## ***Vibe***

*"It's all about the vibe,"* daygamers began saying when asked what the secret of daygame was. It had taken me hours and hours of infield experience to understand what "vibe" actually was. Without the crutch of routines and stacks like in night game, relying on a "good vibe" in daygame meant breaking down what it was.

Vibe is your energy and the thought processes underneath what you're saying to a girl. When you've perfected your vibe, then the words are almost irrelevant. There are various elements that go into it:

- positivity – giving, rather than taking value. Making it win-win
- good sleep and a good diet so you feel physically well
- being present, in the moment, calm and still
- non-needy (a freedom from outcome)
- conviction (intent and focus, making things man-to-woman rather than friend-to-friend)

Balancing the conviction with non-neediness is the trickiest bit so that your vibe is not "too relaxed" or "too on." Wanting the girl, but not needing her, is key.

The fuel of vibe is momentum, both short term and long term. Short term momentum is felt throughout the day as your vibe builds with each approach. Long term momentum is felt over weeks and months as you daygame more and your vibe is sustained and strengthened.

It is frustrating for beginners to feel like they've "cracked it" when they've had short term momentum over a day and felt the joys of a strong vibe, only to wake up the next day and find that their vibe is off

and the approach anxiety is back. But the more daygame is practiced in the field, the stronger your vibe consistently becomes to the point that you can “always feel on.” A Flow State is thus achieved.

## ***Two German Girls***

Another night in late November, Antony and I went to Leicester Square to practice two set bouncing. We'd look for two girls, one of us would open and run the set until they hooked, then the other would come in and we'd split the two girls so there were two conversations going on. Then the one who had opened would suggest that we all go for a drink in a nearby bar, where we'd sit next to our girl and escalate as normal.

Next to the park in the middle of the square we saw two cute girls with big rucksacks sitting by the West End ticket office. We opened them with something indirect-direct about why they were carrying "*parachutes*" and that it was very suspicious. They hooked and giggled immediately, telling us they were from Germany and were waiting to head to the airport for an early morning flight. They had nothing to do, had no hostel, and were thinking of going to a club. Daygame gold!

We bounced them straight away to *Yates* pub, and were just planning to use them as a bit of entourage to open other sets in there, as Antony was not keen on his girl.. We didn't buy them drinks and we left them at the bar, which flipped-the-script and made them chase us around the pub. My girl was giving me big IOIs, and I went verbally sexual about her tattoos. She told me she wanted another one "*down there*" as her eyes sparkled. The other girl was far more reserved, and Antony was struggling to pretend to be interested in the conversation with her.

In the bathroom Antony and I agreed to ditch them and head to Notting Hill, as he really didn't like his, and logistics seemed bad with mine anyway as her friend would stop anything from happening. We

went and told the girls we were off, I number closed mine just out of habit, then when her friend went outside for a smoke I pulled mine in and started making out heavily with her. The girls went off to the cinema, and we went to the tube

We headed to Notting Hill where Antony soon found a really hot English girl to bounce. I sat in the beer garden, chatting to a group of American girls when my phone went off – it was a text from my German girl, telling me to meet them in Leicester Square as they were done at the cinema. Antony had already vanished into the night with his new girl, so I headed back to central alone.

When I met the girls the problem surfaced straight away. My girl wanted to come back to mine *“to sleep on the sofa”* and then catch her flight. Her friend wanted to go to *Pasha* nightclub to go dancing, and they wouldn't separate. I remained non-reactive, telling them *Pasha* was expensive and they might not get in because of their Converse trainers. I walked them to the tube, holding hands with mine, and tried to convince her friend to come back, but the friend was resisting. I lost patience and said I was heading home, as it was now nearly 12am and I had work in the morning. I kissed mine goodbye and went into Leicester Square underground.

As I walked down the stairs into the tube a voice in my head said: *“man up and go back!”* so I turned and jogged up the stairs back to where they were standing. *“Look,”* I said, *“let's all go to Victoria and see if you can get into Pasha, and if not you can come back with me on the bus from there.”* There was a silence as the “leader” friend thought about it, and then they agreed.

On the tube to Victoria I built lots of comfort with them, while giving my girl the “fuck eyes” as she sat opposite me. Her friend's stomach magically started to hurt and she asked if we could get some medicine. On the escalators up to Victoria station I kissed mine again and whispered for her to *“sort things out with her friend.”*

By the time we got to *Pasha* it was raining, there was a big queue, and they were tired. In German they chatted about what to do, and without much delay they decided to come and crash at mine, then take an early morning bus to Heathrow.

We jumped on a night bus heading to Wimbledon where I sat next to my girl, while her friend sat in the seats in front with the bags. Perfect. We kissed most of the way back, me putting her hand on my hard dick over my jeans, and planning how we were going to do things. I told her it was a shared house and that I only had my room to offer. She could sleep in my bed with me, and her friend could have my small sofa.

When we got to mine her friend went to the bathroom as I pushed mine against the bedroom wall and started fingering her. She asked about her friend "*hearing us*" as we fucked, and I said we'd do it in the bathroom in a bit.

As her friend lay on the sofa and we turned the lights off, I climbed into bed with mine and whispered to her to suck my dick. It was dark and she was doing it in silence, as her friend was on the sofa feet away from us. It was very hot.

After a few minutes we crept out of the room together and into the bathroom, where we took off our clothes and I bent her over the bath and fucked her. Both of us were horny and the sex was hard and fast. We had a shower together after we came, then went back into the bedroom and slept.

When I woke for school at 7am, the girls had already left for their early morning flight.

## ***Footballer Street Kiss Close***

Antony and I had pushed each other to carry on approaching as winter set in, wrapped up in thick coats and gloves. We had arranged to meet in Piccadilly Circus and do some warm up sets along the way before heading to Covent Garden where the Christmas market was in full flow. Our warm ups were now just jumping straight in and opening direct, often crashing-and-burning in the first few as our vibe clicked into place.

In the dark and cold I saw a girl leaning up against the *Cool Britannia Store* wearing not much at all – she looked like she was waiting for friends and off to a party. I went up and gave her a compliment, and made a statement about her red shoes reminding me of Dorothy from *The Wizard of Oz*. She hooked straight away on that and opened up.

She was English, and a professional women's footballer (playing for Chelsea) I teased her about me not liking football, and she said she was embarrassed by her muscular legs, which gave me an excuse to take a closer look and feel her calf muscles. It was a huge spike, and I asked her straight out if she had a boyfriend, to which she replied no. Our eyes were locked in a bubble, it was all very intense, and suddenly I moved closer and kissed her lightly on the mouth. Antony was a foot away watching. She didn't object, so I pulled her in for a proper make-out, then number closed her and left as her friends were coming at any minute. My second proper street kiss-close from a direct cold approach. It felt amazing, but I was guessing she'd flake after the over escalation.

## ***The Golden Ratio / Fibonacci Sequence***

A famous theme in mathematics and the arts since the Ancient Greeks is the concept of the *Golden Ratio* - a number equal to 1.618.

It comes from the principle of dividing a line into two unequal parts, so that the longer section divided by the shorter section is also equal to the whole line divided by the longer section. Sounds geeky, I know, but the key point is that the ratio represents a 2:1 dynamic that is naturally found in nature and art, from the petals on a sunflower to the way a galaxy is formed. The ratio can be seen in classical architecture like the Parthenon in Greece, or in the compositions of J.S Bach. Leonardo da Vinci used it in his drawings and financial analysts use it when trading on the stock market.

The *Golden Ratio* essentially shows that “beauty” is not to be found in a 1:1 balance or symmetry, but in the 2:1 ratio based on thirds.

Late one night I called Antony to say that I thought the *Golden Ratio* most likely applied to investment dynamics in pick-up. To feel burning attraction to someone, one person had to invest more than the other, in the 2:1 ratio. A 1:1 ratio was not enough, as no “chase” was created. It was at the heart of what we called “flipping the script” where the seducer baited the girl into investing, thus sparking attraction.

There was also something even more striking about the Golden Ratio and pick-up. A famous mathematical pattern called the *Fibonacci Sequence*, discovered in the 13th Century, is amazing in that the ratio between the numbers in the sequence follow the *Golden Ratio*.



The sequence starts on 0, then 1, then 1 again, and continues by adding the two previous terms to get the next term:

*0, 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21....*

An acceleration is thus seen in progress along the sequence, from humble origins to giant numbers. Biology follows this sequence when a tree branches, when rabbits mate, or when a pinecone unfurls.

I told Antony that it was the same acceleration when escalating during seduction, and that the dating model we were coming up with had this at its core. Starting small (texting the girl, getting her out) and increasing rapidly (kissing, sitting on your bed). It was a “compliance snowball,” not just a “yes ladder.” Forget the *Da Vinci Code*, this was way more exciting and stimulating.

## CHAPTER 13

### *Facebook Cockiness*

I was getting much better at being cocky-funny and using teasing / challenging to build attraction and flip-the-script. For girls that I had closed quickly on the street using Facebook (a back-up to when it was a short interaction or seemed flakey) then Facebook chat was a great tool in the evenings to build that attraction.

Here is an exact transcript of a conversation I had with a girl we'll call E. I had taken her on one date before this chat, before going up to Liverpool for a few weeks. She instigated the chat late one night. Sadly, I never slept with her as I never made it up to see her as I'd promised:

*E: Mister Torero?*

*T: Woof*

*E: Heya!*

*T: You're such a stalker!*

*E: I know, I do it on purpose*

*T: So, are you ready to host me in Liverpool....red carpet, champagne?*

*E: Yes! But actually I'm planning to go to Manchester so tell me when will you be there? I'm away on Saturday the whole day...maybe I'll sleep there, I don't know yet.*

*T: Manchester's a great party city, you should have a crazy night there...find a club called The Music Box on Oxford Road*

*E: Wait, I don't know if I stay there for the night, but tell me, when will you arrive(2)?*

*T: (2) Mystery is more exciting than reality ;-)*

*E: Ok mystery, it was just to know if we can meet and improve our alcohol tolerance together!*

*T: How is your Scouse?*

*E: It's boss! It's class*

*T: A+*

*E: Or classe, I don't know if the 's' rule has to be used....classes*

*T: Singular, not plural*

*E: Bender*

*T: :) )*

*E: Boss/class....kidda.....our sister = my sister*

*T: Our mam*

*E: Yes yes...ta....what else?*

*T: Ta very much*

*E: I forgot, I was drunk :):)*

*T: You drunk? No!*

*E And naaah, they don't say ta very much*

*T: Yes they do, you're just not listening*

*E: True....how do you know Scouse?*

*T: Just a second....my friend's on Skype from NYC*

*E: Wow, friends from all over the world, sounds good!*

*[A few minutes break]*

*T: Just imaginary ones, really I'm all alone in a dark room crying about you ; )*

*E: Yes, I know*

*T: What can I do? My heart is shattered by your departure, I am a broken man*

*E: I know honey, life is so hard without me, but you have the children and the pets...you're not alone, camon!*

*T: Come on, not camon.....C-*

*E: Ahahah ok, thanks*

*T: Bad girl*

*E: Remember, I'm Italian, I'm still learning*

*T: Tell me about Liverpool, I love that city...what have you found that you love...?*

*E: The cheapest alcohol in the world :D:D*

*T: You're so shallow*

*E: Shallow---> ?*

*T: Uncultured....haha...find Aigburth Road....Banksy, galleries, record shops....*

*E: Oh no, Word Reference, got it ... I'm shallow, it's true, you know me yet!*

*T: Word Reference is not allowed*

*E: It is, or you have to use basic English*

*T: Hello. How are you? My name is Tom.*

*E: The cat is on the table.*

*T: E is drunk. Again.*

*E: Heheheh*

*T: Tequila is nice. Again.*

*E: Oooh...Tequila!!!!*

*T: Exactly*

*E: Do you know that here in Liverpool there is a tequila bar?!*

*T: Lick the lemon, suck the salt...*

*E: £1 for 1 shot!! And they have like.. 50 different flavours...the first time I saw the place and I cried for joy*

*T: Shallow, shallow, shallow ; )*

*E: Yes yes yes....coconut, tequila, strawberry, coffee, chocolate, chilli!*

*T: I love it when you get emotional ; ) I remember that your nose starts to wiggle*

*E: Get emotional, wait, World Reference, again.....my nose doesn't wiggle*

*T: I remember in Brick Lane, your nose wiggled when you spoke with conviction, it was cute*

*E: I don't believe you, but it's a nice technique.....you know that girls love details*

*T: Remember we're divorced, so no more demanding mind games ;)*

*E: You're right, this is me, I can't stop, I'm terrible. :):) So...Saturday...*

*T: Saturday?... You know that Word Reference translates "demanding" into 4 different words in Italian?*

*E: Do you remember the Brazilian I told you in the bar?*

*T: Remind me, I'll test it on my Brazilian flatmate*

*E: Siririca...vode se.....siririca is the best one, I love the sound.....and the meaning*

[A minute's pause]

*T: She is laughing in the kitchen!*

*E: :):)*

*T: She says you're dirty*

*E: Hahahah, it's the only word that I know*

*T: Our words are a mirror to our soul ; )*

*E: Yes my shallow dirty soul.*

*T: You need to be punished (but points for using the word "shallow")....B+*

*E: I learn fast but I forget faster*

*T: I always blame the tequila*

*E: Oh god it's true, I've never thought about that! My brain is fucked up, I know. I prefer to consider myself like a bohemian..*

*T: Or a socialite ; )*

*E: Hang on....Word Reference....*

*T: B-*

*E: Hey, good word! I like it*

*T: Pay me*

*E: No I won't, I' not asking you to teach me new words, you're using it... I'm just taking notes...*

*T: That's called stalking*

*E: Hahaha...I mean you're using it on your own volition....sounds terrible this sentence!*

*T: I've got to go in a second Miss E, despite your entertaining banter*

*E: ....Word Reference again...Tom!!! Everytime I need it! What is banter?!!!*

*T: That's your homework*

*E: :):) Go, I'll search later.....see you.....I don't know when.....I don't know if you'll be there also on Friday. On Saturday who knows! If I can I'll stay in Manchester, but on Sunday I'm back in any case*

*T: Manchester is amazing, you're going to love it, the vibe is funky*

*E: I feel the vibe only for London. And NY. For now I mean! Ok, go, no more banter! However I'm really sick, no voice, cough etc. I hope I won't need a doctor!*

*T: Attractive ; )*

*E: I don't want to be attractive :):) Attractive is superficial.....shallow!!*

*T: You're learning : )*

*E: Banter!*

*T: Let's do Friday night, if you're better...*

*E: Let's do a do on Friday, ok! Even if I'm sick I'm going out, what do you think!? Maybe that's why I don't heal..*

*T: Maybe it explains your English too ; )*

*E: Do = party, that's the meaning that I meant.*

*T: "Do" has other meanings, be careful*

*E: Yes I remember*

*T: Slow down Miss E, I'm not that kind of guy ; )*

*E: Hahaha, I'm sorry, I am!*

*T: You're going to corrupt me*

*E: No! :):) Follow Jesus, don't worry about me*



*T: Mohammed is more sexy, his beard is cooler. Goodnight Miss E*

*E: Hahaha. Good night Mr T, see you on Friday!! Whooo!!!*

## ***Macedonia Girl***

If girls respond to your initial texts but then vanish off the radar, it's always good not to delete her completely - you never know when a number can spring to life again. This lay is a good example of that.

I had chatted to a pretty girl from Macedonia six months previously, on the benches in Leicester Square. I had opened her indirectly (asking for a tube map) and she was on a break from her job at a restaurant. She told me she had an on-off boyfriend back home, but was in London for a few months to improve her English. Standard stuff. I number closed her for practice, and didn't think much of it.

We had gone for a hot chocolate date in Covent Garden a week later, and I'd spiked things up with asking about crazy experiences she had had, and her telling me she'd like to "*have fun*" in London before going back to her boyfriend.

Then it all went silent. I think she changed phone numbers, and the trail went cold. I assumed she'd gone home and it was another flake.

Out of the blue in December I got a text from her (new number) saying we should have a beer before she went back to Macedonia. I knew I had to go for it and lead, emphasising more of the "bad boy" role that she'd told me her boyfriend was like. I took her to the *Porterhouse* pub in Covent Garden and was very direct from the start, holding strong eye-contact, touching her hand and playing the *Questions Game*. She told me she'd dated a lot of guys, but only slept with one (her current boyfriend). I gave her a shoulder and neck massage, then made out with her. I bounced her to a more seductive venue called *Jewel* opposite the pub, where we sat on sofas in a candle-lit raised area and made out heavily. I had been seeding the

bounce for her to come back to mine, but she told me she had to get up early for work the next day. However, "*Wednesday would be fine.*" When a girl gives a solid alternative to your plan, and not just a brush-off, then it's nothing to worry about.

Sure enough, on Wednesday she came over to mine in Wimbledon for "*film and food*" and there was no LMR as I slid my hand down her jeans. Snow was falling outside as we fucked on the floor to stop the bed from squeaking loudly and annoying the landlady of the house (who was getting deeply suspicious of all my "*female friends*" who kept coming over for dinner).

## ***Christmas In Sloane Square 2010***

Snowy, freezing, with me full of cold, I went with Antony to the poshest part of London – Sloane Square – to find some hot local girls. One day of closing in the snow managed to produce three dates in the following week that sadly all fizzled out, but were an achievement nevertheless:

- A date with a beautiful English girl who I closed when she was dressed up as Santa's elf in the *Peter Jones* department store on King's Road. It was snowing heavily outside so Antony and I had gone in for warmth. It had been a cheeky approach, and we clicked from the start. A week later I took her on a date to a jazz bar in Soho. She looked like Kiera Knightley and I remember sitting there thinking that I couldn't believe I was on a date with such a beautiful, posh English girl. Things went well, we made out, then took a taxi back to hers in West Brompton. We ate mince pies and drank sherry by the fire, but she stopped my hand as I tried to escalate, then said I had to go. The next day she texted apologising for being a "cock-tease" and that she "wasn't ready for dating."
- A dreamy English girl who worked for the government, was very posh and had gone to an all girls' school. I had stopped her directly by the King's Road market and instant dated her for hot chocolate. The following week we went for tea in a creperie in South Kensington, but the vibe was rather flat and it was pointless escalating. She vanished up north to see her family for the Christmas holidays, and I didn't hear from her again.
- A very pretty girl who looked like Kate Middleton. Direct approach in the *Peter Jones* store. Posh, 22 years old. Took her for a drink in a nice theatre bar, but there wasn't any spark and she had to catch a train home for the Christmas break.

The Christmas period was becoming frustrating for setting up dates and seeing girls, as lots of people were going home for the holidays. But I was pleased that I'd managed to get three lovely English girls out on dates from number closing them in the poshest part of London that I used to find intimidating. Pushing my comfort zone – that was the main thing.

## ***Oxford Flashback***

Out with Antony doing some beer garden daygame one night in South Kensington, I spotted a girl looking at me across the pub repeatedly. I told Antony that I thought I knew her, but couldn't remember from where (that's one of the side-effects of opening thousands of girls).

I approached her and the group she was in, and put my hand out. "*Sorry I'm late!*" I said with a smile as I introduced myself. "*Oh my God, it is you!*" she replied. "*We were at the same college at Oxford. You look totally different!*"

Antony occupied the rest of the group while I chatted to her for the next ten minutes – teasing her, challenging her and getting her invested and attracted until she was touching my arm and asking for my number. At Oxford she'd been one of the most popular girls in the college, a cheerleader and a real socialite. Ten years later, here we were, her asking to see me again, even though she was married. She kept repeating that I was "*like a new person – what happened?*"

I walked away grinning, shaking my head, telling Antony how the tables had turned, and how far I felt I'd come from my former self. If you're not one of the chosen, you have to become one of the choosers. Daygame is literally life transforming.

## ***Christmas Cheer***

That December I sat down with Antony and we toasted our daygame successes over the year. Since starting in February, I had seduced and slept with over 30 women. I had been on over 100 dates and had many adventures all over the city. Antony had done similarly, but with more success in the night than me. It was surreal. In under a year we had taught ourselves the art and craft of Game, rising to the top of the London PUA scene. Both of us were now teaching others and being asked for advice. The hard work of daily approaching and closing had paid off, and the results were obvious. Sticking with something and persisting through the rejections and mistakes had been worth it.

## ***The Psychology of Persuasion – Robert Cialdini***

Antony and I were big fans of a famous psychology book by Professor Robert Cialdini on the science behind persuasion. He'd researched the topic in terms of advertising, marketing, business and even cults, but we both scribbled down massive amounts of notes on how his "Principles of Persuasion" applied to seduction. Pretty much all of what we wrote down we'd experienced in the field, and it was supported by much of the PUA theory out there. Here are his Principles, and how they apply to Game:

- **Reciprocation** using the "contrast principle" - asking for something big, then when she says no asking for something smaller, that now seems reasonable e.g. "*Come over to my house*" lowered to "*Come over to this bar*"). Buying the girl a £1 gift and getting her to buy one for you so she invests.
- **Commitment and consistency** ("*It is easier to resist at the beginning than at the end*"). Creating a "Yes Ladder" to get the girl to agree throughout. Small "sale" at start (e.g. bounce or text) the purpose of which is not "profit" but "commitment." Once she starts investing then it's hard to go back.
- **Social proof** – use of entourage, wings, DHVs, and use of uncertainty (Brighton escapes, girls new to London) where the "home advantage" applies
- **Liking** – leading wrapped in likeability, "the friendly thief," importance of looking your best self, comfort and connecting, use of compliments and the power of direct Game ("*the information that someone fancies us can be a bewitchingly effective device for producing return liking and willing compliance*".... "*we are phenomenal suckers for flattery*")



- **Authority** – leading, taking control, being a man
- **Scarcity** – absence makes the heart grow fonder. Potential loss. Most important one. Power of the push.

*“When our freedom to have something is limited, the item becomes less available, and we experience an increased desire for it. However, we rarely recognise that psychological reactance has caused us to want the item more; all we know is that we want it. Still, we need to make sense of our desire for the item, so we begin to assign it positive qualities to justify the desire.”*

Push-pull, as “*newly experienced scarcity*” being more powerful. A drop from abundance creates a more powerful reaction than constant scarcity.

*“The ardor of an indifferent lover surges with the appearance of a rival.*

*“Especially in those cases involving direct competition, the blood comes up, the focus narrows, and emotions rise. As this visceral current advances, the cognitive, rational side retreats. In the rush of arousal, it is difficult to be calm and studied in our approach....logic goes right out the window.”*

## ***German Adventures***

Between Christmas and New Year of 2010, I decided to take a trip to Berlin to see two beautiful girls that I'd met separately in London but not slept with. Since they'd gone back to Germany I'd kept in contact with them and they were both up for letting me stay at theirs if I came over – a huge IOI that sex was going to happen. It was still a risk, as both of them could have flaked or had LMR, but I was up for a small holiday to Germany anyway.

The first girl I was catching up with was a very hot 26 year old who worked for *KPMG*, a big financial organisation. She was pretty and smart, but had been very feisty when I dated her in London.

I'd number closed her the evening I met Sasha in Liverpool Street in October. It was dark and raining, a terrible fast close, but sure enough she met up with me a few days later for Covent Garden drinks. It seemed on straight away – almost too good to be true, as she had a hotel and we were making out in a dark corner of Jewel bar after the first drink.

Suddenly she pulled back and said she had an "*instinct*" about me – that I was trying to seduce her, that I was using a method, that it was too false. For the first time since I started my daygame journey, I felt my mask slip and inwardly realised that what she was saying was true. I was just going through the motions with her, following the dating model that Antony and I had run on hundreds of girls. She had smelt a PUA rat.

Despite the knock-back, I kept calm, told her I liked her directness, then switched locations to let the bouncing take it's bamboozling effect. After another cocktail I suggested going back to her hotel. She

said: *“we’re not fucking tonight,”* and her shutters came down. The usual tests reared their ugly heads:

- what would her friends think of her?
- did I meet girls like this all the time?
- where were we going now?
- she didn’t know me, and I could be dangerous

I stopped a taxi and we got in. All the way back to mine I fluff talked and neutralised her fears by vocalising them (“Elephant In The Room” principle) and turning them into a joke (*“I’m going to take you back to mine, chain you up, steal all your money and sell you on ebay!”*).

Back at mine she seemed to calm down, and sat on my bed to play guitar and look at the laptop. When the kissing moved onto heavy touching she jumped up and said she had to go. I said I’d play her one more song on the guitar, and that she should sit down. We did this three or four times, until she eventually agreed to stay over.

That was when the tests really kicked in. She let me finger her, asked if I had a condom, then just as I was going to go inside her, she jumped out of bed and said she had to go again. I got her to come and lie down once more, then we slept for a bit to calm her down.

Around 2am we woke up and I was still hard. She asked me to fuck her, but as I was putting on another condom she jumped out of bed again. By this stage I was getting angry, and I told her that I thought she should get a taxi and go, as she was playing games and I couldn’t sleep. It was a real push-away, no games.

Angrily, she stormed out and slammed the door. I kicked myself for pushing it too far, then got back into bed and tried to sleep. A few minutes later I heard tapping at my window – she was outside throwing stones, asking to come back in. It was raining outside, and there were no cabs about. I opened the door and let her in.

Neither of us wanted to talk. We lay there in the dark, both angry. Finally we fell asleep, and in the morning we “made up” with some kissing and cuddling. She left for the airport and I left for school.

Too little comfort, too much fast escalation. I had learnt my lesson again.

Over the next two months we’d text back and forth every few days, and she seemed invested and keen enough to invite me to stay over when I was in Berlin.

I arrived in late December in the snow and went straight to her flat. Within five minutes of putting my bags down in her hall, we were on her bed fucking hard. She wanted hours and hours of sex over the next two days, in her living room, in the kitchen, bent over the table in the hall.

I asked her why she’d “*played games*” in London, and she told me because it was “*too fast*” and I was “*too much like a player.*” Very interesting feedback.



*German Number Two*

The second girl I met up with in Berlin that trip was a quirky, bohemian 18 year old girl I'd opened indirectly on the low wall outside the National Gallery four months previously. I'd walked her from Trafalgar Square to the South Bank, building comfort by finding out about her passion for photography, art and indie-culture. She was leaving the next day, so I just Facebook closed her and thought nothing of it.

Over the next few months we'd chat on Facebook messenger and send the occasional email. She was young and excitable, always qualifying herself to me and suggesting I come to Berlin to see her.

As I knew I was going to see the KPMG girl, I told her I was coming and tested the waters for a lay by asking if I could sleep on her couch. She replied that she lived with her mum and sister, but I could stay at her dad's place as he was away.

After I'd spent a few days with the feisty KPMG girl, I arranged to meet this girl in a main square in the city centre. It was all very romantic – the sun was setting, the square was deserted and frosted in snow. I sat on church steps and waited for her to arrive.

We hugged like long-lost lovers, then had a drink in a nearby outdoor bar under heaters. I'd not escalated at all up to this point, as it was all "agreed" in the subtext that I liked her and she liked me. I didn't want to risk anything by seeming over keen, and she was only 18 years old so just needed leading.

Her beauty was amazing – big soft eyes, petite, model-esque. She worked in a funky clothes store and wanted to work in fashion. Her whole vibe was dreamy and creative – definitely girlfriend material I thought.

We finished our drinks and jumped on a tram going south. As we walked in the dark down a quiet street to her dad's place I pulled her in, stopped walking, and made out with her. It was delicious.

She turned the key and I found myself in an old wooden house, very traditional. It was where she had grown up, when her parents were together. After the divorce her mum, sister and her had moved out, leaving her dad in the house. He travelled for work, so she'd invited me to stay in the guest room.

Hoping it was a done deal, I didn't want to pull the trigger so practiced just gently pushing away by doing nothing. She fussed around me – making food, getting a film ready, while I played the guitar. On the sofa we hugged and made out while the film was on. I could have gone for it, but I wanted to see if I could get her to do all the work.

When it got late I said I'd put my bags in the spare room. She showed me upstairs to the room she used to have as a kid. It was a single bed. I asked where she was sleeping, and she said on the sofa bed downstairs.

Without saying anything, I took her hand, led her to the bed, and began making out. Ten minutes later our clothes were off and I was licking her pussy as she sucked me off. It felt amazing, as both of us knew this was going to happen but neither of us had said anything. I fucked her hard into the night, showing her different positions and dominating her which she loved. Before me she'd only slept with one guy (a 17 year old) so good sex was something new for her, and she loved it.

In the morning we had more sex before I had to get a bus to the airport and head home. Even though she'd been amazing, and was very pretty, I felt the age gap with her and how she looked up to me for everything. It didn't feel balanced, so I put the girlfriend idea on hold.

## CHAPTER 14

### *Czech Girl - Attraction In The Push*

Another old number that I'd managed to spark into life through pushing away was a pretty Czech girl, 22 years old and petite, that I'd closed in Leicester Square almost half a year previously. She was eating a slice of pizza, and I opened her indirect-direct by teasing her about junk food. There was comfort over the fact that she was Czech (my father is Czech too) and we swapped numbers.

Our first date was for Moroccan tea in Covent Garden. I remember her being very feminine, but very elusive and cautious. Spikes didn't work on her, she was very distant.

The second date was dancing in Wimbledon in a cheap club after some wine. She came back to mine, we made out, but she resisted anything else and got a taxi home.

This pattern happened two or three times more after nights out or a dvd at mine. We'd even get naked, explore each other's bodies, but she wouldn't let me fuck her, playing the "traditional" card each time even though she'd give great blowjobs and move around on my bed like a stripper. I couldn't figure her out.

Like the KPMG girl, I once told her to get out of my house at 2am and took her to a night bus stop on my road, after hours of game playing. Rather than it ending what we had, she responded the next day by buying me a present and taking me for coffee to "say sorry." That's when I realised the power of the push.

Autumn came and went and she cancelled a few dates, so I sent her a high-risk “ultimatum” text that I’d been experimenting with:

*“Hey D, I’m not up for playing games any more. I’m not looking for anything serious, just good conversation, good food, great sex. Let me know if you’re up for that too, Tom”*

Then two months of nothing. I’d presumed the text was too direct, too much. Lo and behold, one day in December just before I went to Germany I got a message from her saying she’d had a hard day at work and *“needed relaxing.”* We agreed to meet on the 1st January 2011 when I was back from Germany.

She came to Wimbledon, we drank at the local pub, then she came back to mine with no question of what was going to happen. I gave her a full body massage and took my time, rubbing oil into her body and turning her on to the point of no return. As she lay on her front with her back towards me, I just went for it and pushed my hard dick in. She loved it, and turned out to be amazing in bed. She had a great body, with a perfect arse, hard nipples and was a real sex kitten.

In the next few months we slept together on and off whenever we were both horny, until she went back to Prague.

This lay more than any taught me the real power of the push, not just in a micro sense but in a real taking-a-risk sense of telling a girl to go if she plays games, and letting her know that you mean it. A guy living in abundance won’t put up with silly mind games or accept a girl dangling her vagina on a string as some sort of “prize.”

Once she realised I meant business, she came running back and there were no more tests. The manning up was working.



## ***Brighton Girl***

A night out with Antony and Rame to celebrate the New Year led to an almost SDL from the street with an alternative girl from Brighton, who I opened outside the *Odeon* cinema in Leicester Square.

It was dark, we were heading to *O'Neills*, and I opened direct, telling her I loved her Russian style hat, leather jacket and boots. She'd come up to London to have a tattoo done in Camden, and was now just killing time by thinking of going to the cinema.

The vibe was on straight away – she was a bit edgy, cheeky, sarcastic, great for bantering hard with in a very British way. I bounced her to *O'Neills* pub with Antony and Rame following, and because I knew they were watching I spent the next hour laying on the attraction material thick and heavy. In retrospect it was the worst thing to do, as she told me I was “*too social*” and that I “*must be gay*” as I was talking to everyone, in very high spirits and giddy from enjoying the pick-up too much.

I took her upstairs to watch the band and for some much-needed comfort. She told me she used to be a pole dancer and had gone through a promiscuous stage “*with pretty boys*” but now hadn't had sex in a while. Five minutes of comfort and we were making out – that was what was missing. She told me she'd dated “*bad boys*” and dreamed of dating “*builders – the kind of guys who read The News of the World.*” I lapped it up, as she was revealing what kind of guys she liked – ones who took risks and lead.

She said she was hungry, so I suggested grabbing some ice-cream at *Häagen-Dazs* across the road. All the game had made her

cautious of me, as I'd been giving off such strong player vibes. She asked me a million tests such as:

- What was my last relationship like? Why did it end?
- Why didn't I have a girlfriend?
- When did I last have sex?
- How old was I?
- What type of girls did I go for?

When a girl tests you so much it's a good sign, as she wants to see what you're made of, and she's definitely thinking of you in a sexual way. I kept calm and answered her questions as briefly but humbly as possible so not to trigger any more player vibes.

We got quite sexual verbally and talked about our previous fucks, what dick size she liked, the ironic boyband *JLS* condoms she had in her purse. It seemed on so I suggested the bounce:

*"You can either get the train back or come to mine and play guitar."*

She said she'd like to but that she was working in the morning, so we headed down to Victoria station where I was getting my bus and she was getting her train. We arrived with two minutes to spare, I tried to bounce her again into a taxi to mine, but she was having none of it. We made out heavily on the platform then she vanished into the night with a blur of the train lights though dark.

A week later I took the train down to Brighton and she met me excitedly at the station in her car. We drove to her house just outside the city which she shared with another girl and her boyfriend. They gave me the once over in the kitchen, then left us to it. We went upstairs and fucked on her single bed, quick and hard, as we'd been thinking about each other all week. I could feel how my confidence in the bedroom was starting to show, as I felt like I knew what to do at every stage. She enjoyed the leading, the hard sex and the adventure, driving me back to the station and thanking me for a *"whirlwind night!"*

## ***Indirect-direct Game***

*“As long as a word remains unspoken, you are its master; once you utter it, you are its slave” Solomon Ibn Gabirol*

Despite having largely replaced indirect game (asking for directions / an opinion) with direct game (giving a compliment at the start), Antony and I were still huge fans of the nirvana of all game – indirect-direct.

Beckster preached about it, as did two other key daygame coaches, David Wygant and Wayne Elise. Indirect-direct daygame is when you rely on sub-communication to give off a direct vibe, but the words you're saying are indirect. It's usually based around the situation you meet the girl in (a “situational opener”) and is fun, flirty and cheeky. Both you and the girl know what's going on, but nothing is verbalised, making it all the more exciting.

Even describing it is difficult, but teaching it is even harder, as it needs the acting skill of indirect with the strong intent and beliefs of direct. It's also very unpredictable, as the perfect situation for it doesn't always appear consistently.

Examples would be:

- spotting a girl leaning on a bridge and going up to her with a smile and saying: *“Don't jump, somebody loves you!”*
- bantering with the coffee shop staff. When she asks you how you are, reply: *“Got the body, got the blonde ...all I need is a latte and I'll be living the dream!”*
- seeing a girl shopping in the supermarket for dog food and telling her: *“I prefer the chicken flavour, it's got a better after*

*taste.”*

The cheeky openers have to have super solid eye contact, a warm smile and a flirtatious tone. Do it wrong and it'll come across as very strange.

“Naturals” often use indirect-direct openers based on any situation they find themselves in with a pretty girl. They're a highly potent “foot in the door,” without the artificiality of an indirect opener (based on a lie) or the high pressured spotlight of a direct compliment (which can trigger defensive switches).

The more you do daygame, the more you realise how little the words you say matter. It's all about the sub-communication between a man and woman, that's existed for millions of years, much longer than language. When a man approaches a woman in a playful, flirty manner, she knows what he wants, without anything being said.

## ***Abundance***

By the middle of January 2011 I was living in true abundance when it came to girls. I was no longer faking-it-till-I-made-it with push aways and flipping the script. I was actually super busy and naturally pushing girls away that I didn't have time for. I was canceling dates, being late, seeming distant, rejecting sex. Slowly but surely, I was "becoming the hot girl."

While I was on a date with an English girl in Covent Garden, I flaked on a German girl who was waiting for me at a pub nearby. She later told me I was the *"first guy to ever not turn up for a date"* with her, and it made her chase me more and drop her bitchy exterior.

I had a week where I went on a date with a different girl every night for seven nights in a row, and realised the completely non-needy, "take-it-or-leave-it" vibe I was projecting. This made girls want me more....it was a self-fulfilling prophecy.

Often on the weekends I'd set up two or three dates one after the other. This meant that I was becoming immune to flakes or bad behaviour from girls, as I knew I had other dates lined up that day anyway. I'd put two first dates back to back, where I knew I'd not try and take her back, then a second date in the evening where I'd go for the bounce home.

## ***English Hottie From Sloane Square***

Back in December I'd stopped a hot English girl in the Christmas market on King's Road. She was shy and dreamy, but really pretty in a catwalk model kind of way – tall, pale, almost fragile. She'd walked past me in the market and our eyes had locked, so I let her go past and then ran back and stopped her direct.

Using eye contact before you approach is a powerful thing. It takes the “cold” out of “cold approaching” and makes it seem even more romantic.

The conversation was going well, but I could see she was waiting to buy some food at one of the posh stalls. She grabbed her lunch and then we sat on one of the low walls in the square to carry on our interaction. Lots of comfort about her being a teaching assistant and me being a teacher. She was quiet and nervous, so I did most of the talking.

Christmas and my trip to Germany came and went. I dropped her a text after New Year suggesting a drink, and she replied immediately saying yes, so it was game on.

I took her for a beer in quiet pub by Cambridge Circus, she opened up, and was pretty flirty but still there was shyness. I bounced her to the quirky delights of the *Blue Post* pub in Soho and she got much more chatty, perhaps due to the alcohol. I felt it was on but didn't want to risk a failed bounce so took the tube with her south and kissed her on tube before I got off at my stop to change.

The second date was dinner and a dvd at mine in Wimbledon. I cooked my usual low-investment, low-cost meal of sausage and

mash, she brought a bottle of wine and we lay on my bed upstairs watching a film. There was lots of making out, I tried to escalate further, but she resisted.

I went for the Torero signature move of getting my dick out, and she happily wanked me off but said she'd fuck "*next time.*"

As the time came for her to leave, I pushed her against my bedroom wall and pulled down her low top to kiss her breasts. She had really long pointy nipples, amazing for sucking, and moaned as I licked them. Weeks later she told me that after that night with me, she went home soaking wet on the tube, and masturbated about me twice that week before the next date.

For our third date we met in my local pub and she'd brought an overnight bag, so it was a done deal. Sexually she was very inexperienced and wanted to be led and try everything. We had sex on and off throughout the night – she loved it rough on the floor especially. In the morning I told her to masturbate as I put my dick in her mouth, then I came all over her tits.

As we lay there drinking coffee in my bed, she told me lots of interesting points:

- she admired the fact I approached after we looked at each other
- she knew she wanted to fuck me half way through our talk when we met
- she would have been up for fucking riskily there and then
- she finished with her boyfriend over the New Year, but didn't want to tell me as she thought I'd think badly of her
- she was very keen for fucking me in risky places around London, especially outside. She had a fantasy of wearing no knickers and me fucking her in alleys, parks etc.
- she loved me talking about how I wanked about her, how I got hard, what we'd do

- she loved hard sex (I'd not met a girl who didn't), loved being dominated, loved relinquishing power



Antony and I had known about a local legend in the London seduction community for a long time who was a friend and occasional wing of Mystery, Neil Strauss and Ross Jeffries. A self-taught London jack-the-lad hero of night game with 15 years experience of seduction and 10 years of teaching it, Beckster kept an a strangely low profile. With the short days and dark evenings of January 2011, Antony and I decided to dust off our night game and ask him for help with our attraction skills which we thought could carry over to daygame.

Beckster was fully immersed in what he did best – picking up hot club girls. He'd only be in full flow when he was performing, like an actor on the stage, under the lights. He wasn't too interested in the writing of the script, managing the theatre or promoting the play. But switch on the spotlight and away he went – one of the cheekiest seducers of women I'd ever seen.

Beckster was infamous for his routines and lines which he'd developed over the last ten years. Having slept with hundreds of girls, he knew what worked and what didn't, from pubs and bars to high end clubs and strip joints.

“Becksterisation” was what he called his style of Game – high energy, fun flirting based on sexual qualification, where he'd get girls to show him how open they were. An example of this was his “Three Criteria” routine:

*BECKSTER: There's three things I like to find out about a girl, before I get to know her deep inside ; - )*

*GIRL: Oh really!*

*BECKSTER: I like a girl who doesn't wear too much make-up*

*GIRL: I worry I wear too much*

*BECKSTER: There's a test for that....kiss me here on my hand, and if it leaves a mark then it's too much*

*(girl kisses him on the hand)*

*BECKSTER: I like a girl with good smelling hair...*

*(the girl lets him smell her hair)*

*BECKSTER: And I love a girl with a good taste in shoes. Because a good taste in shoes means a good taste in underwear*

*GIRL: Is that right?! (shocked but loving it)*

Even though the lines and routines were very different from the spontaneous, direct style of my daygame, Antony and I couldn't deny that a guy who'd slept with so many women must be doing something right. We wanted to learn from the best, and to see him in action.

We arranged to meet Beckster in *Jewel Bar*, Piccadilly Circus, but Antony and I wanted to warm up before he arrived. My night game had never been polished, even though daygame had given me bucketfuls of confidence to open girls. It was more the noise, the lights, the shield girls can have up because of the number of drunk guys hitting on them. I opened a group of girls at the bar with one of Beckster's openers ("*Who's got the best shoes on?*") and was soon enjoying having fun with them. Antony was in another set with two girls who turned out to work at the bar organising VIP bookings. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Beckster come in - a boyish grin, long coat, cheeky chap to the core. He pulled up a chair and watched us work our sets at a distance, impressed that we were number closing before he'd even arrived.

Antony and I sat down with him in a corner of the bar and told him what we'd like. Our daygame was good, but our night game had gaps in it. We could open, create attraction and build comfort, but we needed some fast escalation and extraction tricks to stop the bubble

bursting and the texts flaking. I wanted to face my fear of noisy clubs and mixed sets, while Antony wanted to try out some of Beckster's sexual qualification material.

He watched us talking to two girls in the next bar nearby, and gave us immediate feedback. I needed to be more of a "*sexual threat*" and Antony needed to bounce the girls after his fast attraction. We opened a few more girls and closed strongly in front of him.

As we walked from bar to bar, Beckster told us straight up that he was impressed with what he'd seen, and would like to go out with us on a regular basis. Antony and I winked at each other, amazed and humbled that we'd passed the test with one of the world's best seducers. To finish off the night, he said he'd get us into a top strip club and show us his method for closing strippers – something he was famous for.

Beckster walked into *Platinum Lace* on Leicester Square like a celebrity – staff and security all knew him, as did half of the dancers. Antony and I sat back and watched as he had two strippers fighting over him, how he pushed them away, got them to qualify themselves to him, and then closed them out of view of security (the girls are not allowed to give their phone numbers out to guys in the club). It was an awesome display of pick-up at the highest level, done with seemingly effortless charm that had taken Beckster over ten years to cultivate.

Antony and I were excited that we'd found someone who was the real deal and could take us to the next level as a mentor.

## **Beckster's "5 Cs"**

Beckster taught his students that Game could be summarised with his "5 Cs" philosophy:

- Conviction – running a set with a 100% belief that it's going to work
- Calibration – refining vibe through infield experience
- Congruency – being who you project you are
- Courage - *"crash the car, or you'll never know how fast you can go"*
- Consistency – you don't want to be shooting in the dark

The greatest of these five was Conviction – doing something with full belief that it was going to work usually meant that it did. Therein lay the secret of Beckster's success – it wasn't just his lines or his routines, it was his super solid self belief from 15 years of seducing women.

Beckster said that in any interaction between two people, there's the *"Big C and little c."* The person with the most conviction wins. Simple.

## ***Slovak Girl***

Back in October I'd been out daygaming with Antony in South Kensington and closing on our usual route from the tube station to his flat in Earls Court. It was dark and cold, so we decided to head back to his. Our vibe was strong as we'd been opening a lot, so we were in high spirits.

As we turned a corner towards his flat, I literally crossed paths with a very pretty petite girl who was wrapped up against the cold. I opened her direct and she hooked, but was shy because of the dark street and the two guys talking to her. She had just arrived in London as a nanny from Slovakia, and was staying with a rich family in Gloucester Road who she worked for. We connected over all things Slovak, and swapped numbers.

In the following weeks I took her on a few dates – for hot chocolate, ice skating at Somerset House, a walk by the river. We kissed and got close, but she revealed she had a boyfriend back in Slovakia and didn't know what was happening with him because things were fragile between them. Only after seeing him in person at Christmas would she know what was going on.

When she got back to London in January we met up and I could feel things with her boyfriend were over, as she agreed to come back to my house in Wimbledon and watch films. A few times she'd stay over but she wouldn't have sex – I couldn't work out why.

One night as we fooled around on my bed I just went for it, turning her on with a massage and then going down on her. She moaned and asked if I had a condom. I fucked her, but gently and slowly as she revealed it was the first time she'd had sex. Her religious upbringing

in a small Slovak village meant that she'd originally wanted to wait until she was married.

The fact that I'd taken her virginity brought us closer together. We hung out a lot in the next few weeks and months – she wanted a break from relationships and I told her about my daygame adventures. She came with me on bootcamps that I taught and to talks that I gave. She'd come out with me, Antony and Beckster to clubs and strip bars, and I showed her a whole new world. It blew her mind, but I slowly realised it was also making her heavily attached to me. Even though she said she was happy with our open relationship, I knew she wanted something exclusive.



In February 2011 I was well into my bank overdraft, having spent lots of my wages on dates and drinks. My daygame was starting to get expensive, and I was down to my last few pounds. The Slovak girl texted to say that the family she lived with were going away for the weekend to France, and asked if I wanted to come and stay over.

A few hours later I found myself in a luxurious Gloucester Road flat, lying on the sofa in front of a ridiculously sized tv, eating fine food from their fridge and watching a film with her . Later I had a bath in their immaculate shiny bathroom, and slept over in her large white bed. It was all so surreal. I was living the life of a celebrity – pretty girl, amazing house – without a pound to my name. Daygame was certainly getting extraordinary.

## ***Topshop French Girl***

One afternoon Antony and I tried some shop daygame in *Topshop*, Oxford Circus – a store brimming with girls. The social pressure is higher when you're going direct in a shop, so you have to be extra calibrated, call out any awkwardness and be extra cheeky.

I opened a cute girl who was looking at accessories. She looked very French – petite, dark hair and eyes, delicate and feminine, just my type. The opener hit well and she chatted about being a nanny, learning English, feeling lost in London and missing France. I number closed her quickly as she said she was in a rush, and left the store with the security guards watching Antony and I.

A few days later I met her for a quick afternoon date, as we were both busy with work, and had a coffee in Joe and the Juice. She hooked on some of the sexual spikes I was using that Beckster had taught me, and told me that she was in London for “*crazy adventures*.” There were big green lights, so I left the date happy.

Our second date was in London Bridge near where she lived. I took her to an old Dickensian pub just off Borough High Street. She loved it when I awarded points for her good behaviour and took them away when she slipped up. We joked about the whole sheep-shagging thing in Wales (a good sexual spike) and she told me how in Brittany they said they fucked pigs with curly dicks.

I went into my big speech about why London was cool because it was so “*anonymous*” and “*non-judgmental*” which she loved. We spoke about the British attitude to sex and she was fascinated by it.



I took her on the *Clipper* boat going west back towards Embankment and we were kissing at the back of the boat almost straight away. She was very passionate, pressing herself into me, which I took to be another big green light for the bounce home.

As I walked her from Embankment to Waterloo station, I talked comfort fluff to keep her logical mind occupied. When she asked “*where are we going?*” I said “*Paris – to see the Eiffel Tower,*” and she laughed and was fine with that.

Rather than cooking we grabbed some take-away food as it was getting late. I asked her what she’d like from the menu and she said those magical French words: “*as you want.*”

We took the food to my house and went straight up to my room. On the bed we made out heavily, and within a few minutes we were fucking, her still in her dress, so feminine and free. The food remained uneaten.

I loved the French attitude to sex – they had class, style, were sexually open and didn’t play games. It was an amazing night of passion.

This French girl was to prove to be even more sexually open in the next few months, sleeping with Antony and me as a Male-Male-Female threesome, and sleeping with a Turkish girl and me as my first ever real Male-Female-Female threesome. Those stories come later.

## CHAPTER 15

### *Top Level Daygame*

Things were finally clicking into place with direct approaching of moving girls. I was doing hardly any indirect game, and no more seated game, so was concentrating on stopping faster, more attractive girls with the front stop and a compliment.

One Saturday I met up with Rami, who had fully made the switch to direct. He was like a new man, running off every few minutes and stopping beautiful girls in their tracks. No more waiting around the benches of Leicester Square or the steps of Trafalgar Square. We were now the true choosers rather than the chosen.

A friend of Rami's arrived who had never done direct stops before, and we offered to show him what we did in action. I warmed up by talking to two girls about to go into a clothes shop, number closing one of them in less than a minute. Straight after I closed a dancer coming out of a studio in Covent Garden, and then stopped a Russian girl who was with a guy on Carnaby Street:

*ME: (to the guy) Excuse me, is this your girlfriend?*

*GUY: Erm, no...*

*ME: Cool (to the girl) I just saw you walking past and I think you look really nice*

*GIRL: Oh thanks!*

It was a risky set, but it paid off. The beautiful Russian girl was amazed by the stop, and the poor guy with her just retreated into his shell and said nothing. I number closed her after a five minute conversation, with Rame and his friend watching and smiling. I was on fire.

Walking up Oxford Street, I closed another three girls one after the other. This had never happened before. My vibe was now totally on, and I was in a state of full flow. It felt like everything around me was blurred and I was floating above the pavement.

I left Rami and his friend to go and grab a coffee and head home, happy with my crop of numbers. In the coffee shop by Trafalgar Square I sat by the window, nursing my latte and reflecting on what a crazy day it had been. I was about to leave when an angry women, heavily intoxicated on something, burst into the store and started shouting racist rants. Everyone in the store waited for someone to do something to stop her, but no one did.

Without thinking I stood up and walked over to her, taking her by the wrist and leading her out of the shop. I walked back in and everyone clapped. The manager came over and thanked me, saying he had called the police and what I had done was brave.

It wasn't bravery. It was the fact that daygame had smashed so many of the social barriers that exist in our lives. I was a new person.

## ***Using Entourage Game***

I'd met another cute French girl coming out of the Apple Store in Covent Garden a few weeks previously, stopping her direct and number closing her. When we'd gone on the first date she was elusive and difficult, not opening up and investing. I was going to leave it at that, but I wanted to try something sneaky that Beckster had been using successfully for many years – entourage game.

Essentially it is about bringing different girls you've closed individually together, and letting the natural feminine jealousy do its work and have the girls fighting for your attention. Beckster did it a few times a week in high end clubs, but I wanted to try it on a small scale.

I invited the French girl out "*to go partying with my friends*" for a second date, and I also invited the Czech girl I had slept with after New Years. I told the Czech girl that it would also be "*partying with friends.*"

As I was waiting for the girls to arrive in Piccadilly Circus, I saw a pretty Spanish girl walking past towards the casino. With my AA for direct stops now gone, I ran up to her and opened with a compliment, then getting into a chat. She didn't give me her number as she had a boyfriend, so I said goodbye and turned back.

In my path was a girl glaring straight at me. For a split second I didn't know who she was, and then it clicked – she was an English girl I had stopped in Covent Garden at Christmas time and taken on two dates. She had just seen me do the same approach on another girl, and she was mad. I tried to explain what I was doing, but she was having none of it, storming off across Piccadilly Circus and shouting "*you fucking player!*"

Two minutes later I found both the French and Czech girl and introduced them to each other. Despite both of them being usually feisty, they were on their best behaviour (another amazing thing about entourage). I took them for a drink in a nearby cocktail bar called *Cocoon* and we all chatted casually. The French girl asked where my other friends were, and I said we'd "*meet them later in the next place.*"

Around 10pm I took the girls into *Jewel Bar* Piccadilly. It was a Friday night, so was busy and in full swing. The staff greeted me warmly (they remembered me from the night with Antony and Beckster) and gave us a table towards the back. We had another drink, and then the girls wanted to dance (they were behaving like pretend friends now) so I took them onto the dance floor.

Beckster had taught me a few basic salsa-like moves for elementary dance floor game, spinning girls, picking them up, basic foot steps. I was still terrible, but the couple of drinks and the two girls made me feel like a king. I paired the Czech girl up with a chumpy guy in a suit who was hovering around us, and she danced with him as I isolated the French girl next to the DJ booth and started making out with her.

The Czech girl kept coming up to see where we were, but each time we'd all just carry on dancing as a group and then I'd find another guy for the Czech girl. She got the message, and started making out with an Italian guy to see if it would make me jealous.

I took the French girl outside and got into a cab, making her pay the fare to her posh flat in Kilburn Park. She questioned everything all the way back, but I kept saying it would just be "*a drink for the road.*" In her bedroom we made out on the bed, and there was lots of LMR which I overcame with "*it's ok, I understand.*" At one point I did a classic old-school "freeze out" where escalation is stopped and you pretend to be bored. I checked night bus times to Wimbledon on her computer and went to put on my coat. She said I could stay over but we "*weren't going to have sex.*"

Ten minutes later I was fucking her from behind and she was moaning so loudly that a flatmate banged on the wall. In the morning I crept out, passing two guys in the kitchen who gave me looks of death as I put on my shoes and left.

## ***Classic Routines***

When you're starting out in Game, it's common to use some classic old school routines and games to spice up dates. They're only training wheels, and shouldn't be relied on. Neither are they magic or hypnotic. Once you get the idea of how and why they work, you can apply the principles (qualification, spiking, flirtation, girl-friendly topics) to your own conversations and ditch the routines themselves.

*NB: These descriptions are just a general overview of the routines and structures. Telling them in an elongated, flirty dramatic fashion is key, with lots of suspense and cheeky kino. They're not to be taken seriously, and are certainly nothing to do with real psychology.*

## ***Strawberry Fields***

*"Imagine you're driving along a beautiful country road and all around you are fields of strawberries. They look delicious and you really want some, so you stop the car.*

The problem is around the field is a fence. How tall is the fence?

Ok, you climb over the fence and stand in the field feeling really hungry. How many strawberries do you put in your mouth?

When you've finished eating, you go back over the fence and into your car, driving off and thinking about what you've just done. You remember that the field must belong to a farmer. How do you feel about what you've just done?"

Mock analysis:

Size of fence = her barrier to doing crazy things

Number of strawberries = how wild she is

Thoughts about the farmer = amount of remorse

## **Questions Game**

*“Ok, lets play the Questions Game to stop things getting boring. Do you think you’re fun enough to play?!”*

*Good. Now the rules are simple. We’ll take it in turn to ask each other a question. The questions can’t be dull, and you can’t ask the same question that the other person’s already asked. Each question can have a sub-question attached to find out a bit more about the answer you’ve given. And the final rule is that I go first!”*

Start on very plain topics (“*What’s your favourite place to go on vacation?*”) and gradually move up to questions about dating and sex, seeing how receptive she is and calibrating to it. Good questions to ask are:

- *When did you have your first boyfriend?*
- *What turns you on in a guy?*
- *What do you like about me?*
- *Where’s the craziest place you’ve ever had sex?*
- *Tell me one of your fantasies?*
- *When did you last have sex?*

Use this game with caution, as verbally escalating verbally on a date and then not pulling the trigger is a road to high flakes.



## **The Cube**

*“Imagine you’re driving down a straight road with no distractions either side and suddenly in front of the car you see a cube. Take a good look at it.*

*How big is the cube? Show me with your hands.*

*What colour is it? Tell me what the colour reminds you of.*

*Near your cube you spot a horse. Where is it in relation to the cube? Describe what it’s doing”*

### Mock analysis

Size of cube = size of her ego

Colour of cube = her personality type

Horse = symbolic of her relationships

## **Think Of A Number**

*“I’ll ask you a question, and I want you to think of the answer as quickly as possible, but don’t tell me. It’s your little secret. You mustn’t change your mind as well, as that would be cheating, and no one likes a cheat!”*

*“Ok. Look at me so I can see your eyes. Now....think of a number between 1 and 4. Hold that number in your head. Keep thinking of it intensely, keep looking at me.....the number you’re thinking of is.....3!”*

(90% of people choose the number three when asked this questions. It's all parody mind-reading, done in a cheeky manner, and NOT to be taken seriously. She should understand this too)

## ***Australian Flautist***

I was in a pub in South Kensington one night with Antony after some street daygame. We had met to talk about helping Beckster with a lecture he was due to give at Westminster University on Social Dynamics. Both Antony and I were going to give short talks before Beckster and we wanted to plan out our topics.

The pub was full, so we asked to share a table with a guy and a girl. They looked like they were on an informal date, as the body language was quite awkward and stiff. The guy was being classically needy – laughing at everything she said, leaning in and asking her a million questions. She was a cute brunette, mid twenties, from Australia. We could hear from the conversation that she was a professional flautist over in London to play with one of the biggest orchestras in London (which the guy was a member of).

I waited for a suitable time to enter the conversation, by asking to borrow a beer mat, and then went into attraction mode after befriending the guy. I teased her (to the shock of the guy) and she loved it, telling her she was a nerd and that I'd heard all about Aussie girls. She hooked when I revealed my knowledge of classical music, and then when the guy went to the toilet she gave me her number on a napkin. Under-the-radar game at its finest.

From the very first text she was heavily invested, writing long messages about how bored she was in rehearsals at the Royal Albert Hall. Rather than the usual few days of ping texts, I went straight for it and set up a date with her, arranging to meet by the *Nike Store* at Oxford Circus mid-afternoon the following day. I arrived 20 minutes late as I'd instant dated a beautiful Russian on Oxford Street, and when I got there she had left. I phoned her and was super cocky after

the instant date, persuading her to come and meet me later in Covent Garden. She accused me of being a “*time-waster*” and a “*selfish bastard*” but she loved being told what to do. The vibe of the first time I met her in the pub had to be maintained, as this was a girl looking for a powerful man.

I met her later in Covent Garden – she was late this time, so I popped into Marks and Spencer for a tea. If a girl is going to be more than a few minutes late, I text from another location nearby saying I’m there, so as not to be the chump waiting around for a high-maintenance girl. It makes the girl have to work to find you and qualifies her as to why she’s late. The Aussie girl had to sit there while I finished my tea, before we moved onto the *Punch and Judy* pub, and then Jewel.

There was lots of comfort as she told me about life as a musician, growing up in Oz and her dreams. I spiked it up with *Strawberry Fields*, teasing future projections and then a make out in the candlelit interior of *Jewel*.

We walked down to the Strand and jumped into a cab to mine, her giving me the usual “*where are we going?*” I told her we were heading “*to watch dolphins jump from my window*” and she slapped me playfully on the leg, fully aware of where we were heading.

On my bed after some Youtube music distraction she said we should go back out to another bar. I played the fool and stood up, saying it was a good idea, putting on my coat. She immediately changed her mind (proof that you should never logically try to talk a woman out of LMR) and said she’d like to stay, but we “*weren’t going to have sex.*” We got changed for bed, her borrowing one of my old t-shirts, and then the make-outs continued.

I used the signature Torero move of taking her hand and putting it on my hard dick under my boxers. She got to work enthusiastically, and I pushed her head down so she was giving me a great blowjob. After

I'd fingered her to near-orgasm, she asked me to go inside her and make her scream. I happily obliged. Music to my ears.

## ***Indoor Daygame***

Many guys who practice direct daygame learn the skillset just on the street, stopping moving girls, but don't apply it to other environments during the day. Students will often follow a girl to approach her, but when she goes into a shop or tube station they'll freeze up or assume she's vanished into a black hole.

It's certainly good to learn direct daygame on the streets first, as the concentration of hot girls is excellent for opening lots and not fearing awkwardness if it doesn't go to plan, as you and the girl can just walk away.

Indoor environments like shops, stations or cafes have a greater social pressure attached to them when opening directly as often girls are "cornered" and can't move away if the approach doesn't go well. They might be looking at clothes in a store, or sitting reading a book in a cafe. Other people are also around in the static environment who add to the pressure. Somewhere like a crowded bus or tube train are good examples.

The good news is that the daygame model that works on the street also works indoors, and in other non-pavement situations like bus stops or parks. The structure of the interaction is the same (Open-Stack-Vibe-Invest-Close). See the "London Daygame Model" section for more information.

However, the model has to be adapted to the environment you find yourself in. We call this being "socially intelligent." A library is going to have a different vibe to a gym for example.

It is the Open-Stack-Vibe parts, from where you approach the girl and get her to hook, that needs the most tweaking. As a rule of thumb, you need to be extra cheeky and playful when you approach, trying to use the situation around you as part of the observational statement, as well as just giving a compliment. Call out any potential awkwardness (the “Elephant in the Room”) to immediately diffuse it.

For example, if you wanted to approach a girl at a bus stop, you could start with:

*“Hey, I know you’re waiting for your bus, and I guess this is kind of random, but I just saw you and I think you look really nice”*

If you want to approach a stationary girl, or a girl who is “trapped” by her surroundings (e.g. she’s sitting on a bench) then give a time constraint as well to her so she knows you *“can’t stay long.”* For seated girls, crouch down to her eye level to deliver your opener so she doesn’t feel you’re too overbearing. Don’t just sit down next to her – that’s creepy. Wait for her to hook, then say to her:

*“Look, I’ve got a spare few minutes, I’m just waiting for friends, do you mind if I sit down?”*

For girls who you happen to be sitting next to (e.g. on a flight, or on a bus) then it’s more socially intelligent to begin indirectly by asking her something or going situational. You need to test the waters to see how responsive she is, as if it doesn’t go to plan then neither of you can leave. On public transport I’ll usually just ask her a bland question to open like:

*“Excuse me, do you know how long it takes to get to X?”*

I’ll then go into the assumption bridge as normal with some light teasing and banter to see if she hooks. If she doesn’t I’ll leave it. Remember that if she does hook from an indirect approach, it’s important to spike up the comfort at some point during the

conversation to let her know what you want. Once or twice is enough:

*“Your Spanish accent is really sexy, I like it.”*

If the girl is working in a shop or a bar then the approach has to be a lot more shotgun and under-the-radar. Strong eye contact, a powerful flirty vibe and some fast attraction through teasing is key after opening (situational or direct). Closing quickly and subtly is important (e.g. getting her to write her number on a napkin if she works in a coffee shop, or getting her to tell you her Facebook and writing it down when you leave the venue).



## ***18 Year Old Cat Jumper Girl***

I was on my usual evening stroll through Leicester Square one evening after work when I saw a creative indie girl walking passed dressed in a retro woolly cat jumper and holding an old camera. I ran up to her and told her I liked her style. She was 18 years old and from Hungary, doing her A-levels at a posh London school. From the start she came across as feisty, asking me what I wanted, how old I was, if I did this a lot etc. But her age was no match for some tight daygame, and soon she was asking me to walk with her as she grabbed a hot chocolate. She wouldn't give me her phone number, so we swapped Facebooks and split.

Her messages online were also feisty and well-written, and I was enjoying the banter and token resistance. Late one night that week I began chatting with her on Facebook:

*T: Miss L....*

*L: Umm, yeah?*

*T: Happy Tuesday to you*

*L: Thank you, how charming :D:D*

*T: Tell me the highlight of your rainy day...*

*L: My English teacher just announced that we'll have 'extra' lessons in the future after our normal ones at the end of the day when we are completely dead anyway...which is nice*

*T: Lucky girl : )*

*L: 4-5 periods of English, I'll get home around 5, Jesus :):) And you?*

*T: Nice to hear you're happy : )*

*L: Wait a minute, what do you teach? I can't remember that*

*T: Little people, aged 5 and 6...*

*L: :D:D*

*T: We did some samba, made chocolate cakes then read a story about a lonely tiger*

*L: "What do you teach" usually refers to a subject, not people....oh, so it is pre-school?*

*T: "What do you teach"....the noun can be a grade or a subject. Minus 5 points*

*L: We're not in Hogwarts!*

*T: Hang on, my flatmates are invading my room with the promise of wine....*

*L: Lucky*

*T: They asked if you're cool as well as pretty...*

*L: Too early to say..I'm pretty egotistic so for me I'm defo good enough :P:P*

*T: What's an interesting thing about you, apart from the cat jumper..? ; )*

*L: Um, I take good photos. Are you free on Thursday?*

*T: Thursday's a bit busy for me as I'm getting ready for New York next week....*

*L: Hate you*

*T:How about tomorrow night....?*

*L: Ok....tea or hot chocolate? x*

*T: Hot chocolate for sure....marshmallows?*

*L: I might have never eaten marshmallows..I'm 'eurotrash', you know ::(*

*T: That's self-deprecatingly delightful, I like a bit of Euro-Trash*

*L: Hahaha*

*T: Let's do Paul's Covent Garden, 7.30-ish*

*L: Fine*

*T: Maybe you'll have to wear the cat jumper for identification purposes ; )*

*L: No I won't I've told you a million times (actually once?) it's my mum's and it is the first time I've worn it and hopefully the last. However, I have American flag jeans*

*T: That's what I'm talking about : )*

*L: But thats all I can offer in terms of awkward clothing*

*T: Awkward is so underrated : )*

*L: Something more awkward is that my mum has American flag-jeans too but she bought them 20 years ago..so awkward :D:D*

*T:Ok, tomorrow it is, enjoy your English teacher's period punishments...*

L: *That's only Tuesdays :):) See you tomorrow...note that I might look NORMAL x*

T: *I won't take any points off, don't worry : ) Bye x*

I met her at Covent Garden tube and she was dressed up sexily in a short black dress and tights – she'd clearly made an effort. I got her to show me her tights and her heels, holding her leg as I pretended to see how tall she was. It was sexually charged from the off.

I took her to one of my favourite date locations, *Souk Medina*, just behind Covent Garden. Dark, mysterious, with incense wafting through the place and the sound of bells on the waitresses' skirts filling the air, it was hypnotic. The conversation was very sexual from the start – *Strawberry Fields*, horse dicks, past relationships. She was giving lots of green lights for the bounce home – I was surprised how quickly it was all happening. She asked how far away I lived, and that she'd like to "*relax.*"

Rather than dragging out the night and risking her buying temperature go down, I stopped a taxi as we came out and didn't comment on where we were going. She knew. In the wet window pains of the cab we drew dicks and giggled about her "*wanting so many strawberries.*"

Back at mine we grabbed a couple of beers and went up to my room. As soon as she sat on the bed she said "*we're not having sex.*" I replied "*I understand, it's ok, let's just relax*" and then we made out on the bed, getting heavier and heavier. I unzipped the fly on my jeans, just got my hard dick out, and put her hand on it. She needed to be told what to do, as she was so inexperienced. I stood up as she sat on the edge of the bed and told her to suck my dick. She'd never done it before, but loved it.

I stopped and pushed her onto the bed, pulling down her tights and fingering her for almost an hour, giving her both a clitoral and vaginal orgasm. She shuddered and dug her nails into my back as she came.

I reached for a condom, but she said no again to having sex. I tried to turn her on verbally by telling her that she made me so hard, and that I wanted to be inside her, but she said she couldn't as there was a boyfriend back in Hungary.

I told her to kneel on the floor as I put my dick in her mouth again. She sucked me off until I came, then we hugged on the bed before I walked her to the station and put her on a train back to central.

## ***Moving To Earls Court***

The amount of money I was spending on taxis from central to Wimbledon was getting crazy. The number of girls I was losing by them not wanting to come all the way back to mine was frustrating. I knew that to jump a level in my Game, I needed to move into Zone One, the most central part of London.

The only rooms I could find for rent in my budget were in Earls Court, near Antony, but ironically close to the posh areas of South Kensington, Chelsea and Notting Hill. In February 2011 I moved my things by cab into my new place and met my new housemates – an English guy and his Lithuanian girlfriend, plus an older Thai guy. In the next year they were going to witness me bring home over 40 girls. The location of the flat was perfect – it was very near Earls Court tube station and a night bus stop, it was on a busy shopping street and crucially a stone's throw away from two nice pubs and a bar.

Logistics, logistics, logistics. I can't stress them enough.

## ***Threesome With French Girl***

I was due to move into my new place on Saturday afternoon, but I had to move out of my old place in Wimbledon on Friday morning, so I booked a room in a cheap Earls Court hotel for the Friday night. I was arranged to see my French girl, and Antony and I had plans to try to have our first foursome with her and a German girl he was seeing. Because we had had the MMF threesome with the Polish girl, we knew how to do it again, and wanted to see if we could introduce the girls to each other and take it to the next level.

We couldn't go for it in Antony's place in Earls Court because of his flatmate, so we decided to try to get both girls into my hotel. I brought along an empty suitcase as a prop that we were going to say we had to "drop off" at the hotel after a few drinks elsewhere.

I met my French girl at the tube, and walked her to a pub across the road. I told her my friends would be joining us for a drink. Ten minutes later Antony came in with his cute skinny German girl, 19 years old, a girl he'd already been fucking for the past few weeks and who'd already met me. Crucially, my French girl had already met Antony with me for a quick chat in Soho a few days before, so there was already familiarity.

We all chatted and flirted, and Antony and I made sure we gave the girls enough space to chat and get to know each other. Both of us had asked the girls separately if they'd ever been with another girl, and both had said no but they'd be up for trying "*with the right one.*"

Without verbalising anything, we led and said we were going for drinks nearby. We all walked out of the pub and across the road to a supermarket, where we grabbed a pack of beers.

We walked ten minutes with them towards the hotel, me wheeling my suitcase and telling them the story of how I was moving to Earls Court tomorrow, and that I had a hotel for the night. The girls were fine with the fact that I had to *“drop my things off”* and were happy to come in and see my hotel room.

We all entered the room and sat on the bed, taking out the beers and starting to drink. The atmosphere suddenly became charged, as we all knew what was going to happen but we hadn't said anything. We laughed, joked and giggled to break the tension, but it refused to go away as the girls knew what we were about to do. I took my French girl and started making out heavily on the bed with her. She wanted me immediately, and soon I was on top of her. Out of the corner of my eye I could see Antony making out with his German girl. It all seemed to be on. I undid my girl's jeans and started fingering her. Antony tried the same with his, but she sat up and said she had to go. Her whole vibe was excited and saying she wanted to be adventurous, but she was nervous at the same time.

Out of character, Antony stopped escalating and agreed to walk her to her bus. They left together, leaving me and the French girl to strip off and start fucking on the bed. I was gutted that we'd lost our first foursome, but it was still amazing fucking mine hard on the big hotel bed. I knew Antony would be back in a few minutes, and the French girl knew it too, so the sex was extra exciting.

There was a knock at the door, and I stood up and opened it. Antony walked in and the French girl was still on the bed naked, her legs open. She knew what we were all going to do and was getting really turned on. I went back to her and she sucked my dick while Antony came over and started fingering her. He stripped off and started fucking her as she gave me an amazing deep blowjob.

I left her and Antony to it while I sat in the bathroom, reflecting on what a crazy night it had been. In only a year I'd gone from a shy,



inexperienced guy to one who was having wild times with his friend and sex on tap. That night I slept in my hotel bed a happy man.

## ***Logistics, Logistics, Logistics***

Aside from leading, the one huge thing that a seducer has in his control is logistics. Daygame has a lot of variables that you can't predict (a girl's mood, weather, interruptions etc) but logistics is in your hands.

I was always pretty obsessive when it came to getting my logistics right, as I knew how many times they'd been crucial in getting a lay. Here are some key things to consider:

- Knowing the location order for your dates (e.g. pub to bar to taxi to home)
- Checking out the venues before (familiarity, get to know staff, check seating is suitable)
- Knowing timings – when the venues shut, when the tube / bus stops, how long a taxi will take
- Having enough cash / knowing where cash machines are / knowing how much things will cost
- Making sure your house is ready to bring her back – tidy, correct lighting, alcohol ready, “props” that you've mentioned (pool table, shisha, guitar etc.), computer on with music playlist, condoms easily accessible

Leaving logistics to chance is a dangerous game to play, as a date that's gone well can be ruined by one logistical nightmare. Being in control of your logistics gives off an excellent vibe to the girl as well, showing her your leading abilities and your decisiveness.

## CHAPTER 16

### *Footballer From Kiss Close*

The first girl to christen my new bed (on the very first night I moved in, straight after the threesome adventure with Antony) was the women's Chelsea footballer who I'd kiss-closed in Piccadilly Circus three months previously. We'd set up lots of potential dates but she'd flaked every time. I wasn't surprised as kiss-closing in the day on the street is a very high risk strategy because of the buyers' remorse it generates.

Inspired by some text game that Beckster had shown me for getting girls out, I sent her an out-of-the-blue text after a few weeks of silence:

*"What's your opinion of strawberries?"*

She replied immediately: *"What's not to like?! Tasty and red, not a fan of the little seeds that get stuck between teeth though"*

I replied: *Suck off the seeds and spit them out as my grandmother said ; ) P.S Red or white wine?*

We got into a sexually charged text conversation, and agreed to meet on Saturday at *Souk Medina* in Covent Garden *"for lunch."* I was crossing my fingers she wouldn't flake like all the previous times.

As soon as we met it all flowed nicely. She was fun and flirty, and great at banter and sexual innuendos Beckster had encouraged me

to “reveal my cards” earlier on dates using cheeky sexual qualification and playing on words like “long,” “deep,” “hard” etc.

For example:

*HER: How was the meeting?*

*YOU: Let's just say it was long and hard, but I went deep into all possibilities ; - )*

With the right girl, a sprinkling of these sexual innuendos does wonders to break out of normal comfort chit-chat and show her your intentions. Beckster was the master of it, fractionating between rapport and seduction all the time using them. The delivery is everything – cheeky and flirtatious, not creepy or intense. When the girl clocks what you're doing and slaps you or goes red in protest, the key is to pretend you don't know what she's talking about, and then accuse her of having a dirty mind. Flipping the script in this playful manner works wonders, just like accusing the girl of everything girls normally accuse guys of. Saying these things playfully can rapidly move things in the right direction:

- *What are you doing to me?!*
- *Slow down...I've only just met you?!*
- *Are you always so forward?!*
- *I need trust, comfort and connection...all we have is lust!*
- *I don't put out on the first date..!*
- *Stop trying to seduce me with your eyes. I'm strong willed!*
- *You need to buy me a drink before hitting on me!*

We had some food in *Souk Medina*, and she revealed that she'd kept the rest of the day free for me, a very good sign. She'd even dressed up in a blue skirt and the red shoes she'd been wearing the day we met to look a bit more like Dorothy from *The Wizard of Oz* – our original joke when I met her. It reminded me of how girls remember very specific things about the initial interaction, and how

personalised, detailed observations about her can have long-lasting, powerful effects.

She was up for a jolly English afternoon of drinking, and I liked her spirit. We had cider in the *Blue Post* in China Town, then cocktails in *Oxygen Bar* Leicester Square. It was dead in there at 3pm so we sat right at the back and the make-out was straight forward.

A taxi didn't seem right mid-afternoon, so we jumped on the tube to go drink at a quirky coffee house / bar in Earls Court called *The Troubadour*. Only minutes from my new place, I was excited to find out that such a cool venue was in my area. It was a great "selling point" to get girls to come to Earls Court, as they always loved the fact that it had a history of rock'n'roll (Jimi Hendrix played there). As well as the coffee shop and bar upstairs, there was a basement venue for live music and a beautiful hidden beer garden at the back adorned with fairy lights.



After a drink in *The Troubadour* we headed back to mine so I could "show her my new place." The logistics of the flat were amazing. It was a stone's throw from the bar, and as you walked into the building through the communal lobby, my room was the first one you came to

after the front door. It seemed logical to go in and head straight for my room.

Another great thing about my place was that my room was only big enough for a double bed, a bedside cabinet and a wardrobe. There were no chairs to sit on, so girls had to sit on the bed with me. I made sure I had things in there as reasons to come back – my guitar, a shisha pipe, my laptop and lots of dvds.

We made out heavily on the bed and she gave some token LMR so as not to seem completely easy. The room was full of unpacked boxes and my belongings were all over the place. We were quite drunk, and I remember biting her neck and telling her *“you wouldn’t want me to fuck you hard would you?!”* She jumped on top of me and I told her: *“I’ll count to ten and then you have to be naked....take off your clothes!”*

She loved the domination, and soon she was sucking my dick. We fucked on the bed covered in piles of clothes and bedding, with her coming every thirty seconds, screaming and shouting my name. It was a great kick-off to many wild nights in that room.

## ***Beckster Adventures***

Antony and I were seeing more and more of Beckster, with him taking us under his wing and immersing us in the nightclubs and bars of London. We'd go to his house and drink tea, while he'd enthusiastically tell us about some new routine or a technique he'd tried out. There were boxes of scribbled notes from ten years worth of Game ideas he'd tried and tested, and his mobile would go off every few minutes with girls who wanted to be put on guest lists.

Beckster had tried pretty much all types of Game, from old school cheesy NLP and hypnosis to dance floor game and super direct escalation. What he was also famous for was Entourage Game, where he'd close girls quickly throughout the week when he was out and about in shops, pubs and bars, then invite them all to club nights he hosted in posh private members' clubs. From these nights he slept with truly stunning girls – the quality of which I'd not dated yet. Girls that I thought were only available to the rich and famous. Girls that you'd see on the cover of FHM or Playboy. He was known for taking home more than one girl and his "*only cock in the room*" parties where it would be just him and a house full of girls.

For each girl that he brought through the club's doors, he'd get paid by the club, as well as getting a free table and a bottle of spirits if there was a large enough group. Once in the club, Beckster would skillfully play Master of Ceremonies, hosting the table by pouring the girls drinks, keeping them entertained and letting the girls fight over him.

Logically you'd think that the girls would talk to each other about how they knew Beckster, then realise they'd all been picked up in the same way. But in reality this never happened – they all assumed they

were the only “new” girl there, and that he must just be a really sociable guy. With social proof and jealousy between the girls, Beckster’s Game went to ever more cunning levels.

Beckster invited us to some of the clubs where he hosted tables and asked us to bring along groups of girls Antony and I would number close during the day. It was a win-win partnership, as we had the daygame skills and Beckster ruled the night. For our first entourage experiment, I brought six girls and Antony brought five. We’d gone out a few days before and “party closed” groups of girls on the street, where we told them about the clubs and what we could offer them, instead of our usual solo number close.



*Antony, myself and a whole lotta love ;)*

We told the girls to meet us at Oxford Circus by TopShop at 10.30pm. It was a nervous few minutes waiting for the girls to all turn up, as the flake-rate for entourage was higher than normal dating. Slowly but surely the girls arrived in small groups, all dressed up to the max as the club we were going to was one of the poshest in London. Antony



and I had dressed up too, shifting from our usual daygame gear of jeans and boots to collars and shoes. Three of the girls from our group didn't turn up, so we stopped a group of four girls as we walked down Oxford street and persuaded them to join our glamorous group.

Social proof was through the roof – two guys and twelve girls all walking down the street towards the club with other guys just stopping and staring. We met Beckster at the door of the club where he was waiting with a group of other girls (most of them from Scandinavia) that he'd rounded up during the week. The bouncers knew Beckster very well, and waved us all through past security to meet the club's PR manager, who greeted us with open arms.

For the first time ever I saw how clubs really worked, and the "currency" they operated with – hot girls. It's not about the music, the DJ or the lights. It's all about how many pretty girls the club could get inside, which in turn attracted guys to come in. The guys paid on the door (over £15 for high-end clubs) and then tried to chat the girls up by buying them expensive drinks. Where the girls went, the guys (and money) followed. The PR manager loved Beckster and us as we were bringing them their most valuable resource. I couldn't believe I hadn't thought of this strategy for meeting girls before.

Even though the top clubs all had normal street promoters, they knew that guys with the ability to number close beautiful girls without the "promoter" sales pitch were gold.

The PR manager walked us through the plush interior of the club to the roped off VIP section at the back. We sat the girls down on the white couches and poured them vodka and juice from the free bottles in the ice bucket. On nearby tables sat footballers and musicians, draped in equally gorgeous women. Antony and I sat down with the girls and gave each other a wink. This was unbelievable – I had hated clubs all my life, and here I was with my friend living the rock star dream of a top club, free drinks and a massive pool of beautiful women.

After the drinks, people started moving down to the dance floor and enjoying the night. All that was left for Antony and I to do was to surreptitiously isolate the girls we liked to the bar and either escalate or number close. We didn't want to burn our bridges and take home the first girl that hooked, as we realised that there were plenty more from our table who we could try with.

Beckster was in his element – a man fully alive in the moment, with more than ten years under his belt at doing this. Like a magician he attracted the girls with cheeky comments and push-aways, getting them to chase him around the club where he'd dance with them, make out, number close and then push away some more. Beckster's fractionation was tight; it was the clearest demonstration of hot-and-cold I'd ever seen.

I could feel how uncalibrated I was to the whole club vibe – my dancing was terrible, I had to shout to talk to the girls (which meant me leaning in, always a bad sign) and I didn't know how to handle the other guys coming into the sets or the girls vanishing around the club. Antony was on more familiar territory, but it was still a shock to the senses after all our daygame and dating. The key was being non-reactive to everything that happened in the club, seeing it as one big illusion rather than taking anything seriously.

From March 2011 onwards we went out often with Beckster and hosted with him at his club nights. We were doing well at bringing big groups of girls and flirting with them, but our end game was weak when they'd disperse in the club after the drinks and be set upon by the guys with stronger night game. Beckster was cleaning up, as ever, and getting an endless stream of girls back to his who were of a quality that Antony and I hadn't matched.

Beckster was also pushing our comfort zones, taking us to bisexual bars in Soho where the vibe was immediately dirty and the girls were adventurous. Our favourite one was called *Freedom* – a heady mix of transvestites, gay, straight, with tacky disco balls, mirrors and poles

that everyone was welcome to dance on. Beckster showed us some ridiculously tight and fast escalation with the hottest girls, following his 2-20 minute style of sexual qualification, isolation and closing.

He also took us to his favourite high-end strip clubs where he specialised in closing the bitchiest of strippers under the noses of the security guards around the club. Antony and I learnt bucket loads just by watching his body language, the subtleties of his voice and gestures, and soaking up his conviction. It was true top-level game that was as enjoyable to watch as an peak athlete in his element.

Beckster was impressed with our skill to the point that he asked us to teach with him. We would take his clients out for some daygame and he'd take over for the night sessions. We also lectured with him when he gave talks on Game to various societies and groups. The first one we did was at the University of Westminster, where he'd been invited to speak on "Social Dynamics." Antony and I went on as the warm-up acts, giving some daygame tips before introducing Beckster. It was all so surreal – a year before we had been watching videos of him on the internet and reading about his adventures online. Now here we were in front of 200 people giving a talk on Game with the man himself. At the time we didn't realise he was also "gaming" us like a lot of interns he had to raise his status and get work done for free!

For the first time since I started my journey a year before, I felt like I'd reached a level where I was proud of my efforts. I'd put in hundreds of hours into this new skill set and it was paying off. My Oxford geeky ways of focussing obsessively on something to master it, like Antony's analytical mind, was the reason why results came fast. Nerdy dedication, drive and determination were the secrets to getting good quickly.

## ***Threesome With German Girl***

The German 18 year old student that had left the hotel when I'd been with my French girl and Antony was back for more. She texted Antony to say she wished she's stayed for the "*adventure*" and hinted at wanting to see him and I together soon. I added her on Facebook to build some connection over the week. She messaged me a few times, asking how my new flat was getting on. I told her she should come over with Antony to "*help me paint it*" and that I'd pay them with marshmallows and alcohol. She agreed, and Antony and I planned how we were going to lead.

The following weekend we all met in the Troubadour for a drink and some flirty comfort chat. It all seemed on, so we went straight back to my flat and into my room. Nothing was mentioned of the "painting" again. She seemed a little nervous, as it was clear what was about to happen, and she said she wasn't sure about staying as she had to go home to have dinner with her boyfriend. Seconds later she was making out with Antony, and then I made out with her as Antony fingered her and took off her jeans. She sucked him off while I opened her legs and fucked her. After a bit we swapped over and then I left Antony and her to it while I went downstairs into the kitchen. My flatmates couldn't believe what I told them had just happened upstairs, and I sat down and explained all about the last year's daygame adventures. They were all ears.

Antony came down with her a while later and we all sat around the kitchen table, our cheeks red and happy, eating ice-cream and making sure she was ok about what had just happened. She said she'd loved it, pushing her comfort zone and trying new things.

## ***When Too Much Game Ruins Your Game***

Every so often I'd go on a training day as part of my professional development as a teacher. Being a male primary teacher is quite a rare thing, so I'd often find myself on the courses surrounded by young attractive women who wanted to chat to me because of my token male presence.

Doing these "warm" approaches instead of the cold approach direct street pick up was a nice break, as you were already "pre-selected" by your job and had immediate commonalities of being in the same role. There was plausible deniability in talking about teaching with the women while at the same time flirting with them using eyes, voice and gentle teasing.

On one of the courses I met a young pretty teacher from another school called Rachel. I sat next to her for the whole day, slowly building up the sexual tension and flirting. She loved it, and I number closed her under the pretext of "*swapping teaching ideas.*" It was all so beautiful and not verbalised.

A few weeks later she came out with me to Soho. Antony and I had been combining our dates as an experiment, and because we enjoyed watching each other's skills. We were on a high since going out with Beckster, but enjoying the sexualised attraction material that we had learnt too much. Antony had brought along a stunning Spanish girl and I was with Rachel. We took them to Floridita for cocktails, and were way too "on." We neglected building any comfort and got off on being the "players," endlessly teasing them and dropping in sexual routines. Antony and I tried to beat each other's routines, throwing everything we had at them. We were trying to copy Beckster's conviction, but it was having the opposite effect.

We were blind to the fact that Beckster's attraction material was designed for noisy, flashy clubs and bars, just to attract the girl to the point where she would become invested. They were the night time equivalent of the front Stop. We missed the whole point that they weren't designed for dates, where girls who were already attracted to us just needed comfort and then seduction.

Both the Spanish girl and my girl, who had started the night really keen, gave us puzzled looks as Antony and I saw the whole thing as a joke. The Spanish girl got up and left as Antony took the sexual teasing too far, while mine asked if we were gay because of our "*weird energy*." She kissed me outside the bar, made an excuse, and then left, never texting me again.

We were over-gaming. We were too cocky. We were giving off a "PUA" vibe. We were too high on Beckster's material. It was starting to affect our daygame too, where we were starting to use routines again and make it too sexual. Even though the girls would enjoy it on the street, they were flaking and we were going backwards.

The pendulum had swung too far in the direction of being social. A lack of humility or realness was messing up our development.

## ***Less Is More***

Disregarding comfort and a girl's investment is a high-flake road to take for sure in direct daygame (at night it's easier to jump from attraction to seduction even though it usually triggers LMR or buyer's remorse). Think about it from the opposite perspective - if a confident woman were to stop you in the street and daygame you....

1. She stops you direct and compliments you....you feel a surge of attraction
2. She is funny / interesting for the first few minutes, and the attraction increases
3. She keeps talking, seeming eager to please you, and you start to wonder why she is being so needy and super keen. Is she desperate? Is there something wrong with her? Is she just a comedian who's super friendly to everyone? The attraction drops.
4. She takes your phone number, but you go home thinking about all of the questions above.

Now that way round is not going to happen, but it's a good way of thinking about why it doesn't work. It was the missing piece of the puzzle when Antony and I saw that the direct approach alone (if done well) is enough investment / value on your part. Then it's crucial to make her to invest by the "vacuum" you create through shutting up. Simple. We all know that we care about things more if we put some effort into them.

In indirect game (especially seated and slow) the comfort seems to come naturally, as the model is slightly flipped so the flow goes:

comfort -> attraction -> seduction (although the comfort and attraction are mixed if you're doing it right and spiking it up a bit).

What was so clear from watching others in action was the fact that in direct street game, the spark of attraction (a huge DHV for doing it well) is almost enough....it's at that point that the tables need to be flipped.

Dusting off my *Mystery Method* book, I found this quote:

*"It is a common mistake to think that attraction gets the girl. She must become invested in this interaction, and then rapport must be established. Attraction is useful - to bait her to investing. Other than that, attraction is but a vapour."*



## ***St Patricks Day 2011, Mini-Entourage***

On St Patricks Day 2011 I arranged to meet Antony and his friend to hit Trafalgar Square for some drunken shenanigans. As I walked to Earls Court tube station I stopped a tall blonde Latvian girl to warm up. She hooked instantaneously with big eyes and was up for a coffee in a cafe across the road. We sat down for a bit and she told me she'd literally just said goodbye to the guy she had been sharing a posh flat in Chelsea with for the last year. Their relationship was over – he was off to live in the south of France, and she was staying in his flat. She had been feeling really down, but she said that me complementing her on the street was “*magical.*” We took our coffees and walked towards Chelsea. Half of me was thinking to bounce her straight back to the house, but I didn't want to push it too hard and ruin it, so I number closed and headed into central to meet the guys.

We all warmed up and got into state by chatting to groups of girls in Trafalgar Square, who were there to watch the free music and get drunk. They were dressed in Paddy hats and up for the craic. There weren't many single girls around for proper daygame connections, so we decided to head up towards Covent Garden.

Walking in front of us I spotted a stunning blonde Barbie-like girl, tall, with a pink bag, and just as I was going to stop her she went into a McDonalds. As Antony and his friend were watching, I knew that I couldn't chicken out and ignore it. We all went in and pretended to queue behind her. I bit the bullet and tapped her on the arm, complementing her and teasing her about her Barbie style and eating junk food. She opened up immediately and loved it, telling me she was 18, from Lithuania and here alone to find a British university to study at.

We bounced her with us up to Soho and took her into *GAY* bar – a great place we had discovered for taking dates to automatically give them a sexual vibe, as the gay guys gave the place a really fun, adventurous vibe. As we sat down with our drinks the barrage of tests began. She was a bit of a princess and needed some teasing to stop her me-me-me behaviour. She was enjoying the verbal banter and we were all knocking back the beers.

Earlier I had texted my French girl (from the threesome with Antony) to see if she wanted to come out for some St Patrick's fun. In the bar my phone rang and it was her, saying she was around the corner. Without planning it, the power of mini-entourage was about to take hold again.

My French girl sat with me and the Lithuanian girl in the bar, both of them suddenly on their best behaviour and fighting for my attention. It was like a micro version of what we'd been doing with Beckster in the clubs. Every time the Lithuanian tried to test me again, I'd turn to the French girl and have some banter. Antony and his friend were next to us chatting to a group of girls who were with their gay friends, going in under-the-radar and stealing the girls off the guys.

We bounced everyone to *Strawberry Moons* bar on Regent Street and Antony phoned another girl he was seeing to increase the entourage effect. Antony and I went into the bathroom and chatted excitedly how we could do entourage on our own without the high-end nightclubs. We could control the variables, there were no complications, and we had the skills to do it. We had learnt our lesson about being stuck in attraction / entertainer mode, so toned down the Beckster lines and routines and replaced them with comfort and seduction.

Things were getting very on with my Lithuanian. She was steering the conversation towards sexual experiences, blow jobs and fantasies. Soon we were kissing, with the others pretending not to watch. The French girl was tired and made her excuses to leave, while I realised I

had to isolate my girl before the window of opportunity closed. I chatted to Antony and then got a taxi with her to Earls Court, saying we were going to “*watch a dvd.*” She happily agreed. On my bed we cuddled, made out some more, explored and I tried to take off her jeans. She said she was on her period and that she’d only ever slept with one guy, so needed to take things slowly. She wouldn’t touch my dick, and I could see that it was all too much for her, so I backed off. We watched the film, cuddling, then she had to get back to her hostel before the doors closed. I put her on a night bus, unsure if I’d over escalated or if I’d see her again.

## ***Latvian Girl***

I set up a date with the Latvian girl I'd met on the morning of St Patrick's day on my way to the tube. We had a drink in an Earls Court pub with Antony, an English girl he was with and another friend who was down from Bristol helping us build a website for Beckster. It was a nice bit of friendly banter and social proof, with the Latvian girl getting a chance to meet my friends and relax.

I took her for another drink to *O'Neills* pub, two minutes from my flat, and the vibe was sexual from the start. She was touchy, liked a small back massage, giggled, and then we made out in the corner of the pub. We held hands and walked out of the pub towards my flat.

I introduced her to my flatmates (they just shook their heads and smiled – three girls in a week) and then took her to my room. I was feeling sexually confident after all my recent adventures, so told her to sit on the bed, just unzipped my fly and got my hard cock out. Without saying anything, I just gave it to her and she started sucking me off. I've never heard a girl moan so loudly. I took her other hand and put it up her skirt so she was masturbating.

She gave some token LMR to me getting a condom, so I carried on fingering her and getting her to touch my dick. I used some anti-LMR statements and then went down on her, licking her out and making her cum. She told me to fuck her hard, and we had an hour of fantastic sex. After I came she wanted more and more, so I fingered her and then we masturbated in front of each other. She said she usually did it while watching porn, so I got the laptop and told her to put on her favourite clips. We then fucked more as we watched the screen; it was a first for me and a very liberating experience. No more did I see porn as a sad lonely thing to watch when you were

frustrated, but as a way to enhance a sexual experience with someone and be open to trying new things and feeling comfortable exploring your desires.

## CHAPTER 17

### *More Beckster Adventures*

The fun and frolics of night game with Beckster and Antony were pulling me in. I was doing less daygame and going out most nights to bars, clubs and casinos in the West End, getting home on the night bus at 3am and getting up for work at 7am. Teachers at school were noticing my tiredness and disheveled state, but I couldn't tell them what I was doing.

It felt like I was leading a Superman-like double life. Teaching children in the day, gaming in the evenings. I couldn't tell anyone about my out of school life and all of the crazy stories involved. Only a small circle of other daygamers knew about my adventures – I'd told my family I was doing some "life coaching" on the weekends and my old friends still thought of me as Tom The Nerd. Photos of Facebook of me at high-end clubs or with pretty girls raised their suspicions but I didn't tell them what was going on.

It reminded me of "21" - the true story of how MIT students in the States worked out a system for beating the casinos of Las Vegas at Blackjack - legally using mathematics and team work. Monday to Friday they'd live their geek-like existence studying in the Ivy League university, and on the weekend they'd secretly fly to Vegas to win big. The whole thing had to be a secret so their system would work undetected.

A couple of times I got in so late from sarging sessions with Beckster and Antony, I had to call in sick to work. One night in particular was

legendary – we had gone out the previous two nights, so state was high, and I was taking our new website designer out for some evening daygame. We stopped a couple of stunning girls on Carnaby Street and bounced them with the guy to a high end rooftop bar called Aqua. As we turned our backs on them to go and get drinks, they were poached by other PUAs in there (a classic night game problem) so we headed out to meet Beckster and Antony in *The Cock* pub behind Oxford Circus, our favourite gathering point. Inside the pub we opened big groups of girls and persuaded them to come to a club with us, and after half an hour we had over ten girls in our group.

Outside the pub I stopped two extremely hot girls all dressed up for a night out – they were from Riga, Latvia, and the hottest of the two looked like Paris Hilton. In front of Beckster, Antony, our friend and all the girls we had gathered, I closed them both and invited them to join us at the club. To my amazement they said they'd love to, as they didn't have solid plans.

That night we walked into the club with twelve girls, all of whom we had only met less than half an hour before. The manager was impressed, as were the guys paying their entrance fee at the door as we sailed past into the VIP section. Shallow validation, but still an achievement for someone who twelve months previously couldn't even set foot in a bar without terror taking hold.

In the club there was a special buzz with a bigger, flashier crowd than normal. The manager told us it was a special party night for *The Sun* newspaper's *Page Three* girls, so the whole place was full of glamour models and photographers. Antony and I sat at our table surrounded by girls. Beckster worked his usual magic and ended up taking home a super hot English girl. I number closed five beautiful girls (one of whom I slept with a few weeks later, see the report below), kissed three and took home an American girl from the group we'd met in the pub earlier, but who sadly gave massive LMR and left in the early hours. Antony had had more luck with another of the Americans back at his place.

## ***Black Girl From Maya***

One of the girls I closed in *Maya* was a hot black girl from the dance floor. She wasn't one of the girls we'd brought into the VIP area on our guest list, but I'd been trying some of Beckster's dance floor moves and just grabbed her as I walked past. I spun her round, did some salsa steps and then teased her about her heels stepping on my feet. We had a quick chat at the side of the dance floor by the DJ booth and then number closed fast, before she joined her friends again to dance. It seemed like a shot in the dark, but late that night as I was on the night bus home, I got a text from her:

*"Where are you?!"*

I told her I was at an *"after party"* but that she should behave and we'd catch up in the week. She replied straight away and said that would be good.

On Wednesday I met up with her in Leicester Square and took her to *The Blue Post* pub in Soho. We built comfort over a couple of ciders, then she said she was hungry so we went into China Town where we bumped into Rami out on a date. I couldn't work out if she was shy or not interested in the whole thing, as she seemed distant and wasn't responding to my usual spikes and banter. Our worlds were very different – she was a clubber, into fashion and hip-hop, and I was the first white guy she'd dated. She came from London and had a big social circle, so it wasn't the vibe of a dreamy visitor. At the end of the night I went for a kiss, to show my intentions as nothing else had hit, and she rejected it. I thought I wouldn't see her again, but just out of habit I sent her a text a few days later to try and set up a second date at mine.



To my amazement, she agreed to a “*cooking and dvd*” night at mine for the weekend. I told her: “*I’ll make the main course, you bring the dessert!*” It is a critical investment move, getting the girl to bring you something (preferably that she’s made) so that she won’t flake and has been thinking of you in the build up to the date.

She came over to mine and had made me a yoghurt cake, telling me it took her all afternoon and her mum had helped. We ate the food I’d cooked (or rather “heated up” - it was my usual low cost, low investment option of pasta and sauce from Marks & Spencer) and watched a dvd sitting on my bed. First we snuggled up next to each other then kissed. It was only a light one, nothing passionate, so I didn’t want to push it further. I was happy she’d shown she was into it, but still confused by her slight distance.

Our final date was arranged for meeting in South Kensington and going for a quick *Snog* frozen yoghurt (great date location) before going back to mine. As we walked she seemed totally distracted and not interested, so I thought I’d see how sexual I could verbally go just to test the waters. I told her she had amazing legs, and qualified her by asking if she kept fit in bed by lasting a long time during sex. She grinned and told me she was amazing. So it was shyness, not disinterest. Game on.

We went back to mine and sat on the bed making out. I used my anti-LMR lines as we cuddled, saying them before she could.

I used my classic move of putting her hand on my hard dick. She pretended she didn’t want it, so I said we should stop. She got heavier and started grinding against me. She accepted my dick a second time and started wanking me off. I put my hand up her skirt and pulled her knickers aside, finding out she was soaking. “*Do you have a condom?*” she said as I turned the lights off for a night of hard fucking.

## ***Going It Alone***

A few weeks later Beckster had to go to Finland to teach a bootcamp for the weekend, so he left Antony and I in charge of hosting at the usual Saturday club. Antony couldn't make it either as he had a solid date lined up, so I decided to see if I could do it myself. I started daygaming after lunch on the day and party-closing as many girls as I could. By the evening I had got nine girls to meet me at Oxford Circus – a group of Italians and some English. I'd told them all to dress to the max and I took them into the club as normal. By now I'd learnt the ropes of a table host – get all the girls in and meet the club manager, go to the VIP area, keep them all entertained and pour drinks, then check everyone was having a good time and dancing with them.

I was pleased with how it was all going, until the free drinks finished and the girls disbanded around the club to go and dance. Once again the vultures descended and I lost all of my girls to other, more experienced, guys who had dance floor game or sheer cockiness and conviction.

It was a bitter pill to swallow – I had daygamed the girls, brought them to the club, entertained them, and then lost them to the club. Logistics were much harder in this environment than on the street. I missed the simplicity of daygame, and the lack of pretence. Even though the posh club with free drinks was feeding my ego, I longed for the sunshine of the streets and the romance of building connections with girls on adventurous dates. Night game was just too fake for me, too much work, too unpredictable, with often no end results apart from a few flakey numbers and random make outs.

## ***Back To Daygame***

The late nights, the money I was spending on night game and the distractions of trying to run attraction routines and escalate too fast from clubs had tired me out. I wasn't hitting the streets for daygame like I had been for a year, and I was actually finding that my dates and lays were going down. I spoke to Antony about it, and he agreed that we should not get distracted from our goals – to meet, attract, sleep with and date the most beautiful girls in London. We should concentrate on one thing at a time, so we both decided to focus once again on perfecting direct street game.

We wrote down a specific list of things we wanted to achieve by the end of 2011. Here were some of mine:

- sleep with and date a model
- sleep with and date a stripper
- have a FFM threesome
- learn how to have regular street-to-bed bounce backs from daygame

By clearly defining our goals in black and white, giving them a time-limit and sharing them with each other (accountability) we were driving ourselves forward into taking action. Without clear goals then we realised we'd just stay in our comfort zones of stopping, number closing and dating girls who were cute but not what we'd dreamed of.

I was also being asked to help out on a few more weekend bootcamps for a daygame coaching company, and I was invited to speak at one of their publicity events on a topic I could choose.

In front of nearly 200 guys I took to the stage one Saturday lunchtime in a hotel conference room and gave a half hour talk on the importance of leading in daygame. I got a massive buzz from doing the talk, and it went down well. The audience liked it, and the company boss was happy, saying I should do more talks for them. It was the first time it occurred to me I could use the hard-earned skills I'd learnt as a school teacher to give talks on daygame and pass on my knowledge of the skillset. The boss's skill was building a business, mine was teaching daygame to others. It seemed a win-win situation.

## ***Daygame Lecturing***

A month later the company put on an elaborate three day event in the Charing Cross Hotel, London, in front of a live audience and a camera crew. Their instructors broke down, bit by bit, the early model for direct street game. The boss asked me to give two talks at the event – one on Leading like before, and a new one on Indoor Daygame. With the stage, the lights and the cameras, I was more nervous than at the last talk, but they went well and I enjoying being at the event with other infamous London daygamers.



## ***Teaching With Jon Matrix***

A month after the dust settled on the event, the boss phoned to say he'd like me to teach regularly on the weekend bootcamps. He didn't enjoy the teaching and wanted to work on the business so thought that myself and another successful daygamer called Jon Matrix could take over. To promote the upcoming bootcamps, he wanted to shoot a short promo film on a test bootcamp with some students who'd get coached for free in return for being on the film.

It was the first time that Jon and I had really met, even though I'd seen him on the streets with a few times, at the live events and heard about his skills. He was a good looking but quiet guy who lived off his online poker playing. It was hard to imagine that just two years previously he'd had little success with girls, preferring to immerse himself in the solitary world of poker instead of being social. He didn't like bars or clubs, and had decided to take a residential for a week to see if he could learn daygame.

Like Antony and I, Jon had a very focused, analytical mind that not only served him well when dedicating hours to learning professional poker, but meant that he dived into daygame full on and picked up the skillset very quickly through an almost obsessive amount of practice. He'd moved from Essex to London to get good, and in less than a year he was achieving amazing results with very beautiful girls. Behind the quiet exterior was a sharp guy with laser-sharp skills.

Jon had the advantage that he'd never read *The Game* and knew very little about old school routines and structures. He'd just learnt the London Daygame Model style from the beginning and kept it simple – calm, humble interactions with Jon's amplified attraction that was generated from a strong masculine vibe and sexual tension. He was

the opposite of the flashy PUA, and it was a revelation to me, especially after the months of razzle dazzle night game stuff I'd been trying.

I had more teaching experience than Jon because of my day job so took a more active role in the leading of the first few bootcamps, but we soon got into a rhythm of how we'd break up the teaching. Our different personalities worked well together, with my higher energy and banter useful to engage the students, while Jon used his calm, chilled vibe to focus the students and stop them from going into entertainer mode.

# CHAPTER 18

## *Russian Bounceback*

I'd been going out in the evenings after work alone with the sole intention of getting a bounce back lay – meeting a girl on the street, taking her for a drink, then taking her home with no texting or dates in between. It was a difficult thing to get right, as it needed smooth escalation and the right girl, so I was opening a lot and trying to take as many girls as I could for an instant date, one after the other. It was getting late and I was about to go home. Around 10pm I was walking back through Leicester Square to the tube when I saw a typically Russian looking girl, tall and blonde, walking slowly alone by the Casino. I stopped her directly and she enjoyed the compliment, but seemed suspicious as to what was going on. Magically, she told me she was looking for a pub.

I bounced her to *The Blue Post* and she immediately relaxed once she was inside. I ran my usual date model of comfort, spikes and intimacy, just accelerating the speed as I wanted to push it as far as I could go. I remember lots of eye fucking and early kino which she enjoyed.

She said she wanted to try cocktails so I took her to *Jewel Bar*, Piccadilly and sat with her at the back, where I felt the vibe switch to on. She asked me lots of questions about my family, so I showed her pictures on my phone which she loved. She wanted to go dancing so I took her to trashy *Zoo Bar*, which was pretty quiet as it was a Tuesday night. By this stage we were both getting a bit drunk, and the



make-out was easy. She told me to sit on a chair while she danced around me, in mock-stripper fashion, it was amazing. She was enjoying the dancing and music, so I didn't want to rush the final bounce to the taxi, even though I had work in the morning.

Around 1am we got outside and jumped into a cab. When she asked where we were going I used my usual line ("*To Paris, to see the Eiffel Tower by night!*") which she didn't question. As soon as we were in my room it was game over – an amazing blowjob and then three hours of great sex. She slept over and in the morning we walked to Earls Court tube, me going to work and her going back to her hotel.

My first real street-to-fuck bounce back in around three hours. I was a happy man that I'd run the whole dating model in one night and managed to sleep with a hot Russian girl without even getting her phone number.

## ***Bouncebacks***

Going for a “bounceback”, or a “same day lay”, means meeting a girl out and about and sleeping with her on the same day, with no break from meet to sex.

It sounds like the Holy Grail of daygame, as it skips all the texting and dating, leading to fast, efficient sex.

But like fast food there are downsides to speedy seduction:

- It filters for a specific type of girl. “High status” or “high value” girls with busy lives and big social circles are not likely to sleep with you directly from the street in their own cities. If it’s a model girlfriend you’re after from this, then forget it
- If you try to pull the trigger and over escalate on a girl who says no, then there’s a strong chance you won’t see her again (just like when kiss closing her on the street)
- As it’s all about fast sex, there’s a significant danger of real rapport and connection being skipped. Trying to make a girl your girlfriend after a bounceback is harder than if you’d been on a few dates with her before sex

However, if you’re suffering from the Mr Nice Guy syndrome and don’t have much experience escalating, always playing it safe, then bouncebacks are a great way to push your comfort zones and “run the train.” They’re also a good test of your leading skills.

## ***School Shenanigans***

Working at a primary school as one of the few males there, I was surrounded by female teachers, single mums and nannies (it was a posh area). It was all warm-approach Game, as I had big social proof as one of the teachers, so it was a nice contrast to cold-approach direct street game, where I was trying to create attraction out of nothing.

Over 2010 and 2011 I slept with four women that I'd met through school – two teachers, one single mum and one nanny.

The first teacher I hooked up with happened only a few months after starting at the school. She was a new teacher too, 22 years old, from England. We'd been out for after-work drinks with other staff in a pub down the road, she'd been sitting next to me touching my leg under the table, and at the end of the night we just started making out by the taxi rank in a drunken haze. We jumped in the same cab, to the cheers of other staff members, and ended up fucking at her house into the small hours.

The second teacher at school was on teacher-training in my classroom for a few months. She was a beautiful 20 year old still at university doing her teaching degree, and from the very first day there was sexual tension as she observed me teaching and I sat with her and gave her lesson ideas for when she'd be teaching.

We'd often stay late together, planning and marking, and then head to a local pub to have a drink. She had a boyfriend back in her home town, so there was always a logical barrier, which made the sexual tension stronger.

After a few months of heavy flirting, we went out one night to see a band playing in Putney. She brought her female flatmate along, who spotted the flirting and tried to keep her away from me by sitting between us. We enjoyed the band and then she suggested an “*after party*” at hers, which the friend wasn’t happy with. We got a night bus back to where she lived in Roehampton and all sat in the living room, waiting for her friend to go to bed. Finally I just stood up and said I wanted to see the her room. The friend gave us dagger eyes as we walked upstairs. Two minutes later she was on her knees sucking my cock, and then the whole house was shaking as we fucked into the night on her squeaky uni bed. It was really good, as there had been months of sexual tension and unspoken desire.

The third fuck was with a single mum who had been coming into school to help out with reading. I’d flirt with her in the staffroom and then tease her about her height as she sat on the small chairs with the kids listening to them read aloud. In the playground just before she left one afternoon I got her phone number out of sight of anyone else, saying we should have a drink, which she smiled at.

A week later we went into central London together, her child staying over at his dad’s house for the night. We hit the pubs around Covent Garden, and then walked down towards Mayfair and Green Park. Next to the park I kissed her and she suggested walking through there to Buckingham Palace. Against a tree in the park I fingered her and she wanked me off. By the Palace we jumped in a taxi to mine and fucked with no resistance.

The final fuck was the most exciting, with a Hungarian nanny from school who used to work as a stripper for motor racing before she came to the UK. 24 years old, long brunette hair, big tits, she stood out on the playground from all the other frumpy mums like a beacon. When I first arrived at the school I went over and chatted to her about Hungary, but she told me she had a boyfriend of 8 years that she lived with. I left it at that and forgot about her, except when I’d check her out in the playground after school if I saw her.

A year later the child she was looking after was in my class. I organised a class trip to one of the museums in London and asked for parent helpers. She put her name down, and so I spent the day chatting to her and the other mums who came to help. She seemed heavily invested, telling me how she wanted to go out more and explore London. We sat next to each other on the coach coming back, and I got her email address from her saying that I'd "*send her pictures*" from the trip. The script was already flipped, as she asked me a million questions and showed that she was sold on me already. She'd seen me in charge of kids, she'd known about me for a long time and so it was a very "warm" approach.

She replied to my first email almost immediately (no photos were sent!) and agreed to meeting "*for a coffee.*"

A few days later she came to Earls Court, where the coffee was forgotten about and we went for a beer in *O'Neils* pub. She poured her heart out about how her relationship was rocky and that the sex with her boyfriend was terrible. She had been checking out my Facebook profile in detail (a needy sign) and asked me lots of questions about my life and travels. I just leant back and let her game me.

I took her to another pub down the road, and soon we were making out. She said she wasn't coming to mine as it was "*too quick*" but after the drink I just carried on talking comfort whilst walking her to my door. "*Nothing's going to happen*" I said as she took off her shoes and came into my room.

Within five minutes we were fucking – she was super dirty, asking me to slap her and come on her face. I fucked her again and again, she never seemed to get tired of it, and her stripper moves were some of the sexiest I'd seen. Fucking her from behind and pulling her long hair while she wiggled her hips around my dick gave me a sensation when I came that I'd never had before. She liked to dominate, but for once I enjoyed it and let her play the teacher.

There were other near misses at school whilst I was working there – kissing one of the mums I'd met for a date in a pub, taking another supply teacher out and making out with her before she flew back to South Africa, kissing a teaching assistant in the stock cupboard of my classroom, but nothing as glorious as the Hungarian nanny.

## ***30 Minute Tube-To-Fuck***

I had been out with Antony in the West End bouncing two sets into pubs. We'd taken a couple of French girls to the *Punch and Judy* but nothing came of it, so we went for food in China Town and swapped stories of our recent successes and failures.

On the tube back to Earls Court from Piccadilly Circus I sat next to an Irish girl who was being chatted up by a big black guy in the seat the other side of her. Antony sat opposite us smiling, as he knew what was going to happen. The girl had been out drinking with friends and was pretty tipsy, heading home but in a happy vibe. I came into her conversation with the guy and bantered hard, teasing her and slapping her hand as a sexual spike. The guy gave up as she froze him out by talking to me, and he got off at the next station.

She started testing me by saying "*why should I talk to you?*" I replied with getting her to qualify herself. "*Tell me one interesting thing about you so I don't move seats.*" She bit on it and jumped through the hoop.

At Earls Court she luckily got off the tube with Antony and I and I suggested "*going for one last drink.*" Antony helped flip-the-script by saying that he was going home but telling me to call him "*if she tries to seduce you!*" which the girl laughed at.

It was gone midnight and I knew all the pubs and bars in the area were closed as it was mid-week, so I took a leap of faith and just started walking towards my flat. She asked where we were going, and I told her "*for a free drink first, before finding a bar.*"

There was a bit of resistance at the front door, but she came in and I told her to take her shoes off and be as quiet as she could so as not to wake my flatmates. When a girl takes her shoes off in your house, it's a good sign that she's staying for a while.

We poured a glass of wine each in the kitchen and then I took her up to my room. Immediately she said "*what are you expecting?*" I ran my usual anti-LMR lines that she should go, it was too fast, too crazy, and that she'd hijacked my brain.

She sat on the bed but still gave me lots of token LMR ("*I'm not that kind of girl,*" "*I need to go,*" "*I don't normally do this*") but made out with me easily. I just got my dick out which she sucked straight away. I fingered her and she asked if I had condoms. We fucked on the floor of my room as the bed was getting super squeaky from recent action.

After the sex she asked if we could be fuck buddies, as she'd been in London from Ireland for three years and hadn't found any guy who just wanted sex rather than a relationship. I happily agreed, putting her in a cab home and falling asleep with a smile on my face. About 30 minutes from meeting her on the tube to fucking her on the floor of my room. No more Mr Nice Guy – my end game skills of fast escalation were getting much better and my whole vibe was becoming far more masculine.



## ***Law of the Instrument***

There is an old law called the Law of the Instrument (or Golden Hammer) which states: "*if the only tool you have is the hammer, it is tempting to see everything as a nail.*" It's an over-reliance on a familiar tool. The opposite to this law is the saying "*the right tool for the job,*"....which is what is so important about daygame.

Game, especially daygame, should be as fluid as a stripper's waterbed. I don't like the concept of "only going direct" or "just getting fast lays." Mixing modes is what it's all about: you're walking down Oxford Street and you do a fast #close on a moving girl who's in a rush. You're in Starbucks and you do something situational on the waitress, getting her to scribble down her email on a napkin. Outside you then bump into a flyer girl and party close her on Facebook. You're sitting on the tube and you flirt with a girl indirectly for 20 minutes and then grab a coffee with her. You head home and stop a girl directly walking past you who catches your eye...

Direct...indirect...situational....slow.....fast.....why hold onto your screwdriver when you've got a whole tool belt to play with?!

## ***First FFM Threesome***

I was still seeing the French girl who I'd fucked with Antony, and the SDL Russian from Leicester Square. Both of them had told me that they liked girls and wanted to experiment.

I decided to do another entourage session at one of Beckster's club nights to bring them together, so I invited them both plus other girls that I was seeing at the time – the Czech girl from New Year and an English girl I had been sleeping with for a few weeks. I took the risk of it all going horribly wrong or something really fun happening.

Beckster and Antony weren't at the club that week as they both had dates, so I arrived at the VIP table with four girls that I'd already fucked, plus two English university students we'd met at Oxford Circus and invited along. It was a surreal feeling – all the girls being super polite to each other, not daring to ask how I knew them, fighting for my attention and me dancing with all of them. I felt like a pimp, it was unreal. A high end club with free drinks, four girls I was fucking, plus other girls looking at me and wondering who I was.



*Four girls in the picture I'd already slept with. That night I'd have a threesome with two of them.*

On the dance floor through the light beams I suddenly saw Jon Matrix with a friend. It was the first time I'd seen Jon in a club and it was like an out-of-context mirage. His friend lived just across the road from the club on the other side of Oxford Street, and came to the club mainly with his flatmate who was also a club promoter like Beckster. I invited them to join us at the table, and pointed out the two English girls that they could have plus the Czech girl (it is a key rule of hosting a table that you make it clear which girls are yours and which are free for gaming). Jon's mate suggested bouncing them all back to his for a vodka/shisha after party, so I told the girls we were going. The English girl said she had to go home, so that left me with the French girl, the Russian girl and the Czech girl. Jon and his friend were already talking

to the two new English girls I'd added to the group, and the flatmate was talking to the Czech girl.

His place was only two minutes away, and soon we were all sitting in his living room sipping drinks and listening to music. Jon and his mate took the two English girls back to Jon's flat nearby and I signalled to the flatmate to take the Czech girl into his room. I sat with the Russian girl and the French girl, all of us aware of what was going on.

In turn I kissed each girl, and tried to make them kiss each other but the Russian wouldn't. I went back to kissing them individually, then got my dick out and let the French girl suck me off while I kissed the Russian. Then both of them sucked me off, but still wouldn't kiss each other. The Russian stopped and said she was worried someone would come in. I tried to tell her that no one would, but she was bothered about the Czech girl coming back. *"Let's go to yours, it's better"* she said, so we all grabbed our coats and jumped into a taxi outside. I was like a child on Christmas morning about to open his presents, it was all so unreal.

Back at mine we comfort talked in the kitchen a bit to take the awkwardness off the situation, then I remembered from Antony (who had had FFM threesomes before) that I had to lead like mad. I asked the girls in turn what they liked about each other, and then told them to try salsa dancing together. They were all giggles and nervous energy, so I turned the main light off and told them to kiss, which they did. I came in and had my first three-way make out, then took them both by the hand and went upstairs. The Russian was still more nervous than the French girl, who was good to go, so I undressed the Russian first and started fucking her, with the French girl helping me to open her legs, kiss her tits and make out with her. Then I told the French girl to undress, and she went down on the Russian and from there on in it was game over. The girls got really into it, as I stood and put my dick in each of their mouths while they fucked each other. It was a glorious entanglement of warm bodies and mouths as I fucked each one of them from behind and we all rolled around taking it in turns to pleasure

each other. Before I came I told them to kneel on the floor with their mouths open, then I shot my load on both their faces fulfilling a true porn ambition.

Immediately the bubble burst and the Russian showed buyers' remorse. She hastily put on her clothes and said she wanted a taxi back to her hotel as it was "*too crazy.*" The French girl slept over and we fucked again in the morning, still smelling of the Russian.

## ***Trip To Lithuania***



*She's the one on the right*

I'd been speaking to the hot Lithuanian girl I'd met on St Patrick's day for a few weeks every day on Skype, and it was clear that things were on. She wasn't coming back to London for at least six months, so I decided to take a trip over to Vilnius in Lithuania to see her and try some daygame.

Lots of the really hot girls I'd met in London had been from either Scandinavia, Russia or the Baltic States (Estonia, Latvia or Lithuania) so I had high hopes for some stunning closes.

On the aeroplane I sat next to a hot 17 year old Latvian model who was flying home after studying English in London. I opened her indirectly ("*what time does the plane land?*") and slowly over two hours cranked up the Game. It was like being on a date – I ran the

usual structure from comfort to intimacy, until it was time for landing and she suggested we swap numbers and Facebooks before I'd even said anything. A promising start.

I got into Vilnius quite late and went straight to the hotel near the Old Town. It was like Prague – quite small, medieval and very beautiful. I went into a pub to warm up and came across an English stag party all dressed as nuns, so quickly drank my beer and left, feeling embarrassed to be British.

I'd been texting the Lithuanian girl and in the last few days she seemed to have been getting cold feet about seeing me again, as she told me to "*not presume anything will happen.*" She also said she was out that night with friends and would call me when she was done.

I knew I had to build a group of friends fast, as I didn't want her turning up and finding me alone in a bar waiting for her. I wanted to seem busy and create some mini entourage. As I walked past one bar I heard some people outside speaking English in a foreign accent. I asked them what the occasion was, and they told me it was a *CouchSurfing* meet up party for international backpackers – thank the lord!

I went in and socialised with lots of people. The energy was fun and it was easy to banter and run attraction material on groups of girls. I was quickly accepted into the party and by the time the Lithuanian girl turned up with her friends, I looked like I had known the other people in the bar for years. I could see how jealous the Lithuanian girl was immediately, as I was surrounded by girls from Germany, France and the Netherlands, all chatting away happily.

No longer was I a Billy-no-mates in a new city waiting for a girl who might flake, but a sociable guy in a party with lots of possibilities. I had learnt my bar skills from Antony and Beckster, and was so grateful that they worked even in a city where you're totally new.

The Lithuanian kept trying to pull me away to spend time with me, but I just played it cool and flipped-the-script as much as I could by seeming neutral and getting her to invest. She bought me drinks, got rid of her friends, and then physically pulled me out of the bar to go *“somewhere else.”* The beauty of entourage game.

We went to a cocktail bar, rebuilt the comfort and intimacy we’d had that night in London, and then took a taxi back to the hotel. There was no LMR as I fucked her on the bed and she gave me the first blowjob of her life.

The next day she wanted to hang out together, but I was up for trying some daygame, so I said I had a *“meeting”* to go to but I’d call her later.

I hit the main street of Vilnius – wide and slow moving, totally different from Oxford Street, and full of hotter girls. It was like fish in a barrel. In total I spoke to 12 girls, which got me 9 phone numbers and four instant dates (three of them back to back in the same coffee shop!). Hooking them into conversation was so much easier than the usual ploughing mission in London. I opened with something simple:

*“Excuse me....how good is your English? I saw you and I wanted to give you a compliment. I think you look very nice. You have a very \_\_\_\_\_ look”*

That was usually enough for the girls to open up and ask me lots of questions. It was so new for them, and so exciting. Plus they were much hotter too.

I went back to the hotel late afternoon and went for pizza and a walk with the Lithuanian girl. She was looking for a boyfriend, and I told her that I wasn’t in the right place for a relationship at the moment. She had to get the bus back to her town nearby, and we kissed and said goodbye as darkness fell.



I hit the main street again to carry on gaming. There was a girl sitting on a bench reading a book of poems, looking very dreamy. I complimented her and sat down for twenty minutes, then bounced her to a nearby cellar bar.

Together, we formed a beautiful dating bubble around us and the kiss was one of the most romantic ever – by candlelight in an old wine cellar with a bohemian girl I'd just met. She said she had to get going to catch her bus home, so I said we'd walk towards where she was going.

Luckily, the bus stop was on the same road as my hotel. We walked hand in hand and when I suggested she come in so I could "*show her the photos on my camera*" she surprisingly agreed straight away. Ten minutes later we were fucking on the hotel bed that was still messed up from sleeping with the Lithuanian girl the night before. I quickly hid the condom wrappers scattered around the bathroom and fucked her in the shower too. She missed the last bus home so I put her in a taxi and kissed her goodbye. The following morning I caught my flight home.

Lithuania was really a very (re)productive trip!

## ***Around The World In 80 Lays***

Well, not quite 80 lays, but my daygame adventures have given me notch flags from 39 countries:

*Australia, Austria, Belarus, Brazil, Bulgaria, Canada, Chile, China, Czech Republic, France, Great Britain, Greece, Hungary, India, Ireland, Italy, Jamaica, Japan, Latvia, Lithuania, Macedonia, Mexico, Netherlands, New Zealand, Norway, Philippines, Poland, Romania, Russia, Serbia, Slovakia, South Africa, Sri Lanka, Sweden, Switzerland, Thailand, Turkey, Ukraine, USA*

## ***Our Own Club Night***

Antony and I were keen to try hosting a table at our own club night. We realised we were losing a lot of the girls we'd bring to clubs from daygame to other guys in the club who were out to effectively poach girls from the table. We rang round a few clubs in London asking about the possibility of free tables/drinks in exchange for bringing girls, and chose *Mahiki* in Mayfair for Wednesday nights.

We liked the club because it was high-end but not try hard, and it had a relaxed vibe about it with a jungle theme, lots of sofas and little booths, a cheesy dance floor and "treasure chests" of free alcohol if we brought more than ten girls.

I set up a locked Facebook group where we could promote the events to the girls we were party closing during the day, then Antony and I hit the streets to get some girls for our opening night.

I struck gold and found a German girl who wanted to bring nine friends along, and Antony had a date he was bringing who was going to bring a whole group of friends too. To really make an impact with the club's manager, we wanted to be sure we had lots of girls, so we hit Piccadilly Circus at 9pm on Wednesday and opened big groups of girls who looked already dressed up to go out. We opened them in the usual daygame way, and then transitioned into persuading them to come to the club with us. We didn't want to seem like promoters, so the daygame Open and Stack phases worked well by stopping them from the front, giving them a compliment and building attraction through assumption stories with teasing.

I opened what looked like a group of 4 girls, who turned out to be a gaggle of 11, next to McDonalds in Leicester Square, the biggest set

I'd ever spoken to. Antony came in and we entertained them all with super high energy, number closing the leader who said they were just going for a drink and then would meet us outside the club at 10.30pm. We couldn't believe that the technique of hosting and party closing worked so well.

Antony closed two German girls outside HMV and got them to come with us straight away as we headed to meet the other girls outside *Jewel Bar* in Piccadilly. It was unreal – there were over 15 girls waiting for us, and the door supervisor's face lit up as we all packed into the bar for a warm up drink.

We were in super high spirits, as we were proud of so many girls gathered together for entourage. The pre-selection was crazy, and it felt like a private house party where everybody chatted to everybody else without any kind of cold-approach vibe.

We walked the whole group up towards *Mahiki*, losing two girls on the way but gaining another three who we literally swept up as we walked along Mayfair. They were journalists who had just been to a bar and were looking to fun. Never had I been out with so many girls.

The manager of *Mahiki* grinned from ear to ear as we checked each girl on the list: 17 in total, plus me and Antony. Not a bad session of party closing daygame (we were paid £6 per girl, so it was a nice bit of pocket money too!). The big group from McDonalds never came, but it didn't matter. The club's manager was impressed. She led us to two big tables next to the dance floor downstairs and the waiter brought along two big Treasure Chests of cocktails with straws for everybody to drink from.

Antony and I had learnt lessons from all our nights with Beckster hosting at tables. It wasn't good to be the dancing monkey type entertainer, trying to keep the girls happy all at once. It was far better to maintain tension by pouring the drinks (always keeping control of the bottle, never giving it to guests) and letting the girls come to you.

Chasing them around the club was the worst thing, as you just had to trust the power of entourage to do the work for you. Less game was much better.

Out of all the girls, the group of three English journalists that we'd gathered along the way to the club were the ones that hovered around me the most. I wanted one of the German girls Antony had picked up, and he said to go for it, but I came on too strong on the dance floor, tried to kiss one and she freaked. I went back to the table, flirted with one of the journalists who was a cute brunette with an amazing body, and took her to the dance floor. The other two danced nearby, sometimes trying to pull their friend away from me to dance with her (classic obstacle night game behaviour) but she really liked me, and we did some dirty dance moves and held each other tight.

I made out with her next to the dj booth and then told her we should *"go and get some air"* upstairs. She wanted to smoke, so I told her to get her coat and bag. Outside the club we were all over each other, and making out heavily instead of smoking. I went direct and asked if we were going to hers or mine. She said hers, but she had to tell her friends. She went back into the club, and came outside a few minutes later having ditched them in style. We jumped in a cab to Lewisham where she lived (she paid the £35 fee!) and she told me all about being a financial journalist in the City of London. Half way back she spotted a petrol station and asked me if we needed to *"stop off for condoms"* as she didn't have any at home. I told her I had some, and she relaxed. It was a rare case of the girl managing the logistics and being completely open about going to fuck.

I fucked her hard and came all over her fake tits, then had an hour's sleep before scribbling down my number on a piece of paper, leaving it in the kitchen and then getting a train back to Wimbledon where I had to go to work wearing the same clothes and smelling of alcohol and perfume.

## ***Elephant In The Room***

Definition: *a metaphorical idiom for an obvious truth that is being ignored or goes unaddressed*

This is an underused but key concept in daygame that I defined, from helping girls hook to getting her into your bed. Time and time again when I'm teaching I remind students to "*say the elephant!*" to diffuse any social awkwardness and make the girl feel at ease.

Take a girl who's standing outside a train station looking at her phone. A less experienced daygamer might just approach as normal and hope for the best. A more experienced guy would call out the situation and start with:

*"Hey, I know you're waiting for someone, and I can't stay long, but I just saw you and had to say you look really nice..."*

A few years ago I went to see a stand-up comedian in central London. As he walked onto the stage, the whole crowd was transfixed on only one thing...the size of his nose. It was massive, a real Pinocchio job. Smartly, the guy immediately pointed at it and encouraged people to laugh. By calling it out as soon as possible he was diffusing a potentially tough round of heckling and using it to his advantage.

I use the "elephant trick" all the time in daygame, especially when there's added social pressure when I'm opening in cafes, shops, public transport and if the girl's seated or waiting. By saying what I see, I'm displaying my social intelligence and removing the awkwardness. I encourage students to do it on the street, if they're

nervous or run out of things to say. By admitting it to the girl, the power is kept in the student's hands.

I'll also do it on dates, if I do something clumsy or know that she's thinking about something like food between her teeth or the need to catch her bus. Even in the bedroom it works a treat if you say the "elephant" before she does....like it's all so fast, or so random, or that you haven't tidied up. If you don't bring stuff like this up, she might, which could pop the bubble.

Saying the "elephant" adds realism, spontaneity and vulnerability to your daygame arsenal; key ingredients for showing that you're not a robotic player but someone who realises that it's ok to be human.

## CHAPTER 19

### *Swedish Ritz Girl From Tube*

Coming back from date with a tough small Spanish girl in London Bridge around 11pm in early May 2011, I got the tube to Westminster and changed for the District Line back to Earls Court. On the platform was a beautiful tall brunette looking at the large tube map on the wall.

I opened indirectly as I didn't want to scare her and the platform was deserted:

*"Hey, sorry, do you know what time the trains stop running?"*

She was very open and bubbly, and from her accent I could tell she was Scandinavian. She was Swedish, 23 years old, worked in the Ritz hotel as a shift manager, had studied at an American school in Paris, and was one of the hottest girls I'd opened since beginning daygame. She was funny, clever, posh and had huge tits for her slim figure.

I hooked her with assumptions and then teased her and bantered to create attraction. We sat next to each other on the tube back to Earls Court and enjoyed some intellectual battling. I couldn't believe how hot she was, and how easy it was to talk to her. She was changing tubes at Earls Court to head down to Putney to meet her friends at a party, but she'd already told me she was late and that they were all drunk by now anyway. I suggested one *"quick drink"* in Earls Court together and she agreed, texting her friends that she wasn't coming. This was too good to be true.



Because it was a week day, the pubs around the tube station were all closed. We went to the local corner shop and I suggested buying some drinks, but she resisted saying she should go home. I walked her to my flat door and again she resisted, saying it was too random. I said to her: “*Come and meet my flatmates...at least come in for a quick cup of tea.*” This seemed to calm her fears and in she came.

After a cup of tea in the kitchen as promised (and my flatmates all in bed) I told her we needed to go upstairs as we were “*making too much noise.*” In my room we sat on the bed and had a deep discussion about her past, her ambitions and her passions. I tried to get her to lean back on the bed with me but she resisted, so I didn’t go for the kiss but just built lots of comfort and connection. No attraction material, no Game, just noticing her investment and vacuuming, as well as being as genuine and open with her as I could.

She wanted to walk together for a bit, so I went with her back outside and we chatted as I took her to a cab office nearby. She seemed keen to meet again – it was good that I hadn’t pulled the escalation trigger.

During the following week we had two late night phone calls with her where I concentrated on speaking slow and deep. She was about to go to bed (the best time to call a girl, as your voice will be the last thing she hears that night) and we built more rapport. We set up a date for the weekend.

On Saturday I’d spent the day in Oxford with a Russian girl I was dating, and met the Swedish girl just minutes after jumping off the bus back at Marble Arch. Straight away she was investing – chatting, qualifying, giggling. We tried to hire two of the Boris Bikes to ride around the park (great for bamboozling adventure) but the machines weren’t working so we walked through the park down to South Kensington. It was a beautiful blue sky sunny day and my vibe was strong after the trip to Oxford.

We built lots more comfort and connected over things like art, music and her travels. I spiked it up a bit talking about teaching sex education classes, her first kiss, her first boyfriend and the kind of guys she liked. In a classy South Kensington pub we had a couple of beers and I felt the vibe was on as she told me she wasn't working the following day. We crossed the road to my favourite cocktail bar in London, *Nam Long*, and both got tipsy while soaking up the eclectic vibe.

Outside as we walked to mine she put her arm around me and I went close as if to kiss her, then pulled back to tell her a story about Hugh Grant living nearby. She laughed.

At mine we sat on the bed like before I gave her back a massage. We put on the film *American Beauty* (one of my favourites) and kissed. She kissed back but I could feel a resistance. "*I don't normally do this,*" she said out of token LMR, "*you've done an amazing job at seducing me, normally it takes three months...you're like Casanova!*"

At first she wouldn't let me touch her, so I rolled off and carried on watching the film. A while later I went for it again, and she let me finger her as she grabbed my dick. I took off her jeans and pushed her legs open, fingering her hard and pulling off her knickers. I put a condom on and went inside her for a short while. Suddenly she pulled my dick out, got up and went to the bathroom. I thought it was over.

It was now around 11.30pm, so I told her she could stay over. Back in bed I rolled off again and continued with the film until it ended. We hugged, kissed, I fingered her more, she grabbed my dick and then I quickly put on a condom and went inside her again. She moaned so loudly, and it was so good because of the teasing, that I didn't last long. I could see she wanted to be fucked properly, so I waited a while to get hard again while licking her out and then went to fuck her again, but I'd run out of condoms. She flipped out and said I should be more prepared. Even offers of going to the local corner shop to get

some more were rejected. She fell asleep in a huff and by the morning she was gone.

I was frustrated that I'd not been able to fuck her properly because of her game playing, but happy to have seduced such a high-class, well connected beautiful Swedish girl.

## ***Do Nice Guys Finish Last?***

My fundamental problem when it came to girls, just like the majority of the students I teach, was being the “nice guy.” Our parents have done a fine job of making us polite, kind and caring people who don’t want to offend, don’t want to tread on toes, don’t want to speak up and don’t want to challenge.

For areas of your life like work, family, friends and hobbies, then you might be able to get away with being the “nice guy,” even if you don’t push for that promotion, don’t say “no” to your boss enough, don’t tell your friends you’re not happy with the plans or don’t let your dad know you’re upset with him.

With seduction however, the “*nice guy always finishes last.*” By “nice guy” I mean the Romantic Comedy version of a weak male – needy, supplicating, hiding emotion, indecisive, nervous, awkward, lacking intent.

The other elements of being the “nice guy” like building rapport, being a good listener, being thoughtful and so on are all fine, and shouldn’t be eliminated. They will serve a guy well especially on dates.

When girls say they love the “bad boy,” what they mean is that they love the biologically strong traits that signal an alpha male for successful genetic replication. Qualities like confidence, leadership, intent, outcome-independence, risk taking and sociability are all highly desirable.

What girls don’t want from the “bad boy” image is the rudeness, the abuse, the lack of connection.

So to be the most successful seducer possible, it's essential to combine the desired traits from both the "nice guy" and the "bad boy" to become irresistible.

*"You're the nicest bad boy I've ever fucked"* said the English dancer to me as we lay in bed. *"A hustler with heart."*

## ***Turkish Girl***

Back in March I'd stopped and instantly dated a stunning Turkish engineer who was in London for six months to study English. She was the spitting image of Penelope Cruz, my teenage fantasy - just my type. Dark hair, olive skin, deep dark eyes, slim and feminine. She'd loved the direct approach, but was tough to get out on a first date as she'd already told me about a childhood sweetheart boyfriend she had back in Turkey (a Premiership footballer for his country).

For our first date I took her on my classic "river adventure" on the *Clipper* boat down to Greenwich. She loved the adventure and London speeding by. Everything about her was feline and feminine – the way she moved, the way she smiled and turned away, her thick rich hair. I noticed that everywhere I went with her, girls and guys would stare. She had presence and grace, and was the hottest girl I'd ever been out with.

We climbed up the hill at Greenwich Park and lay in the sun looking out over Canary Wharf, the O2 arena and the Olympic Stadium in the distance. I felt completely content and alive. I rolled on my side so I was close to her and tried to kiss her, but she turned away. I knew her boyfriend was on her mind.

Out of the blue, she rolled closer to me and put my leg between her legs. She brushed her hand against my dick and smiled at me. It had come out of nowhere – she was very difficult to read, as one minute she'd push me away and act cold, then the next she'd be seducing me. Her hot-cold pattern was, I later realised, classic "10" behaviour, almost neurotic. It was this that was so attractive to guys – a girl with top level game, teasing but not putting out. I'd fallen into her trap, but I was hypnotised.

Our second date was for a quick beer in Covent Garden near her language school, where I took her to the *Punch and Judy* and enjoyed the sexual tension once again. I'd been thinking about the best way to seduce her since the first date, and had realised I needed to show her all attractive male personality types – the leader, the bad boy, the sensitive guy and the provider, in order to completely win her over. Over a couple of beers I opened up to her about my past and my family, and I could see she loved the deep rapport. We spoke about her hopes and dreams, and her pupils dilated as we built a strong connection. I purposefully didn't spike out of it as I wanted to build a solid foundation for the next date.

I knew our third date had to be seductive, where I dominated and showed my full intent. We started with a picnic in St James' Park, then I took her up to the secret rooftop bar of the *Trafalgar Hotel* with stunning views over central London. She was blown away and kissing her was easy, it was so cinematic. I suggested a DVD at mine, but she said her aunt who she was staying with (strict, religious and very protective) in Arnos Grove was away for a few days, so we could go back to hers.

While she went to the bathroom, the waiter of the rooftop bar came up to me and asked how I'd met her. "*She's stunning mate, well done!*" he winked as I joked that she was one of my wives. It was the first time I'd ever got a comment like that from a guy – ego massaging for sure, but so significant in repairing the damage done in secondary school through bullying.

On the long tube ride north to where she lived, there was some LMR from her about me coming back, so I assured her I'd "*only stay for a drink as I had to get up early for work in the morning.*"

Back at her aunt's place we sat in the cosy flat, spotlessly clean, put on a DVD and then made out heavily. She was really horny and unzipped my fly for me, giving me the best blowjob I'd ever had (and still have had), deep and wet. I kept looking down at her sucking my

cock while kneeling in front of me and I couldn't believe it – she was so hot and just my type. Once again daygame was providing me with a totally unreal experience.

I took her by the hand and led her into the main bedroom in the flat. She told me it was her aunt's room, but she was sleeping there while she was away. This made it feel even more wrong-but-right, knowing how protective her aunt was of her. Perfectly white bedding, a white rug on the floor. Things were about to get very dirty

We rolled around on the bed, but she'd told me she was a virgin and couldn't have sex before marriage. I pulled her tights and knickers off and licked her out on the floor until she screamed. She wouldn't let me finger her, so we switched to a 69 position and then I pushed my hard dick against her pussy lips. We mimed sex positions – me bending her over, picking her up, pushing her against the wall. Many times she'd almost let me go inside her, but then snap back to reality and say no.

Suddenly her mobile started ringing in the other room and she went to answer it. It was her boyfriend in Turkey, calling for his daily chat with her. She lied and told him she was studying and would call him later. Calmly she came back to the bedroom and carried on sucking my dick.

I noticed that she wanted me to put a finger in her arse, and I remembered what Antony had told me about Muslim girls being okay with anal sex, so I turned her over and pushed my dick inside. It was the first time I'd done anal, but she'd clearly done it before with her boyfriend and managed to orgasm from it. There was a bit of blood on the sheets when we'd finished, so she stripped the bedding and put it in the washing machine.

We went back into the lounge and she told me to sit on the sofa while she got changed into some clothes she'd bought the day before. Two minutes later she strutted into the room wearing red heels, tiny denim



shorts and a black lacy top. She danced around the living room and it was the hottest thing I'd ever seen.

We finished watching the DVD and then fell asleep in each other's arms on the sofa until 6am when I had to jump on the long tube ride back to central for work.

Over the next few months the Turkish girl and I had amazing adventures together – going to the markets of London, partying at high end clubs, going down to Brighton. More and more, she learnt about what I was doing with daygame, and rather than repulsing her it actually attracted her through jealousy. She'd endlessly criticise what I was doing but be drawn to me more because she realised I wasn't easy to pin down. Once again, attraction was created in the push.

I liked her spontaneity, her irrational outbursts and the make-ups, the drama and the moments of blissful calm. It was like dating a hurricane – exciting but exhausting.

The passionate days and nights we spent together in London were some of the most erotic moments I'd had. Twice she gave me blowjobs in public places – once in the toilets of *Cafe Nero* in Covent Garden when she was really horny, and once in the dark alcoves of the basement cocktail bar *Detroit*, with waiters feet away. She used the menu card to shield their view, unzipped my jeans and sucked me off as I drank my Martini. It was unreal and beautiful.

## ***How And Why To Fuck A Girl Properly***

When I had sex with the first few girls, I was terrible. Missionary position, doggie style if she was lucky. I'd last all of five minutes, ejaculating quickly through selfish excitement. Foreplay was skipped to get to the action, and I was blissfully unaware that I hadn't made her cum.

Having slept with over 100 girls, I can say with conviction that I've improved. A lot. No longer do I think of women as fragile, meek and mild creatures who need making love to on a bed of rose petals.

I've seen over and over again how women and men are actually very similar when it comes to sex. The seduction element might be different in a women's mind, but the biological needs and desires in the bedroom are the same. We're genetically programmed to fuck – there's nothing “dirty” or “wrong” about being horny, about wanting to orgasm as many times as possible.

Men are luckier in this respect. They can talk about sex like talking about drinking beer, whereas women have to hide their true thoughts on the matter (except with their closest friends who “won't judge them”). It comes down to upholding their social status and reproductive value – again an evolutionary fingerprint.

In recent years more and more women have felt liberated enough to express their thoughts in public on all things sexual. Read *Girl With A One Track Mind* or look at the popularity of *50 Shades Of Grey* to get an idea.

Women want sex. Women need sex. Women love sex. Most of the girls I've slept with have actually loved sex more than men. Once

they've dropped their Girl Next Door mask, they can go at it for hours, multiple times a day, wanting to cum as many times as possible.

If you want to improve your skills in the bedroom, start experimenting, little by little, pushing the comfort zone of you and your partner. Sleeping with older women is a great way to try different things, as they know how their body works.

Try some of these things:

- The golden rule is to make the girl orgasm as well as you, as many times as you can. Use your fingers and your tongue as well as your dick. Many girls can't cum from just your dick inside them, they need other stimulation too
- Fuck her with you on top, then let her go on top. Ride her from behind, pulling her hair back and putting your thumb in her mouth to suck
- Talk dirty to her. Start small ("*You make me so hard*") and build up to more ("*I want to cum inside you, in your pussy, in your mouth*")
- Fuck her against the wall, with her legs wrapped around you, or against a chair as she's bent over
- Fuck her on the floor, fuck her in the shower, fuck her in as many rooms of the house as you can
- Work out what makes her cum, then keep doing it. Ask her what feels good, get her to show you how she makes herself orgasm
- Fuck her in outdoor or risky locations (parks, an office, a toilet, a beach). Finger her under her clothes when you're out with her
- Slap her arse, spread her legs, be physical if she likes it
- Learn to make her squirt
- Ask her if she's ever wanted to sleep with a girl, or if she wants two guys to fuck her. Be the guy that fulfills her fantasies, not just talks about them. Watch porn together
- Take her to bisexual or fetish bars and clubs
- Fuck her in the arse (build up to it)

Once the sexual aspect of a relationship dies, then it's into Best Friend territory and a slippery slope towards break up. So be the guy who gives her the best sex she's ever had, and she'll always stick around.

## ***Eco Warrior Fuck***

I'd been daygaming down on the South Bank of the Thames outside the Royal Festival Hall, as a break from the busy streets of the West End and to enjoy some quieter, chilled vibes. Coming down the steps of the bridge was a pretty blonde girl, bohemian looking in her jumper, colourful tights, piercings and books she was carrying. As she walked along the riverside she smiled to herself whilst listening to music.

It was an easy direct approach as I ran around and accused her of being too happy and too cute for London. She giggled immediately and there was a sexual vibe from the start – she was from Germany, in her late 20s, living on a river boat up by Battersea Power Station. She was a true eco warrior, spending all her free time campaigning for Greenpeace and gardening at a local allotment. I'd never been attracted to real hippy-type girls, but she was very cute and had a real sparky character, so I thought I'd see where it would lead.

I took her for an instant date next to the Royal Festival Hall and she told me how much she'd enjoyed me stopping her, as that morning she'd been thinking of logging on to an internet dating site as it was "*so tricky to meet good guys in London*" We both made it obvious that we wanted to see each other again, and there and then planned our first date in the *Punch and Judy* pub in Covent Garden.

The date a few days later seemed one of the easiest on record. She arrived all excited and dressed up – her first date for a while, and we kissed after only ten minutes on the outdoor balcony while watching the street performers below. She commented that I'd been "*too smooth*" and I was hiding something behind a front. Once again a girl was telling me that she'd spotted my PUA mask, and she was right. I was still at a place where my dates were sounding mechanical and I

was enjoying the attraction phase too much because it was validating having someone fall for you so quickly.

I had to cut the date at around 10pm as I was hosting with Beckster at *Movida*, so I left her at the tube station thinking it would be an easy lay the next time. I texted her a few days later and – nothing. Silence.

After a week I texted and asked if she was “*still alive.*” She replied and said she’d only meet me again if I was myself, without the “*cocky front.*”

Our second date was all about comfort building and dropping the Game with her. I took her to Borough Market and we had a real conversation about life, happiness and passions. She’d cycled from where she worked, so to get back to central I rode her bike with her balancing on the back. We kissed at Embankment where I got the tube home.

The final date was in the *Troubadour* near mine. I had been in there a few hours earlier with the Slovak girl I was seeing, so the manager smiled as I came in with her and said “*long time no see!*” We sat in the garden at the back and the vibe was sexual straight away. Back at mine we cooked food and then it was a straightforward fuck with no LMR. She said as soon as she realised I was a “*normal guy*” when we were in Borough, she’d mentally decided she was going to sleep with me.

## ***Turkish Girl From 2-Set***

I'd been out all day in the sunny weather with another London daygamer called Krauser doing a marathon session of daygame. We'd started outside Buckingham Palace warming up on tourists, then moved to Oxford Street for some practice on the toughest girls. We headed down to dreamy Trafalgar Square for some early evening two set practice, almost ready to call it a day.

As Krauser went off the toilet, I spotted a two set of pretty Mediterranean looking girls over by the lions taking photos. I approached them, my energy buzzing from the day's momentum, and told them they looked nice, but teased them about the umbrella one of them was carrying. Both hooked, but one really strong, with wide eyes and a dizzy giggle.

Krauser arrived to chat to the other girl, and we happily bantered about where they were from (Turkey) and what they were doing (learning English in London for a few months). We accused them of being predictable tourists taking photos in a cliched part of London, and I kept swapping the word "*tourist*" for "*terrorist*" which they enjoyed.

After five minutes I suggested we go for "*one quick traditional English beer*" at a pub a few minutes away called *The Sherlock Holmes*. They happily agreed.

In the pub we split the conversation so that both Krauser and I were sitting next to the girls we liked and having comfort-based conversations. Mine was touchy-feely from the start, pushing up against my leg and touching my hand when she made a point. Her eyes were amazingly intense and we both bathed in the sub-

communication of what was happening. Without a word being said, we'd agreed to fuck, but logistics was getting in the way that evening as she was going to a bbq. Half an hour later both Krauser and I took their phone numbers and we split.

A few days later I met my Turkish girl at Marble Arch mid afternoon. She'd dressed up (always a good signal for the lay) and we had to abandon the planned bike riding adventure as the bike hire machine wasn't working. It was hot and sunny, so we walked through Hyde Park and found a tree to sit under. Straight away we were leaning on each other, and the escalation was easy. After some dreamy conversation, we were kissing and she said she was tired.

We walked down towards South Kensington where she brought up a time constraint and said she didn't have much time left. Looking back, I should have met her originally in Earls Court and just gone for it, but I didn't know that she was going to be so on. We got a tube back to mine and I knew I had to act fast, as she had to go in an hour. We went straight into my room, I told her to take her shoes off, put her hand on my dick, fingered her over her jeans and then inside her. She pulled off her trousers without me trying and asked if I had a condom. Magic words

It was a great fuck as she was hot, 21 years old and really horny. I fucked her twice, as I got hard again straight after cumming the first time – a rare thing for me. She told me that in Turkey it was not easy just to sleep with guys like that as there was so much heavy social conditioning, and that I'd been *“an amazing adventure, like a film!”*



## ***Street-To-Fuck With A Canadian***

After a day's school teaching I'd often have a few beers in the staffroom with the other male teachers and the caretaker to wind down. It had gone 5pm and we were a few beers down when my phone beeped. It was a text from a girl waiting at Covent Garden station for a date. I had forgotten about it so picked up my stuff and ran for the tube.

By the time I got into central she was gone, saying she couldn't have waited any longer. I was frustrated that I'd come all the way in for nothing, so decided to do some street game and push for another street-to-bed lay. It was pretty sunny and the evenings were long, so I knew I had a good few hours to push for it.

After a couple of warm up sets in Piccadilly I headed up Regent Street. Walking past me was a petite red-headed girl, 18 years old, carrying lots of shopping. She looked at me as she passed (a great excuse to approach) so I ran straight back and it was warm sparky energy straight away. She was French Canadian and I hooked her by talking about poutine (the Quebec fast food), the hipster scene and music. Her energy was perfect for daygame – chatty, open, adventurous. She'd just arrived in London alone and told me she had a hotel down by Waterloo. It was too good to be true. After a few minutes she said:

*“What are you doing now? We've got time for a coffee or a tea, no?!”*

She'd instant dated me – amazing. I could feel the sexual energy of her youth pouring through, she was so full of life and joyful. She showed me one of her bags and said she'd just been underwear shopping, a weakness of hers. The gods were smiling on me.

We went for bubble tea in Soho (a great date idea) and I played it cool as I knew the chance of a same day lay was high. I forced myself to seem distant, leave gaps and stop with the jokes, giving her a chance to invest. It worked – soon she was asking what time I had to get up in the morning and hinting at going out that night to explore the nightlife.

I knew all I had to do was chill out and lead like fuck - she was young and easily impressed. We got comfortable out of the way, then moved onto topics like tattoos, piercings, and a story about pandas fucking in London zoo. I did lots of kino from the start - inspecting her ear piercings, the old school London handshake, drawing on her leg. From the cafe I bounced her to *Graphic Bar* for beers and could see she was getting affected easily. I could have kissed her there but I didn't want the bubble to burst.

We sat on the sofa, close, and flipped between comfort and seduction. We talked about ex-boyfriends and crazy adventures. I could feel it was really on now - I just had to not fuck up. I told her about the gay area and some crazy bars - she was impressed that I was up for taking her to transvestite joints and gay bars. We walked through Soho and went into a sex shop together, her loving the kinky underwear. We went downstairs and looked at the dildos and she told me what she had and hadn't tried.

Next we went into *GAY Bar* and chilled out even more - long silences, a back massage, pulling her in, the normal intimacy stuff. It was easy to make out and it was full on, with loads of people around us making out too - guys, girls, the vibe was sexually charged. She was getting tipsy and I knew I had a window of opportunity. I took her down the back stairs of the club, pushed her up against wall, made out heavily, went to finger her, but she told me she was on her period. I said I still was going to fuck her anyway. She grinned.

After we went to the *Blue Post* pub (to be nearer the taxis for the final bounce), had social proof with the staff, drank another beer and it was

totally on - kissing, her touching my dick, so I knew I had to move fast.

We went outside to Leicester Square and hailed a cab. She asked where we were going and I said to her hotel - she just agreed. She was staying in a nice place over Westminster Bridge, next to Waterloo station.

Once past the reception desk we went straight up to her room and she immediately knelt on the floor and gave me a blowjob. I pulled off her jeans and got a towel from the bathroom. I picked her up, dropped her onto the bed, fucked her and came hard inside her, but soon got hard again and then we fucked for about 2 hours - all positions on the bed, on the floor, up against the wall, in the shower (really horny and hot), loads of bjs. I finally came again on her tits as she asked me what it was like to fuck someone "*thirteen years younger.*" There was blood all over the hotel bedding from her period – it looked like there'd been a murder.

We slept from 2.00am to 6.00am then I had to leave her sleeping as I walked over Westminster Bridge in all its sunshine morning glory to get the tube to Earls Court by 7.00am. A quick shower and a coffee later, I was on my way to work.

## ***Roleplay And The Power of Projection***

When it comes to seduction, girls don't want logic, they want emotions. The problem is that guys approach dating and daygame from a logical perspective, when really what they should be getting better at is seeing it from the female perspective.

A tool that works really well for the seducer is roleplay and future projection. In the Attraction phase of the model then you can create roles for the girl if you spot something about her – a spy, a pirate, a ninja etc. On dates you can cheekily create fantasy scenarios for both of you that solidifies the bubble between you – running away to Vegas, flying to the moon, getting married as Monroe and Elvis.

It's all about being playful and keeping the vibe light. Future projection also allows you to hint at doing things together in the future without sounding needy by making clingy concrete plans. Replace logic with lyricism.

## ***Summer Loving***

By June 2011 I was living in unreal sexual abundance. I had four girls that I was fucking regularly, and I was dating fourteen girls that I'd number closed from daygame (a French guitarist, a Polish waitress, a German nanny, a Turkish student, a Spanish bar girl, a Lithuanian student, a Russian shop assistant, a Romanian lawyer, two English girls, a Jamaican dancer, a French student, a Slovak nanny and an Italian librarian).

Every evening for two weeks I went on a date, rushing from school to Earls Court to get changed, then heading into central. Antony was dating in a similar fashion, and each night we'd call each other up to find out what had happened and to debrief. We were coming up with our own dating model through pure experimental trial and error – where to take girls, what to talk about, when to kiss, when to bounce, when to set up another date, when to pull the trigger, and how to keep them around. We'd come up with a consistent, reliable series of events that had a high success ratio for sleeping with girls we were getting out on dates.

No dating system has a 100% success rate, and in the summer of 2011 I realised that I was having my least success with English girls. For a whole cocktail of reasons they were very difficult to get into bed, or even get out on dates. They seemed to play more games, flake more, give huge LMR and tease beyond belief. Below are a few examples:

- a teacher who I met on a course. Heavy flirting over texts. Agreed to meet at Covent Garden for a date. She didn't show up. Never contacted me again

- a girl I stopped in Covent Garden. Dated her, kissed her, went back to her house, she'd strip but then tell me to leave. Happened three times so I quit
- a girl from a store in the West End. We made out on the first date, set up the second date for dinner at mine, but she never texted back
- a dance teacher who I stopped on the Strand. She came to give free dance lessons to kids at my school, we had two passionate dates, then texted we should "*be friends*" as her head was "*confused*"
- a girl who I stopped in the Tate Modern. I slept with her once, then she accused me of making holes in condoms and went psycho on me.

English girls seemed to be less sexually open, confused about what they wanted, masculine and the ones who liked to be in the driving seat when it came to dating. Antony saw a similar pattern and after a run of bad experiences we decided to stick to foreign girls on the whole.

## CHAPTER 20

### ***Cambridge University Bisexual Romanian***

Despite usually avoiding the motorway-like vibe of Oxford Street, always chaotic and frantic, I decided to push my comfort zones and do daygame there a few times a week after work for more foot traffic. Blowouts were harsher, but the concentration of hot girls was better.

Outside John Lewis department store I stopped a cute brunette, 20 years old, sparky and quick-witted. She was Romanian, studying law at Cambridge University and down here for “*adventures.*” Her fantastically dry humour was brilliant and we clicked straight away. I instant dated her to *Pret A Manger* coffee shop by Oxford Circus and she kept suggesting I was “*too good at this.*” She wanted to know if I was using “*persuasive techniques*” on her and asked me to teach her if I was. I played the fool and number closed her.

She didn't reply to my text and I worried that her suspicions had been aroused too much by the initial pick-up and instant date. However a few days later she sent a text back from a different number, saying: “*don't tell anyone..I'm glad it's you*” when I confirmed that it was my number

A good sign was that she texted me again asking to meet up on Saturday, when she was going to be down in London again. When a girl chases it's always a good frame. I bit the bullet and set it up for Earls Court in the *Troubadour*. She agreed straight away.

It was raining all day on Saturday so it was the perfect excuse to suggest going back to my house after the coffee nearby. She'd dressed up in a black skirt and top, and heavily invested as we drank our drinks. Both of us knew that we couldn't take long as she had to get back up to Cambridge, so we went straight to my flat, she met my flatmates, and then we went up to my room.

She was one of the few girls I'd slept with who literally just jumped me. I couldn't believe how horny this girl was. She told me about seeing five different guys and fucking two girls at her college. She was bisexual and very liberal in the bedroom, telling me how she didn't believe in the concept of monogamy and preferred older men who knew what they were doing.

After an hour of fucking we lay on the bed and out of character I told her everything about daygame, *The Game*, and how it all worked. She was genuinely fascinated and loved the psychology and evolutionary biology behind it. I couldn't believe my luck – a girl that was as horny and open as me, and who wanted to introduce me to her female friends.

I asked her when she knew she wanted to fuck me and she said it was straight away, because of our eye contact when we were talking. She said she would have been up for fucking there and then (*"in a café toilets"*) and was disappointed when I just took her number that day on Oxford Street as she was horny. Evidence, if I ever needed it, for pushing my boundaries.



## ***Fast Escalation Practice – June 2011***

Both Antony and I had had some fast street-to-fucks and we wanted to push things further to see what was possible in the day. He was a big fan of fast physical escalation at night, and we wanted to see how we could adapt it to daygame.

I met him at Notting Hill station and our vibe was strong from the beginning. We had clarity of intent – that we were going to try for fast street kiss closes and bounce a girl or girls as fast as possible. Both of us turned off our mobile phones to stop us number closing by default. We agreed on dropping all Beckster-style attraction, and just using strong eye contact and masculine presence to hook them quickly.

On Queensway I spotted a cute dreamy girl with a flower in her hair. She looked at me as she passed so I ran back and accused her of being straight out of a Gauguin painting. The hook was easy – she was 18, from Italy, here with her dad who was in a hotel nearby. Antony and I bounced her to a pub across the road where we drank a beer on the roof terrace. She told us about being in the Italian version of the *X-Factor* and our sexual spikes worked as her eyes widened and she gave us the “fuck me” stare.

In the bathroom Antony and I discussed what to do. We couldn't go back with her to the hotel, she'd said no to coming back to Earls Court, so we decided to take her to Hyde Park and see how far we could push it. It was a warm summer evening and the light was fading. We all walked down to the lake and sat underneath a tree. Antony spoke Italian with her to build comfort, then made out with her first. We switched and I made out with her, but the whole thing with two guys she'd just met was too much and she snapped back to her

logical mind and said she had to go. We took her back to the tube and left.

As we walked back from Notting Hill towards South Kensington, chatting happily about how easy it was to kiss the Italian, we saw two loud American girls, both hot, standing outside *Notting Hill Arts Club* smoking. They were dressed up for a party that was going on inside – one was wearing a leopard print top, the other a cowgirl shirt. Antony opened them indirectly by asking what party was happening, and we split the conversation two ways. I chatted to the cowgirl and within two minutes I was making out with her – she said it was on her “*to-do list to kiss a British guy.*” I looked over and Antony was making out with his. If you don’t ask, you don’t get.

We tried to bounce them back to Earls Court with us, but their friends were downstairs so we had to number close them and split.

Unsurprisingly, both the American girls and the Italian girl from the park flaked. Antony and I knew that fast escalation required going all the way. If you were going to pull the trigger, you had to pull it completely. Otherwise big buyers’ remorse kicked in and the girls would flake. Yet we’d proved to ourselves that so much of daygame was in our heads. If you had a strong aim and went for it, then crazy things could happen.

## ***Two Sets***

“Opening a two set” means going up and talking to two girls. Either you can do it by yourself, or you can bring in your wing to help.

Stopping two girls by yourself needs higher energy, a more playful tone and a longer Attraction Phase. The front Stop still works on two girls, but you should look at both of them and compliment them together. Compare and contrast them for your assumptions (tall / short, blonde / brunette, leader / follower, good girl / bad girl etc). Make assumptions about the one you like through the other girl to keep her occupied:

*“Does your friend always wear such dangerously high heels?!”*

Give stronger eye contact and flirtation to the one you like and want to close. Girls figure out what’s going on.

Talking to two girls with a wing means that one of you opens (see above) and when the compliment and assumptions have been delivered, your friend comes into the interaction and strikes up a conversation with the girl who’s not your target. The aim is to split the girls into two conversations.

Two-on-two is a great way to bounce them both on an instant date or home, especially evening daygame near pubs and bars.

There’s nothing quite like daygaming with your friend and taking two girls back to your house for fun. Real bonding!

## ***English Nanny***

I was out doing some posh daygame on the secret streets around High Street Kensington with Antony. Coming out of Waitrose was a girl just my type – petite, brunette, big eyes, very cute. She loved the direct stop and compliment, giving me a big smile. I told her she looked like a children’s TV presenter, maybe from Blue Peter, as she was so positive. She giggled and said she was studying to be a primary school teacher but at the moment was a nanny for a rich family in Earls Court. She was 19 years old and English, living in Exeter, but was here for the summer.

Her reply to my first text gave the game away – it was very long, full of questions, smileys and kisses – classic investment on her part. Even from the street approach I could sense that it was on, as there’d been a natural chemistry between us.

She went to France with the family she was a nanny for, and I was busy travelling and doing boot camps. We met up for a quick first date in Piccadilly Circus and I took her for bubble tea in a nearby park. We lay on the grass and built comfort, it all flowed nicely.

Our second date was in the quirky *Troubadour*. We drank tea in the garden and then walked around Brompton Cemetery in the summer sun. Her vibe was super friendly and bubbly, but she didn’t give off any sexual signs. I was confused – either she was shy and inexperienced, or I’d got it wrong and she wasn’t interested. On a bench I leant in for the kiss and she didn’t resist, it was beautiful. Light and delicate. Outside my house she said she wouldn’t come in as she had to get back to her nanny job, but that she’d like to come over for the DVD/cooking night I’d suggested “*another time.*”

A few nights later I met her at Earls Court Station and we went to grab a Thai take-away. She was still a little shy and nervous, so we had a quick drink in a pub to rebuild the connection. It was a warm summer night and she'd come wearing a dress – no tights, and I could feel a g-string as I put my arm around her to cross the road. All crucial signs that the lay was 100% on.

She told me about having a boyfriend at school, and sleeping with him and only one other guy (on a rooftop in Morocco in a hostel). She wasn't used to older men, and clearly had limited sexual experiences. In all other ways she was driven and confident – Head Girl at her school, top marks in her first year university exams, a very social girl with her phone going off every two minutes.

Back at mine we ate food on the bed and watched a DVD of *Friends*, her favourite show. We lay down, kissed, but she wasn't showing many signs of wanting me to escalate. I carried on kissing her, and realised she wasn't pushing me away, she just didn't know what to do. I took control and fingered her up her skirt (she was soaking wet), got my dick out and got her to give me a blow job. I went down on her and she moaned like crazy – she said nobody had ever done it before and she loved it. She also liked me talking dirty to her and biting her neck. We started fucking with me on top, then I showed her other positions and picked her up with her legs around my waist, fucking her against the window.

We slept together for the next three weeks, off and on, and each time the sex just got better. It was an amazing journey with her, taking her from shy nervous university student to a girl that was confident about what she liked, what made her cum, what turned her on and what she'd like to try.

As the Summer turned to Autumn, she left to go back to Exeter, and I was sad to see her go.

## ***Second Threesome***

It was the French girl's last night and I wanted to introduce her to the Turkish girl (from the two-set in Trafalgar Square) as I'd already had a threesome with the French girl and the Russian, and thought it could happen again. The Turkish girl had told me she liked looking at other girls and had kissed a girl when she was a teenager.

I texted both girls to meet in *O'Neils*, Earls Court at 6.30pm and that I was "*bringing a friend.*" They both agreed.

As soon as we all sat down, the French girl was doing lots of the work. She knew exactly what was going on. The girls built comfort, and I got them again to vocalise what they liked about each other (a trick from Antony).

We grabbed a takeaway pizza and went back to mine, sitting on the bed and all in a giggly mood. While the French girl went to the bathroom I made out with the Turkish girl, and the French girl came back in and I made out with her. I knew I had to lead it again, so told the girls to make out with each other. I undressed them as they rolled around on the bed, unzipping my jeans and pushing their heads onto my hard dick. I told the French girl to lick out the Turkish girl, while I went behind her and put my dick in.

I'd learnt my lesson from the last time with the Russian, so made sure I spent more time fucking the Turkish girl so as not to make her feel left out. The French girl was like an assistant, making out with her, licking her tits and sitting on her face.

By 9.00pm we were all really hungry, and sat in bed eating the cold pizza and finishing a bottle of wine I'd found downstairs. We all

watched a movie before the Turkish girl had to go back to her flatmates, and the French girl stayed over for a last night of fucking before she returned to Paris in the morning.

My second FFM threesome – I was a happy man at work the next day.

## ***Bootcamp Marathon***

Over the Summer of 2011 Jon Matrix and I taught a bootcamp almost every weekend. We were refining the teaching process of the best way to break down the London Daygame Model live on the streets. We had bought some wireless bluetooth microphone sets so we could listen to what the students were saying, as well as the students being able to listen to us demo. Both Jon and I took pride in showing the students what we did in set, as it illustrated the model in action. We also realised that whenever we were asked to do a demo set in front of an “audience” our vibe would be even stronger as we were going in with even more conviction and focus. Unknowingly we were defining, testing and refining a whole toolbelt of not just daygame techniques, but teaching techniques.

Daygame was certainly taking off in London. We noticed more guys out on the pavements giving it a go, and guys would come up to us in the streets to say they liked the videos and podcasts we put out. The demand for teaching was growing quickly and more guys were emailing me about private coaching. For the first time ever I realised that I might be able to earn a living from daygame.



## ***Oslo - Summer 2011***

Out of the blue, Jon and I were asked if we could go to Oslo in Norway to teach. The company boss wanted us to show our infield videos we'd been filming to a group of guys undergoing a four-month "self development" project. There would also be a whole group of guys in the Norwegian pick-up scene who could be interested in taking a bootcamp in Oslo.

Myself, Jon and the boss flew out together in late August and landed into Oslo late on a Friday night. We dropped our stuff at the massive house (where 9 guys were staying) and went straight out with a group of the guys who wanted to see us in action

It was drizzling, but all eyes were on us. Jon and I knew we had to close, which fueled our vibe as we hit the streets. Both of us were buzzing after the flight and the anticipation of being in a place with so many hot women. Within ten minutes we had number closed girls outside bars, and then there was nothing stopping us. We jumped over fences, ran across roads, wherever we could see girls outside clubs or walking in groups. We opened everything and closed like I'd never experienced before. Real hotties who hooked easily because of the uncharted power of daygame abroad.

The guys had never seen anything like it. In one hour Jon and I closed over ten girls, all of them hot. It was literally a street storm.

The next day Jon and I gave a talk to the guys in the house and showed them our London infields. They told us about their PUA journeys and gave us a proper tour of the large house, complete with a pool room and a private sauna.

Jon and I hit the streets for some afternoon daygame. The sun was shining and I couldn't believe my eyes – blonde beauties everywhere. Not one an hour like in London, but a really hot girl every few minutes. Jon and I were like kids in a sweet shop, as all the sets hooked because we were a foreign novelty and they'd never encountered daygame. The vibe of Oslo was open, relaxed and free. Long Northern latitude days and clean air gave the place a magical feel, a million miles away from the crowded masses on Oxford Street back home.

We went on instant dates, closed lots of pretty girls, and then I persuaded Jon to come on a double date with a model agency owner I'd stopped the night before in the rain. She was my age, but still stunning and feminine. Jon wasn't keen on her friend, so we cut the date short and I arranged to meet mine another day alone.

It was getting late and the bars and clubs were jumping. Jon and I decided just to go for two girls to bounce back to the house together, rather than solo sets – what he'd been working on with with wing and I'd been trying with Antony back in London.

Very soon he stopped and hooked a stunning set – two gorgeous girls dressed up for fun, one blonde and one brunette, both looking like glamour models with big boobs and big lips. Once he'd hooked them, I came into the set and chatted to the other girl. Jon had chosen the brunette, leaving me to banter with the blonde.

Very quickly we bounced them to a bar in the park by the main street and had a drink. Mine was indeed a glamour model who'd been in FHM, but she now wanted to work in education so we built comfort over that. I tried hard to ignore the whole glamour thing and keep the conversation on her real passions and dreams. Jon's girl was really into him, so it was easy to bounce them again to a cocktail bar nearer our house.

The vibe was immediately seductive as we sat on sofas at the back of the dark bar and racked up the sexual tension – eyes, voice, hand holding. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Jon making out with his girl, so I pulled mine in and made out with her.



We all jumped in a cab back to the house and the girls were a bit frosty because we told them we were going “*to another bar,*” but soon calmed down in the living room as we brought out the vodka. Jon took his into his room to “*show her something*” and I did the same with mine, telling her I’d “*give her a tour of the house.*”

In my room we sat on the bed, and the LMR kicked in. She said she’d just come out of a relationship and wasn’t ready for another guy. I replied with my usual “*I understand, it’s ok, don’t worry*” as we lay next to each other making out. I kissed her giant fake tits and began fingering her under her stripy summer dress. She wanked me off and sucked me off, but then snapped out of the vibe and said she had to get going.

She marched into the room where Jon and his girl were just about to start fucking and pulled her friend out – I felt bad as I’d escalated too quickly with mine and not given Jon a chance to close, but he was cool about it as he knew she’d be back for more.

By now it was around midnight and Jon and I still had energy to find girls, so we hit the streets again and straight away found two cute 18

year old Norwegian students. Our patience was waning so we bounced them straight back “*for food*” and once again split, taking a girl each to our rooms. Jon’s wasn’t up for much, and mine would only let me kiss her, so after half an hour we sent them on their way and hit the streets for a third time.

It was 2am when we found a lovely two-set coming out of a club. We walked them back to the apartment but they wouldn’t come in, only letting us number close.

Still it was a mammoth achievement – three double bouncebacks in a row, one of them an FHM model who’d given me a blow job, and a bed make out with a hot young student.

Oslo was looking promising. Jon and I made a great two-set team. He provided the chill and the calm, I added some energy and spikes.

The following night, after spending the day looking round the city and teaching some of the house guys the basics of daygame, Jon had a date with the brunette he’d nearly closed before the interruption. She was bringing another friend along for me, so it was a double date.

We headed into town to meet them around 11pm and waited on the main street. Coming towards us in the distance we could see two girls walking (or rather swaying, they’d been drinking for a few hours before) side by side. One was the brunette, and the other was dressed in a full-length banana costume. It turned out to be her cute, big boobed friend, who explained that there was no reasoning for the costume, other than she thought it’d “*be a laugh*” to come dressed as a piece of fruit.

After a couple of drinks in the cocktail bar, Jon took his back to the house while mine said she was waiting for her boyfriend to pick her up. The news came as a bit of a shock, as we’d been flirting heavily and making out for the past hour. I asked her to come back to the house with me, and she said she didn’t have time, so instead we went for a walk in the nearby park. It was dark and deserted and we sat

down under a tree (her still with the banana costume on) and I unzipped my jeans. She took off the hood of the costume and sucked me off – my first blow job from a banana. I unzipped the back of the costume and made her bend against the tree, while I stuck my dick into her pussy from behind.

The sex didn't last long as it was cold, starting to rain and I knew she was meeting her boyfriend in town soon. We stumbled out of the park, her dragging the banana costume across the floor, kissed goodbye and then I headed home a happy man.

## ***Night Daygame (“Gutter Game”)***

Just because it’s got dark doesn’t mean that daygame’s over. Twilight or night daygame (which I termed “gutter game”) is great for practicing instant dates to pubs or going for bouncebacks. If there’s you and your wing then you can try double bouncebacks.

Doing the daygame approach outside bars, pubs, in smoking areas or on roof terraces of clubs works really well. Because it’s the night time and people are out to party and have fun, the energy needs to be higher, teasing can be stronger and the Attraction Phase of the model lasts longer.

Avoid night daygame in dimly lit streets where there are not many people around, as the girl will feel threatened when you approach. City centres where there’s foot traffic are the best option.

The house was constantly full of girls that trip – Jon was bringing back a steady stream, the boss had found a nice fuck buddy, other guys in the house had their girlfriends around and I was bringing dates back. It was like an unreal movie scene of a Miami beach party – girls draped over the sofas and playing pool while the guys played cards and strummed guitars.

We taught a bootcamp on the following weekend and both Jon and I had an amazing evening run of street kiss closes. The girls in Oslo were way more naive and open minded than in London, so all you had to do was stop them, banter, hold out your hands and go in for the kiss. Outside a club I kissed a girl in front of her boyfriend, who came and dragged her away, and out of the corner of my eye I could see Jon making out with another beautiful blonde girl against the wall.

Earlier in the day I'd made out with a pretty Swedish girl on the main street with her dad across the road. I held her hands and said: "*can your dad see us right now?*" She replied "*no, he's looking at the shop window.*" "*Cool,*" I said, and kissed her on the lips. She grinned and skipped off back to her dad.

Despite lots of numbers and dates, I was getting too much LMR when I brought them back as I was bouncing and escalating too quickly, impatient to get a hot girl like Jon had done. On my last night I went out alone and kept trying bounces, but no luck. Finally at 3am as I was heading back to the house I stopped a tipsy tall blonde girl just yards from our front door. In less than five minutes she'd agreed to come back to the house "*for tea*" and I took her straight through the kitchen to my room. We sat on the bed (no tea) and made out, and within ten minutes we were fucking like rabbits. It was my fastest street-to-fuck I'd ever (or have ever) done, something that would be hard to emulate in London.

Oslo blew our minds, and took our game to another level. We all agreed that we'd go back to teach more bootcamps there, as blowouts were few and far between, all the students were closing easily, the girls were hotter and we were having the time of our lives.

## ***Qualification***

Qualification is the fundamental technique of flipping the script and getting the girl to invest in you. At any point in an interaction between two people, someone is qualifying to the other. If it's a balanced relationship, like two good friends catching up, then investment will be 1:1. If it's someone meeting their celebrity idol then the ratio is more likely to be 100:1 as they kiss the celebrity's arse and scare them off with their over-investment (neediness).

"High value" people naturally get others to qualify to them, like the panel in a job interview who are screening candidates. Think Lord Sugar in *The Apprentice*. By qualifying themselves to him, the candidates backwards rationalise that they really must want what he's offering, as it must be so desirable. They are chasing and he is the chooser.

Here are some examples of qualification questions the guy can ask the girl during a pick-up.

- *Who do you think is more crazy - you or me? Why?*
- *What are you addicted to?*
- *Your city is the capital of what? Lovers? Parks?*
- *How tall are you? (getting her to stand up)*
- *Who has the best shoes on?(said to a group of girls)*
- *Tell me something about you I'd never guess?*
- *What's the craziest thing you've ever done?*
- *Why? (a fantastic reply to any statement a girl makes, encouraging her to really go deep and open up)*
- *Bring me a cake / wine / a £1 gift(anything where she does something for you)*



To stop it sounding like an interview, don't ask lots of qualification questions in a row, and soften them by making a statement beforehand about something you believe in about her or yourself. For example:

*"Come over on Wednesday after 8. I'm going to make you some delicious pasta. Are you good at picking wine?"*

## ***Male Qualification (Neediness)***

The number one problem when it comes to guys and girls is neediness (unbalanced investment) It's when a guy massively qualifies to a girl and reveals his disproportionate desires, turning her off by going into "chase mode."

So many things a guy does reveals his neediness. Most of my time teaching students is spend eliminating these behavioural patterns:

- your voice goes up when you talk (supplication)
- you talk too fast as you worry she's not going to listen to what you have to say
- you agree with everything she says (using "*oh cool!*" and "*wow!*")
- you lean in when you talk
- you try to get her to "like you" with humour, entertaining etc.
- you talk about yourself too much to "impress her"
- you let her lead at any point of the interaction
- you ask her permission to take her number / take her out
- you send her too many texts and ask her out too quickly
- you agree to her change of plans / flakes instead of punishing her Princess Behaviour
- you shower her with gifts (the "Disney Romance Syndrome") to try and buy your way into her pants
- you focus all your attention on her, leading to "ONEitis"
- you get reactive to her tests

## CHAPTER 21

### *Japanese Camden Girl*

With the summer in full swing I'd been trying different areas of London to daygame, as I needed a change from the usual. I went up to Camden on the weekend as I knew there was a high concentration of transient visitors and the vibe was relaxed.

By Camden Market entrance I stopped a petite Japanese girl in a floral dress with beautiful hair. Despite terrible English, she was a total "yes" girl, seduced from the off, just nodding, repeating what I said and smiling at everything. A classic giggly Japanese girl. I instantly dated her to a pub overlooking the canal and was touching her from the start. She was very submissive and happy to follow. I tested logistics for a bounce back but she had to go to a bbq in Ealing Broadway, so I decided to try escalating in Regents Park nearby.

I walked her along the canal to the park, my arm already around her, sat down on grass, made out, lay with her and put her hand on my dick. She wanted more but kept pulling away, so I kept saying "*too quick*" and "*too fast*" to mirror her ASD. We agreed on her coming around for a DVD and food in the next few days.

It was all so easy. As I walked back through central London I reflected on how I'd felt no fear in doing what I'd just done – take a girl from the street, to a pub and then to a park to make out with her and set up a date for sex. Doing something repeatedly leads to desensitisation, and it had finally happened in daygame.

For our date I met her at Notting Hill two days later at 7.00pm, got straight back onto the tube, hugging and touching from the word go, went directly from Earls Court tube to my bedroom, some Youtube on the bed, then kissing. She kept saying "*too fast*" to which I would reply:

*"This is SO fast!"*

*"We should stop!"*

*"This is crazy!"*

I got my dick out, escalated hard, got a blowjob, fingered her, then it was game over. Even as she was sucking my cock she was saying "*so fast!*" and I replied "*yep....so fast!*" as I put my dick inside her.

I had to take her back to the tube, as I had my Slovak girl coming over for dinner at 9pm. I put new sheets on the bed, had a shower, and then got ready for Round Two.

# ***Conviction***

*"What convinces is conviction."*

*L.B Johnson*

You can always spot a visitor or someone new to London – by the way they cross the street. Waiting for the green man, standing nervously at the side, being too polite, hesitating, asking for a safe place to cross. A local, on the other hand, knows that waiting politely is not an option. In such a fast crazy city like London, decisiveness and not delaying is essential. You'll be waiting all day otherwise.

Perhaps you've noticed this yourself. If you do anything with 100% conviction then it's convincing. You can walk straight out across a busy road, head held high, striding confidently with your hand out to let cars know you mean business. As if by magic, traffic will slow and allow you to cross. But any kind of hesitation or self-doubt will lead to horns honking and arms gesticulating.

It's exactly the same with daygame. So many times with students I see split seconds of hesitancy that mess up an interaction. Just like the traffic, the girl senses this shakiness and unsureness, and reacts negatively.

With full conviction comes amazing results – stopping girls every time (even ones on bicycles or in the middle of the road), getting them to hook, number closing, instant dates, kiss closes, boucebacks, the lot.

Below are some key points when full conviction is needed:

- Stopping the girl from the front. Must be done full-on, not half-heartedly from the side or mumbled
- Ploughing with statements– not giving up when her feet begin to move away
- Getting the number – not flinching or messing it up by rambling excitedly
- Getting her to come for an instant date – just start moving
- Kissing her on the street – there can't be a trace of doubt in your eyes or body language
- Bouncing her to your house – just keep moving

In any interaction between two people, there's one person's conviction against the other person's conviction. The one with the biggest conviction is the most persuasive.

## ***Fuckingham Palace***

By the end of the Summer I was on fire – the best my daygame had ever been. Just by going out every day for over a year, there was zero anxiety and a lot of calibration to all sorts of scenarios.

It was mid-week and I'd just finished work, so I headed out to Victoria train station and strolled down to Buckingham Palace, one of my new areas for daygame. I was looking for a girl to warm up on, as I hadn't spoken to a stranger that day, when I saw a tall, Latino brunette walking past the Palace clutching a map. It was a penny from heaven.

My first conversations of the day were often rusty and stilted, as my brain wasn't in gear and I'd forget to be playful. But for this one I hit the sweet spot with my vibe. I'd been focusing on very deep, sexual eye contact on opening, and it struck her like lightning. She was from Chile, 23 years old, here as a tourist alone, and a journalist in her country. It was easy to tease her for being “*a spy*” outside the Queen's residence, and she hooked on the banter. After five minutes I suggested a coffee, which she happily agreed to, so we walked through Green Park and sat in *Cafe Nero* by *The Ritz*.

I did the usual screen for logistics – how long she was here for, who she was staying with, what she was doing later etc. All the answers were positive, in that she'd just arrived, was in a hostel that she didn't like and had nothing to do. Like the Canadian street-to-fuck, I knew I had to let her invest and do the work, as it was all on from the start.

I left lots of pauses, sometimes extra long that she'd have to fill in, I didn't invest with my usual stories or jokes, I tried Jon's “poker face” when she was talking, and seemed disinterested in what she was saying. This flipped the script nicely and got her asking me a million

questions and gaming me. I also carried on with the crazy eye fucking, which she later told me was what made her want to sleep with me.

From the coffee shop I bounced her to a pub by Piccadilly Circus for a “*traditional beer.*” She started to open up on a deeper level, I planted the seeds for the final bounce by talking about dvds and playing the guitar which I’d teach her later. I went into my whole speech about London being anonymous, open-minded, adventurous, and how nobody judged what you did, which she enjoyed.

We went for one more drink in the *Blue Post* pub where we got shots and took them upstairs where it was empty (a great intimacy venue). I turned the conversation sexual (as I knew I was going to pull the trigger all the way) and gave her a back massage, making the kiss easy. I made sure I pulled away from it first, leaving her wanting more.





We walked out of the pub holding hands, and had to walk for ten minutes to find a cab in Mayfair. She said "*where are we going?*" to which I replied "*to Paris for an adventure.*" We held hands in the cab, went back to mine, she showed me her Facebook photos and then it was game over. We fucked hard, fell asleep, and then she gave me a great blowjob in the morning before I jumped on the tube to school.

One open, one close. A personal record for me. Vive Chile!

## ***Not Trying***

Spending time with Jon teaching bootcamps and filming videos with him, I noticed how his style of Game was so much more minimal than mine. He was getting the girls to do the work by working less himself, and it encouraged me to drop even more old skool game and rely on the power of sub-communication.

I learnt to let the girl try hard instead of putting the burden on myself of being “witty” or “entertaining.” I learnt to ask big open questions and then not break the tension, avoiding any wobbling or fidgeting, staying still and silent.

Jon was the master of having a quiet look of expectancy on his face, leaving a vacuum after he spoke that the girl would fill. He realised the power of using, rather than breaking, tension to flip the script. Sure, he was using his good looks, that I didn't have, but there was still lots to learn.

He was also totally non-approval seeking, never kissing the girl's arse no matter how hot she was, replying to everything she said with “*ok*” or “*fair enough.*”

# Spikes

I named them “spikes” because they burst the comfort and connection bubble of rapport. If you don’t pop the bubble then eventually it will pop itself and trigger you falling into the “gay best friend” box.

They reveal your intentions in a short, sharp way. They’re not meant to be “nice,” they’re meant to provoke a reaction of almost shock from the girl. Her going red, playfully slapping you or showing mock outrage are all good.

Once you’ve spiked a conversation then you have to return to normal rapport chat, as doing too many spikes in a row will pull the trigger, get her excited, and then lead her to flake (unless you pull her into the nearest bathroom).

They have to be said playfully, with a cheeky smile. Any kind of creepiness or intensity will be a turn off.

- *I think you’re very sexy, but I can’t tell you that as I’ve just met you*
- *If we were alone right now I’d bent you over the table and have my wicked way with you*
- *Your ex-boyfriend clearly didn’t spank you hard enough*
- *When I come back from the bathroom I might try and kiss you*
- *I can never remember...with tequila, do you lick the salt and suck the lemon, or is it suck and then lick?!*
- *Sorry....your legs were temporarily distracting me...what did you say?!*
- (walking behind her) Her: *“What are you doing?”* You: *“I’m just checking out your arse!”*

- (slapping her hand) *Bad girl!*

## ***Ukrainian Air Hostess - There Will Be Blood***



Two months previously I'd stopped a hot, very Slavic looking, tall blonde 24 year old Ukrainian air hostess on Regent Street in the dark drizzle. She loved the compliment and was in London for a stop-over. I thought it would be a simple same night lay after a drink later, but she was staying with a friend and was busy having drinks. I number closed her and forgot about it.

Over the next two months I texted two or three times back and forth with her to test logistics of when she was coming back. She said she'd let me know but was doing the Kiev-Dubai route, so I didn't get my hopes up.

One day in early Autumn, out of the blue, my phone went off at 10am as I was teaching in school. I saw an unrecognised British number, so I went out of the classroom to quickly take it. A sexy Bond villain voice

was on the other end – it was the Ukrainian telling me she was in London and free that night.

The problem was that it was a staff leaving bash that I'd committed to showing my face at from 6pm, plus my Turkish girl was coming. The call was too good to be true, so I delayed her and said I could meet after 8.30. She tried to suggest an earlier time again, but I remained slow, calm and spoke deeply with as much weight as possible. She mentioned she was staying in Westminster, so I arranged to meet her at Westminster tube.

I finished school, hit the beers in a few pubs with the teachers, my Turkish girl arriving around 6pm, we ate and drank until 8pm when I pushed her in a taxi with me from Putney and said we'd got to go to central so I could "*meet my sister.*" Luckily she wanted an early night so just went with it. Driving along the Thames towards the Houses of Parliament and the London Eye, with a hot Turkish girl next to me rubbing my cock, my head spinning with a bit of beer and trying to stay calm about meeting a hot Ukrainian air hostess...Game gives you these cinematic unreal adventures, it was magic.

The taxi dropped the Turkish girl at Waterloo, and two minutes later I got out at Westminster Bridge and walked across to Big Ben where the Ukrainian was waiting. A tight black outfit, pink high heels, huge tits, long blonde hair, it was crazy.

We went to the pub on the corner opposite Big Ben. Immediately she threw in a time-constraint (flying early in the morning). I ordered a beer, she ordered champagne! I almost spit out my first sip of beer as suggested it to the barman, who also laughed as I shook my head at him. Luckily the bar only sold it by the bottle, so I bought her some house wine. I told her guys buying girls champagne was cliched. She apologised and gave me one minute of quiet. This was going to be a battle.

From here on in was a test every few seconds. She was displaying classic Princess Behaviour, saying the following things in the pub to me:

- *"I'm a head-turner....people stare at me because of my looks"*
- *"I have the option of a guy in every country"*
- *"I lived in New York, Paris and blah blah blah"*
- *"You are weird" (I agree and amplify - "yep, totally crazy!")*
- *"I like guys in suits - money and power blah blah"*

Without experience of Russians I would have been lost - reactive and talkative. The radical things that had changed my Game in the months previously were remaining silent with a neutral face (often almost disinterested), looking away, glancing at my phone, eye fucking her when she talked about something she was animated about, leaving big pauses that she filled and remaining non-reactive to all the tests she threw. These tests were going to continue right up to the point where I had my dick inside her.

She made lots of provoking statements to test me, lots of which I disagreed with in a calm way. I kept catching her out on things and using it as ammo. For example, when I told her my job as we were walking to the pub, she said she hated children. 20 minutes later she said she'd love to have kids one day. I pulled her straight up on it. The biggest thing I did was reframe her through knowledge. She told me she was flying to Kazakhstan and that it was *"boring and flat."* I told her about mountaineering there, with peaks over 3000m (I had been to NW China near there) and the Silk Road history. She knew she was beaten. It was an awesome moment. She backed down for 10 minutes.

I could feel it getting a bit me-against-her, so I did some classic comfort, more eye fucking, and then played the questions game. Her questions were boring so I pulled her up on that. I asked about crazy experiences/guys she's been with, she gave stupid answers about *"being a virgin"* and *"being boring"*. I remained non reactive.

Classic things that worked were:

- *slapping her hand and saying her ex-boyfriend didn't spank her hard enough*
- *My "perfect body" routine, to mock her when she was talking about how hot she was*
- *Mystery's "beauty is common" speech leading to massive qualification*
- *"Sorry, your huge tits are distracting me...are they real?" She loved it.*
- *"I'm going to the bathroom but when I come back I might try to kiss you"*
- *"I am the guy your mother warned you about....I'm a bastard" (said in a semi serious way)*

She said I was like no guy she had been out with. She was shaking her head when I said the above things, speechless but loving it. They had to be delivered in a slow, measured way, as genuine as possible, with no clown/monkey energy.

I teased logistics out of her....she was not in a hotel, but staying with an old guy who was a family friend. He was away but she couldn't invite anyone back. I acted tired, checked my phone and said I'd got to get up early in the morning. When she was talking about something with passion I held her hand for a brief 20-30 seconds. I knew not to go for the kiss or verbalise anything now until she was on my bed so as not to pop the fragile bubble.

We just started walking across Parliament Square, me mentioning we'd go for one more drink nearby (my plan was to fuck at hers). She said she was not telling me where she lived as *"you're a stranger."* I remained non-reactive, smiled, and outside Westminster Abbey I stopped, look her in the eyes and said: *"we have two options - either we go to yours for tea or you come back to mine for a bit."* She said *"yours, that's fine"* to my surprise and we jumped in a cab. Ukrainian directness for once was refreshing.



Plain sailing I thought. Oh no. Once she was in my house the tests began again. I made her tea and told her to come upstairs. She asked why, I just said "*come on, you'll see.*" She sat on the edge of the bed, I ran my usual stuff of looking at a book of street fashion and discussing which girls looked hot, and getting her to play her favourite Youtube music. She wouldn't come and lie by me and she was not responding to light kino. She wouldn't take her shoes off. She was cold and frosty.

After 10 minutes of this, I just thought "fuck it" and leaned in for the kiss. She resisted for a few seconds, then kissed. I made sure to break it first. We looked at more pictures, then I kissed her again and pushed her down onto the bed. Things were going well when she suddenly said she'd "*got to go,*" looking at her watch. I told her ten more minutes and I'd put her in a cab. I pushed her down and made out heavily until she was breathing hard and heavy. She asked me to turn out the lights and I presumed it was game over until....

**BANG!**

As I went to lie down in the dark, she went to sit up and head-butted me in the face. Blood started pouring out of my nose like a river. My white shirt and bedroom floor looked like I'd just stabbed her. The bubble was well and truly burst and there was nothing I could do. I ran downstairs and grabbed tissues, blood everywhere. She was laughing, and I was now too, as it was so surreal. I lay with my head slumped on the kitchen table holding my nose, she got a frozen banana from my freezer (I didn't know why there was frozen banana in my flat...random flatmates) and put it on my nose. All the sexual tension was gone. I waited for it to stop, but after ten minutes she made signs of leaving – checking her watch, putting on her shoes, going upstairs towards the door. I was gutted as I was so close but so far.

Fuck it - man up - I pulled the trigger again. I followed her up, still feeling dizzy and shit from the head-but, grabbed her on the top of the

stairs, kissed her, took her into my room, made out standing up, turned off the lights and she said the magic words "*do you still want to do it?...Have you got a condom?*" I pushed her down, we stripped off and fucked, blood all over my room but intense and sexy.

The hardest seduction in my history.

## ***Leading***

A fundamental skill for an aspiring seducer to learn is how to man-up and lead. It's our biological imperative that during the courtship and mating ritual, the male takes control (and the responsibility). If at any point of the pick-up the girl is leading, then something is wrong. There are, however, certain key moments in a seduction that are essential for the man to take control of:

- initiating the interaction
- taking her phone number / suggesting an instant date
- initiating the texting / inviting her out
- kissing her
- taking her back to your house
- starting sex

The classic student problem of the “Mr Nice Guy Syndrome” is that he doesn't want to tread on toes or offend. He worries that trying to lead and then having the girl resist will cause embarrassment and shame, when in fact by not going for it he is ruining his chances of seducing the girl.

A girl always prefers a guy who knows what he wants and goes for it. Even if they reject the leading, they admire the guy for giving it a go, and may well come back for more.

If a guy's hiding behind the polite, “gay best friend” mask then a girl will lose all attraction and respect for him, putting him into the Friend Zone or deleting his number.

Having the balls to lead, especially at the critical moments, takes courage and calibration (which comes through practice). They are

“leap of faith moments” like leaning in for the kiss or stopping the taxi, but with risk come reward.

## ***Greek Doctor***

In early Autumn 2011 I stopped a very pretty girl near Notting Hill who was walking and eating a McDonald's. It was the perfect push-pull opener – a compliment and then a criticism about her choice of food. She was 28, from Greece, and a doctor. That gave me more ammunition to tease her (I said I wouldn't tell her friends about the junk food if she bought me a drink) and the hook was easy. We bantered about Greece and my time spent living there, swapped numbers and split. She was the hottest girl I'd stopped in a long while, and I wasn't sure if she'd respond.

Happily, she replied quickly to my initial text, and we pinged back and forth for the next few days until we arranged to meet in Notting Hill for an evening pub drink. She was running late, so I went ahead to the pub and texted that I was there already (a good move so you're not waiting needily at the tube for her to arrive, and you've already brought yourself a drink so she has to buy her own when she comes).

It was a tough date, as like the Ukrainian air hostess she was demanding. A really hot girl will naturally throw a million tests out at a guy, as she wants to see what he's made of. This girl was highly educated, with a big social circle, and knew the London dating scene like the back of her hand. She clearly wasn't a lost tourist out for an easy fuck. I concentrated on being non-reactive again and doing what Beckster had taught me to overcome any kind of test from a girl – just smiling back at her with a knowingly smug grin. Far more powerful than trying to argue back verbally or sit there in a huff.

She was difficult to read. Even though the date went well in terms of flipping the script, she seemed cold and icy once more when I met up with her for a second date in Hammersmith down by the river. I

decided to play it long game, as there was no vibe of a bounce to my house, so went into deep rapport and got her to open up about her past and her future.

Our third date was cooking at mine, but as soon as I took her upstairs and sat her on the bed she said she wanted to “*go dancing.*” Rather than crash it by trying to pull the trigger and failing, I agreed and took her down the road to a cheesy club in Earls Court called *Miss Q’s*, where we had a few cocktails and danced tipsily into the night. She was a professional tease, with stronger Game than me, playing hot and cold, leaning in but refusing to kiss. She told me about her ex-boyfriends (all bad boys) so I realised that it was a case of dominating and leading, rather than letting her run the show. As I left her at the tube I pushed her up against the wall of the station and made out with her. At first she resisted but then she switched to being totally into it and moaning. Her tube pulled in so I got her on it and left her wanting more.

Like the Ukrainian, she was a real test of non-reactivity. Her tests were immense, and she was emerging as quite a gold digger. Over the dates we’d had she asked me:

- What car did I have?
- How much money did I earn a year?
- What did my parents do?

I used lots of mini entourage and social proof with her to keep the silly questions at bay, introducing her to my female flatmate, showing her photos of my nights hosting at top clubs, teaching her the guitar, showing her videos of me sky diving and bungee jumping. She was easily influenced by jealousy and cheap DHVs, so I laid it on thick and heavy.

She gave lots of resistance about coming round to my house for another cooking / DVD night, and I didn’t want to drag it out any further with more dead-end club nights or comfort, so I took a leap of

faith and suggested we go down to Brighton “*to get out of London for the weekend.*” I’d done this with three other girls when all options of sleeping with them in London were exhausted, as just by leaving the city and going on an “adventure” it was immediately easier to fuck them. The anonymity of Brighton, combined with the obvious fact that we had to stay over in a hotel there for the night, worked wonders.

There was a large delay in her replying, but mid week she texted back “*Ok – perfect :)*” Game on. I was going to Norway a few days after the planned Brighton trip, so I knew that it was now or never for the lay.

On Friday evening I met her at Victoria station and took the train down to Brighton. We found a cheap B&B near the pier and she was totally ok about us getting a double room, a good sign. We went out for dinner to a fish restaurant in The Lanes area of the city and went into deep rapport about her hopes, ambitions and her past.

After a taxi ride back to the hotel, we watched TV sitting on the sofa in the room. She said she was tired, so we got ready for bed, where the LMR started. I was in my boxer shorts, she was in a t-shirt and jogging pants. As I tried to put my arm around her she said “*let’s sleep, we’ve had a nice time.*” Inside I died, thinking fuck this, so I ran the usual anti-LMR lines of “*this is crazy*” and “*I don’t even know you.*” Each time I turned away from her she’d get closer, and she responded well to future projections about places we could go to and things we could do.

After some kissing and hugging, she started to breath heavily and press her body against mine tightly. I told her to take off her jogging bottoms (she needed to be led) and she got on top of me for fucking. In the morning we fucked more, she had a really wet pussy and it was fantastic having dreamy morning sex while spooning her. “*Have I been a good girl?*” she said to me as I fucked her doggy style – now totally submissive instead of the bitchy doctor persona that I’d had to break through.

Over breakfast she explained how she liked powerful men because she has to spend most of her day “*with the trousers on,*” and needed a guy to take control in other areas of her life.



## CHAPTER 22

### ***Aussie Warehouse Fuck***

In the autumnal rain of October I stopped a creative girl in Piccadilly Circus who was wearing a beret and hiding under an umbrella. She was tall, brunette, pretty, bohemian, and initially walked away after I gave her the compliment. I ploughed on by making some creative assumptions and guessed that she was Australian. To get out of the rain I bounced her to *Starbucks* nearby and built comfort about her artistic job and hearing all about how she lived in a Warehouse in Stratford, a stone's throw from the Olympic stadium, with other creative people. It all sounded very cool.

On Sunday I took her on the river boat for a Torero adventure. She was quite bitchy, negative about most things and breaking rapport all the time by disagreeing. I played the non reactive card and left long vacuums of silence, which she filled in and started opening up. I had to cut the date short and go back to Embankment, as I was meeting another girl to take on the same river trip in less than an hour's time. Deja vu, for me and the boat staff.

We arranged a second date for Monday afternoon. I met her at South Kensington station, ate some frozen yoghurt together, and then cycled on the Boris bikes to Earls Court. We walked around Brompton cemetery opposite my house as she seemed rather nervous about the bounce, then to mine (getting a sandwich from the corner cafe for social proof), and downstairs for a drink, then up to my room.

She wasn't showing any signs of wanting to escalate, she didn't like being in my room, she said "*how did we end up in here?*," and she didn't respond to Youtube escalation. She said we should be outside in the sun. I thought there was no point escalating, but a few minutes later as we were talking about something and I looked at her deep in the eyes and said "*would you like to kiss me?*" She replied "*maybe*" – a green light - so I leant in and started making out heavily. I threw in the anti-LMR of "*this is crazy*" and "*we should stop*" which made her jump me more. Something was holding her back though. She wouldn't let me touch her pussy, so I got my cock out, and she told me we couldn't have sex because of her period pains. She was verbally saying not to escalate, but her body wanted me to. I got her large tits out, sucked on them, she wanked me off and I came on her stomach. She loved it. We had a dirty talk about what she liked and had tried. After a girl has crossed the mental line of deciding to fuck you, it's ok to do this and plan logistics of when you're going to do it, as long as it's not too black and white and leaves nothing to the imagination.

A week later I went east to Bow by the Olympic stadium and walked with her to the colourful street market on Roman Road. We went to the viewing platform to see the stadium and park being built, then hopped on a converted canal boat that now screened films for free.

She still liked to put up resistance, even though we both knew what was going to happen. Each time she played the bitch card, I played the "not interested" one and left lots of silence instead of answering back. This did wonders and got her chasing me and apologising.

We went to her communal space in the warehouse - proper Bohemian, artists everywhere - had a coffee, then went to her room and fucked with no LMR. She liked her tits being sucked, being pinned down and me telling her to masturbate in front of me. Her room had no windows and no fan, so it was the hottest sex I'd ever had. I was pouring with sweat, and her too, but she said she loved the

feeling of hot bodies together, so rather than being self-conscious about it I just relaxed and enjoyed the sweaty ride.

She was my third new fuck that week – I was getting bored of the sex, but still getting high off the chase. I was beginning to realise that perhaps I was doing all this for another reason than just sleeping with hot girls.

## ***Famous Number Closes***

Hitting the streets of London every day for over a year and talking to girls meant that the chance of number closing someone well known was high. Three times I closed “famous” girls (but didn’t sleep with any of them – all with boyfriends):

- On the Strand with Antony I saw a tall, glamour model-esque girl with sunglasses on strutting down the street. I stopped her, bantered with her and got her American mobile number. She turned out to be one of the girls from the *American Pie* movies
- Outside the *Nike Store* in Covent Garden I complimented and chatted to a beautiful posh English girl who was eating an ice-cream. I got her Facebook, and after adding her realised she was the glamorous girlfriend of a British TV star.
- On Regent Street I stopped a very beautiful Spanish-looking woman who loved the approach. After some banter she offered me free tickets to come and see her in a West End show. “*Are you one of the extras?*” I said with a smile. “*No,*” she replied, “*I’m the lead!*” We exchanged phone numbers but I never went to the show.

## ***Posh Chelsea Girl***



I was out with Antony in South Kensington for some evening beers, moving between pubs and trying to dodge the heavy rain. As we walked towards Gloucester Road we could hear two posh English girls shrieking with laughter as they came towards us under umbrellas. They were obviously a few drinks down, on their way to a party, and one of them was shouting: “....so we must keep it a secret!”

A perfect excuse for an accusational opener. I went in high energy, grabbing one of the girls and saying “*sure...a secret by announcing it to the world!*” They loved getting called out and giggled. The hook was easy, and I complimented them on what they were wearing to make sure they knew I liked them. Antony came in and chatted to the less attractive one to wing for me while I bantered with the one I liked and held her umbrella over us as we chatted, bringing us into a flirty bubble. It was dark, raining, and they were running late, so I got her number and we split.

She didn't reply to my initial text so I waited a couple of days and then sent her a re-engage text: "*Just seen a cat that looks like you...!*" She replied straight away and then after a few texts we arranged to meet on Saturday for a drink.

Before I was due to meet her, I went on a date with a 19 year old Dutch girl, taking her on the river. The date was going well and the time was ticking, so I texted the Chelsea girl delaying the date from 8pm to 9.30pm. Unintentionally I'd pushed her away a bit, and she agreed to it, giving me a green light. The later a girl agrees to meet you, the more chance then it's going to be a lay that night, especially if the date is going to take longer than the last tubes in London (around 12am).

I met the Chelsea girl at West Brompton station and she was all dressed up looking stunning. She was petite, big tits and half Italian, working in a PR company in Chelsea. Our style of dry sarcastic banter was very similar, and we clicked easily over drinks in the *Troubadour*. I made lots of assumptions about her that were right and she enjoyed the higher energy spikes and teases to knock her off her posh pedestal a bit.

One drink down, I realised we were still in the giggly, fun attraction mode, so I forced myself to go more poker faced and break rapport more through silence and challenging. Sure enough it worked wonders, and she started over-investing and touching me.

I bounced her to the quirky cocktail bar *Nam Long* and there was some sort of crazy Fashion Week party going on – models, socialites, pretentious folk galore. But it gave me a chance to DHV by bantering with the crowd, the staff and getting the Chelsea girl to qualify herself even more to me. "*You can talk to anyone!*" she smiled as the waiter gave us extra shots on the house, "*I'm impressed!*"

By now it was too later for her to get her tube home, and we walked towards mine arms around each other, me thinking it was a done

deal. On my bed we kissed and started getting heavy, but she'd stop everything each time I went to touch her tits or get her to hold my dick. I tried my anti-LMR stuff but kept reaching the same escalation block. After half an hour of this I managed to start fingering her and she was wanking me off but she wouldn't let me penetrate her. "*You can't have all the cake!*" she said, and admitted that she was worried about me fucking her and vanishing, and that she'd feel slutty.

I convinced her to stay over, and after wanking me off and cumming on her tits we fell asleep until the morning, tired from all the alcohol and the LMR. In the morning I woke up hard, spooned her, started fingering her and then pushed my dick into her wet pussy. No resistance, just glorious morning fucking. I realised that just that extra time of sleeping over can take the "one night" out of "one night stand" for a girl and stop her feeling slutty.

The lay was one of my favourites because the sexual tone was set from the start. Right from stopping her on the street, it was charged and electric. She knew it was about fucking, and the polarised male-female dynamic made it simple to escalate hard.

## ***Becoming the “10”***

*“A ‘10’ is simply a girl you don’t think you can seduce. Therefore there is no such thing as a ‘10’”*

Beckster used to tell me that to get the highest level of girls, you simply had to learn to be like one. By watching the way really beautiful girls walked, talked and behaved, you could apply a lot of their characteristics to your belief system (aside from wearing heels and getting a boob job!).

A sense of entitlement is a powerful thing. If you believe that a super hot girl is in your grasp then you’ll get one, as immediately you’re giving yourself all the motivation, drive and permission you need.

Have a look at the list below, and see how many of these characteristics you already embody. Say them to yourself over and over again. Go out onto the streets and prove that they’re true:

- I am the chooser, not one of the chosen
- I walk like I’m on a red carpet, owning the street
- I hold my head up high
- I don’t supplicate to people
- I expect people to listen when I talk
- I express my opinions and emotions
- I’m happy to challenge or disagree
- I have a strong sense of self
- I am living in abundance with girls, the opposite of needy
- I dress sharp
- I take care of my grooming
- I smell nice
- I eat healthily



- I stay in good shape
- I keep strong eye contact
- I take up space when I sit down
- I am driven and motivated
- I have a good group of friends
- I live life in the fast lane, and try new things

## ***My Australian “10”***

My favourite story of them all, and the most beautiful girl I ever slept with. It was a rainy autumnal day, damp and dark, and I was teaching a student down in Trafalgar Square. I always started coaching with a few demos to show the students the stop, the assumption bridge and the art of bantering.

Walking past the National Gallery main entrance was a slim brunette, Victoria Beckham-like girl, but all covered up for the weather. She hooked on the compliment and I found out she'd just got off a plane from Australia (hence her big round sunglasses). She had Welsh ancestry that we bonded over, and the interaction went well. She



said no to an instant date, so I set up delayed beers for later when she'd had some sleep. I knew she was pretty, but hadn't realised how pretty she was because of the layers and hood she was wearing.

Aussie girl hooked on texts but then flaked on our evening beer as she said she was out with friends. What I loved about her were that her texts were very well written, witty and clever. She was clearly a well-read, cultured girl with a strong sense of humour, as well as being beautiful. Perfect.

The following day she didn't reply to a feeler ping text I dropped her, and I was gutted I'd lost her as the connection was strong. The next day I was flying early with Jon to teach a bootcamp in Oslo, Norway, so I assumed that I'd missed the window of opportunity and tried to forget about it.

A week later, my phone bleeped to life as I touched down at Stansted airport. I saw a message from her, asking how Norway was. Despite being tired from the trip, I set up a date with her that night at 8.30pm in Earls Court. She tried to get me to come into central London to see her, but I held the frame and got her to agree to come to me. The following morning I was flying out of London again to Slovakia so I knew I only had one shot with her.

When I met her at Earls Court tube station I couldn't believe it was her standing there – my dream girl in terms of looks. Petite, stunning face, brunette, dark eyes, an amazing arse, dressed in an indie jumper clutching a novel by Steinbeck. A perfect mixture of party girl and introvert, rocker and model. My first “ten.”

The vibe was very strong after my Oslo adventures so I didn't feel too intimidated. Two years previously I'd have been a gibbering wreck, unable to even hold eye contact with a girl of that quality.

I took her to the pub next to the *Troubadour* and kept the vibe real. She didn't need cheesy old school game or routines. She was an intellectual girl (a writer, an avid reader, fragile yet wild) who had a thing for bad boys. She hadn't become too bitchy and self-obsessed like other extremely beautiful girls I'd met because of her introverted /

geeky side. It was perfect, and I knew I had to be a loveable bastard with her as her ex-boyfriends were all tough by the sounds of it.

I bounced her to the *Troubadour* garden which she loved, fairy lights and all. I went into eye fucking and spiked it up by talking about her figure. She told me that the favourite part of her body was her arse, but that she wanted a boob job as they were too small. She seemed really on, we totally clicked, I couldn't believe it. I was trying hard not to over invest or break the sexual tension through jokes, an old bad habit of mine

Back at my flat around 11pm we played guitar, hit the *Youtube* and kissed on the bed but she turned on the LMR and ASD immediately. For two hours I tried to overcome it, and she gave me a fantastic blowjob. I licked her tits, her neck, her ears, pulled her hair and massaged her. She was getting turned on but was adamant I couldn't put my hand down her jeans. She told me about a guy who'd been too rough with her before she flew to the UK and that's why she was nervous. She even vocalised that her body wanted it, but she "*couldn't turn off her mind.*"

I gave the Aussie girl lots of comfort and hugs, at the same time staying strong and leading. She kept saying "*protect me*" and "*hold me baby.*" She liked the domination, but I knew I couldn't push it too far. By 2am we fell asleep and I realised I was going to miss my 9am Heathrow flight to Bratislava, but I was too attracted by her and didn't want to miss an opportunity.

In the morning we had a lazy time of coffee in bed, cuddling and her wanking me off. I told her to kneel on the floor while I came on her face which she loved. After she had to get back to Stockwell where she was staying at a friends, but we arranged to meet after lunch for a day of "*London adventures.*"

At 1pm I met her at Victoria station and we set off for a day of comfort building and fun. We jumped on the top deck of a bus to Liverpool

Street and took a sunny walk down Brick Lane, a place I knew she'd love for the bohemian vibe. She was in her element – hipster markets, quirky coffee shops. All the time we were going into deep rapport and bonding.

We drank Pimm's at an outdoor bar in Angel, and she told me about being "*the angel and the devil*" - a geek but someone who'd done hard drugs and had a FFFM four-sum when she was 16. Everything about her was sexual – her walk, her voice, her eyes. She told me she used to be a sex maniac, she screamed when she came, and that when her ex boyfriend was having a bad day she used to "*cook him German food and give him a blowjob while they listened to Rammstein.*" She split up with him when she walked in on him "*fucking a fattie*" and punched her arm through a glass window in rage. This girl was a wild child who needed a rock.

I remained laid-back, non reactive, with periods of silence, letting her invest and invest, going deeper into rapport and realising how much I had to lead her into the bedroom.

We got the tube to Camden and once again she loved it. We ate food by the canal and I could feel she was connected to me. She wanted me to lead and always asked me what to do. This girl needed order - she was a spinning mess grasping at things. It was the secret reason why she liked "*bad guys and powerful men.*" She told me she'd dated djs, had affairs in hotels, but only fucked ten guys.

We walk along the canal to Regent's Park, past London Zoo. I did the talk about why girls don't want to appear to be sluts, having to give LMR etc, and she said it was true. We drank a cider lying in the park. I could feel myself pulling again by trying to lie close to her and kiss, but she wasn't initiating anything herself.

We walked down to Oxford Circus and went to meet Krauser and Antony who was in a coffee shop for a bit of social proof. She had to

leave to go and meet her friends for dinner, so we arranged to meet up later that night, with her telling me she'd "*text when done.*"

The chances of seeing her again were 50/50. It was an agonising wait to see if she was going to meet me. She was in Angel getting drunk with her friends. At 9ish she texted saying she was "*heading home*" ...I suggested meeting half way, in central. There was a painful gap before she replied, but finally she agreed to meet me in Leicester Square.

"*Come quick, there's loads of guys hitting on me!*" she said down the phone as I walked towards the tube stop. It was past 11pm, and the hordes of horny drunk men were spilling out from the square and attempting to seduce women with their drunken grabs.

I knew I had to give her a crazy night and lead like mad, as this was her last night in London before going to Paris in the morning. She was already a few drinks down, so didn't need any comfort or chat. She wanted to party.

I took her to *Freedom Bar* where she loved the kitsch vibe, disco, trannies and gays. We drank cocktails and I bantered hard with the bar staff for social proof. They gave us a free shot and we staggered out to a bar opposite where she managed to get hold of some coke, which she said would make her horny later. I could see I needed to bounce her home as soon as possible, otherwise she'd get too drunk and the window would close. After one drink in there we went out, I stopped a cab, and headed back to Earls Court.

We collapsed onto my bed and made out, with her not letting me finger her again. I told her to take off her jeans so we could "*get ready for bed,*" which she agreed to surprisingly easily. She said she wanted to do a line of coke off my dick, which she did kneeling on the floor while I put my hard dick against her face.

I told her to lie on top of me, and we dry humped so she could feel my hard dick against her knickers. Suddenly she reached down, pulled

them aside and put my dick inside her. She had a small tight pussy which felt amazing – I couldn't believe I was fucking a girl this hot. I turned her over and fucked her hard from behind, both of us cumming quickly as we were horny and pretty drunk.

In the morning we had long groggy doggy sex, and I fucked her up the arse (her first time) which she loved. She had to jump out of bed and into a taxi to get her stuff ready for Paris, so we kissed and waved goodbye as the taxi drove off down the Old Brompton Road.

I couldn't believe it. I'd seduced one of the hottest women I'd ever seen. It required all the game knowledge and experience I had, but I'd done it.

Below is the exact text exchange between me and the Aussie girl:

*ME: "Is this the Aussie-Welsh-English-West-East-Coast -girl in the rain?! Tom"*

*HER: "Indeed it is"*

*ME: "So let me guess...Big Ben, visit to the Queen and shoe shopping..."*

*HER: "Shoe shopping...are you texting during your meeting?!"*

*ME: "You're distracting me, shame on you! Let's say 6pm back in Traf Sq where we met..."*

*HER: "I apologise...what do you do?"*

*ME: "I'm a primary school teacher but summer holidays now"*

*HER: "And here I was thinking you were off to oil the wheels of commerce"*

*ME: "No yachts, ski chalets or diamond watches, but I do have a cat that can do back flips"*

*HER: "Well that's the main thing ;) How is it possible for weather to be this erratic?!"*

*ME: "Ahhh, the glorious British climate :)"*

*HER: ":) Will you be free tomorrow Tom? My girlfriend has cancelled her date and I've promised to meet her in Angel soon....let me know"*

*ME: "Off to Norway tomorrow, let's meet when you're done with your friend :) We'll go for some carbs"*

*HER: "Ok! I want a pie with mushy peas. That's all I want from life ;)"*

*ME: "Pie...yes....mushy peas, no no!"*

*HER: "Mushy peas are heaven, you know it. Or curry on chips. Or chips with mayonnaise. All good comfort food. What's your favourite restaurant here? Should I go to Maze?"*

*ME: "I make a pretty fine Sausage'n'Mash but I'm a sucker for Tokyo Diner in Soho when I'm out and about"*

*HER: "Ah bangers and mash, yes? I'm a massive foodie but I get pretty excited about colloquial comfort food (hence the mushie peas). Do you live central?"*

*ME: "Yep, near Hyde Park, if you're happy to mash the potatoes then I'll be chief sausage sizzler. My flatmates might donate banoffee pie :)"*

*HER: "What on earth is banoffee pie!!?"*

*ME: "Where art thou now?I've just finished in central, near Piccadilly Circus..."*

*HER: "I'm having drinks with girlfriends - really don't know the plan, sorry to be so vague"*



*Later that night*

*HER: "Hey you - I assume you're too tired to read this but I'm absolutely spent. When are you back in town?"*

*ME: "Let's just say three pubs, 2 cabs and a penguin. Tom's off to bed. Flying tomorrow afternoon, sleep required."*

*A week later:*

*HER: "How was Norway?"*

*ME: "Sun, shrimps and skinny dipping :) Drink in Earls Court tonight at 9pm? I'm flying to Slovakia tomorrow"*

*HER: "Why not :) What should I do today? Thinking of going to see Tracy Emin expo....promising?"*

*ME: "Lots of Tracy Emin nakedness I've heard but still stimulating nonetheless :)"*

*Later that day*

*HER: "I'm now confident that I've seen Tracy Emin's private parts more than my own. Would be a great one to take the kids to...."*

*HER: "Would you still like to catch up tonight?"*

*ME: "Indeedy, ok for 9?!"*

*HER: "Sure - I can do earlier if you're free..."*

*ME: "I'll text you when I'm home, hopefully by half 8 :)"*

*HER: "No drama, can we meet Trafalgar Square"*

*ME: "Earls Court, I need an early night sorry"*

*HER: "Where is that?"*

*HER: "If tonight doesn't suit you I have plenty to keep me busy"*

*ME: "Piccadilly line, 5 minutes from centre, I'd like to see you tonight"*

A while later

*ME: "I'm at home, are you coming?"*

*HER: "Would you like to meet at 8.30? Sorry, I've been engrossed writing an email for the last hour"*

*ME: "Perfect, I'll meet you at the front of the station"*

*HER: "Are you taking me to a proper English pub?"*

*ME: "Proper stuff, "the dog's bollocks" we would say"*

*HER: "Running 10 mins late sorry!"*

*ME: "No worries, but you buy the first round ;)"*

## ***MTV Party with Turkish girl***

I'd become friends with one of the managers of a high end club in London thanks to the entourage game that I'd done with Antony and Beckster. He'd occasionally ring me and ask if I wanted a table, or if he was putting on something special.

One evening he rang to say that his club was hosting an *MTV* party for a show called *My Super Sweet Worldclass* which would be filmed there, and he asked if I'd like to come. I phoned my Turkish girl and she was up for it, so I took her along to the club next to Marble Arch and we had a night of Moulin Rouge fun. Beatboxers, acrobatic midgets, a burlesque show – it was all shallow glamour, but a cool glimpse of a world that I only thought was accessible to the rich and famous in Vegas.

I left at around midnight and put the Turkish girl in a cab as I knew I was meeting the bisexual Romanian girl at 12.30am. She turned up at my house, we kissed, had great sex, and as I was fucking her I asked if she wanted two guys at the same time. She said she'd love it, so I texted my friend Nick as I was in bed with her and he got a cab over at 2am.

I opened the door semi-naked with just a shirt on, Nick came in and she was totally fine with it, a very confident girl. We all spoke for 2 minutes then I made out with her and told her to kiss him. She jumped on him and I let them fuck for an hour. The bed was squeaking so loud I had to go in and tell them to fuck on the floor, it was hilarious

I went back in when he was done, we all lay on bed, I cuddled her for comfort, and then Nick had to get going as he had work to do in the

morning. A surreal night.

## ***Art Of Merging***

I'd gone into the West End to do some instant dating and find possible bounce backs after school. I was practicing toning down my verbal game even more and increasing my non-verbal skills, as Jon had shown me in Oslo, relying on eyes, voice tone and non-approval seeking body language. I opened a few girls and the vibe was good, but logistics got in the way of doing any bouncing.

After an hour I found a Russian girl at Piccadilly Circus, 25, engaged, but she loved me. I took her to the *Blue Post* pub, and worked out whether she was up for anything. Despite enjoying the interaction, she made it clear how deeply in love with her husband-to-be she was, so instead of just ending the interaction, I decided to do some mini-entourage again and merge her into another Spanish girl I'd already taken on a few dates but who was proving hard to seduce.

I phoned the Spanish girl (who'd already told me she was around China Town) and invited her to come out to meet me and the Russian. She arrived with a chumpy Spanish guy and a hot Italian friend, and I introduced them all to the Russian.

I bounced them all to *Waxy's Irish Bar* by China Town and established mini entourage – the Russian was immediately fighting for my attention, the Spanish girl retracted her previously sharp dating claws and was super friendly with me, while the hot Italian kept giving me glances and smiling. I was clearly the leader of the group, playing drinking games and bantering with all of them. The Spanish guy was out of his depth, made his apologies and left, leaving me with three hot girls.

The Russian was still going on about her fiancé, and the Italian was hotter than the Spanish girl I'd dated and failed to escalate on, so I switched my attention to the Italian and flirted heavily with her, causing the Spanish girl to try and cock-block by saying they had to "*go home and study.*" I number closed the Italian and walked them all back to the tube, where we said our goodbyes.

Not a bad night's work – using a Russian instant date to get out a Spanish girl, whose hotter friend I closed.

## ***The Girlfriend Sequence***

By late October of 2011 Antony and I had completed and defined our *Girlfriend Sequence* model, after hundreds of hours of tweaking and changing. Every day we'd speak on the phone or meet up for a beer and discuss what we'd learnt from dates we'd been on. Finally we were seeing the wood from the trees, and could understand how all the conflicting advice fitted together into a meta-model. Was long or short game more efficient? When and how much should you invest? How many dates should you go on? What text pattern should you follow?

We wrote up our findings, in true geeky scientific style. Our model had twelve clearly defined phases, from taking her phone number to sleeping with her:

1. **Transition Bubble** (texting the girl after you've closed her to set up a date)

### FIRST DATE:

2. **Comfort Bubble** (light comfort about her) in pub / cafe
3. **Spike** (popping the "nice guy" Comfort Bubble and showing your intent)
4. **Comfort Bubble II** (going back into slightly deeper comfort)
5. **Transition Bubble** (bouncing to next venue with a Spike)
6. **Intimacy Bubble** (Getting sexual, turning up the heat, kissing) in a bar / quiet location. Possible pull home.

*-End of first date -*

7. **Transition Bubble** (texting her to get her out on the second date)

SECOND DATE:

8. **Adventure Bubble** (doing something “crazy” with her to spin her senses) - boat, bike, zoo, fun bar, club etc.
9. **Transition Bubble** (bouncing to another venue)
10. **Intimacy Bubble** (cocktail bar or dinner/dvd at your house)
11. **Transition Bubble** (getting her into the bedroom, overcoming LMR)
12. **Sex Bubble** (Game Over)

We'd found that although you could run the complete model in one go (a same day lay) or on the first date, it was a high risk strategy, as once the trigger had been pulled with the spikes, bounces and escalation, too much LMR would be generated and you could lose the girl.

Safer was to play the “two date rule” - completing sections 1 – 6 on the first date, and 7 – 12 on the second. From most of mine and Antony's lays, girls would sleep with you on the second date if the model was followed. Some girls needed a third date to complete steps 9 – 12. It was very girl and situation dependent, and required social calibration to spot.

If a girl hadn't kissed you by the end of the second date, or slept with you after the third, then it was most likely not going to happen and the girl was playing games, or really looking for just a long-term boyfriend.



## ***UPDATE:***

We published our Sequence as a small PDF in 2011 and then later it became a video product (sadly no longer available). Since then my dating model has been refined to speed things up, cut out the Adventure Bubble and filter girls faster, but everything I learnt about dating techniques came about through that original Sequence. See my textbook "Street Hustle" for further details.

## CHAPTER 23

### *Foursome*

I'd come back from Brighton where I'd taken my Turkish girl for the weekend, and was due to meet my Romanian girl that night. My friend Krauser texted to say that a girl he was seeing at the time was up for sleeping with another girl, and he'd remembered what I'd told him about the bisexual Romanian. We decided to merge our dates and see what would happen.

The Romanian and I met at Piccadilly Circus and we waited for Krauser and his girl, who showed up soon after. She was petite, very cute, from Lithuania, and there was a spark straight away between her and the Romanian. Nick's girl was shy as she'd never flirted with a girl before, but my Romanian did a grand job of leading things – dancing with her when we went to *GAY*, building comfort with her over beers, eye-fucking and teasing. It was great having a female wing who really knew how to seduce girls too.

Krauser and I spotted that it was on, so we jumped in a cab back to his in north London and all went into his room “*for an after party.*” The vibe was quite tense as everyone knew what was happening, but nothing was vocalised. We put on some music, turned the lights down and poured drinks. I knew someone had to lead things, so started dancing with my Romanian and making out with her.

Krauser was doing the same with his on the bed, and I told the Romanian to go over and kiss the Lithuanian. The next minute the two girls were rolling around on the bed, making out heavily and

taking their clothes off. We stood back and I remember shaking Krauser's hand – our first ever foursome was about to happen.

The girls were going down on each other, licking each other's tits, both of them really into it; a hot sight. Krauser and I stripped off and went to join them, getting blow jobs and fucking them, arms and legs everywhere. It was a wild night of sex, with the Romanian and I finally leaving Krauser and his girl to sleep at around 4am.

In the morning I fucked my Romanian some more in the spare room and then went back into central with her on the bus, both of us satisfied with pushing our comfort zones and groggy from all the passion.

## ***Older Slovak***

I'd met a very hot Slovak girl walking down Oxford Street in early summer, number closed her then given up the text chase as she gone off the boil. She was 32 years old, the manager of a care home in north London, and classically Slavic looking.

After the summer I dropped her one more text to see if she was around: "*Are you still alive?!*"

To my surprise she replied immediately, apologising for her silence and saying she'd been going through "*some drama.*" This is a common pattern with lots of girls you close during daygame – at the time of closing they might be seeing another guy, busy with other fuck buddies or going through a messy breakup. Give them a few months, and they bleep back on the radar when they remember the "*guy who stopped me on the street.*"

We met up for our first date drinks in *Graphic Bar*, Soho, where we bonded over all things Slovak. My vibe was the strongest it had ever been, because of my recent successes and the momentum from Oslo. I played it all Jon Matrix style – leaning back, poker faced, letting her talk, James Bond cool, getting her to do 99% of the work. It worked, and she really opened up, asking me lots of questions and hinting that she'd like to see me again. "*It's been too long since I had fun!*" she smiled, "*I'm glad you texted me again.*" At the tube station we kissed lightly on the lips (I pulled away first) and set up our next date for cooking and a DVD at mine.

A week later we were sitting on my bed eating the ice-cream I'd asked her to bring over in exchange for me cooking (or rather heating up the pasta I'd bought once again in M&S). We watched the film,

kissed heavily, but she wouldn't let me touch her tits or her legs. I could see she was in it for the long-game, as she discussed wanting a boyfriend and needing "*to feel safe*" before she did anything with a guy.

Mid week I gave her a late night phone call, something Antony had been experimenting with, when you needed to bridge the gap between comfort and intimacy between dates. I focused on keeping my voice tone low and slow, leaving sexy silences in between sentences, and creating vivid images in her mind. She was just about to go to bed (the best time to call a girl) and I made sure she felt super relaxed. Rather than going verbally sexual, I teased her with some small innuendo spikes ("*has it been a long hard day?!*") and then accused her of misunderstanding me, which she enjoyed. We set up a final date for me to go round to hers the following weekend.

On Saturday I got the tube to Leytonstone and met her at the station – she arrived dressed ready to fuck – boots, a leather skirt, a tight top, yet her vibe seemed distant and rather serious. I was confused as to what she wanted. We went for dinner in a nearby Thai restaurant, then she asked if I wanted to go to a pub. I bit the bullet and said I'd like to see her place. She agreed, "*just for a drink,*" and we walked hand in hand towards hers.

She lived upstairs in the care home she ran for the elderly, so it was slightly odd walking through the door and hearing the patients in their rooms calling out for nurses or shuffling around. We went up to the top of the building, where she lived in a small flat that was like a loft conversion.

We sat on the sofa watching a film (*Sex and the City* – the things I do to get laid) and me trying to kiss her, which she resisted for about half an hour. Slowly she came closer, letting me kiss her neck, her ear, and then her lips. I pulled her on top of me and she started grinding against me, making loud noises. I grabbed her arse, then reached

under her skirt and played with her pussy. "*Do you have a condom?*" she said.

We fucked on her sofa – her still wearing the leather skirt and me pulling down her top, it was dirty. *Sex and the City* played in the background as I came in her mouth and she led me into the bedroom for a sleep and then round two.

## ***Psycho Romanian Translator***

Another old number that sparked into life after the summer (something to do with the effect of the end of the holidays, darkness descending, and women getting lonely) was that of a pretty Romanian girl I'd closed on Regent Street and instant dated. She was a translator living in Fulham and led a busy life. Her texts went cold after a few pings, but then as Autumn arrived she came back to life.

Her texts were pretty psycho – she kept changing her mind about when and where to meet, she told me she wouldn't come on a tube anywhere (as they triggered her asthma), she demanded we meet near hers. It all seemed like Princess Behaviour, and I wasn't in the mood, so I pushed her away and stopped answering her texts. This made her text more (attraction is in the push!) and we finally arranged to meet the following week in Covent Garden.

The afternoon of the date, I'd gone out daygaming with Antony and I'd forgotten that I'd said to the Romanian to meet at 7pm, thinking it was 8pm. She just assumed that I'd flaked and went home mad. That night I got a whole stream of angry texts, which ironically made her more attracted. It's a harsh truth, but women like the drama of a guy they have to chase.

A week later we rearranged our first date for a posh pub in Chelsea – the *Hollywood Arms*, Hugh Grant's local. She was a very feminine girl, dressed up in heels and a skirt, but bitchy to go with it, disagreeing with most things I said. I had to fight fire with fire, making sure I checked my phone, took calls, looked away as she spoke and kept a poker face. I'd challenge her on points she made, correct her English and tease her, all done in a non-reactive way by biting my

tongue and not getting drawn into negativity. The key to dating bitchy girls.

I cut the date short and took her outside to the tube. We hugged, then I pulled her in and kissed her. She went in for it passionately to my surprise, so I knew there was attraction underneath the bitchy exterior. Looking back, I should have taken her home then and there as she was dressed up for it, and I only lived ten minutes away, but I wasn't expecting her level of interest.

Two days later I met her at Earls Court station. She was late so I told her she'd have to bring me some wine "*as compensation.*" When she showed up at mine an hour later she was all over me straight away, bottle of red wine in hand, and we didn't even open the laptop or go into the kitchen. I lifted her up, dropped her onto the bed and bit her neck. There was no LMR, she was wearing stockings and lacy underwear, and turned out to be one of the dirtiest girls I'd ever fucked. She loved slapping, biting, pushing down, dominating. The bitchier the exterior, the softer the interior.

My phone was beeping as we had sex, and between sessions I checked it to see lots of missed calls from my Slovak girl. I'd forgotten that she was staying over that night, and she was waiting for me around the corner.

I had to bundle the Romanian out and send her to the back entrance of Earls Court tube so we wouldn't bump into my Slovak, who I met five minutes later at the front of the station. Things were getting too confused and complicated with my multiple relationships, and I was losing track of who I was seeing when.

It had been a crazy week – on Saturday I'd fucked the older Slovak in the care home, on Sunday I fucked the English nanny in the afternoon and that night I'd fucked the Romanian, and was about to fuck my regular Slovak girl. Four girls in three days – I was getting bored of sex.



## ***18 Year Old Swiss Girl***

On Oxford Street in July 2011 I'd stopped a very cute 18 year old Swiss girl who was in London for only a few days. She was tall, with amazing legs, slim, and naturally big tits. I'd teased her about the long school girl-like socks she was wearing and her giraffe-like height. A few days later I took her on one date to *Nam Long* for cocktails, the vibe had been sexual from the start, we made out after a few cocktails, but I was too full on and tried to get her back to mine. I'd been eye-fucking too much all the way through the date and spiked it too hard. She resisted and said she had to go back to her family waiting at the hotel, and then she vanished from texts. I was gutted, as she'd been so hot and sexy.

She came back to London two months later and wrote me a message on Facebook:

*"Hey Tom, I'm back! If you arrange an exciting plan for me tomorrow I might consider coming out :)"*

A great example of real Princess Behaviour. I wrote back:

*"Your feistiness is adorable Your Majesty. But this is my city and you're the geeky tourist, so either you agree to my tour plans or nothing."*

She liked the reframe and agreed to my plans to meet in Shoreditch for some bohemian adventures. This time she was here alone, backpacking around the UK, and with no distractions of her family.

I took her to the *Big Chill* bar where we caught up over comfort, and then I ran the non-verbal escalation stuff that had been working so well on the last few dates – hand holding, intense eye contact, a

cheeky smile. I'd ditched all my old verbal routines and was trying to be as Bond-like as possible. "*Stop doing that!*" she said. "*What?!*" I replied. "*Your eyes - your big eyes- they are so intense, it's amazing!*" she giggled.

We built an Intimacy Bubble and kissed again, me starting to pull the trigger as I knew I had to fuck her that night. I asked her to verbalise what she liked about me (a good spike towards seduction) and she said that I was cheeky, and she liked how I "*didn't put up with*" her moods. "*When you said 'Let's meet at....' instead of 'Would you like to meet at...?' I knew you were a real man, I love it*" she smiled.

The vibe was on, and we were both up for a fun night before going back to mine. I spun her emotions by bouncing her around venues – *Vibe Bar* on Brick Lane, *Freedom Bar* and *Floridita* for salsa in Soho. By now it was past midnight and we were both drunk. We slumped into a cab and headed home to mine. I already knew it was game over, so took things slowly. The room was spinning as I undressed her, sucked on her huge tits, then went down on her. She had the best pussy I'd ever seen – it tasted of nothing, and looked so perfect. We had a 69 and I spent hours just fingering her, making her cum with my tongue and enjoying her perfectly smooth skin. By the time I stuck my dick inside her, we had both worked ourselves into a sexual frenzy, and it was one of the most passionate nights ever. I lost count of the number of times we fucked, and I found that I could get hard very quickly after cumming to fuck her again.

In the morning we walked through Brompton Cemetery to Chelsea where we had breakfast in a café and she told how that night was "*like nothing on earth, totally liberating.*" It was great to see her turning into a woman literally over night. She left for Scotland that afternoon, and I wasn't to see her again until New Year's Eve.

## ***Launch Party – October 2011***

The daygame company I was sometimes working for had just put out their first online product and I said I'd help throw a party at *King's Club* in Chelsea. I hadn't table hosted in a few months since my *Mahiki* adventures with Antony, but after a day of party closing daygame in central, I'd rounded up an impressive fourteen girls who were coming with us.

We met them in the pub across the road from the venue and I took them in to *King's* and sat them around the VIP table with free alcohol. There were too many girls, so they sat on each other's laps. The manager was impressed with the girls I'd brought and asked if I'd like to promote for the club. I declined, as I still wasn't a fan of night game and flashy clubs.

I remember dancing on the stage in the club with four girls around me grinding away, it was fantastic. I gamed a young English girl who was a student at King's College in London and took her up to the roof terrace to isolate her and kiss her. In the madness of the party, my leather jacket was stolen containing my wallet and keys, but I was on a high from the entourage so after a quick call to my bank to cancel my cards I forgot about it and took the girl back to her student accommodation in Holborn and fucked her senseless.

That night I felt like I'd completed my daygame journey for the first time – in a high end club, with friends and free alcohol, and fourteen girls that I'd brought from daygame skill.

## ***Autumn 2011 Fails***

*“There’s no failure. Only feedback”*

Once you’ve got the daygame skillset down of getting over AA, hooking sets, bantering, number closing, dating and escalating, the whole thing does indeed become a number’s game. No seducer can get every girl. There are always variables that you can’t control. It then comes down to the more girls you speak to, the more girls you’ll sleep with.

This book makes it sound like every girl I opened I slept with but remember that lay reports, by definition, are the ones that worked. Every week there were many many interactions that were dead ends – either she didn’t stop, didn’t give me her number, didn’t text me back, didn’t kiss, didn’t come back to mine, or didn’t sleep with me. They were all part of the Game.

Usually I’d just write down the success stories, but sometimes I’d also note down the failures. Here were some from October 2011:

- French girl from Notting Hill - got her on my bed, naked, fingering, came in her mouth, she wouldn’t sleep with me, then vanished off texts
- French girl from South Kensington – got her back to mine, she wanked me off, would kiss and tease, but again wouldn’t have sex. Turned out she had a boyfriend
- Latvian girl from Regent Street – slept in my bed, gave me a blowjob but wouldn’t go further as she wanted a boyfriend, no more casual sex. Ended it

On editing the 2nd edition of this book, I realise that it's got too many lay reports in it, but I'm keen to preserve the whole story in its original format, which was taken from a locked online blog I used to keep.

## CHAPTER 24

### *Pret A Manger Lithuanian*

In June I stopped a cute, 24 year old Lithuanian brunette in Covent Garden and took her for an instant date in the market. She'd just arrived in London and was working in the coffee shop *Pret A Manger* but was about to leave for Oslo in Norway, where she had a boyfriend.

I forgot all about her, until a text came through in late October from her, asking how I was. She came out for bubble tea in Soho, and her whole vibe was pretty bitchy and self-absorbed. She said she'd finished with her Norwegian guy, but that she "*still loved him*" and was "*being chased by so many others.*" I did my best to ignore the Princess Behaviour and spiked up the Comfort Bubble with some teasing about her square toes (she used to be a ballet dancer) and freckles. We discussed beach holidays, and I threw in a classic spike about fake boobs:

*"My friend's just come back from Miami and said that it was great, but everyone there had fake lips and fake boobs...have you heard that?"*

Briefly discussing sexual things in the third person ("*my friend said...*") is an easy way to dip your toe into the water and see how the girl reacts. The Lithuanian launched into talking about fake boobs, and how she wished her boobs were smaller. I said it was hard to make an informed opinion without seeing them, to which she replied "*you'll have to wait!*"

A few days later she agreed to meeting in South Kensington for a stroll and some cooking at mine. As we walked from the tube towards Earls Court she unexpectedly held my hand as we crossed a road, and then left it there. For once a girl was doing the escalating for me.

Turning the corner near Gloucester Road, we bumped into the Slovak nanny that I had been fucking for the past year. Her face fell as she saw me and the Lithuanian – the first time I had been “caught red handed.” Even though she knew I was seeing other girls, she’d never actually seen it in action, and now I was rubbing the truth in her face. I felt bad.

The Lithuanian came into my house without us even going to the supermarket under the pretext of making food. She was one of the few girls who just took off her shoes, sat on the bed, made out with me and then started stripping without any build up. She wanted a fuck as much as me, and we spent the evening either having sex or lying on the bed talking about having sex.

A straightforward girl who was horny. In some way it didn’t feel as much of an “accomplishment” as other lays, as I didn’t have to fight for it. I was realising more and more that perhaps it was the thrill of the chase that I really loved, not the sex.

## ***Handover Experiment***

A friend and I were having an after-work beer one night in Gloucester Road when he told me that an Italian girl from his office was coming to drop by with her boyfriend, who was visiting her from Italy. Both of them arrived and we stood outside the pub as they wanted to smoke.

I was in a cocky mood, as I was about to head into central for a date with a hot Polish girl, and my friend enjoyed watching me run attraction material on the Italian girl with her boyfriend having no idea what I was doing. It was a mixture of sexual spikes and getting her to qualify, which worked wonders. She asked me a million questions, and loved the banter, with her boyfriend just assuming we were jokey friends.

A few weeks later my friend told me that she'd split up with her boyfriend and was trying to flirt with him in the office. He'd ignored her advances as she wasn't his type (too petite, too skinny) but he was happy to try to "*pass her on*" to me.

One evening soon after I went to the building where my friend worked and we arranged how we were going to do the "hand over." He would call her outside for a smoke and to meet me again, then he'd go off to a meeting he had with his boss, leaving me to get her number.

That's exactly what happened. He gave her a call and said: "*come down...I have a present for you...Tom is waiting at the front.*" Five minutes later she appeared, with my friend already gone to his meeting, and I suggested she take a "smoking break" and come for a quick beer with me. She happily agreed, and I took her to a bar which was across the street.



Once sitting down with her, I ran my usual *Girlfriend Sequence* model – Comfort Bubble, Spikes and moving into Intimacy. She was enjoying it, opening up and very flirty back. My friend had mentioned how open-minded and adventurous she was, a real party girl and someone who was looking for fun. I took her to another pub down the road for a second beer and tried to kiss her, which she rejected, saying she was still hurting from splitting up with her ex-boyfriend. It seemed like a no-go.

A week later I dropped her a text to see if she was still hooked, and to my surprise she replied immediately and said that she'd love "*more distraction*" after work around 7pm. I met up with her in Covent Garden and the vibe was on straight away – she'd dressed up and was very open to the Spikes. We had three beers in three different pubs (venue bouncing always good to spin their heads) and in the last one I kissed her, which she didn't resist this time. Down on the Strand we jumped into a cab and went back to Earls Court, where it was game over the minute we touched the bed.

She wanted to be fucked really hard all night, and was clearly used to rough sex. She tried to bite me all over, and a few times I had to push her off as it really hurt. We slept for about two hours and in the morning I had to go to work, battered and bruised.

## ***Strip Club Close And Lay***

Antony and I had spent enough time with Beckster in strip clubs in London to know his method for closing strippers. Golden rules were to never pay for a dance or buy them a drink, and to close out of sight of security as the girls weren't allowed to give out their details. Making sure you were different from all the other "clients" in there was key.

Instead of going to the high-end strip joints that Beckster liked to frequent, Antony and I would go by ourselves to the cheap backstreet ones in Soho where there were no admission fees and the vibe was less pretentious. The girls in the smaller venues would be bored, and were easy to hook with attraction material.

To quickly differentiate yourself from the Average Joe who went to the clubs to splash cash on drinks and girls, it was essential to have a tight old school routine stack to build fast attraction and to know what you were doing at all times. Out of all the girls on the planet, strippers have the strongest Game out there – masters of tooling guys into paying for drinks or dances and experts at holding the frame. Key components of gaming them are therefore qualification and getting them off their sales script into deep rapport quickly.

One midweek night in November 2011 Antony and I went to our favourite of the Soho strip joints, where we'd already got three sets of contact details from girls there in the past without paying a penny.

It was pretty empty inside except for a couple of drunk Americans buying two strippers drinks and an old man heading through the back curtain to have a private dance.

We grabbed some beers and sat down in a corner, waiting for the strippers to descend. It was the same feeling as sitting in the middle of a wood with an open hamper of food, waiting for the bears to come down.

Within minutes we had two girls sitting next to us – one for me and one for Antony. A hostess came over and asked if we'd like to buy the girls a drink. We politely declined and said "*maybe later.*" It was vital to dominate the interaction with the girls from the very beginning, making it clear we were not here for a dance. My stripper was very pretty, Romanian, with an amazing body. She was off guard with my launch straight into a Comfort Bubble, finding out what she did "*when you're not here.*" She told me about studying to be a pharmacist and her life back in Romania. Each time she tried to lead the conversation back to the usual stripper sales script I'd snatch the frame back and run some old school routines on her, designed for these type of girls. When she asked for me to buy her a drink, I used Beckster's line:

*"My ex girlfriend was an exotic dancer too, and she said she'd never have respected me if the first time we met I'd bought her a drink."*

It was a million miles away from pure, spontaneous daygame, but it was nice to dust off the old material and run some of the routines Beckster had taught us.

I couldn't believe how well they were working. When I did a cold read about her that was correct, she literally shrieked and said "*you're a magician, that's incredible!*" In true Beckster style I pushed her away, telling her she should go and dance for other guys in the venue as I was a "*bad influence*" on her. She fell right into the trap and qualified why she should stay and talk to me.

When I went for the close she said it was "*not going to happen – club policy*" so I used the cunning method of getting her to add me on Facebook:

*ME: Ok, well, let's do Facebook, you can add me....but I bet you'll not be able to remember my name. Actually, don't worry, it's too difficult...*

*HER: No, no, I've got a good memory...*

*ME: Well, ok, but I'm betting you won't remember it. If you do, send me a message with the title "haha you loser!"*

*HER: Ok, ok!*

*ME: Ok, it's "Tom", like Tom and Jerry, just without the mouse. Then "Torero", a Spanish word for bullfighter. But I don't think you'll remember that – a guy fighting a bull. You could imagine me fighting a mouse! Now, go and get back to your dancing, I'm a bad influence on you....*

*HER: I'll remember it, I'm in my final year at university, just you see!*

An amazing qualifying routine that flipped the script hard. Ten minutes later Antony and I were outside the club without having bought anything other than the beers. He'd closed his, and had seen what I was doing with mine and how I'd got her to chase me hard. "That was a Super Set!" grinned Antony, "Beckster would be proud!"

I nearly fell out of bed when my phone bleeped late that night, saying she'd added me, as well as writing the message I told her. Even if that had been it, I would have still been happy, as it was my first real strong hook from a stripper.

I sent her a ping message a few days later and she responded, which I couldn't believe as well. Not only did she respond, but she seemed heavily invested. It was easy to set up drinks with her for the following Friday night in Covent Garden before she started work. It was like starting daygame all over again – I was excited about the date for days before, and had to be very careful that I didn't project neediness or over excitement.

I met her for a drink in Seven Dials in the upstairs bar of a pub. She was a very cultured and educated girl, so the opposite of the stereotyped stripper, who needed money to fund her studies and support her family back home. I quickly went into deep rapport with her in the Comfort Bubble, and she really opened up about moving from Romania to London and her hopes for the future.

I bounced her to a nearby cocktail bar, and on the way I dropped in a few Spikes to burst the Comfort Bubble. I let her walk in front a few paces and when she looked around to see what I was doing I said:

*“Don’t worry, I’m just checking out your arse!”*

In the dark cellar-like depths of *Detroit* cocktail bar we went into the Intimacy Bubble together, eye-fucking each other and talking about our past relationships. She said she’d been hurt by many men, and told me about how she could totally separate her dancing at work “as a job” and her “normal life outside the club.”

After half an hour we were making out – I was like a kid at Christmas, so excited to be kissing a hot stripper, and I had to go the bathroom to remind myself to calm down and push her away a bit. She’d already told me that she’d dated “*bad men*” so I knew I had to get her chasing me more.

At 10.30pm I walked her up to Soho where she had to go to work and kissed her goodbye on a street corner around from the club so “*nobody could see.*” An hour later I got a text:

*“Thank you Tom for a wonderful evening, next time I’ll cook Romanian food to repay you for the drinks :) x”*

For the next two weeks the trail went pretty much cold, as she’d gone back to Romania to see her family and I was busy at school and teaching bootcamps on the weekends. One night midweek I got the following reply to my message asking if she was back:

*“Hey mind reader, I’ve just landed. Is Saturday night ok for you to come over to Brentwood?”*

She didn’t come into London when she wasn’t working and I was happy to jump on the train from Liverpool Street to Essex, not far away. I met her at the station, her in more casual clothes than last time, and we had a drink in the pub on the corner. She told me about her time away, and I spiked up the comfort by checking out her tan marks. By now it was around 9pm and pretty dark and cold. Lady luck smiled on me once again and it started to drizzle as we went outside *“for a walk.”* I asked her where she lived, and she explained she lived with her brother so she wanted to check if I was okay with meeting him.

I was imagining a 6 foot 5 inches tall body builder who’d be deeply suspicious of me, but instead a small guy with glasses opened the door and greeted me warmly. He was an IT programmer and easy to win over with chit-chat. The Romanian and I went straight up to her room to *“watch TV”* while the brother lay on the sofa in the living room. Ten minutes later we were fucking on her small single bed, with both of us trying not to make any noise so as not to alert her brother. She was an amazing fuck, with a body to die for. Afterwards we curled up together on her bed and watched *Top Gun*, her favourite film.

As the titles rolled and the shots of Tom Cruise flying the jets kicked in with the cheesy 80s music, I lay there unable to really believe that I’d just fucked a really hot stripper who I’d pulled from a strip club. The stuff boyhood dreams are made of.

## ***Return To Lithuania***

For the past few months I'd been chatting on Facebook to some of the girls I'd closed on my first trip to Vilnius in Lithuania. All of them were really hot, one in particular was just my type – a quirky bohemian drama student at the university there, 20 years old, who I'd instant dated from a bench where I opened her reading a book.

She was really invested over Facebook, sending me almost daily messages and telling me her news. A girl of her beauty in London would have been swallowed into the club scene, hit on endlessly and she'd have created a thick skin to being seduced, but the fact that there were many equally beautiful girls in Lithuania meant that she didn't realise how beautiful she was.

Like when I went to Berlin to follow up leads, I decided to test the waters by seeing if she had a *“sofa for me to crash on”* if I came to stay for the weekend. She got straight back to me saying that she lived in the centre of the Old Town and had a place for me to stay. Game on.

I booked some cheap budget airline flights, leaving Saturday morning and coming back Sunday night, as I had work on Monday and could literally only be there for 24 hours. I had no guarantee she was going to sleep with me, but followed my instincts and went for it.

There's a short stop over in Riga, Latvia, when you fly to Lithuania, and I used the time in the airport productively, opening and closing two girls who were waiting for flights. Both were stunners, and I made a mental note of coming back to Riga in the New Year. Half the population were of Russian descent, giving them a Russian vibe and look that I loved.

I got to the Old Town mid afternoon and had some time to kill before meeting her at 8pm. I enjoyed the winter sunshine and the relaxed feel of the city – a welcome break from London. I wanted to warm up my vibe before meeting her so went on an instant date with a dreamy local girl and had a couple of beers in a pub.

My Lithuanian called and said she was around the corner in a bar called *Gorky's*, so I left my instant date girl and headed off to see her. It was on straight away – we hugged, she was full of energy and flirty. We had lots to talk about as we'd been sharing so much information over Facebook. Comfort was built over a beer and then I suggested we go and see her place so I could “*drop off my things.*”

Where she lived was gorgeous – a medieval building, run down and shabby but rustic, sharing a flat with an old man who I could hear in his room next door listening to jazz. He was an artist and a writer, and there were signs of creativity everywhere.

Sure enough, there was a sofa in her room, but she'd cleverly covered it in piles of books and clothes, meaning we had to sit on the bed. This girl had Game.

Lights off, dancing to the Cole Porter we could hear next door, a beautiful kiss and then a night of great sex. She was super hot, and I found I could just keep fucking her even after I'd cum, a good sign.

In the morning after coffee and toast in bed she rang me a taxi and I headed back to the airport. A flying fuck indeed.



## ***“Just Be Yourself”***

Classic dating advice from women, and from some “naturals” that posted on PUA forums as a reaction to all the seduction advice out there. What did “be yourself” mean and was it really enough?

I always subscribed to the notion of being your “best self,” rather than the self you might be right now that is not fulfilling your potential. If you were to refuse to change, and kept doing what you were doing, then you’d keep getting the results you’d always got.

For guys like me that had missed out on all the positive reference experiences with girls in their teens and early twenties, and had grown up with a skewed understanding of how women behaved and what they wanted, it was essential that I went through a “second youth” period of learning and change.

For a while the new behavioural patterns and beliefs will look and feel unnatural. This is the period of using the “training wheels” of PUA lines, routines, gambits and structures.

After a while (depending on how much infield practice takes place) then the new mindsets and structures will start to become embedded, and the training wheels can be removed.

Beckster describes it as the process of becoming a “SuperNatural” where in the beginning of someone’s PUA journey a guy is using 80% structures, and 20% of his own personality. After a few years of practice then it will switch to 80% free-styling with his own personality and 20% structure. Thus the guy becomes better at seducing women than either the PUA or the “natural.”

The more I was going out and practicing daygame, the more I was feeling like I didn't need to rely on the tried-and-tested structure. I was feeling more calibrated, more congruent, more authentic, more able to "project my core."

*Out of structure comes freedom.*

## CHAPTER 25

### *The Spy Who Loved Me*

In October I'd stopped a beautiful brunette Russian girl who was in Green Park near to Buckingham Palace. I teased her about being a spy and loitering around the Palace, and she loved the role play, hooking on it and playing along about being a *007* villain. I walked with her up to Mayfair and she told me about working for a global company down in Brighton. We swapped numbers and split.

A few weeks later, after texting back and forth, I met her down in Brighton one Friday night as I was staying for the weekend at a friend's house nearby. I knew I had to play it long game with Russians as they didn't respond well to fast escalation. She was more stunning than I remembered, a real Bond Girl, feminine and classy.

We went to a pub in The Lanes and I ran the Comfort and Intimacy Bubbles, with a few Spikes thrown in about "*spies looking beautiful but mixing pleasure and pain!*" which she enjoyed. On purpose I didn't go in for the kiss, as it was better to leave Russians wanting more. I walked her back along the dark windy seafront to where she lived and said goodbye.

For our second date, she came up to London one Saturday to do her Christmas shopping and for Tom Torero's Adventure Bubble Tour Ltd. *Clipper* boat, walk along the South Bank, then a bounce to *Jewel Bar* in Piccadilly. We sat right at the back in a dark corner, candles flickering, drinking cocktails. She said she was peckish, and I asked her what she fancied. "*Anything sweet!*" she said, so I went out of the

bar and into the doughnut store next door, buying one for me and one for her. I snuck them back into the bar past the door security, and we sat eating them in the dark.

I gave her the challenge of eating hers without licking her lips (an easy sexual spike to get close to her mouth) which she kept failing at. The vibe was perfect, so I pulled her in and kissed her, sugar all over our mouths. It was one of my favourite kiss closes ever.

After that she went back to Moscow for two weeks, and the next time I saw her was in Earls Court where I invited her over for a food / DVD night one Friday night. She'd come to London for the afternoon but had to catch the last train back down south, so it was a quick date. We lay on my bed, made out, watched a bit of the DVD before she let me kiss her tits and she wanked me off. She wouldn't let me put my hand down her jeans, saying "*next time, we'll do everything, next time.*"

Our last date in Brighton was a done deal. I'd already asked her if I could "*come down on Friday and stay until Saturday*" and she agreed. She had a one bedroom flat by the seafront and she'd got everything ready for my visit – candles lit, jazz on the stereo and food in the oven. Russian girls are very traditional, wanting to be domestic and look after their guys, and I was enjoying the VIP attention.

After food we lay on her bed and watched Charlie Chaplin's *The Great Dictator*. I didn't escalate at all on purpose, watching the whole film, so she'd want to jump me. As the credits rolled, we started making out, and she grabbed my dick over my jeans. We blew out the candles and had a very long, slow round of foreplay before fucking on her bed. She'd not had sex in over a year and was always hungry for more.

## ***Swedish TV Presenter***

My first “celebrity” fuck. December 2011. I’d met up with Beckster for catch up beers in Aqua bar and we happily chatted about how things were going. It wasn’t long before we were looking at girls around the bar and were itchy to approach, even though it wasn’t meant to be a night of gaming. A guy recognised Beckster and came over to chat to him, while I went over to the bar and opened two girls who were talking between themselves. I used one of Beckster’s tried-and-tested qualification openers:

*“Hey girls, who’s got the best shoes on tonight?!”*

They bit on the bait and showed me their shoes, each one clambering for attention. Like Beckster had told me, I made sure to reward them both:

*“To be fair, I think you both look really nice”*

From there it was simple to transition into regular conversation using a few assumptions and Spikes. One was English and her friend was Swedish – just arrived in London to look for work “*in media.*” The Swedish girl was the one I liked and I number closed her while her friend was talking to Beckster, who’d come over to wing.

A week later we went on our first date to *Vibe Bar* on Brick Lane, Shoreditch near to where she lived. The first half hour of the date was pretty frosty, as she’d added Beckster on Facebook and seen my “Tom Torero” daygame profile on there, working out I was a professional seducer and hitting me with a million questions about what I did and how I did it.

Once she'd calmed down we moved into Comfort Bubble topics and she told me about being a TV presenter on one of Sweden's main news channels. She was in London to see if she could launch a media career here, and had split up with her boyfriend just before she came. A big statement of intent from her, so I knew I had a green light to go for it.

I was going through a phase of seeing how quickly I could move through the whole Dating Bubble model in one go, as Antony and I were getting tired of all the dating we were doing. We'd agreed to push things as far as we could go on the next few dates to get out of our comfort zones, even if it meant losing some girls. High risk, high reward.

I moved her from bar stools onto the sofas and began the Intimacy Bubble, getting close, smelling the perfume on her neck, touching her hair to "*see if it was real*", whispering in her ear against the loud music – any excuse to get physical.

*"I'm really tempted to kiss you – but I'm not meant to say that out loud. It's the beer talking"*

She smiled, but refused my first two attempts to kiss her. However, she'd let me hold her hand (a Jon Matrix trick) and stroked my fingers as I stroked hers – another green light to push it further.

As we left the first bar half an hour later, she gave the usual "*where are we going?*" with a grin. I told her to Disneyland to see Mickey Mouse. We were still holding hands as we walked towards Liverpool Station. I tried to flag down a taxi but she wasn't having any of it, saying she "*had an interview in the morning and had to get up early.*"

Despite her protests for a bounce home, her whole vibe was warming up and she was quite happy for me to have my arm around her small waist. I suggested another beer in a pub across the road from the station, and she agreed.

The pub was full of drunk city workers and we found a quiet corner where we could be heard over the football on the big screen. We sat on bar stools with our legs interlocking, facing each other, and I just pulled her in to kiss her. This time she didn't resist – kissing me back passionately. I verbally escalated hard, not my usual style, telling her she smelt so good and that I wanted her. She said I couldn't come back to hers as she shared a room with another Swedish girl who *"might be home."*

Outside I waited with her for her bus, both of us wrapped in each other's arms. When the bus came I just got on with her and said *"let's go on an adventure."* She did some mock protesting, but calmed down when I said I'd *"jump off at the next stop."* Leading is everything.

The next stop came and went, and she shook her head as I asked her what breakfast she was going to cook me. I was being a complete pushy cock, and she loved it. This certainly wouldn't work on all girls, but the vibe she was giving off was just perfect for it. Token LMR all the way, but secretly loving the arrogance.

As we got off the bus at the end of her road she said:

*"I can't believe it, you're crazy, I need to phone my flatmate to see if she's in..."*

After a quick chat in Swedish, she told me her flatmate was staying at a guy's house that night, so it was safe for me to come in.

Ten minutes later we were on her single bed in the loft of a shared house, fucking until she screamed. I wanted to cum in her mouth, but she wanted it on her tits instead. As I came it shot in the wrong direction, and some of it hit me in the eye. I couldn't believe how much it stung.

I had school the next day, so had to leave around 5.30am in the morning. It was a dark cold December day as I waited for a bus back

to central, but I was happy that I'd slept with a girl purely because of extremely dominant leading.



## ***New Year's Eve 2011 With Antony***

It had been one crazy year for Antony and I....nearly 40 girls each, 3-sums, 4-sums, same day lays, club nights, Beckster, teaching, travelling. We were proud of how far we'd come and wanted to celebrate in style, seeing in 2012 by trying to have a 4-sum with the Swiss 18 year old who was coming over and a Russian girl that Antony had been seeing.

We arranged a table and drinks with a club manager just off Oxford Street who we'd helped out on numerous club nights in the past. He was happy to give us four tickets to the New Year's Eve Party and told us to dress up as it was going to be a good one.

Both Antony and I arrived with our girls at Oxford Circus and we all went to a bar for a warm-up drink. We let the girls get to know each other and chat between themselves. Antony and I toasted our successful year, and I managed to close one of the bar maids out of sight of my Swiss girl as I went to order another round. She didn't want to give me her number in front of her colleagues at the bar, so she came back to our table later with the bill, on top of which was written her details.

We went to the club around 11pm and mingled with the crowd at the VIP tables, drinking the free alcohol and dancing with the girls. I was making out with mine, Antony with his. Before long the two girls were making out too and couldn't keep their hands off each other - it seemed 100% on for a 4-sum, so Antony and I chilled out and enjoyed the New Year's party craziness

I felt cocky and on fire. As I went to the bathroom there was a girl standing outside *"waiting for a friend."* I accused her of loitering, then

number closed her just before her male friend came out. Snipper closing, Beckster style, I was loving it.

We waited for 2012 to chime in and then danced some more, before jumping in a cab back to mine. Antony and I had bought a new shisha pipe the day before as a plausible reason to go back to mine, plus a bottle of vodka. My Swiss girl was really easy to lead and up for an adventure, but Antony's Russian had had too much to drink and was becoming argumentative. She accused us of "*planning the whole thing*" and stormed out after we tried to get her to make out with the Swiss girl again. Antony began to chase her out the door, but decided against it and let her disappear into the night.

When he came back into my room I was already making out with my Swiss girl and fingering her. Antony came and lay down on the bed, taking over the fingering and making out with her as I put my dick inside her. We both fucked her for a while then I let Antony take over for a bit while I went into the kitchen to make food.

Antony went home after fucking her and the Swiss girl stayed in my bed for more fucking and a long sleep after all the booze and craziness. She'd loved having two guys, but was gutted like me that the Russian girl hadn't been up for anything. It was still one heck of a start to the New Year.

## ***Welsh Girl Super Direct***

Antony and I were at the height of our cockiness, tired of playing the long game and dating, so filtering girls hard for “yes” or “no.” We were almost too confident in our pick-up abilities, coming across as arrogant dicks to a large percentage of girls we spoke to. But for a certain number of girls, it was a huge turn-on, and led to some pretty fast lays.

We were drinking beers in our favourite South Kensington pub and agreeing for a “*non game night*” when I spotted two girls across the bar who were catching up over a bottle of wine. Immediately I broke the no-game rule and grinned at Antony. “*I’ll open the brunette...can you come in in a second?*”

Something inside me was buzzing. It was the most cocky I’d ever been. The girls were standing up, leaning on the bar and wiggling to the music. Time for an accusational opener. I’d got what Antony called “*the fury!*”

I went in with total conviction, grabbed the brunette’s elbow and said “*no wiggling allowed!*” setting the dominating sexual tone from the start. She loved it, and we were talking filth within a minute or two. Not my usual comfort style, but I was on and was pushing it as far as I could go. She was a feisty Welsh girl, mid twenties, who worked in the city, so could hold her own. She was making jokes about her “*dead father’s penis*” and testing to see how I’d react.

Antony came in and winged the less attractive friend, taking one for the team, allowing me to banter a bit more and then go for the number. She grinned and said no to giving her number four times,

telling me she was “*kind of seeing someone.*” I remained ultra cocky, pulled out my phone and said: “*ok, it’s 07....*”

She admired the determination and gave her number. Antony and I went back to our beers with me expecting a flake to any text I sent her because of the harsh verbal escalation and her resistance. I was happily surprised when she got into a text chat with me later that night:

*ME: No more wiggling for the next 6 weeks....*

*HER: We talking about you or me? ;-)*

*ME: I’ll show you my wiggle if you show me yours ;-)*

*HER: “Hahaha! What about the kids tomorrow? x*

*ME: “As Michael Jackson said, blame it on the boogie ;-)* x

*HER: So, I bring up children and you think Michael Jackson...? Should I be concerned?! Boogie often? : )*

*ME: It’s my NY’s resolution to give up, but you’re distracting me :)*

*HER: Hmmmm....giving up the boogie or small children?! This has taken an off turn :) LOL!*

*ME: You still out wiggling in South Ken?*

*HER: Nope. Notice you didn’t answer my question ;)*

*ME: Work-hard-play-hard, but my rule is to keep children/animals out of the latter equation :)*

*HER: Atta boy :)*

The next day we carried on the texting, with me trying to get her out on a date:

*ME: What's your opinion of watermelon martinis?!*

*HER: I'd have to say I'm pro them : )*

*ME: Good answer. How about a cheeky one tomorrow or Friday night? : )*

*HER: Tempting :) But I'm afraid this week is going to be ridiculous, till say Saturday...?*

*ME: I'm in Paris Sat-Sun but next week fine :) Wiggle-free week*

There was silence for the next week and I was away in Paris on the weekend, so I sent her a re-ignition text the following Monday:

*ME: Boo! How about our Welsh reunion drink Thursday? It will be emotional :)*

*HER: If this is about sport I'm afraid you're talking to the wrong gal, Welsh or not :)*

*ME: Not a fan of sports per se, but we could make our own...nothing too energetic ; )*

*HER: Oh, I'm afraid it can get pretty energetic when I play ;) So, where's this martini bar?"*

*ME: Nam Long, near South Ken, eclectic and quirky, we'll try an infamous Flaming Ferrari, it'll give you energy ;)"*

*HER: Sounds tasty :) I finish work at 6 in St Pauls, shall we say 6.30-6.45?"*

*ME: 6.45 Glouc Rd Station :)*

*HER: Well that's precise! Ok teacher man, see you there! :)*

*ME: 6.46 ;) See you tomorrow!*

We met at the tube station, her coming straight from the City and dressed up like the legal secretary she was – dark hair, dark eyes, feminine curves, a real Catherine Zeta Jones type of girl. We drank cocktails in *Nam Long* and she tried to bait me with sexual comments. I knew I had to do some pushing and get her to qualify otherwise it was too sexually charged and could well explode in my face. I went into rapport with her and spiked it up occasionally with flirty teases:

*“Slow down....I need trust, comfort and connection with someone....all we have is lust ;-)!”*

I walked her towards the pub near my flat and it was now blatant what was going to happen. I gave her a back massage as we were standing at the bar and she turned and said: *“look, we don’t have to drag this out, let’s drink fast!”* A green light if ever I heard one.

But green lights can quickly turn to red. As we walked from there down to my flat she asked where we were going. *“Disneyland, to see Mickey Mouse doing back flips”* She gave some token LMR about coming in and said *“we’re not going to have sex!”*

Wine. Shisha. Music. Sitting on the bed. Kissing. Fingering. I could feel the LMR always in the air so did the usual anti-LMR lines. She bit on them and qualified, telling me that it was ok and that sometimes things just felt right. *“This is so fast!”* I said. *“Oh my god, I was just going to say that”* she said.

But when I tried to take off her tights and knickers she said no, teasing me for about an hour by telling me how much she wanted me inside her, but then resisting further escalation. After a while I got tired of the games and told her I should sleep because of school in the morning. She got up and started putting on her shoes and her coat.

I put my arms around her waist, we started kissing goodbye, and then I got out my hard dick and put it in her hand. This turned her on and she started sucking me off. We were naked within seconds and

fucking within a minute, her bending over the bed. I asked her why she was playing games before and she said she “*wanted to be taken*” and needed “*a real man.*” She verbalised how she “*tested for weak guys*” and that she liked my sexual vibe from the start.

She left at 1am in a taxi after knocking over a bottle of red wine on my carpet and burning a hole in it with red-hot shisha coals. My double bed was falling apart, as was the normality of my life. I’d gone deep down the rabbit hole of Game and I was starting to wonder where it would end.

## ***American “Gift” From Referral Game***

I'd finished work and was putting my key in the communal front door of the building where my flat was in Earls Court. The door opened from inside and standing there was a beautiful girl smiling at me. *“I'm your new neighbour!”* she grinned in an American accent. I kept strong eye contact and said we should have a *“welcome drink”* sometime. *“Just come up and knock”* she said. I couldn't believe my luck.

She was half Italian, half American, 25 years old, and just my type – petite, dark hair and eyes, olive skin.

For a couple of weeks I heard nothing from her as she'd gone back to Italy for a bit, but out of the blue I got a note under my door with her number on it. A few texts back and forth and we arranged to go to the *Troubadour* for an afternoon cocktail.

I got there first and found a table in the garden at the back. She arrived a bit late with a tall, good looking muscular guy on her arm – it was the Italian guy she was sharing the upstairs flat with. He was gay and her best friend, so I spent the whole date talking to him and winning him over. She told me about her boyfriend in the States who she was in love with, and how they were getting married the following year. What a strange date. I decided to just enjoy the company and then split.

Strangely she texted a few days later to suggest another drink in the nearby *Hollywood Arms* pub in Chelsea. Was she up for a fuck, or was it just friendly? I agreed to it, and we set up the second date for a few days time.



*“I’m running late....come up to my flat as I’m getting ready”* she texted. This sounded too good to be true.

As I climbed the stairs from my floor to hers, I could hear the sound of two female voices giggling. I pushed open her front door to see her and another girl, both dressed up and finishing their makeup while they munched on tapas and danced around the flat to music. Her friend was a 30 year old American banker and very quickly I clocked that she’d invited her over to set her up with me. The Italian immediately started selling me to her:

*“I told you Tom works with children didn’t I Emma? He also plays the guitar”*

They fed me tapas and slinked around me like cats, the American giving me big doggy dinner bowl eyes and laughing at all my cheap attraction spikes. She looked like a taller version of Lilly Allen and I was loving the fact that she’d been pimped out to me by her friend. The joys of warm-approach game.

We all walked down to the *Hollywood Arms* in high spirits and while the Italian sat down to occupy a table, the American and I went to the bar to get the drinks. As I knew it was a pretty safe lay I knew I could pull the trigger fast so I held her close and made out with with her.

It was getting very sexual as we sat around the table and did some people watching to get into an Our World Bubble – guessing which couples were on dates, which ones were married, looking at other people’s body language. It’s an easy way to create an Intimacy Bubble, and an excuse to bring up topics like dating.

We moved onto the spike subject of fake boobs (by talking about Chelsea and the rich crowd) and I jokingly suggested the American’s boobs were fake. She went red and the Italian let on that they really were – her ex boyfriend had made her get them. They loved the topic, and I spiked it up even more with Beckster innuendoes (*“deep inside,” “long,” “hard”*). We talked about one night stands, how they

were normal in London like New York, and I accused the American of hitting on me:

*“You’re not going to take me home tonight. I need wining and dining first!”*

The Italian was loving it, playing cupid and enjoying helping her friend get laid. She said how weird it was that her friend was so chilled with me, as *“normally she destroys men with her city trader heels, flying all over the world and being bitchy.”* They were both lost for words at how direct it all was, and I was excited to be pushing it so hard.

We all went to *Mango Lounge* cocktail bar for some late night drinking and in the dark of the bar the American was grabbing my leg and I put her hand on my cock. The Italian was getting really drunk and it was time to work out logistics. When she went to the bathroom the American and I planned it all out – we’d take the Italian back and make sure she was safe, then I’d pretend to walk the American to the taxi rank, but really go into my flat with her. *“Don’t tell her that I stayed at yours”* the American pleaded, *“I told her I wouldn’t tonight!”* Again it proved the point that women will do crazy things once they’re out of sight of their friends and social circle, away from the risks of being judged.

We followed the plan to a tee, taking the Italian back home and then heading downstairs to mine. She gave some token LMR at the door, saying she *“wasn’t normally this kind of girl”* and me replying *“it’s ok, I understand.”*

Straight into my room. Dick out. Stripped her off. Lights out. Hard fucking.

An hour later I put her in a taxi home with a smile on my face. I’d met her at 9pm and fucked her at 2am, with no cold-approach and no texting. It was amazing that I’d run attraction game on her friend, who’d passed me onto her to seal the deal. Efficiency.

## CHAPTER 26

### *First Catwalk Model*



2011 had come to an end and I had ticked off most of the targets I'd set myself a year previously with daygame – bouncebacks, strippers, 3-sums, a 4-sum. Yet I still hadn't slept with and dated a catwalk model.

A rather shallow, meaningless target, I'll agree, but a huge mental marker post for me on my journey from shy introvert geek to

professional seducer.

On the 3rd of January 2012 I was to tick off this goal, sleeping with and starting to date a Hungarian catwalk model I'd met three weeks before one dark, cold evening on a bootcamp.

It was our last bootcamp of the year, and we were finishing off the street session on the Sunday with some approaching around Carnaby Street. Christmas was coming and the decorations shone high above the street like a Dickens scene.

Walking past the students and I was a tall, high-heeled girl with her hood up and headphones in, texting as she rushed past Starbucks. A daygamer's ultimate challenge, as just the Open phase alone can be difficult. I was going to send one of the students in to open, but they all looked at me wide-eyed and asked me to demo.

We'd been out on the street for the past two days approaching, so my vibe was strong, even though she looked daunting. I stopped her with full force, coming closer into her space than normal and giving off a dramatic intensity. As I got in front of her I realised how hot she was.

*ME: "Hey, your English is ok?"*

*HER: "Um, yeah, I guess...?"*

*ME: "I just saw you rushing past, and I had to come and say you look really nice. What I noticed was your crazy high heels and the fact that you were walking so fast, like you were going to save the world..."*

*HER: "Haha, it's a skill. I'm on my way to a work party..."*

*ME: "One more thing before you go...you've got a very Continental look about you, as tall as the girls I saw in Hungary this summer"*

*HER: Ha, I'm Hungarian, from Budapest. Where are you from?*

We bantered about Hungary, and then I put my hand out to shake hers as she told me her name. I kept holding it to add more intensity to the interaction and she didn't pull away. Suddenly we were in our own bubble – the people around us and the noise of central London blotted out. The vibe was cocky, as she was running late but I was holding her there and she loved it.

After a few minutes she really had to go so I took her number, gave her a missed call and let her get on her way. It had all happened so quickly. I'd impressed myself with the force of the street stop, the conviction involved and the fact that she was really hot – tall, skinny, I was guessing a model of some sorts. The students were impressed with the persistence of the close and her hotness as well – it was my strongest ever interaction on the street.

We took the students back to Jon's flat for the video analysis section of the bootcamp, where we watched back the infields of each student approaching during the weekend while having a mug of well-earned tea

Suddenly my phone went off. It was a text from the Hungarian:

*HER: "It was a really nice surprise...:)"*

I replied:

*ME: "Random but serendipitous....are you always so friendly to new people or was it just a good day?! Tom"*

*HER: "Always :))) I'm a bubbly person :)))))"*

*ME: "Maybe it's the Hungarian spirit :)"*

*HER: "No...just me :--)))))"*

*ME: "Hope the pink heels are doing their magic :)"*

*HER: "How do u see my pink shoes. Where r u?"*

*ME: "I'm in Goodge Street, but I can imagine your shoes from here!"*

*HER ":) Good night Tom. It was nice to meet u"*

*Having a girl text you first after number closing is a very rare thing, so I already knew that she was invested. Over the next few days I set up a date to take her ice-skating at the Natural History Museum:*

*ME: "How about some ice skating one night this week, you can push me over :)"*

*HER: "Sounds great. I am working until 6pm near Victoria. So i just need to pack a jeans and pullover probably :)"*

*ME: "Great, how about Tuesday after 6 for South Kensington skating and hot wine...:)"*

*HER: "What do I have to bring with me for skating?"*

*ME: "Jeans, gloves, woolly jumper, no heels!"*

*HER: "Ok, I am not that kind of princess with fake eyelashes and fake everything and no fun cause my nails will broken....but. do they have a cloakroom there? as I will come from work in a pretty nice dress with heels nice coat...so if I can change and leave my bag somewhere that is absolutely great :)"*

*ME: "I don't have fake eyelashes either, don't worry :)" There's a place nearby to change, no problem. Hope you've had a relaxed Sunday :)"*

*HER: "Ok. that is fine :)) Good to know. Had a relaxing day :)"*

*The ice-skating with her was amazing – really wintery and magical. Lights in the trees, holding onto each other as we wobbled around the ice rink, her more nervous than me. It was the perfect first date as it*

*got physical so fast, we held hands as we skated and supported each other if we were going to fall. I couldn't believe how beautiful she was.*

*After the skating I took her to a local bar where I ran the usual Comfort Bubble. She told me about growing up in Hungary, coming to the UK to be a fashion model and her passions. She'd modeled for London Fashion Week and some top magazines.*

*When I tried to Spike out of the Comfort Bubble and go into the Intimacy Bubble she resisted, turning up her feistiness and raising her guard. She clearly didn't like guys hitting on her (a daily situation for models) and I realised I'd maybe pushed it too far with comments about her legs and thinking about kissing her. At the tube station a while later we hugged, and I wasn't sure if I'd see her again as I might have overdone it.*

*It was a nice surprise when an hour later she texted me:*

*"Many thanks for this great experience :))) Don't remember when I was laughing this much :)"*

We ping texted back and forth over the next few days and arranged to meet for drinks near Embankment station. I took her to the Christmas market on the South Bank and we went for wine in the funky National Film Theatre bar. I used the technique of giving her a "job" to do while I got the drinks at the bar:

*ME: Can I entrust you with a very important role?*

*HER: Sure!*

*ME: While I order the drinks, it's your job to scout round the bar and find two really good seats for us*

*HER: Cool....*

It's a nice early bit of qualification and avoids the awkwardness of standing at the bar together, trying to get the barman's attention and talk to your date. Later the Hungarian told me that she'd loved it when I told her to do it, as she realised I could take control.

We built lots more comfort and went into deep rapport. I avoided too many Spikes as I remembered what had happened last time. This wasn't going to be a fast lay – it was longer game because she was of such high quality and used to getting rid of guys who were just looking for one night stands.

Both of us could only stay for one drink as we had to be elsewhere, so we walked across Hungerford Bridge and looked out over the cold twinkling lights of central London – St Pauls, Tower Bridge and the City to the East, Big Ben and the London Eye to the West. A cityscape that was now city, full of memories and adventures.

At the tube station we hugged, then I cupped her cold face with my hands and brought her in to kiss. Immediately there was passion, and we made out heavily for a few minutes before jumping on separate tubes.

Minutes later she sent me this text:

*“:)) I am so happy you stopped me on the street :)))))) x”*

I replied:

*“:.) Serendipity...I'm happy you stopped x”*

A few days later I tried to get her to come over to my house for cooking and a dvd. At first she agreed, but then flaked at the last minute, saying it was “*too soon*” to come to my house. Cold feet.

Because she was the first catwalk model I'd dated, I didn't want to crash and burn it, even though the dating was lasting longer than I'd usually do. I knew I had to make her my girlfriend.



We set up a club night in *Mahiki*, as a friend was visiting her from Hungary and she wanted a party night with me. I called Antony to help out, and we organised a mini entourage night. He was bringing a girl, and we'd found two girls on the street who were up for coming too.

The entourage effect worked brilliantly. We were given a small table and a treasure chest of free alcohol, and the Hungarian was impressed. I didn't focus on her too much, but bantered with the whole group, got her friend to like me, and had fun flirting with the club staff and dancing on the dance floor. By pushing her away slightly, it made the Hungarian chase me around the club and kiss me at every opportunity.

I knew I couldn't go back to hers or she couldn't come to mine as her friend was staying with her, so we kissed goodbye at the tube stop and arranged our fourth and final date for Sunday. "*I want you*" I whispered in her ear as I saw her onto the night bus. "*I want you so much!*" she replied back. It was on.

I took her on the *Clipper* boat down to Greenwich where we headed into a cosy pub. Both of us were really horny – she was sitting on my lap, her tits in my face, and we were making out heavily. Families sat around us drinking afternoon coffees, pretending not to look, as did the staff. I had my hand on her thighs under her skirt, and she brushed against my dick. It was time to bounce home.

On the tube back to hers it got very sexual. Because it was crowded we stood by the doors. I had my back against the glass as she stood in front of me, opening up her fur coat so we were enveloped in our own world. I felt her tits and fingered her as she hid us from onlookers. It was the hottest tube journey I'd ever ridden.

When we got to her shared accommodation in Manor House we chatted to her Hungarian flatmates downstairs (one of them was a

guy who'd been trying to get it on with her for months) and had a drink.

After a while she led me by the hand up to her room *"to show me something,"* where we turned off the lights, lay on the bed, put on a DVD to drown out the noise (ironically it was a film about a dating coach - *Hitch*) and fucked really hard.

I stayed the night, fucking her over and over, until I had to jump on a tube at 6am to head back to Earls Court and then go to work.

I'd done it – slept with a catwalk model. I was ecstatic. She'd told me some amazing things as I'd been in bed with her that night. She described me as a *"real man....very confident and sure of yourself."* She said she liked how I took control and moved her into positions to fuck her without asking her permission, and the fact that I was *"passionate and direct."*

She told me that she knew she wanted to sleep with me when I first kissed her, as *"a good kisser is good in bed!"* and that she was impressed with how relaxed and friendly I was to her flatmates – an *"important test"* for her.

She also said that being a model meant she was approached by an endless stream of guys. The reason she was wearing a hood, her headphones and texting when I stopped her was to *"deter men"* from doing it. In clubs she said she simply didn't allow men to come near her. She said she stopped for me on the street because I was *"masculine and persistent, and that there wasn't a choice."*

I asked her about our first date in the bar after the ice skating, and she said she got bitchy because she said I suddenly became *"too cocky"* and she wanted to *"test me to see if I was like all the other guys."*

She said how she *"liked to feel feminine, and needed a man who made her feel like that, plain and simple."*

It was amazing that the feedback she was giving me was so in line with everything daygame had taught me over the last two years, and that it meant I'd really changed on a fundamental level to the point where I'd internalised all of these things so I no longer thought about them, just did them. It was my proudest daygame achievement.

I carried on seeing the Hungarian model for the next two months, practically making her my girlfriend and still shocked that I'd seduced someone so hot.

## ***Chinese Student – Princess Behaviour***

2012 started well with Antony and I giddy with self-confidence at our recent successes. This gave our street approaches even more intensity and conviction, meaning we could get away with shorter interactions and skip instant dates. The numbers weren't flaking because the street sets were stronger.

On the wide pavements of the Strand we both saw a bitchy-looking well dressed Chinese girl hurry past us – tall, heels, texting, the usual glamour walk. Antony smiled at me, and I ran back and stopped her. She was poker-faced, refusing to open up and telling me she had to go every few seconds. I think I said “*one more thing before you go*” over eight times.

I used the same technique I'd used on the catwalk model – holding onto her hand and cheekily pulling her towards me after I'd introduced myself, letting her know I meant business. She said no to the number close two times, but I was cocky, persistent and got it.

Over texts she hooked lightly, but wasn't easy to pin down about a date or time for meeting up. I managed to take her to Souk in Covent Garden for afternoon tea, but she was very closed and abrupt. She didn't like being called Chinese, instead describing herself as “*fully Westernised, Prada and all.*” She was studying at the London School of Economics and had a weakness for high-end shopping, which her boyfriend (who lived in Switzerland) funded.

After that short date she was very flakey over text and I had to be very persistent with her to see her again. There's a fine line between being needy and being persistent, but if I sense that there's a chance

with a girl I like I'll chase it up ruthlessly, often "burning the set" to its limit rather than wondering what "might have been."

Finally I got her to come to a cocktail bar in Angel called *Ladybird*, near where she lived. She arrived late, a face like thunder, tears in her eyes, telling me she'd just had an argument with her boyfriend in Switzerland and that she wanted to go home alone. I'd told her before the date to bring me some lemon cake (my qualification/investment routine) which she'd done, but she just handed over the box and went to leave.

I realised I had to stay non-reactive to her tempest, and punish her for her behaviour, so I told her I thought she should go too, and that she should take the cake with her as I'd come all the way from central to Angel for nothing. She said she wanted to smoke a cigarette to calm down, so I walked outside with her and sat down.

She opened up about being stressed at university, how things with her boyfriend were bad, and that she needed a break. I held her close and could feel all her tension turning into submissiveness. I could have kissed her, but wanted to keep the ambiguity and tension. I planted seeds for "*escaping to Brighton*" together which she hooked on, then walked her back to the tube and split.

Over texts I took the leap of faith and told her she should come down to Brighton with me for the night on the weekend. She replied immediately, saying it was a great idea.

On Friday night after work I met her at Victoria Station and she was a different person – the bitch mask had been replaced by a kitten. Lots of hugging, smiling, leaning on me on the train down there.

On arriving in Brighton we went straight to a couple of bars and she was getting tipsy very quickly due to the Asian intolerance to alcohol. We made out heavily in the second bar, and I could feel that she was totally ready for the bounce to the hotel room. We jumped in a taxi,

checked into the hotel and then fucked like rabbits for the next few hours – on the bed, on the floor, against the wall, in the shower.

In the morning sunshine we walked down to Brighton pier and sat under a blue sky looking at dog walkers and people going for early morning swims. It was nice to be out of London and by the sea. After some breakfast we jumped on the train back home and arranged to see each other that evening for more sex once we'd gone home and had some rest.

Some text highlights from the seduction:

*HER: "I can't meet you tonight...you are always pushing me to meet up"*

*ME: "Persistence and patience, not pushing"*

*HER: "I admire your confidence"*

*ME: "My job to try, your job to resist"*

*HER: "I'm a good student! lol!"*

*ME: ";-) Very well behaved! lol"*

*HER: "Of course!!"*

*ME: "Are you good at baking?"*

*HER: "Not really...why?"*

*ME: "Studying, baking, sewing...it's what good girls do!"*

*HER: "Hmmm...I'm a good student, not necessarily a "good girl"!"*

*ME: "Glad to hear you lick the lid of life!"*

*HER: "Sometimes you freak me out because you seem to know every single detail about me...last time the Moroccan tea right after I came back from Marrakech and today baking (which I did a lot last term)"*

## ***Flow State***

*“I don’t believe people are looking for the meaning of life as much as they are looking for the experience of being alive.” Joseph Campbell*

The Hungarian Professor of Psychology Mihaly Csikszentmihalyi defined scientifically what it meant to be “in the zone,” as Antony and I were experiencing as our “vibe” got stronger over time.

I had glimpsed an understanding of the concept through Eckhart Tolle’s famous book *The Power of Now* when he made it clear that to be present, in the moment, is to be fully alive, but I’d found it difficult to put the book into practice and disliked the esoteric vibe of it.

Csikszentmihalyi was different in that he broke down exactly what this state was, and how to achieve it. He called it being in a “Flow State”:

*“A mental state of operation in which a person in an activity is fully immersed in a feeling of energised focus, full involvement, creating a feeling of spontaneous joy and rapture”*

Athletes, musicians, writers, artists, anyone who was fully immersed in what they loved, could have access to it. Rather than giving “pleasure” (which he defined as activities that were passive, for free, that gave instant gratification) he clearly stated that Flow States were the doors to true happiness (which was active, needed effort, was sometimes painful when doing the task, and had delayed gratification).

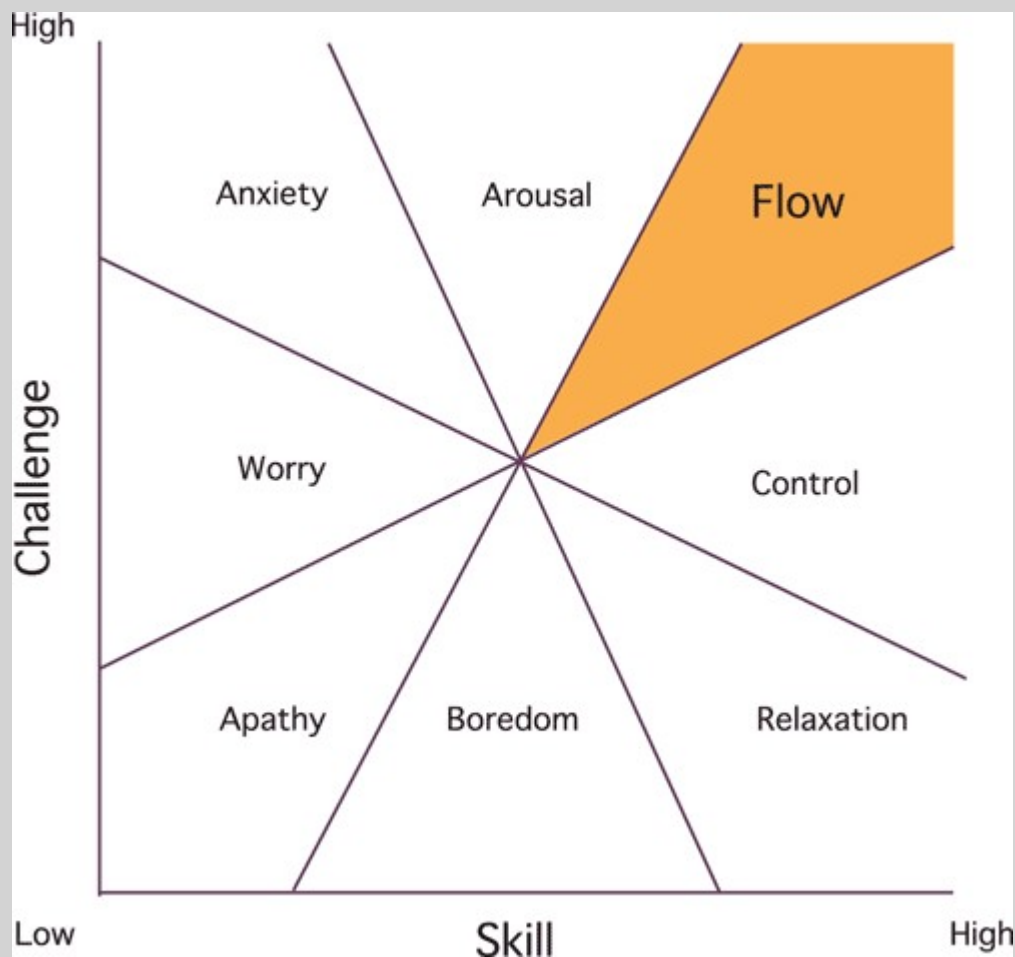
As I read Csikszentmihalyi’s famous work on Flow States, and his breakdown of the factors involved in achieving such states, I saw how strongly it applied to daygame and my “search for the perfect



vibe.” To feel this Flow State, your activity needs to contain most of these factors:

1. Clear goals (high skill and high challenge levels)
2. Concentration
3. Loss of feeling of self-consciousness
4. Distorted sense of time
5. Direct / immediate feedback
6. Balance between challenge / ability
7. Sense of personal control
8. Intrinsically rewarding

A Flow State needs just the right combination of a high skill level and a high challenge level. If the challenge is high but there's not enough skill, anxiety is felt. Too little challenge and too much skill produces boredom. Thus a daygamer must always be raising the bar as his skills increase if a continued state of Flow is to be felt on the street.



The best daygame approaches happen when you are fully present, with no anxiety, when you can be spontaneous and project your true core. Because you've built up a solid skill set as a foundation, you can freestyle on top of it, like a pro surfer riding the waves. First must come hours of dedication learning the skills et, then it can be abandoned and replaced by just Flow.

There are a number of fantastic documentary films about people who achieve Flow States through different pursuits:

- *Touching The Void* – mountaineering
- *TT – Closer To The Edge* – motorbike racing
- *King Of Kong* – Donkeykong champion
- *Big River Man* – Amazon swimmer

- *Man On Wire* – tightrope walker

Csikszentmihalyi sets the challenge of not just achieving Flow State in one specific activity, be it daygame or climbing, but finding long lasting happiness by making your whole life one big continuous Flow State.

# ***Style Makeover***

For a while I'd wanted to have a style consultation to go through what "look" suited me best in terms of fashion. I'd had enough experience with girls to know that it was not genetic looks that only matter, but that looking your *best self* was an important factor in seduction, especially for the Open phase of the model when a girl makes a very quick first impression.

Part of Beckster's team was a professional dancer called Candice who was a style consultant too. She agreed to come out shopping with me for a couple of hours to give me an idea of what I should be going for.

We had a chat over coffee in Westfields Shopping Centre, West London, and she said she thought I should stick to the "English Gentlemen" look of jeans, a jacket, shirt and good shoes, as well as trying the more grungy rock-star look of leather jacket, skinny jeans, boots and a v-neck t-shirt.

We went inside and she showed me the right cuts, sizes and colours for me, stressing the importance of things fitting well and paying attention to detail. She gave me some golden rules to follow:

- tighter rather than baggier
- importance of layering
- colour of the shoes should match the colour of the belt
- watch and accessories to catch the eye
- avoid showing off labels or brash patterns.
- keep colours dark and plain – black, grey, brown, navy blue
- one really nice item (e.g. leather jacket) rather than five average ones

- go low-end (urban “cool”) or high-end, not anything bland in the middle
- find out stores / sizes that you know work for you and then stick to them (e.g. know your jeans size from *Levi's* and then always get the same wherever you are in the world)
- smell nice – choose a masculine perfume, ask girls for their opinion
- ask a high-end hairdresser what cut works best for you (you don't have to get your hair cut there, just ask for an opinion)

I took photos of all the ideas Candice gave me, even though the items were in high end clothes shops and out of my price league. Later that day I went on my own to budget stores (like *TK Maxx*) and got very similar items at a quarter of the price. I got a copy watch in a market and a belt in a vintage store to complete the picture. A whole new wardrobe cost me less than £200 pounds.

If you're thinking of a style make over but you don't want to splash out on a professional consultation, just go into high end stores and ask the store guys and girls to tell you your fits and sizes, as well as getting their opinion on what look works for you. Gay guys have often have an awesome eye for what works, including what kind of hair cut suits you too.

That night I went out with Antony to *Zoo Bar* in Leicester Square, keen to wear my new clothes and see what reactions I got. Even walking out of my flat and sitting on the tube, I felt an extra surge of confidence as I knew I looked sharp. I'm sure people were looking at me differently – maybe it was just in my mind, but I walked with my head held higher and felt like a movie star.

We stood next to the bar catching up over a couple of beers. As ever, Antony couldn't resist opening sets if he saw good ones, and he vanished for a couple of minutes to talk to two Italians.

Through the doors of *Zoo Bar* walked a well dressed Thai woman, slim, elegant, late twenties, she looked like she'd just come out of the office. She was on her own and made strong eye contact with me as she walked up to the bar. "*You're late!*" I teased her to open the conversation, and she giggled back. It felt on from the beginning, with lots of touching and fuck-me eyes.

As Antony and Beckster had always stressed to me in night game, I bounced her as quickly as possible, from the bar to some sofas nearby. I pointed to Antony, who was still with the Italians, for social proof, and she happily chatted away to me about being in London "*only for a week on business from Bangkok, staying in a hotel by Hyde Park.*" She was alone, at it all seemed a penny from heaven. I texted Antony that was going to take her elsewhere and pull the trigger.

We went for cocktails to the swanky *W Bar* nearby and were making out within ten minutes by the flickering fireplace. She was into it, but kept saying it was "*all too fast*" as she'd split up with a guy back in Thailand and didn't want to get involved in anything this quickly after. "*It's ok, I understand*" I replied, and carried on escalating.

We jumped in a cab and headed back to her hotel for "*one more drink.*" I was too on, and too impatient after my recent run of successes, so threw her onto the bed and tried to pull the trigger as quickly as possible. It generated a big ASD reaction and LMR, which I fought to overcome for about an hour until she told me that she was going to bed and that I should head home too.

A lesson learnt again. Feedback rather than failure. Escalation must be smooth and plausible, not rushed and horny. It had been a fun night, despite the lack of a lay, and she'd told me that she looked at me when she came into the bar "*because I was dressed well and held eye contact.*" Evidence that first impressions matter.

## ***Canadian Teacher from the South Bank***

I found this cute Canadian primary school teacher, 22 years old, walking one evening along the South Bank near Waterloo. She'd only been in London for a few weeks and was supply teaching around the city. We bonded over our common job and it was an easy instant date to a coffee shop next to the Royal Festival Hall. She was heavily investing from the start, jumping through all my qualification hoops and paying for our drinks.

The next evening I took her for beers in Covent Garden and ran the dating model in its usual form – Comfort Bubbles, Spikes, and a bit of a rushed Intimacy Bubble. We headed back to Earls Court on the tube “to watch a dvd” but on the bed she resisted any further escalation attempts except kissing. I didn't even have the energy to battle on with the LMR, so lay back and just enjoyed the film.

I'd been rushing recent sets because I was getting too cocky and too impatient after dating the catwalk model. I was losing more girls than usual because of the hasty trigger pulling, but was starting not to care because I was tired of going on dates and the adventures involved.

Two or three dates a week for the last two years had taken the magic out of dating, and like Antony I was worn out from my extreme daygame regime. It was like an athlete who'd over trained, or someone who'd achieved what they'd wanted and now felt the anti-climax of “normality.” The Flow State high had vanished as our skill set increased but the challenge normalised.

Rather than faking it, I really had lost interest in the Canadian teacher and stopped replying to her texts. I didn't have the energy to run any more rapport with her. This pushing away did wonders, and late one

weekday night I got a text from her saying she was “*near Earls Court*” after an evening drinking with her visiting cousin. “*Are you coming over?*” I replied, going straight to the point. Silence for an hour, me thinking she’d flaked. I got into bed, turned off the light and descended into sleep.

Suddenly my phone went off. It was a message from her – the most direct text message I’d ever got:

*“I’m on my way to your house. Do you have a rubber?”*

Half an hour later and my bell went. I opened the door just in my boxers and pushed her against the wall of the flat entrance, her grabbing my dick and sucking me off in the hall. It was as easy as ordering a pizza.

I fucked her hard for an hour and then sent her home in a cab, both of us glowing from the passion and frolics. Sometimes fast food is just as good as a rich lengthy dinner.



## CHAPTER 27

### *Jewel Bar MILF*

The impatience and indifference I was feeling at the start of 2012 got me another lay through sheer directness. Like with the Canadian teacher, I was starting to feel like Hank Moody – the main character in the US TV show *Californication*.

Antony and I were big fans of the show which was about a bachelor who was a cocky seducer, getting pussy through his arrogance and pushing away. He had so much sexual abundance in his life that he was the opposite of needy, and women picked up on this vibe, which made them chase him.

We'd learnt a lot from his body language, his voice, his facial expressions and his behavioural patterns (whoever wrote that fictional show certainly had amazing Game and understood female psychology).

Back to the MILF. I'd met her outside *Jewel Bar* three months back in Piccadilly one night and flirted with her as she waited for friends. I didn't remember much of the set except being cock-blocked by an Indian guy who came into the conversation and tried to blow me out. I used the classic: "*You two would make a great couple*," gesturing at the MILF and the guy. She immediately disqualified him, rolling her eyes and back turning him.

She was a midwife, a divorced mother of two kids, 32 years old and very posh, flying to Ibiza closing parties, the south of France and to

New York *“for shopping trips.”* Clearly the divorce had given her a second wind, and some handy cash. She was very difficult to pin down for a date, but remained flirty over texts for the next few months.

Usually I would have dropped the chase, but I enjoyed her banter style and her texts full of sexual innuendoes. Older women are much better at it than younger girls, as they know what they want and have the life experience to give great banter.

One night in January I'd been drinking beers with Antony and was a bit tipsy. On a whim I decided to text the MILF to see if she was around. *“How about a nightcap near yours?”* she replied within minutes. Game on.

I rushed home, tidied my room, made the bed, bought some condoms from the corner shop and got my laptop playlist ready. Logistics sorted. She'd jumped in a cab from where she lived in Chelsea and I met her outside the *Troubadour* where it was last orders.

She gave me some token LMR in the bar, telling me *“she wasn't normally like this”* and that she *“couldn't believe I'd got her out this late on a weeknight.”* She had had to get her neighbour to babysit her kids at short notice.

Within an hour she was back at mine, listening to my late-night seduction music (check out *“SheepyMix”* on Youtube) and telling me what a *“bad guy”* I was for getting her into my house. *“Just stop talking”* I grinned as I unzipped her dress from the back, kissed her shoulders and got my dick out. Lights out. Game over. Hanky Moody would have been proud.

## ***18 Year Old Swedish Girl***

I was out daygaming with a former student and friend called Steve. Outside John Lewis on Oxford Street he pointed out a tall, skinny blonde wearing a jump suit and heels, rushing past and grinned: *“just your cup of tea!”*

I had been warming up during the morning as in the afternoon I was being filmed for some Youtube infelds. My vibe was strong and cocky, and I opened with an accusation, Antony-style:

*“Stop, you can’t just walk past looking like that, it’s ridiculous, you’re strikingly Scandinavian, I love your look”*

She was 18 years old, from Sweden, in London to study marketing, and she immediately “got” the approach, grinning from ear to ear.

She hooked easily over texts and was up for a *“bike adventure”* in Hyde Park:

*ME: Hej jump-suit, random but serendipitous to meet you....are you always so friendly to new people or was it just a good day?! Tom*

*HER: I’m friendly to people who are friendly and nice themselves and I have to agree that it was a serendipitous meeting, it was a good ending to a nice day out :-)*

*ME: Enjoy the sun :-) I’m off to London Zoo with 30 kids....!*

*HER: Sounds like a fun yet exhausting day. I will try and enjoy the sun without the 30 kids and we’ll see if I succeed :-)*

*ME: Animals and kids are an explosive combination :-) drinking bubble tea in Hyde Park now and catching some rays...how's your tan?!*

*HER: It's slowly developing, being scandinavian has its drawbacks regarding tan development possibilities*

*ME: Perhaps if we ride bikes in Hyde Park one sunny evening this week then your tanning possibilities will significantly increase (no jump suits though)!*

*HER: It sounds like a lovely idea! But I have to tell you I'm not the best of cyclists*

*ME: We could start by walking and then progress to cycling if you're feeling brave....maybe Wednesday...happy sleepv*

*HER: Haha we will see if we are brave enough....Wednesday is good for me, all I have is one lecture and the rest is free time.....nighty night :-)*

*ME: Let's be brave :-) Wednesday after 2pm I'm free, we can meet outside Marble Arch to begin our mini sunshine adventure....*

*HER: I think that sounds like a marvellous plan, let's do it :-)*

Three days after stopping her on the street we met up in the afternoon for a sunny bike ride. She was excitable and easy to banter with – she had an amazing knowledge of English humour (Stephen Fry was her idol) and admitted to being “*a bit of a nerd*” even though she looked like a model.

We rode around the park and lay down by the Serpentine. She sat close to me while I lay back, and I noticed that she was doing triangular gazing on me (looking at my eyes and then my mouth) – a classic sign of wanting to kiss. I sat up, pulled her in and we made out passionately. It was clearly on.

It was a lovely spring day and we walked from Hyde Park to High Street Kensington for a cider in a small backstreet posh pub. The make-outs were getting heavy and she was grabbing me on top of her as we sat on the sofa. I put her hand on my dick and she didn't want to let go. I could have taken her into the toilet to fuck her, but we were only a short distance from my flat and I wanted to do it properly.

Twenty minutes later we were on my bed ripping off each other's clothes. I couldn't believe how horny she was, and it was turning me on massively. We fucked twice, went out for takeaway food, then came back and fucked more. She liked it rough and hard, and told me that she'd lost her virginity when she was 16 to a 45 year old man (a friend of her mum's). Her second sexual experience was when she was 17, fucking a philosophy teacher in her school. She'd also slept with her best friend (a girl) and was up for sleeping with other girls. I couldn't believe what a find this girl was.

I asked what she'd thought I wanted when I stopped her on Oxford Street and she said "*to fuck me!*" She described how sex for her was simple...when she wanted to fuck, she fucked.

A week later I took her to the *Troubadour* to see some live music in the basement venue. After a couple of drinks and a few songs down, we were all over each other and totally horny. "*Let's do something mad!*" I said as I led her through the crowd to the unisex toilets made up of cubicles around a sink area. Luckily it was quiet and nobody noticed as I pulled her into a cubicle and she straddled me. I lifted up her skirt, pulled down her tights, and fucked her as she bent over the toilet, my thumb in her mouth to stop her moaning out loud.

Sadly she had to go back to Sweden a few weeks later for a family drama, and I lost contact with her when she stopped using her British phone. I was gutted as she was such an adventurous girl.

## ***Paris Hilton Lookalike***



During January and February of 2012, my daygame was the best it had ever been. I was still sleeping with the Hungarian catwalk model, I'd just closed the Swedish girl and I was about to sleep with and date a Russian that was a lookalike for Paris Hilton back in Moscow.

It's a self-fulfilling prophecy that the better your vibe, the better your approaches and dates go, and the better they go, the better your vibe. I felt like I was indestructible.

To warm up for a 1-on-1 coaching session I was going to teach, I thought I should do a few approaches before meeting the student as I'd been at work all day. I grabbed a quick coffee from *Apostrophe*

cafe behind *Topshop* and walking past the shop I saw a stunning blonde Russian, a real Bond-like girl in a black dress and heels.

I ran after her and stopped her direct, and once I knew she was Russian then everything just clicked and the conversation flowed. I loved talking to girls from Russia, the Ukraine or Latvia as they were very feminine, but very direct themselves – a perfect combination for daygame.

She was in a hurry as she was late for a work function (she worked in a ship building company) and was trying to flag down a taxi on Oxford Street, so I number closed her and let her go. She took her time to reply to my usual first text:

*HER: Good morning))) I was a little scared because to me no one else did it, but it was nice talking to you) The weather was really great)) How are you?)*

*ME: Beautiful weather, I've been on a bike in Hyde Park)) What does "lapochka" mean? I read it today)*

*HER: It means sweet girl*

*ME: Oh)) I thought it meant "horse") Ship building on the weekend?!*

*HER: No, today was so hard, I rode and it was bad, tomorrow in the morning I'll ride and after I'll free)))*

*ME: It's going to be sunny) I'm teaching until 7 but then I'm free if you'd like an English beer in a secret pub))*

*HER: I don't like beer)))) but I can drink something else)))*

*ME: Perfect, let's say 7pm Oxford Circus, we can go for cocktails instead)))*

*HER: Ok) Have a nice evening)*

I took her to the magical rooftop bar of *Aqua* and she was impressed, as it seemed a million miles away from the noise and crowds of Oxford Street below. She was typically Russian in her behaviour – quite materialistic and traditional, but affectionate and feminine. She was open about the fact that it was her “*dream to have a British boyfriend*” and that she liked my direct approach to meeting her.

There wasn't too much Princess Behaviour, but on the odd occasion when it happened I broke rapport with her after she said something, telling her she'd “*make a great friend.*” She jumped through the qualification hoop and said she “*didn't want to be a friend.*”

Russians respond well to heavy qualification, as they themselves can come across as gold-diggers. I knew I had to flip-the-script, so I told her about not having much money and not being interested in business. I then asked her how tall she was, if she could cook, if she'd ever dyed her hair brunette (as I'd “*never dated blondes*”) and I did my usual routine of mockingly adding and subtracting points from her for good or bad behaviour. When she showed me modelling photos of her on her phone and told me about being a Paris Hilton lookalike in Moscow shoots, I seemed disinterested and pretended that I'd never heard of Paris Hilton.

She said lots of Russian things, like the “*man should be the woman's wall*” and that she needed a man who was stronger than her to tell her what to do, to “*save her from herself.*”

As the sun went down I took her to an indoor bar nearby and we sat close, with lots of kino starting with a back massage. Soon we were holding hands and making out, with the waiters pretending not to look. The vibe seemed very on, but I didn't want to count my chickens just yet as Russians could often play the long game.

In the taxi back to mine she didn't ask where we were going or what we were going to do. We made out heavily and I slid my hand up her skirt and put her hand on my cock. She didn't pull away.



Back at mine we were straight on the bed, just like with the Swedish girl, and fucking before I'd even switched on my laptop. No LMR, no questions, just a night of passionate sex before she got in a cab home back to Putney around 3am.

I lay in bed, unable to believe how easy that had been – meeting and seducing an incredibly beautiful Paris Hilton lookalike in three days.

I finally felt like I'd achieved everything I'd wanted to achieve from my daygame journey – learning how to meet and attract the most beautiful girls during the day.

## ***The Real Hustle***

Part of my love for daygame was achieving things that were usually seen as the reserve of the rich and famous, without having money or celebrity status. It was like something out of the film *Catch Me If You Can* - I got away with things because people assumed certain things about me due to the way I acted and the women I was with.

Despite having a very low salary and living in a small room, I was going to the most exclusive venues in London with some of the hottest girls.

I'd often put on the cheap version of the high-end look the style consultant had given me – jacket, shirt, jeans, shoes – and stroll down Bond Street (the poshest shopping street in London), picking up the phone numbers of some stunning women out shopping on their platinum credit cards from *Prada*, *Dolce Gabbana* and *Gucci*.

With a sharp look and a beautiful woman on my arm, I'd walk into posh South Kensington bars or Knightsbridge restaurants. Other punters and staff would just assume I was another banker or hedge-fund manager strolling through the doors. They'd never have guessed I was a primary school teacher who'd met the girls I was with on the street, without money or power.

I was using the money I was getting from teaching the bootcamps most weekends to fund my 2-3 dates a week, and still working full time at school in my "other life." In March 2012 all of this was about to change.

## CHAPTER 28

### *Moving into Daygame HQ*

With the release of online products and the rise in popularity of our material, Jon and I were teaching bootcamps in London pretty much every weekend as freelance coaches. We were being asked to speak at seduction conferences and getting inboxes full of enquiries about us travelling.

I took the leap of faith decision of quitting my teaching job at school to work full time as a freelance daygame instructor. Jon had always worked from home with his professional poker, but giving up the 9-5 Monday-Friday thing was all new for me.

On top of the job change, a room became spare at the apartment where the company was based. “Daygame HQ” was located in a penthouse a few minutes from Marble Arch, next to Hyde Park, in central London. Oxford Street was only two minutes away. The location was unreal – a daygamer’s paradise.

I jumped at the chance to move into the house as it was such an amazing location and a great base for making daygame my profession.

On the night I moved in I went with my Paris Hilton lookalike to *Stringfellows* strip club near Covent Garden where she was with her work colleagues and her sleazy boss. She wanted “*protecting*.” She came back to my new room and stayed over.

The following night the Chinese LSE student came over and we fucked into the small hours. She'd met my housemate Martin in the living room, and as I was having sex with her I asked her if she thought Martin was cute. "*Sure!*" she said. "*Would you fuck him?*" I asked. "*Um.....yes, I guess...*" she replied. Five minutes later I went out to the living room in my pants, grabbed Martin who was working on his laptop and threw him into my room and shut the door. I waited outside to hear if anything was happening, and sure enough a short while later the bed was squeaking and I could hear their moaning.

The next day my Slovak girl came over for breakfast and we cuddled on my bed for the first time in months. She was on her period, but gave me an amazing blowjob before having to go to work. That evening I had sex with a super cute French nurse I'd been trying to get into bed for the last few weeks. She'd been back and forth to France, and very flaky on texts, but finally she agreed to a DVD at mine. We smoked shisha and watched some Charlie Chaplin – her favourite – then I took her to my room and had to overcome an hour of LMR before she jumped me and we had fast, intense sex.

The following day I went to Hyde Park with my Hungarian catwalk model for a picnic, and then back to mine for sex.

Five girls in four days. Living in a penthouse in central London, getting paid to meet and attract women. Life was now totally unreal, but I was feeling less and less fulfilled.

## ***Game 3.0***

I often use the analogy of the development of the internet to sum up both my journey through daygame, and the similar journeys of others around me who mastered it too.

The original internet (Web 1.0) was a static, top-down information resource similar to the original old school forms of PUA advice using just routines. Think *Mystery Method* and routine stacks. Painting by numbers.

The internet as we see it now (Web 2.0) is all about interactivity and an exchange of ideas. This is like daygame as we see it today – combining lots of ideas and opinions and becoming far more creative and active, grass roots. This is where guys make their Game more spontaneous by going direct, abandoning their lines / routines and focusing on vibe and state. This can only be done if you have basics down.

Another level exists, which is also predicted for the Internet. (Web.3.0) is about the total integration of the web into our lives on a personal level, where it becomes the slave not the master. The further down the daygame rabbit hole I went, the more I could feel this shift towards 3.0, where getting good at daygame is just the start of a huge “inner game” journey into other Flow States, with hot girls as the catalyst.

Some wider impacts of mastering daygame include:

- All-round confidence in a wide range of social situations (work, public speaking etc.)

- Becoming more assertive and improving your leadership skills in other areas
- Stronger relationships formed with family and friends
- Courage and determination to try and get good at other skill sets (a sport, a hobby, a challenge)
- A ripple effect where daygame leads to fundamental changes in diet, fitness, fashion, lifestyle, mindsets etc.
- “Escaping the matrix” - being your own boss, working remotely, working on your own projects, generating passive income

## ***Daygame HQ Madness***

In the first few months of living in central London and working full time as an instructor, things were as mad and debauched as they could get in my bedroom.

When I got a new phone and transferred over the my contacts list, I counted over 200 phone numbers of girls, more than 100 of which I had slept with.

Here are some of the lays that happened soon after moving in:

- I fucked a girl from Sri Lanka in the disabled toilet of a cocktail bar and brought her over for more
- My friend Steve told me he lived with a Hungarian girl who'd not had sex in a while, so I went over, number closed her after some banter, took her on a couple of dates and then fucked her
- During a bootcamp, I met a South African girl who I closed, dated once and then brought home. There was scaffolding outside my window which we climbed onto, and fucked on the make-shift balcony. She was the first girl I'd even met who could orgasm just from someone kissing her, and she'd lock up in a spasm every time she came, so sex was intense!
- A newly singly girl who I'd kissed but never slept with from my time training to be a teacher in Worcester came to stay with me after some Facebook banter and we fucked into the night
- I'd met a Mexican girl by Tower Bridge when she opened me to ask if I'd take a photo of her. She was in London studying English, and had been back to my room twice but not fucked. One evening after a picnic and a bottle of wine, I fucked her in Hyde Park under a low hanging tree in the middle of the park late at night. She came back to the house for more sex and sleep

- I slept with a married Russian woman from Moscow who I'd instant dated in Covent Garden a few months before. She'd gone back to Russia, filed for a divorce as her husband was cheating on her, then came back to London, cooked me dinner and fucked
- Jon and I had a threesome with the Hungarian ex-stripper / nanny I'd slept with a year previously
- An instructor friend brought back a Swedish girl he'd kiss closed on the street, and got a blow job off her on the roof terrace of the HQ. He then passed her onto another instructor who she also sucked off, then she came into my room, gave me a blowjob too and I fucked her. One of the craziest girls we'd ever met, and only 20 years old
- I fucked a Latvian girl I had met on a bootcamp on the rooftop terrace, putting a duvet and pillows down on the hard concrete floor and waiting until it got dark, smoking some shisha and then having sex with her under a clear sky and a shining moon
- A Chinese girl that I'd met in Trafalgar Square while teaching a 1-on-1 came over with wine and cake for me (I was loving the investment gifts I was getting the girls to buy) and fucked me after two dates
- I slept with an English girl who'd put me in the "Friend Zone" for over five years since I met her when I was teaching. Back then I had no idea how to seduce her, and I'd sleep over at her house in Cheltenham without daring to pull the trigger. Through emails and phone calls, I got her to come to stay with me in London, we drank wine, she missed her last train home and we fucked all night like long lost lovers. *"I wasn't expecting that!"* she said.
- A friend who was married asked if I could have her friend from the Midlands stay over for one night in my place as she was travelling down for a gig. I ended up going to the gig with her, getting totally plastered in a nearby bar together and then fucking in my bed. She told her friend she slept on the sofa.
- I fucked a hot half English, half Indian girl who I'd stopped in front of Antony and some friends outside *O'Neills* on Carnaby Street. She told me she'd just been stood up by a guy she worked with at a hospital (she was a radiographer) and I told her to come and



join us for a beer. Two days later I took her for drinks in central.  
then brought her back for fucking

Despite all of this sounding like a rock star's life, the novelty of having lots of sex with hot girls had really worn off. I was sleeping with girls just for the sake of it, not because I necessarily liked them as people or even because they were good looking.

As soon as I'd slept with one and she'd left the house, I was texting another trying to get them out on a date and sleep with them. There was no more excitement of the chase, no more of a buzz from a technically perfect pick-up. The shine of seduction was vanishing. Something had to change.

# CHAPTER 29

## *Finale*

*“The way to love anything is to realise that it might be lost.” G.K. Chesterton*

By the Spring of 2012 I was spending more and more time with my Hungarian catwalk model – going to the cinema, to restaurants, sleeping over at each other’s houses.

Despite being stunning, with every guy looking at her as we walked around together, she was very materialistic and obsessed with wealth. When she wasn’t working as a model or studying for her fashion degree, she worked in high-end bars in Mayfair as a waitress to get ridiculous perks and tips from wealthy bankers and traders.

Having sex with her was validating, as was walking around London with her, but there wasn’t any emotional or intellectual connection.

On a whim we booked some cheap Eurostar tickets to Paris for the weekend. I wanted to get to know her better, I wanted to make her my girlfriend simply because of her “status” and the fact that I’d worked so hard to get a girl like her. She seemed too good to throw away.

It was cold and grey as we stepped off the train in Gare du Nord. We went straight to the hotel (she wouldn’t walk anywhere – we had to get a cab) and she said she wanted to lie down before going shopping and having food.

On a whim I texted people I knew in Paris to see if they'd like to meet for coffee, as her company was grating and I was in need of some real conversation. Looking down my Facebook list of friends in France, I messaged two guys who I knew that did daygame in Paris, plus I stumbled upon the Parisian girl that I'd met almost two years previously in the coffee shop by Trafalgar Square. She messaged me back almost straight away, saying she'd be happy to meet for coffee.

Together, the model and I waited by the *Shakespeare and Company* English bookshop opposite Notre Dame. The model was in a grumpy mood as she'd not been able to sleep and wanted to go shopping instead of coming for coffee, but I said it would be nice for her to meet some of my friends.

Around the corner on a bicycle came the Parisian girl from two years before, looking like something out of a French Tourist Board advert. A basket on her bicycle, petite and beautiful, radiating happiness, the connection between us was like we'd seen each other only yesterday.

Together with the model we walked across the Seine towards Saint-Paul, where we found a traditional Parisian cafe to sit down and have tea in. The model was now even more grumpy that I was being friendly to another girl, and sat in silence as the Parisian girl and I caught up.

The contrast was extreme. The model next to me was beautiful in a magazine way, but that was all she had. The Parisian girl sitting opposite me was beautiful in a natural way, full of life and shining from the inside too. She told me of her life since returning to Paris – of her dancing in jazz clubs, of going to Art classes in the Louvre, of collecting old books, of making jam and crepes.

I sat in the cafe and a switch inside my head turned on. Enough of the chasing, enough of the hunt, enough of the sex without meaning, enough of the ego validation, enough of the beauty without depth.

I had gone full circle, from the day I'd met the Parisian girl in London two years before as a shy, introverted, insecure guy to now sitting in a cafe in Paris with her once more.

After the tea we said goodbye to the Parisian and the model and I went back to the hotel, then for some sightseeing. Things seemed flat and pointless, as we both knew that there was no reason for us being here except the sex. When we got back to our room that night we gave up fucking after half an hour when she said I was being "*like a robot*." By the morning it was clear. She was to have a day in Paris by herself then catch the train home early, I was going to see the Parisian girl.

Around lunchtime I met up with the Parisian girl by the bookshop again. This time things could flow naturally as we were alone. We talked like old friends as we weaved our way through the streets of Paris and caught up. We walked along the canal and down to the river bank, where we sat in some unexpected winter sun. I put my arm around her waist and she leant on me. The Seine flowed past as we kissed, slow and delicate.

We headed back to her tiny old wooden-beamed loft flat high above a cobbled courtyard in Saint-Paul. She made me tea and we sat in her living room surrounded by music, art, books and life. Her Christmas decorations were still hanging and there was a cosy glow inside. We climbed a ladder up to her loft bed and reunited through a delicious afternoon of sex.

A few hours later she came with me to the metro station where I was to get a train back to the Eurostar terminal. The feeling of having to leave her behind hit me in the stomach as a physical sensation of pain. For the first time in years I was knocked over by emotions of real connection.

## ***Daygame Conundrum***

Back in London I was torn between feeling like I should carry on daygaming, and feeling like I should stop my seduction crusade and give things a go with my Parisian girl, despite us living in different cities and both of us being nervous of “relationships.”

I'd hit the streets with students or friends and feel little desire to talk to new girls. I'd go on dates with girls I'd got numbers from in the past and have no energy to invest in them or bring them back. The Parisian girl was never far from my mind. Oneitis for sure.

Over the next few months I'd go over to Paris or she'd come over to London and we'd have adventurous days and passionate nights. We avoided “defining” what was going on between us and we were both seeing other people and wanted to keep things “open.” I had told her about daygame, and she had told me about guys she was seeing.

The Parisian and I discussed why we weren't fans of a conventional monogamous relationship – afraid of the boredom that could set in, the loss of passion, the restrictions that come with giving up your independence, forgetting your goals and ambitions, losing friends and a social life, arguing about trivial things like toothpaste.

We also realised the difficulties of a polygamous relationship, boiling down to jealousy. If jealousy could be overcome then it could be replaced with happiness that the other person felt free and fulfilled. Yet, to slay the dragon of jealousy was harder than it sounded.

In the novel *The Sailor Who Fell From Grace With The Sea* by Yukio Mishima, the central character Ryuji faces a similar moral dilemma -

of deciding whether to continue his isolated life as a sailor or settle down on land and get married:

*“And all the time he was directing another question to himself: Are you really going to give it up? The feeling of the sea, the dark, drunken feeling that unearthly rolling always brings? The thrill of saying goodbye? The sweet tears you weep for your song? Are you going to give up the life which has detached you from the world, kept you remote, impelled you toward the pinnacle of manliness...are you going to give up that luminous freedom?”*

*And yet Ryuji had discovered on the return leg of his last voyage that he was tired, tired to death of the squalor and the boredom in a sailor’s life. He was convinced that he had tasted it all, even the lees, and he was gutted. What a fool he’d been!”*

I was trapped between longing for the freedom and excitement of continual new liaisons and lovers that daygame provided on tap, or the warmth and beauty of dedicating time and effort to just one girl by giving up approaching.

Polygamous or monogamous. Both were appealing to me for different reasons, but I felt like I was walking a tightrope between them that I had rigged through daygame.

One of my favourite books, *The Unbearable Lightness of Being* by Milan Kundera, is preoccupied with the same question. Should the central character, a doctor in Prague called Tomas, settle down with a girl he loves, or continue to sleep with a whole host of girls and live out his bachelor dream? One has gravitas and solidity, the other is light and free.

*“The heaviest of burdens crushes us, we sink beneath it, it pins us to the ground. But in love poetry of every age, the woman longs to be weighed down by the man’s body. The heaviest of burdens is therefore simultaneously an image of life’s most intense fulfillment. The heavier the burden, the closer our lives come to the earth, the*

*more real and truthful they become. Conversely, the absolute absence of burden causes man to be lighter than air, to soar into heights, take leave of the earth and his earthly being, and become only half real, his movements as free as they are insignificant. What then shall we choose? Weight or lightness?"*



*From the documentary "Man On Wire"*

▣

# TORERO'S 10 RULES OF SEDUCTION

1. Lead. It's your biological imperative. If she's leading at any point in your interactions then something's wrong. Better to go too far than not far enough. Be bold. Pull the trigger. Run the train.
2. Get her investing more than you once she's hooked. Flip the script so she's chasing you and qualifying. Attraction is in the push.
3. Have abundance to stop neediness. Don't make her "the one" - she doesn't want that pressure, she wants you to have a higher purpose. Have options and a life beyond Game
4. Use jealousy by flirting in front of her and showing her other women want you. It excites her and keeps her chasing. Remember entourage
5. Maintain the mystery – tease, suggest, give glimpses, be hard to figure out. Letting her imagine and guess is way more powerful than giving her your autobiography
6. Tap into her emotions, not her logic. Be playful, not predictable. Take her on a mental and physical adventure each time you're together
7. Don't be affected by her looks. Treat stunning women like you would an old friend or a little sister. Tease, challenge, don't treat her with kid gloves. She'll thank you for it. Show her that you're interested in her, not just her body
8. Appear confident, even if you have to fake it at first. Walk like you're on a red carpet, talk like



you're the Prime Minister, behave like a A-list movie star. Other people will just assume you are

9. Be zen and non-reactive. Focus on the moment, be like a rock against all the waves of her tests and challenges. Don't accept any Princess Behaviour. Keeping your cool will make her more attracted and maintain the male-female polarity
10. Love yourself before you love her. She can't make you happy, only you can make you happy. You are a complete human being without her. If you love yourself then she'll naturally love you

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# GLOSSARY

**A.A:** Short for “Approach Anxiety” - the fear felt regarding going to talk to a girl you don’t know

**ADVENTURE BUBBLE:** One of the phases of **The Girlfriend Sequence** method where a girl’s emotions are sparked

**A.F.C:** Short for “Average Frustrated Chump” - the state men are in pre-Game before they learn the art of seduction

**A.S.D:** Short for “Anti Slut Defence” - the barrier a girl puts up before sex to stop her feeling like she’s “easy”

**ATTRACTION:** The first phase of the **London Daygame Model** where a girl develops an interest in you because of your teasing, challenging, **push-pull** and knowledge

**B.O.B:** Short for “Boundries On Bullshit” - not putting up with a girl’s **Princess Behaviour**

**BOUNCE:** Moving a girl e.g. from the street to a coffee shop, or from venue to venue, or to your house (a “bounce back”)

**BUYER’S REMORSE:** The feeling of a guilt a girl may get after “taking things too far” with a guy, especially if it’s quick

**BUYING TEMPERATURE:** How ready a girl is to have sex with you. A high buying temperature means she’s good to go. A seducer can raise the buying temperature through seduction techniques

**CLOSE:** A significant marker in an interaction (a “number close” is a phone number, a “k-close” is a kiss and an “f-close” is sex)

**COCK-BLOCK:** Another person who comes into the **set** to try and take the girl from you

**COMFORT:** Where a girl feels comfortable in the guy's presence through rapport building

**COMFORT BUBBLE:** A phase of *The Girlfriend Sequence* where **comfort** and connection are established with a girl

**COMPLIANCE:** When a girl agrees to the leading and escalating a guy does

**D.A.T.M:** Short for *Date Against The Machine*, a product by Tom Torero and Jon Matrix that showed the **London Daygame Model** broken down **infield** on the street

**DATE REQUEST:** Asking a girl to meet you

**DAYGAME:** The art of meeting and attracting women during the day

**D2:** Short for "Day 2" - the second time you see the girl after meeting her, so the "first date"

**DHV:** Short for "Demonstration of Higher Value"

**DIRECT:** Beginning an interaction by telling a girl you find her attractive

**ELEPHANT IN THE ROOM:** The social awkwardness that a guy or girl feels in an interaction. Calling it out is key.

**ENTOURAGE:** Bringing girls together for a social event and letting the power of **pre-selection** work in your favour to get girls attracted based on jealousy

**ESCALATING:** Moving things from friendly to sexual

**FLAKE:** When an interaction with a girl stops (she can flake by text, flake on a date or flake at any point after)

**FLIPPING THE SCRIPT:** When the girl **invests** in you more than you in her, so she's chasing

**FLOW:** Mental state of operation in which a person in an activity is fully immersed in a feeling of energised focus, full involvement, creating a feeling of spontaneous joy and rapture

**FRACTIONATION:** Coming in and out of an interaction, with your body, your words or other **investment**, to take the pressure off. Part of **push-pull**

**FRAME:** Who is controlling / leading the conversation when two or more people are interacting together

**FRIEND ZONE:** When a girl defines a guy as "just a friend" as she doesn't feel any sexual attraction to him

**FUTURE PROJECTION:** Telling a girl what you're going to do together in the future

**HOOK:** The moment in an interaction when the girl is happy to stay in the conversation and starts **investing** in you (usually by asking a question)

**INDIRECT:** Starting an interaction with a girl by hiding your true intentions and pretending you want to talk about something else

**INFIELD:** Real life daygame

**INSTANT DATE:** Taking a girl for a drink directly after meeting her in the day

**INTIMACY BUBBLE:** Phase of **The Girlfriend Sequence** where flirtation happens and a kiss can take place

**INVEST:** Putting time/effort into the pickup. Both the guy and the girl invest in a certain ratio

**IOI:** Short for “Indicator of Interest” where a person shows they like someone

**IOD:** Short for “Indicator of Disinterest” where a person seems disinterested in someone

**KINO:** Touching a girl

**LMR:** Short for “Last Minute Resistance” where a girl throws up obstacles to having sex

**LONDON DAYGAME MODEL:** The overall underlying structure of a **daygame** interaction (**Capture, Attraction, Rapport, Seduction**) developed by London daygamers from 2009 - 2012

**MILF:** Short for “Mother I’d Like to Fuck”

**NEG:** A tease about the girl by saying something negative

**OBSTACLE:** Someone in a **set** who’s detrimental to getting the **target**

**OUR WORLD:** When the guy and the girl team up and act as a unit looking out on what others are doing

**PARROTING:** Repeating the last thing a girl says (or paraphrasing it) to get her to carry on talking

**PEACOCKING:** Dressing in an eye-catching way so girls notice you

**PINGING:** Sending texts back and forth that solidify attraction and comfort

**PLOUGHING:** Trying to carry on an interaction even when the girl is keen to leave

**PRE-SELECTION:** A man who other girls take an interest in, so he comes “pre-selected”

**PRINCESS BEHAVIOUR:** The egocentric behavioural traits and bossy ways of a hot girl

**PUA:** Short for “Pick Up Artist,” a seducer of women

**PUSH-PULL:** Combining a **neg** with a compliment (“*You’re so small, it’s adorable!*”) or longer term strategy of “playing hot and cold” - showing interest and then disinterest, known as Universal Fractionation.

**PULLING THE TRIGGER:** The key **escalation** moves before you can have sex with her

**QUALIFICATION:** Getting a girl to **invest** in the interaction by working for you in some form

**RAPPORT:** Another word for **comfort**, and the second phase of the **London Daygame Model** where you build a normal connection with the girl

**RUN-THE-TRAIN:** Pushing the **set** as far as you can go

**SARGE:** To go out and meet girls you don’t know

**SEDUCTION:** Taking things from friendly to sexual with a girl. Also the last phase of the **London Daygame Model**

**SEEDING:** Dropping hints or ideas about future plans with the girl

**SET:** An interaction with a girl or girls (“1-Set” is one girl, “2-Set” is two girls etc.)

**SEX BUBBLE:** The last phase of the **Girlfriend Sequence** method where a girl and a guy get it on



**SOCIAL PROOF:** Being **pre-selected** because of the people you are with, or associated with

**SPIKE:** Showing a girl your intent through breaking rapport. Used to pop the **Comfort Bubble** or **Intimacy Bubble**.

**STEALTH QUESTION:** Hiding a question inside a statement to get a girl to carry on talking

**TARGET:** The girl you are trying to attract

**THE GIRLFRIEND SEQUENCE (GFS):** A model devised by Tom Torero and his friend Antony in 2011 to explain the most reliable way of sleeping with a girl and keeping her around

**TIME CONSTRAINT:** Letting a girl know you can't stay long to make her feel comfortable

**VIBE:** The underlying energy you project in an interaction

**WING:** A fellow PUA who approaches girls with you

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Tom Torero is one of the world's leading daytime seducers and daygame coaches. He's taught hundreds of students live infield and thousands more through his books and online videos.

A truly nomadic "Street Hustler," Tom has daygamed in more countries and cities around the world than anyone in history, from Miami to Moscow, New Zealand to New York, Singapore to South Africa.

A former school teacher, Tom is renowned for his ability to break down Game concepts and the daygame skill set into clear, actionable advice. With a degree in Biology from Oxford University, Tom is unrivaled in not only being able to explain the "what to do" but also the "why."

When not hustling for girls, you'll find Tom up a mountain, in a dive bar, playing the guitar, jumping out of a plane, filming an adventure or drinking tea. The motto which he lives by is "*grab life by the horns.*"

Check out some of his global daygame stories in his second book "**Torero Travels**"

To learn Tom's entire daygame, texting, dating and relationship toolkit, grab a copy of his extensive "**Street Hustle**" textbook.

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